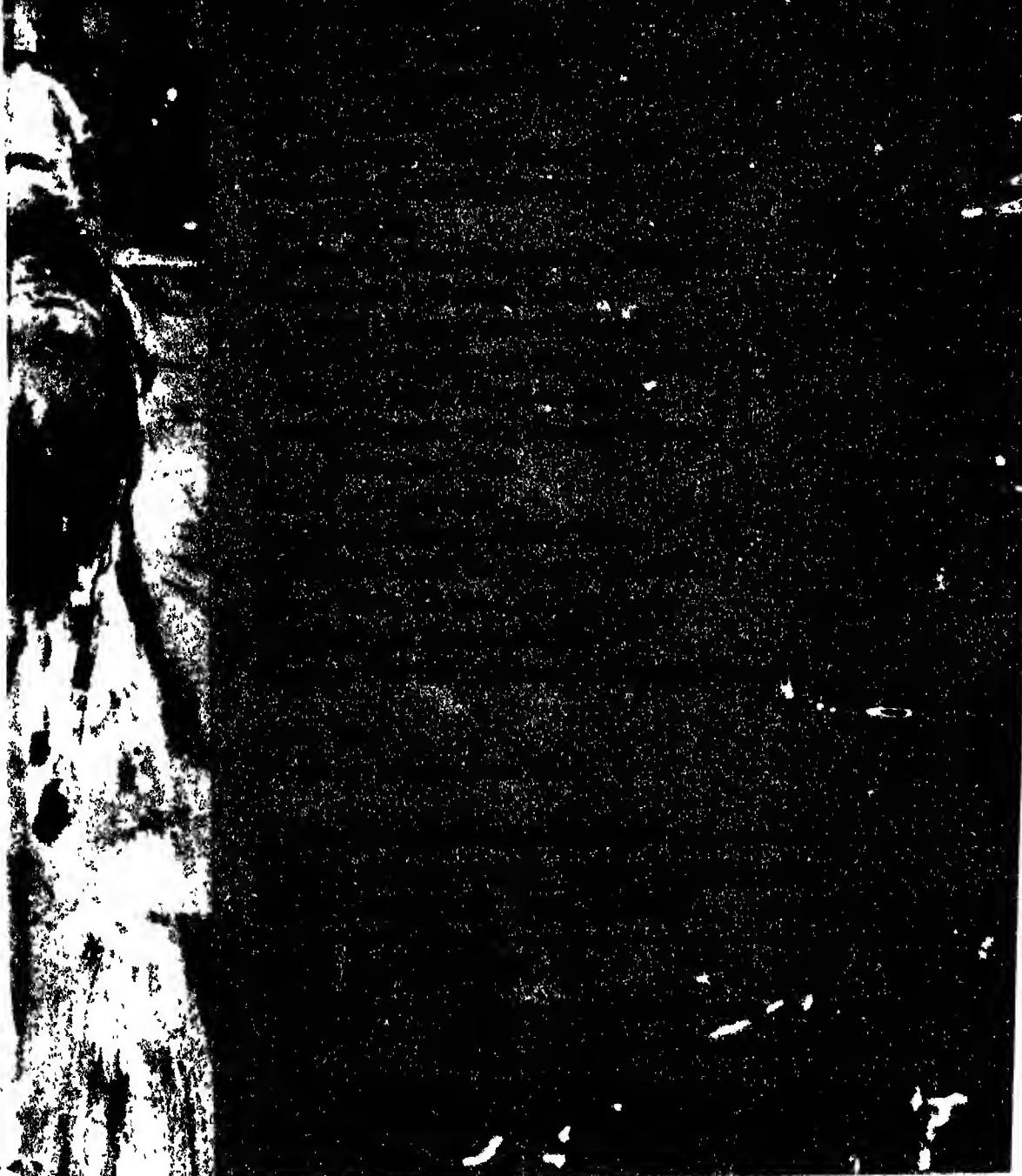


Reader's Digest



LIVING IN TWO WORLDS



By AVA GARDNER

SHOOTING down rebellious tribesmen in the African desert . . . lolling about on a houseboat in the Vale of Kashmir . . . dancing to wild Flamenco music in Spanish gipsy caves . . . and now, playing Sarah, Matriarch of the Jews and wife of Abraham in the epic production, "The Bible."

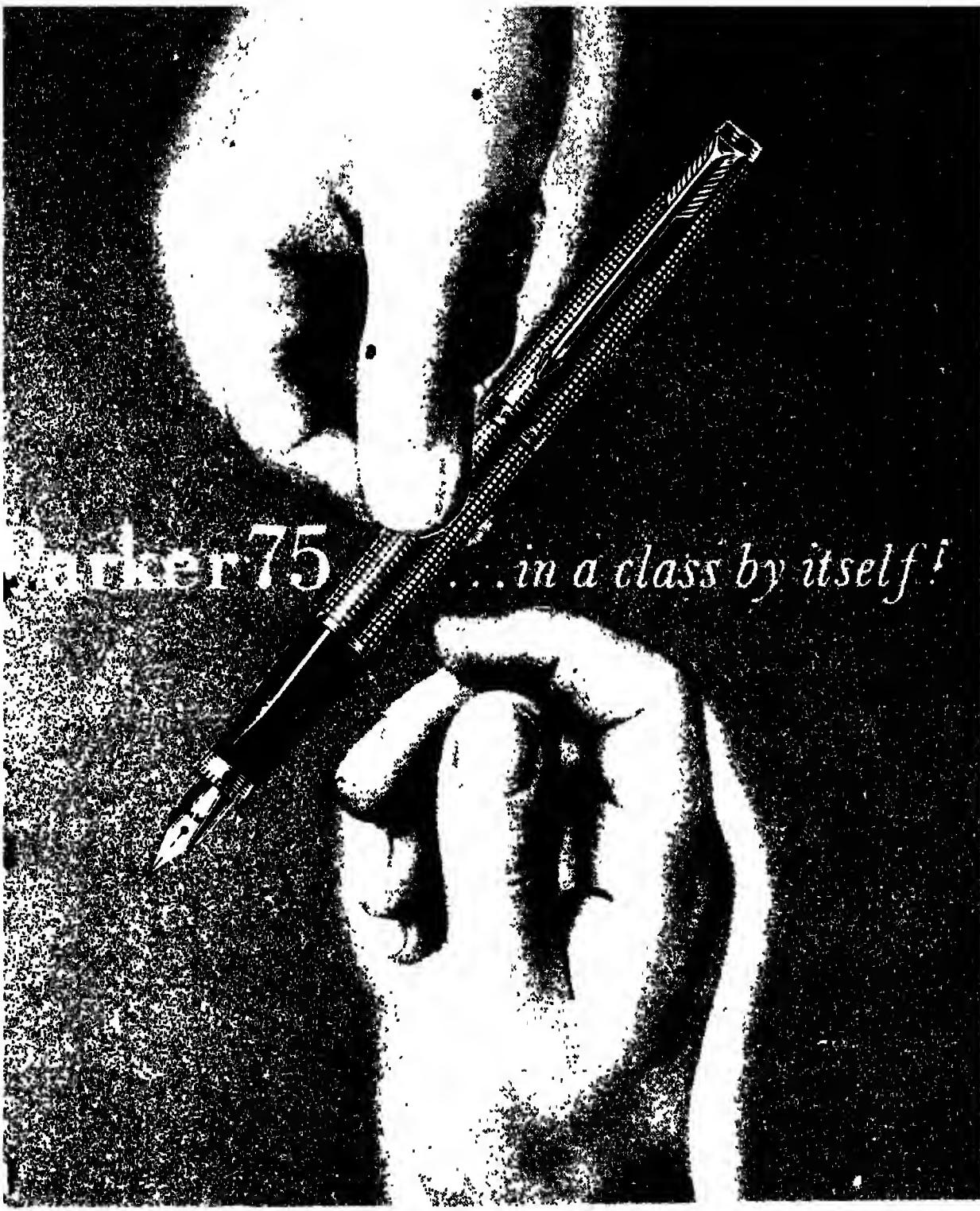
These and more have been highlights of my career in motion pictures. It has taken me to many of the earth's remote corners, places thousands of miles from Grabtown, the tiny community in the State of North Carolina, where I was born.

None of us in that small country town ever dreamed that I would someday be making pictures in India, Africa, Australia and Europe. Even Hollywood seemed as remote as another planet.

The rewards of film-making have been enormous for this country girl. Films have enabled me to see many of the world's exotic realms and to meet the great and humble of many lands. But there are pitfalls, too.

If one is absorbed in the Never-Never Land of the movies, it is easy to lose contact with the world of reality and important areas of human knowledge. But I have a way to avoid this trap: The Reader's Digest. As a constant reader of the Digest over many years, I have been able to keep myself as well-informed as the next person with regard to what is new, important and exciting in the world.

I have found the Digest in every country where I have travelled to make films. I read it here in Madrid, where I now live, just as I did as a young girl growing up in a speck of a community in the United States. Wherever the country and whatever the language, the Reader's Digest is a key that opens doors to knowledge and entertainment.



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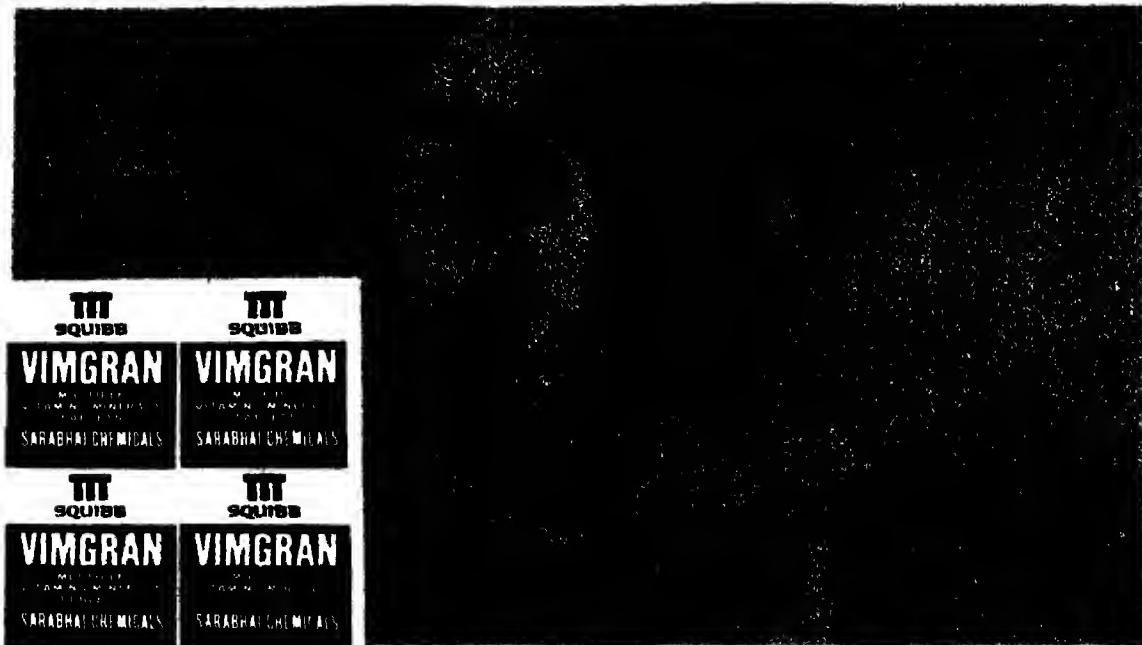


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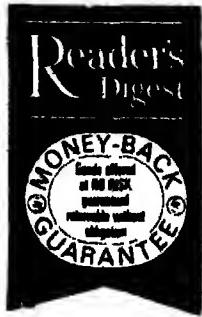
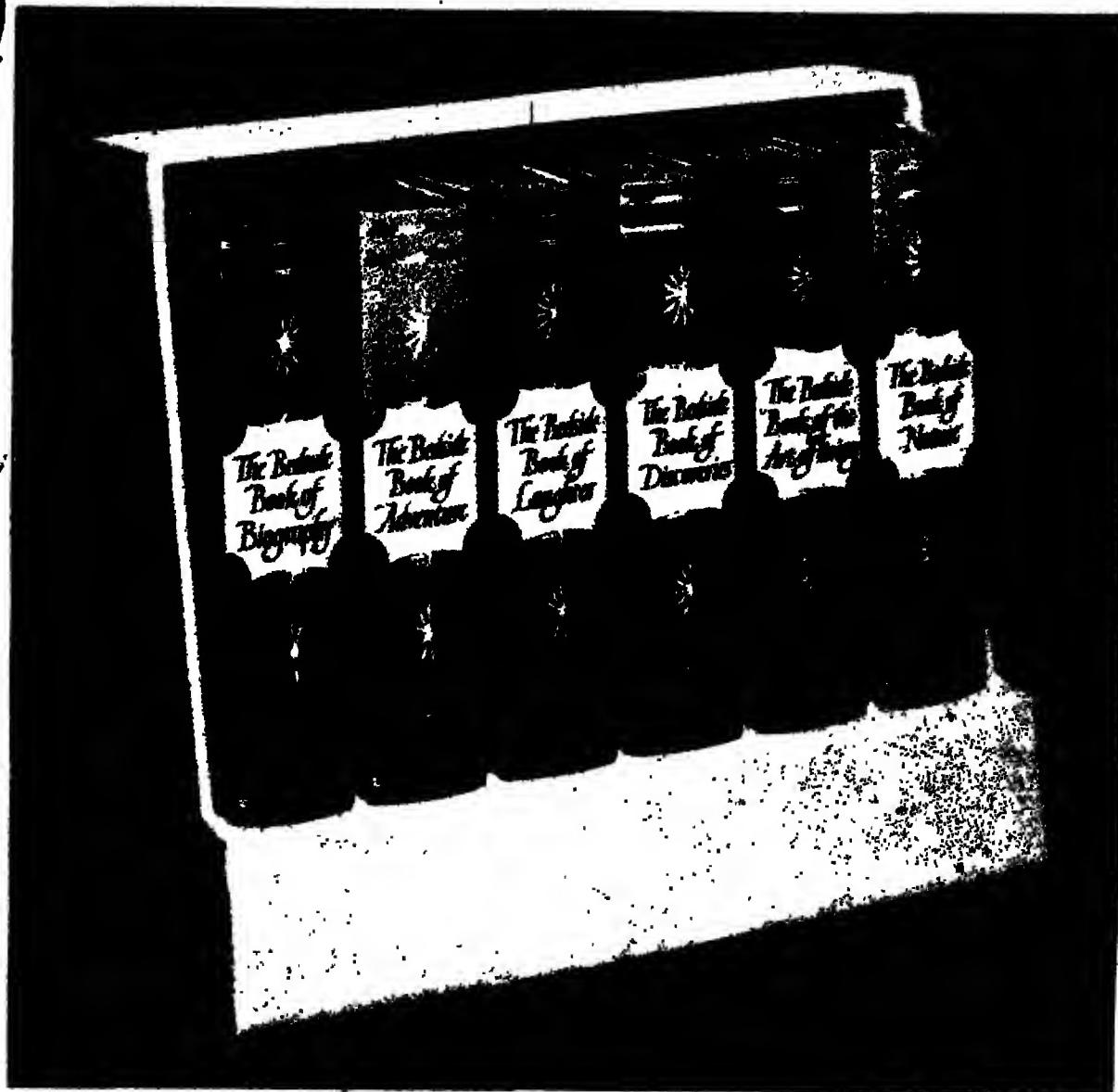
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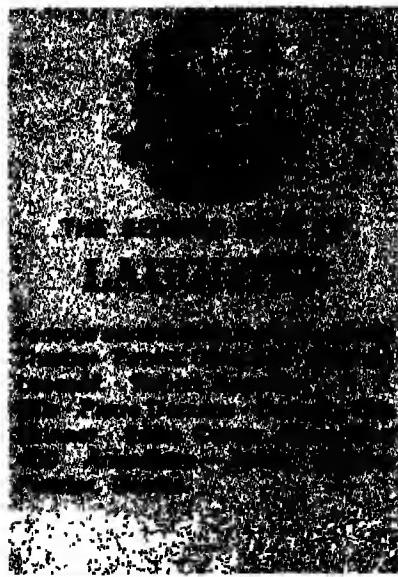
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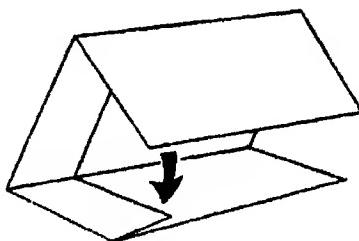
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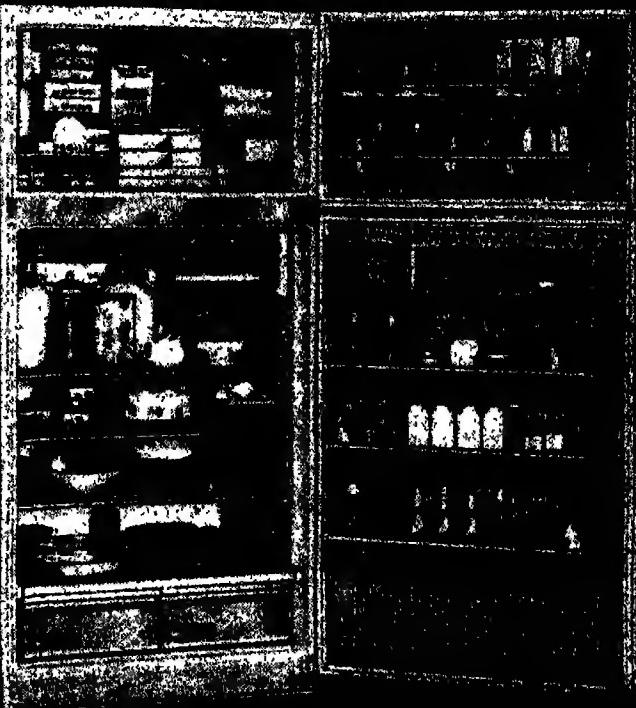
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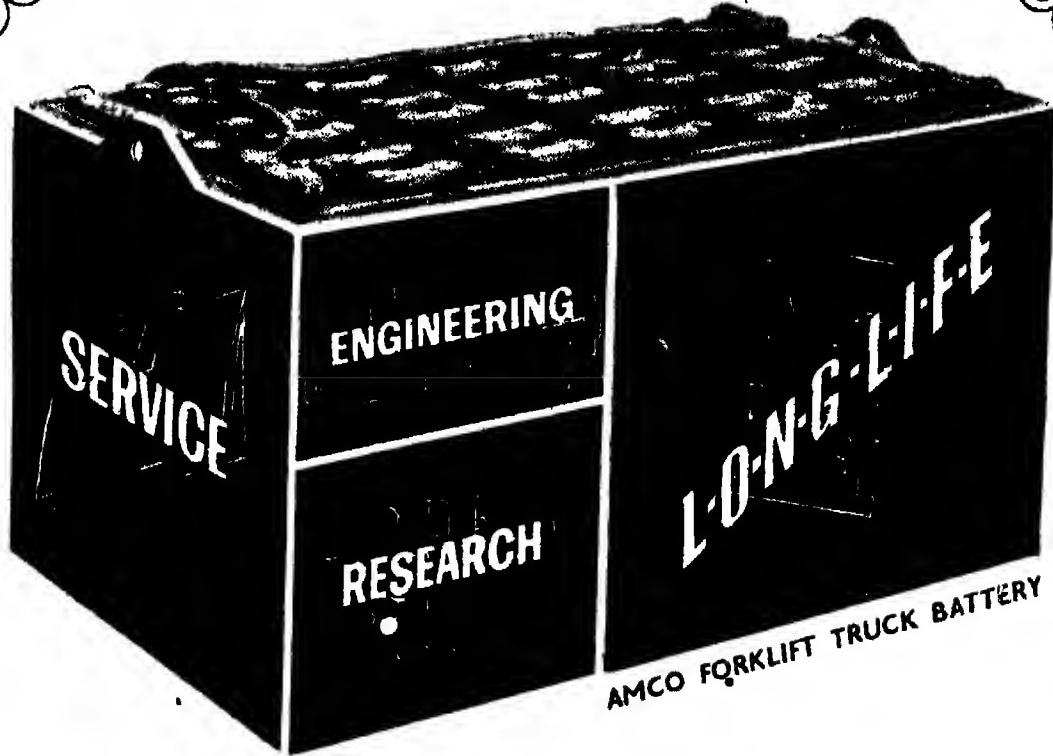
It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By PETER FUNK

VERBS ARE the dynamos that turn the wheels of language. In the following list of verbs, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 18.

- (1) **caper** (kay' per)—A: to gamble. B: joke. C: prance. D: trifle with.
- (2) **exhort** (ég zort')—A: to urge strongly. B: condemn. C: restrain. D: scold severely.
- (3) **declaim** (de klame')—A: to deny connexion with. B: speak loudly and rhetorically. C: make a countercharge. D: view with disfavour.
- (4) **interrogate** (in té'r' ó gate)—A: to question. B: explain. C: torture. D: search.
- (5) **discern** (dí surn'; -zurn')—A: to reject. B: be indifferent to. C: perceive. D: solve.
- (6) **confound** (kön found')—A: to impress. B: bring together. C: frustrate. D: confuse.
- (7) **extricate** (éks' tri kate)—A: to strive. B: free. C: add on. D: get rid of.
- (8) **menace** (men' is)—A: to threaten. B: be fearful of. C: predict. D: force.
- (9) **conjure** (kün' jer)—A: to make an offering. B: summon by a spell. C: put together. D: take advantage of.
- (10) **oscillate** (ó's' i late)—A: to rotate. B: consider both sides of a question.
- C: charge with electricity. D: swing to and fro.
- (11) **prattle** (prát' 'l)—A: to gossip. B: reveal a secret. C: babble. D: unnerve.
- (12) **reconnoitre** (rěk ó noi' ter)—A: to scout. B: return to. C: hunt down. D: turn back.
- (13) **cajole** (ka jole')—A: to soothe. B: wheedle. C: trick. D: ridicule.
- (14) **chortle** (chor' t'l)—A: to tie up. B: complain. C: twist. D: chuckle.
- (15) **proffer** (pröf' er)—A: to hand over. B: approve. C: offer. D: be helpful.
- (16) **abjure** (äb jöör')—A: to loathe. B: repudiate. C: curse. D: plead.
- (17) **impair** (im pair')—A: to weaken. B: mend. C: insist upon. D: frighten.
- (18) **assuage** (ä swaje')—A: to cover up for. B: give pleasure to. C: convince. D: make less harsh.
- (19) **nurture** (nur' tyur)—A: to remedy. B: pamper. C: nourish. D: ripen.
- (20) **parody** (pär' ó di)—A: to symbolize. B: restate in other words. C: plagiarize. D: imitate for comic effect.

(Now turn to page 18)



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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

Answers to the quiz on page 13

- (1) **caper**—C: To prance; skip about playfully; frisk and frolic. Latin *caper*, “goat.”
- (2) **exhort**—A: To urge strongly; advise earnestly; incite; as, to *exhort* a team to win. Latin *exhortari*, “to encourage.”
- (3) **declaim**—B: To speak loudly and rhetorically; make a formal speech; harangue; as, to *declaim* against regulations. Latin *declamare*, “to shout down.”
- (4) **interrogate**—A: To question; examine by asking questions; as, to *interrogate* a witness. Latin *interrogare*.
- (5) **discern**—C: To perceive; distinguish; detect; as, to *discern* a veiled threat. Latin *discernere*, “to separate, distinguish between.”
- (6) **confound**—D: To confuse; perplex; bewilder; as, to *confound* a listener with jargon. Latin *confundere*, “to pour together, mingle.”
- (7) **extricate**—B: To free; liberate; disentangle; as, to *extricate* oneself from a difficulty. Latin *extricare*, “to disentangle.”
- (8) **menace**—A: To threaten with harm or evil; endanger; as, to *menace* bystanders. Latin *minari*, “to threaten.”
- (9) **conjure**—B: To summon by a spell; evoke; as, to *conjure* up a scene of horror. Latin *conjurare*, “to swear together.”
- (10) **oscillate**—D: To swing back and forth like a pendulum; vibrate; waver; fluctuate between limits or beliefs; as, to *oscillate* between good and evil. Latin *oscillare*, “to swing.”
- (11) **prattle**—C: To babble; talk foolishly; chatter; as, to *prattle* endlessly. Low German *pratelen*, “to talk idly.”
- (12) **reconnoitre**—A: To scout; examine or observe to learn something, usually for engineering, geological or military purposes; as, to *reconnoitre* enemy territory. French *reconnaitre* (now *reconnatre*).
- (13) **cajole**—B: To wheedle; coax or persuade with flattery or other enticement; as, to *cajole* a child into eating. French *cajoler*.
- (14) **chortle**—D: To chuckle or laugh gleefully. Blend of *chuckle* and *snort*, coined by Lewis Carroll.
- (15) **proffer**—C: To offer; present for acceptance; tender; as, to *proffer* friendship or advice. Old French *poroffrir*, “offer on behalf of.”
- (16) **abjure**—B: To repudiate; renounce under oath; disavow; forswear; recant; as, to *abjure* a claim. Latin *abjurare*, “to deny upon oath.”
- (17) **impair**—A: To weaken; diminish in quantity, value or strength; damage; injure; as, to *impair* health. Old French *empeirer*.
- (18) **assuage**—D: To make less harsh; ease; alleviate; relieve; as, to *assuage* pain, grief or anger. Old French *asouager*, “to soften.”
- (19) **nurture**—C: To nourish; care for; train; foster; as, to *nurture* the young. Latin *nutrire*, “to nourish.”
- (20) **parody**—D: To imitate for comic effect or in ridicule; mock by caricature; burlesque; as, to *parody* a song. Greek *paroidia*.

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct.....	excellent
18-16 correct.....	good
15-13 correct.....	fair

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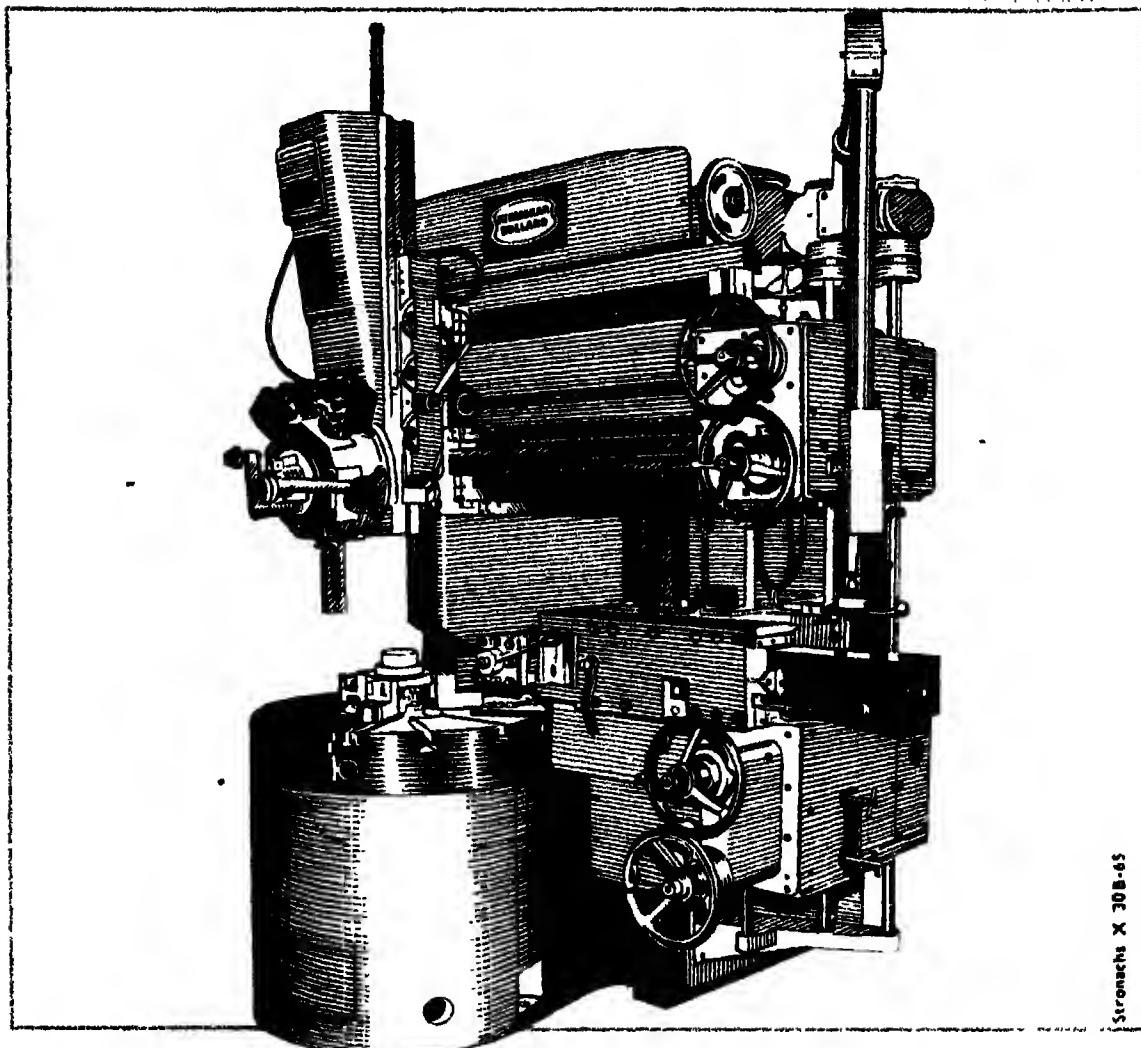


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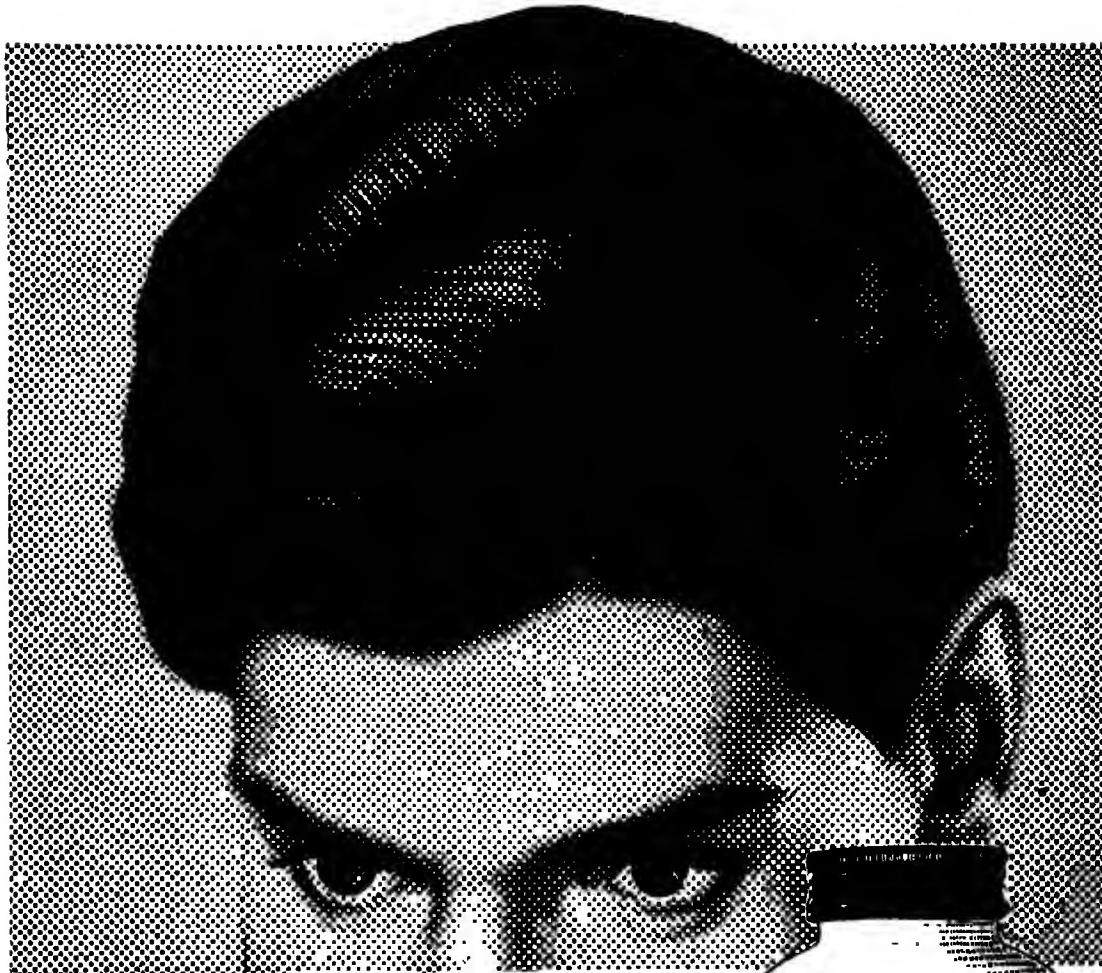
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HUMOUR IN UNIFORM

AN ARMY chaplain in Germany had an opportunity to buy a Rolls-Royce. He hesitated for fear it would arouse the envy and resentment of the military personnel and perhaps weaken his effectiveness; so he asked his senior chaplain what to do. "Who's the seller of the car?" asked the senior chaplain.

"An English lord who is in need of ready cash. He offered me the Rolls-Royce at a ridiculously low price."

"Buy the car," said the senior chaplain. "If anybody asks where you got it, tell him, 'The Lord provided it.'"

—RABBI PHILIP LAPIS

IN A RESTAURANT a sailor was getting acquainted with a pretty girl. Everything seemed to be going well, until she suddenly said curtly, "All right, sailor—all hands on deck!" —B. BEVILL

MY NIECE invited me to meet the young serviceman she was going out with. "I love Sam," she said, "but somehow I'm not sure of our future together. I'd like your opinion of him."

Sam arrived and proved himself a charming young man, although extremely nervous about meeting the first of the relatives. During dinner he knocked over his water glass, dropped his fork twice, spilt his coffee, then burned my nose in his eagerness to light my cigarette. Nevertheless, when he had gone, I pronounced him good solid husband material. "Even if he is the original butterfingers," I added.

"That's just what I mean about our future," said my niece. "Sam is in a bomb-disposal unit!" —K. C. HOPKINS

DURING an inspection, the rear-admiral asked us to pull up our trouser legs to show that we were wearing regulation socks. Right in the front rank stood a terrified young seaman wearing bright orange socks. The admiral stared at the socks in silence for a long moment. Then he said quietly, "Tell me, do they glow in the dark?"

—GEORGE WILLIAMS

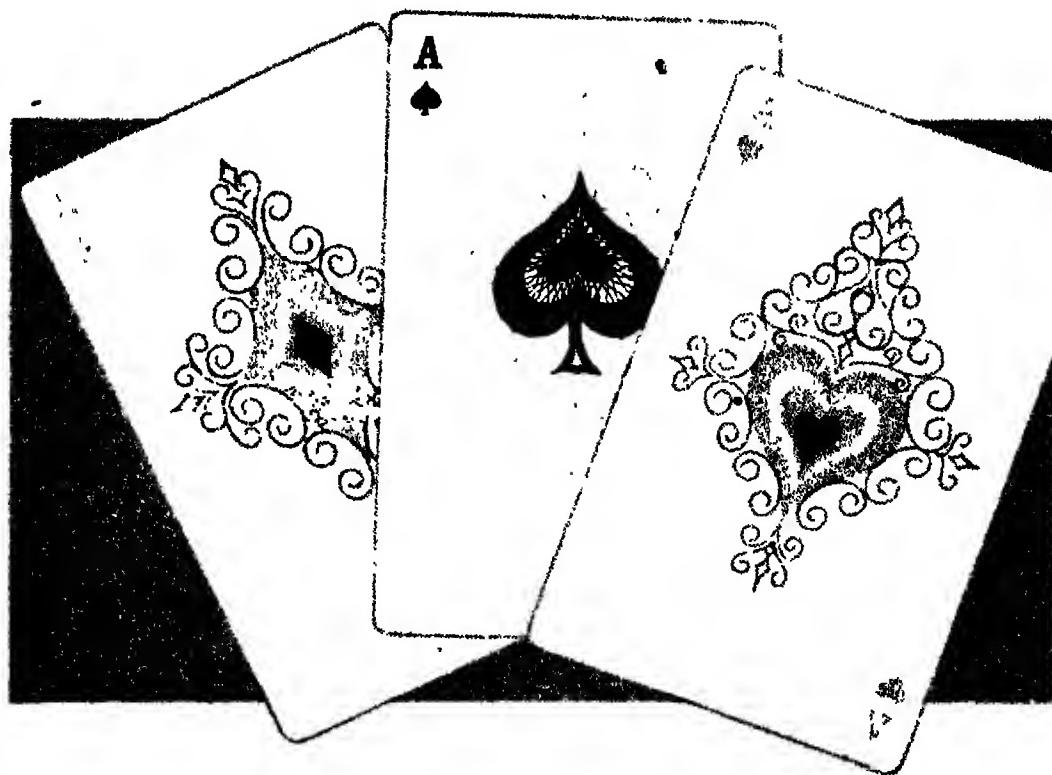
A NEWLY TRAINED American bomber pilot, upon arrival in England during the war, asked a veteran of many operational flights over Germany, "How good is the fighter escort for our bombers?"

"You've got the best fighter escort in the world," the veteran replied. "The RAF escorts you to the English Channel. The Luftwaffe meets you there and escorts you all the way to the target and back again. Then the Americans pick you up and escort you home!"

—RICHARD SANBORN

ON ONE of my father's tours of duty in Japan with the U.S. Marines, my mother wrote and asked if he would send her a genuine Japanese back scratcher. "Sorry, darling," my father replied, "I couldn't get you the back scratcher, because they wouldn't let her through the Customs." —P. A.

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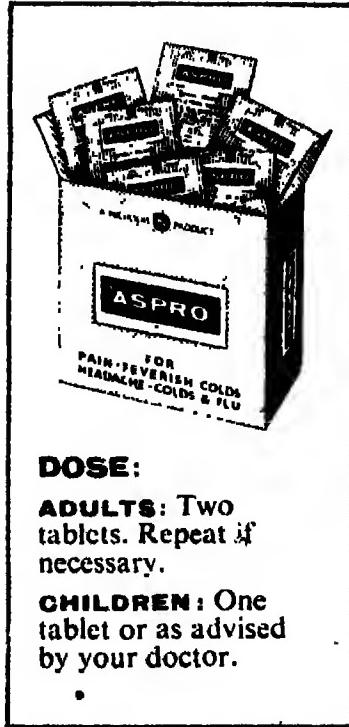
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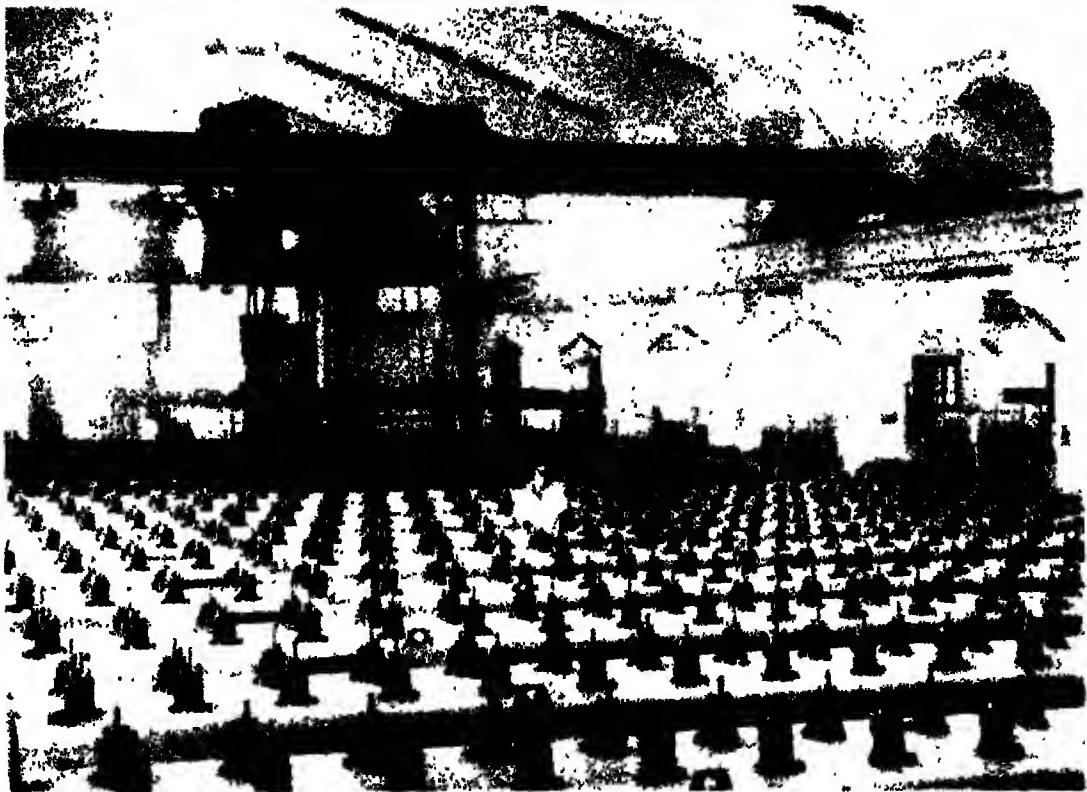
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SKOPJE LIVES AGAIN

Devastated by an earthquake three years ago, this Yugoslav town is making a remarkable recovery, built on the solid foundations of international co-operation

BY LELAND STOWE

IN SKOPJE, capital of Yugoslavia's Macedonian republic, the hands of the station clock still stand at 5.17, where they stopped on the morning of July 26, 1963. At that instant a titanic subterranean rock slide wrenched the surface of the earth violently westward. A thunderous sound engulfed the town as buildings crashed into fragments, burying hundreds of occupants. Within 15 seconds Skopje became a nightmare of panic, death and destruction: 1,070 people were killed, 600 of them buried alive, 3,300 were

injured. Ten per cent of Skopje's buildings were demolished and another 70 per cent were made uninhabitable; 150,000 of its 200,000 population lost their homes. The total damage reached an appalling Rs. 374 crores.

In its long and tragic history the Yugoslav town has suffered many catastrophes. Situated in the narrow Vardar River valley, about 100 miles north of the Greek border, Skopje lies in the centre of one of the world's most earthquake-prone regions. Such a doomsday shock

smote Scupi (as it was then called) in A.D. 518 that, by contemporary accounts, vast crevasses opened up and the town with all its inhabitants "sank into the earth." Skopje suffered another terrible earthquake in 1555; it was burnt to the ground by Turks and other invaders in 1413, in 1594 and 1689, and it was practically exterminated by plague during the eighteenth century.

Heroes of the Day. When the 1963 earthquake came, electrician Maksim Stojanovic was on duty at Skopje's power plant. As walls and ceilings cracked, Stojanovic and an assistant bolted into the open. But Stojanovic was seized by a fearful realization: the power must be shut off.

"Hurry!" he cried. Both men rushed back to the swaying building, up a flight of stairs, and yanked 20 switches in frantic succession. That action saved an inestimable number of lives by eliminating a major potential source of fire, and it won for Stojanovic Yugoslavia's "Man of the Year" award.

Providentially, a large Yugoslav army centre was located in Skopje and sprang into action. Truckloads of troops from other parts of the country were soon speeding into the ravaged area; with them were army medical units whose doctors were to perform 209 operations out of doors before midnight.

Skopje's police chief, Teny Kolemishevski, stumbled from the ruins of his flat at 5.18 and ran for police

headquarters. He found the building reduced to rubble, but its adjacent garage, cars and radios were unharmed. Still gasping, Kolemishevski phoned police stations up and down the valley, shouting desperate appeals for medicine, plasma and drinking water.

With the cries of the injured in their ears, thousands of army and civilian rescuers tore frenziedly at tangled heaps of beams, bricks and concrete to reach those buried underneath. By nine o'clock they had removed 630 bodies and hundreds of survivors.

Next day a team of French rescuers arrived with a supersensitive sound detector first used in locating victims of the Agadir earthquake in 1960. Called a *capson*, the device consists of a tiny microphone attached to a long tube which can be inserted in rubble to record the slightest sound, even a heartbeat.

To extricate one victim, Serbian miners toiled non-stop for 11 hours, cutting through barriers of solid concrete; two sisters were freed after 16 hours of digging. A Belgian couple, Serge and Suzanne Jacquemart, remained entombed in the Hotel Macedonia's ruins for 55 hours—so tortured by thirst towards the end that they cut their lips with broken glass and sucked their own blood. The last survivor, Mrs. Zivka Anastasova, was removed after being buried for 80 hours. The French volunteers' chief spoke for all rescue workers when he said: "It

is a tremendous joy to wrest a human being from the embrace of death."

"The World Was With Us." News of Skopje's catastrophe precipitated a dramatic worldwide outpouring of assistance. From the Soviet Union to Australia, from Scandinavia to Africa, from Chile to Japan, governments and private organizations and individuals launched appeals of every description.

Families all over the world ransacked their houses for useful articles; individual contributions swelled into tons of clothing, blankets, beds, cooking equipment, tents, mattresses. Gifts of money reached deluge proportions. In Greece, a boys' choir collected 105 pounds of food. A Japanese girl sent a single jewel—"the only precious thing I have."

Medical-aid planes swooped in from Poland, Israel and France. Red Cross lorries from Switzerland and West Germany arrived, while a torrent of Yugoslav trucks and trains discharged lifesaving cargoes, then reloaded with the wounded and homeless. Into the town poured field kitchens from both East and West Germany; health and sanitation teams from Bulgaria and Austria; a flood of experts from a dozen U.N. agencies and other international organizations. From Russia came 55,000 tons of building materials, and by August 6 the first contingents of 500 Soviet Army engineers



Survivors of the catastrophe: a mother and her children sit among Skopje's ruins

started removing mountains of debris.

Toiling from dawn to dusk, East and West became partners in the common cause, their political rivalries and antagonisms forgotten. The impact upon the people of Skopje was an exceptionally personal one. "For a thousand years we Macedonians were always alone," one said. "The rush of foreign peoples to help us seemed unbelievable. It will always be written in our hearts." Said another: "From the very beginning we were not alone. That is why we solved our enormous initial

problems. We knew that the whole world was with us."

Reconstruction Begins. But a fearful problem now had to be faced: how to provide roofs and walls for 50,000 tent-dwellers before the winter—and how to build temporary weatherproof offices for local government workers. In mid-August this four-month deadline seemed impossible.

With wartime urgency, President Tito's government mobilized national resources, rushing more than 25,000 construction workers to Skopje. Demolition squads, with fleets of bulldozers and trucks, frantically attacked the damaged buildings; in district after district, booming detonations, mingling with the crash of falling masonry, reverberated for weeks. Hundreds of university students plied picks and shovels to create facilities for resumption of classes by January. "We had courage to struggle because there was so much to do," says their Vice-Rector, Dr. Ivo Puhan. "Looking back, I feel that these were the best months of my life."

Governments of 15 nations contributed prefabricated housing, and private organizations added more. From August onwards, the valley echoed to the clatter of trucks, the clang of hammers and the rasping staccato of riveters, all mingled with a babel of tongues. The workers involved spoke more than 20 languages; on one site, people of eight different nationalities worked side

by side. Together they forged a remarkable triumph. By January 1, all the 50,000 campers had been installed in snug new dwellings.

Balkan-style Suburbia. Visiting Skopje last year I discovered, for miles around its outskirts, a succession of attractive single-storey townships. In architectural design, materials and colour, these new suburbs are as variegated as their worldwide donors. Each prefabricated community has its own self-service market, schools, nurseries and shops. Newly-planted shrubs and trees flank rows of houses, and after office hours—in true suburban spirit—people water well-kept lawns or tend their gardens.

Skopje's new commuters express marked contentment with their new way of life. "We feel much more secure in buildings that have no concrete and no upper floors," confessed one resident. "And the children are much healthier and happier here." These communities, linked with the city by an extensive bus network, also testify to another prodigious reconstruction feat—for they required miles and miles of new roads, water mains, sewers and electric cables.

New Seismic Knowledge. The United Nations played a major role: through the Technical Aid Council (UNTA), it sent 80 technical experts from five continents. Four seismological missions, recruited by UNESCO, brought earthquake authorities from 11

countries; among them Japanese, Russians, Americans, Turks and Iranians. Their combined researches produced unprecedented knowledge of the Vardar Basin's geologic formations and its susceptibilities to earthquakes.

Skopje's need for maximum precautions can scarcely be exaggerated, for during the two years following the earthquake, more than 600 tremors were recorded. Many people keep an exact account of them. "Each new shock reminds us of the horror," said one youth. "Everyone stands still, paralysed and breathless."

But, thanks to intensive studies by world-famous seismologists, Skopje's people will in future benefit from all the security that advanced science can provide. All major new buildings will be earthquake-resistant, and salvageable structures will be similarly reinforced. The U.N. has also offered funds to establish, in or near Skopje, an International Institute of Seismology. With voluminous data assembled since 1963 by seismic investigators all over the world, it will serve as an invaluable centre for future research.

Unfinished Business. But Skopje's remarkable recovery remains partial. The town still has no major public buildings, and, as Council President Popov says, "Nearly one-third of our people still lack normal housing." Meanwhile, swollen by emergency workers, the

population has reached 210,000.

After months of combined studies, 120 foreign and Yugoslavian town-planning experts have produced a General Urban Plan for the new Skopje. If eventually carried out, the results will be dramatic. With a brand-new main boulevard and a huge central *plaza*, with tree-lined diagonals and direct arteries linking the suburbs, Skopje hopes to blossom into a spacious, ultramodern city of 350,000 by 1981. Preliminary work on the creation of a handsomely symmetrical "central city" area is now under way.

Symbol of World Unity. Skopje's earthquake changed the habits and outlook of its people almost as much as their physical surroundings. Once renowned for frugality, they have become avid instalment-plan buyers. "We have learnt to enjoy life while we can," says a young city worker. There is also a marked increase in civic pride and co-operation, and an enhanced interest in education and cultural activities. But above all, the deluge of foreign aid and the thousands of people from remote countries who mingled and worked with them have kindled a new international awareness, a vivid consciousness of human interdependence.

"We remember all those people from so many lands working with us," says Vice-Rector Puhan of Skopje University. "It was a symbol of what world unity can be, and we believe that it can be achieved."



Outer-Space Chorus Story

By JOHN FULLER

For the people who saw these mysterious flying objects, truth was stranger than science fiction

AT 2:24 A.M. on September 3, 1965, Norman Muscarello walked into the police station at Exeter, New Hampshire, apparently suffering from shock. Patrolman Reginald Toland helped him to light a cigarette before he was calm enough to speak.

Muscarello had been hitch-hiking north from Amesbury, Massachusetts, to his home in Exeter, a distance of 12 miles. Traffic was sparse, he said, and he was forced to walk most of the way.

About 2 a.m., when he was passing an open field near Kensington,

OUTER-SPACE GHOST STORY

New Hampshire, a huge object came out of the sky. Brilliant, pulsating red lights outlined its rim, which appeared to be 80 to 90 feet in diameter. The object wobbled, yawed and floated straight towards him, making no noise whatever. Afraid that it was going to hit him, Muscarello dived off the road. *

The object backed away slowly and hovered over the roof of one of two near-by houses. Then it moved off far enough for Muscarello to make a run for one of the houses. He pounded on the door, screaming. No one answered.

At that moment, a car came by, and Muscarello hailed it frantically. A middle-aged couple picked him up and dropped him off at the Exeter police station.

"Look," he said to Toland, "I know you don't believe me. I don't blame you. But you've got to send somebody back there with me!"

Impressed by Muscarello's sincerity, Toland called a cruising patrol car. Within five minutes, Patrolman Eugene Bertrand pulled into the station.

After hearing Muscarello's story, Bertrand reported that about an hour earlier he had come across a car parked on a by-pass approximately two miles from Exeter. The woman at the wheel told him that a huge, silent, airborne object had followed her from the town of Epping, nine miles away. The object had brilliant, flashing red lights, she said, and kept within a few feet of

her car. When she reached the by-pass, it suddenly picked up tremendous speed and soon disappeared among the stars.

"I thought she was a crank," Bertrand told Toland. "So I didn't even bother to radio in." The object the woman described, Muscarello said, sounded exactly like the one he had seen.

It was nearly 3 a.m. when Bertrand and Muscarello reached the field between the two houses. The moonless night was clear, there was no wind, and the stars were brilliant. Visibility was unlimited.

Bertrand parked his patrol car. He radioed back to Toland that Muscarello was still so tense that he was going to walk out across the field with him to investigate further. As they walked, Bertrand probed the darkness with his torch. They saw nothing, and Bertrand tried to convince Muscarello that he must have seen a helicopter. But Muscarello insisted that he was familiar with all types of conventional aircraft and would have recognized a helicopter.

About 100 yards from the roadside was a corral, where a local farmer kept his horses. As Bertrand turned to shine his torch towards some trees, the horses began kicking and whinnying. Dogs in near-by houses began howling. Muscarello screamed, "I see it! I see it!"

Bertrand turned. Rising up slowly from behind two tall pines beyond the corral was a brilliant, roundish

object. Soundless, it moved towards them like a leaf fluttering from a tree, wobbling and yawning as it did so. The entire area was bathed in brilliant red light. The white sides of the farmhouse turned blood-red. Bertrand reached for his .38 revolver, thought better of it and dragged Muscarello towards the patrol car.

He called up Toland at the Exeter station. "I can see the damn thing myself!" he shouted.

From the car, Bertrand and Muscarello watched the object hover. It was about 100 feet above them, rocking back and forth, still absolutely silent. They found it difficult to make out a definite shape because of the brilliance of the lights—"Like trying to describe a car coming at you with its headlights on," Bertrand said later.

After several minutes, the object began moving slowly east towards Hampton. Its movement was erratic, defying all conventional aerodynamic patterns. "It darted," says Bertrand. "It could turn on a dime."

As it began to move away, Patrolman David Hunt, in another police car, pulled up. He had heard the radio conversations between Bertrand and Toland.

"I could see that fluttering movement," Hunt says. "I could see those pulsating lights. I could hear horses kicking out in the barn there. After the thing moved out of sight, a B-47 flew over. You could tell the difference. There was no comparison."

Moments after the object slid over the trees and out of sight, Toland, at the police station, took a call from an Exeter night switchboard operator.

"Some man had just called her, so hysterical that he could hardly talk straight," says Toland. "He told her that a flying saucer came right at him, but before he could finish, he was cut off. I rang the Hampton police, and they notified Pease Air Force Base."

At one o'clock the next afternoon, two air force officers from the base arrived in Exeter. They went to the scene of the sighting, interviewed Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello at length, and returned to the base with little comment. By nightfall, a long series of phone calls was coming into the Exeter police station, many from people who had distrusted their own senses before the police report.

Soon after, I began a search in the area that was to continue for many weeks. My aim was to bring out every fact possible in a single, limited area regarding Unidentified Flying Objects.

I interviewed Ron Smith, a 17-year-old schoolboy, who a few weeks earlier had been driving with his mother and his aunt, shortly after 11 p.m., not far from the spot where Muscarello had been hitchhiking.

"All of a sudden, my aunt told me to look up at the sky," Smith told me. "I stopped the car, looked

up and saw an object. It had a red light on the top, and the bottom was white. And it glowed. It passed over the car once, stopped, then went back over again. It didn't make much sound, just sort of a humming noise, like a cat purring."

Mrs. Virginia Hale, a Hampton news correspondent, kept a similar object in clear view over a 10- to 20-minute period. "I was standing by the sink, looking out of the kitchen window, about 6.25 in the evening. It caught my eye because it was bright and going very slowly. Then it stopped dead over by that house. I marked my window so I could remember where it lined up. Suddenly, this thing cut back towards the south-west, losing altitude so fast I thought it would crash. At this point, I could see that it was dome-shaped and flat underneath."

At the home of Mrs. Rudy Pearce, I met a delegation of neighbouring housewives. Their accounts of multiple sightings continued for more than an hour. Some of the women were afraid to go out alone at night. "Some of these things," said one, "sit in the air as long as half an hour. Just sit there."

So many leads began coming in from the police, newspapers and local people that it was impossible to follow them all up. But I did record lengthy interviews with more than 60 people.

Certain common denominators emerged:

Many observers were reluctant to

report their findings because of the fear of ridicule.

Most people reporting sightings were familiar with commercial and military aircraft because of the constant traffic at near-by Pease Air Force Base.

Most observers reported luminous, disk-shaped objects, either white or orange, or changing in colour. Many people said they saw red, pulsating lights around the rim.

Most reported absolute silence by the objects, although in some cases a high-frequency hum was heard.

A few noted odd behaviour of animals, as well as electrical, ignition and broadcasting disturbances.

In some 200 pages of typed transcripts, 73 mentions were made that the Unidentified Flying Objects were observed near or over high-power transmission lines.

None of this information is particularly new to the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, in Washington, a privately sponsored organization which has been collating reports from viewers over the past 20 years and pressing demands for public enlightenment on the subject.

Any air base receiving a UFO report sends an officer to investigate. The information is analysed by scientists and technicians. The report is forwarded to the Pentagon, which claims that only 7.7 per cent of the thousands of objects sighted remain unidentified. The rest of the cases are ascribed to other causes

THE READER'S DIGEST

such as temperature inversion, weather balloons, mistaken identity of planes, stars, planets, clouds, reflections, etc.

Last November, I returned to Exeter to gather more confirmation on the sightings. A particularly graphic report came from 16-year-old Joseph Jalbert. His house is almost under the poles supporting the power lines on the road outside Exeter.

One evening at dusk, towards the end of October, he noticed a reddish, cigar-shaped object high in the sky. In a moment, he saw a smaller, reddish-orange disk emerge from it and begin a slow descent towards earth. It drew nearer, then skimmed along the power lines and stopped

within 200 feet of him, just a few feet above the wires. Then, very slowly, a silvery, pipe-like extension descended from the disk until it touched the wire. It remained in contact with the power line for several seconds, then was retracted into the disk. Eventually, the disk took off skywards at tremendous speed and disappeared inside the cigar-shaped object again.

Confidential comments made to me by coast-guards and servicemen in the area support the laymen's testimony. Collusion, hoax or mistaken identity by so many people seems improbable. Official reticence surrounding the subject of Unidentified Flying Objects seems as mysterious as the Exeter story itself.



Cartoon Quips

GIRL to girl : "Mary's party was marvellous—no decorations, fancy food or games—just two boys to each girl."

WIFE to grumpy husband leaving for work : "You'll feel better, dear, after you get to the office and dictate a few nasty memos."

AFTER completing the first hole, one woman golfer to another : "That was fun ! Shall we play again tomorrow?"

CLERK to tycoon boss : "I'd like a rise so that I can have some savings that can be nibbled away by inflation, like everybody else."

DISCONSOLATE husband to wife : "That new blood I infused into the company has just asked for my resignation as chairman of the board!"

PSYCHIATRIST to politician patient : "I can't help you if you're going to answer 'No comment' to all my questions."

MAN BUYING computer : "I'd like it to be delivered in the middle of the coffee break."

What Should I Tell My Son?

*A mother adds an all-important feminine viewpoint
to the traditional man-to-man talk about sex*

By ARLENE SILBERMAN

EVERY mother knows that she is expected to have a womanly talk with her adolescent daughter about sex. She also knows that she is expected to say nothing on the subject to her adolescent son; such a talk is traditionally man-to-man. But so many traditions are breaking down that I have decided to break one more and advocate a mother-son talk.

After all, it is our sons who father the babies born out of wedlock. It is our sons who impregnate the unmarried girls who undergo criminal abortions. And it is our sons who have to enter into hasty and frequently loveless marriages because their brides are already pregnant. When so many of our girls are "in trouble," to borrow a polite Victorian phrase, it can only mean that

large numbers of our sons are also in trouble, whether they realize it or not.

I don't know if talking to my four sons will ultimately affect their behaviour. I do know that I want to give them my feminine point of view to supplement the masculine one.

I plan to begin by telling my eldest son David about a question a lovely young girl recently asked me. Her name is Barbara, and she has the kind of glowing, well-scrubbed good looks that mothers label "wholesome." Barbara was head of her class and president of her youth club. She had won a scholarship and was doing excellent work in her first year at university. She is now pregnant. Waiting out her last lonely months in a home for unmarried mothers.

Condensed from Christian Herald

She has no idea where the baby's father may be.

"He was the only man I ever loved, and I thought he loved me, too. In fact, I thought we were going to be married when we finished college," she told me. "Now I feel like some cheap 'fallen woman.' I can't help but wonder," she added, "why there isn't some expression to suggest a 'fallen man.'" Barbara's face was pained when she asked, "Is it always the woman's fault?"

I shall put that same question to David. I think he will understand why I cannot share the peculiar logic which holds that it is all wrong for a girl to become pregnant but that it is not quite so wrong for a boy to make her so.

I want to be certain, too, that David understands that pregnancy is not my only concern. If it were, I suppose my husband could give him a briefing in methods of birth control and then send him to the nearest chemist. I know of one misguided father who did precisely that for his son's sixteenth-birthday present.

I want David to have a clear picture of what contraceptives can and cannot do. I shall tell him that if that 16-year-old uses his birthday present he will *probably* avoid fathering a baby out of wedlock. I shall say "probably" because a contraceptive device is not foolproof; and I shall say "if" because a number of young people with both the knowledge and the equipment to avoid conception have used neither.

Barbara is a case in point. "We thought it would make our love-making ugly and sordid. We didn't want passion to be something pre-arranged," she tried to explain to the social worker who was helping her plan for her unborn baby. "We wanted romance." She had a baby instead.

David probably knows that the most talked-about contraceptive these days is the birth-control pill. There is no point in pretending that these pills are not highly effective when taken regularly. But there also is no point in pretending that they possess the quasi-magical qualities being attributed to them. According to a recent article, these pills offer women "an ability that men have always known—the ability to make love without personal consequences." I want to be sure that my son understands that *no one* can ever invent such a pill—unless someone concocts one that eliminates all human sensitivity. For when two people offer themselves to each other in total intimacy, there will *always* be "personal consequences." How can it be otherwise? To equate "personal consequences" with pregnancy alone is to misunderstand the meaning of sex.

Most adolescent boys do misunderstand, I suspect, because they regard potency as proof that a boy has achieved some sort of instant manhood. Would that manhood were so easily acquired! Sexual power simply indicates that a boy's glands have

reached a certain stage of development—nothing more, nothing less. It is what a boy does with the sexual ability he develops that really matters, and I want my son to realize that sex irresponsibly spent is puerile, not adult. The real tests of arrival at manhood are made of sterner stuff; they require making lonely decisions that no one else can make for you.

In saying this I am not trying to by-pass the hard issue of premarital sex. That happens to be precisely the kind of decision that David will have to make for himself. I shall offer him the set of rules that worked well for his father and me. I shall hope that he abides by them. But I also recognize that David will probably develop his own.

I shall caution him against being swayed by the crowd in making those rules. It is never easy to stand one's ground when many seem to be doing otherwise. But, for that matter, it is never easy to become a man. So, regardless of what the other fellows say, I shall urge him to have his own definition of integrity and to stick to it.

For me, integrity and chastity were synonymous; they may not be for David. But if he decides to go to bed with a girl before he is married, I hope he makes that decision because they both feel it is a mature and honest way of fulfilling a profound relationship. I shall emphasize the concept of "profound relationship," because I do not agree

with a prevailing theory which holds that as long as two people feel some pleasant affection for each other there is no reason not to go to bed together.

I want my son to know that there is *every* reason not to. I want him to understand that to think of sex simply as fun is to degrade it. Of all life's experiences there is none he will find more exalted when shared with someone he loves selflessly and who returns his love in full measure. But to put sex in the same category as playing tennis, which is fun, or as going out to dinner, which is also fun, is to make a mockery of the most stirring experience he will ever know.

Perhaps at this point my son will feel that my femininity is showing. Well, let it. How else will he know that, by and large, women have very different sexual needs from men? Most women, including many young girls who claim otherwise, really want the sex act to mean *love-making*. They need to feel a sense of deep involvement, of genuine caring, of honest commitment, in order to give freely and fully of themselves. I want David to understand that fundamental need, because if he does not, he is going to end up hurting some young girl, regardless of whether she becomes pregnant. And if he has the sensitivity that I am certain he has, he will also hurt himself.

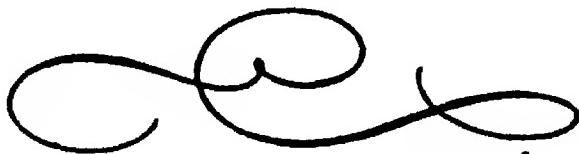
A bishop once summed up my own feelings about sex when he said,

THE READER'S DIGEST

"In the long run, even more fundamental than what our sons and daughters will and will not do is what they understand to be the meaning of the act itself."

If my talk accomplishes nothing else, it will establish my understanding of the meaning, and offer David a starting point from which to search out his own. The only single, inflexible rule I can pass on to him, the only absolute that I know holds

from generation to generation, is that no one has the right to hurt another human being. *No one.* Perhaps boys "can get away with it," as a neighbour of mine says, but I hope with all my heart that David will never take advantage of that quirk of biology. Besides, I will ask him, how can he ever get away with something as long as one person knows? And he is the person who will know to the end of his days.



The Image of Queen Victoria

A LITTLE old lady was helped into an invalid chair in the VIP lounge at Amsterdam airport and wheeled to a waiting aircraft bound for Vancouver. The stewardess had to carry her up the steps, then find her a seat and fasten her safety belt. When the other passengers came aboard few of them paid any attention to the old lady. It was not until the plane had reached Greenland, said one of the passengers later, that he noticed there was something odd about her.

For the old lady on the transpolar flight from Amsterdam to Vancouver was wearing a dress which came down to the ground, and an old-fashioned shawl hung from the back of her head. She was wearing the Star of India, the sash of the Order of the Garter and a crown. She was the spitting image of Queen Victoria. And she was made of wax.

—*The Manchester Guardian Weekly*

* * *

Delusions of Grandeur

ON A RECENT trip to Britain, Danny Kaye made a lot of friends, and shortly after he returned to Hollywood one of them came to stay. On the day of his arrival, Danny instructed the cook: "I'd like everything especially nice tonight. I've made out the menu myself. You see, we're having a duke for dinner."

On his way out of the kitchen, Danny heard the cook mutter, "That trip certainly made him uppish. Every other time, he's called it duck."

—Eddie Cantor, *As I Remember Them*

GHANA: Communism's Major Defeat in Africa

After nine disastrous years of pro-communist dictatorship, the hated Nkrumah and his regime have been overthrown. Now the Ghanaian people are trying to make a fresh start

By DAVID REED

HOURS before dawn last February 24, convoys of speeding trucks converged on Accra, capital of the West African republic of Ghana. Three thousand armed soldiers fanned out through the sultry tropical night to seize the radio station, post office and key government buildings. One group of soldiers headed for Flagstaff House, an official residence of Kwame Nkrumah, Ghana's Marxist dictator, who was out of the country. At six o'clock, a Ghanaian colonel announced on the national radio:

"Fellow citizens, I have come to inform you that the military, with the co-operation of the police, has taken over the government. The myth surrounding Kwame Nkrumah has been broken."

The news electrified Ghana's

7.5 million people, who had suffered nine years of Nkrumah's pro-communist dictatorship.* Thousands paraded through the streets of Accra, beating drums, dancing and singing. While onlookers cheered, a huge bronze statue of Nkrumah was toppled, then smashed to pieces. When the jails were opened, 1,100 political prisoners emerged, soon to be replaced by some 800 of Nkrumah's cabinet ministers, party chiefs and security guards.

Thus, in one stroke, Ghana's headlong dash towards communism was ended. A National Liberation Council, composed of eight army and police officers, set itself up to rule the country. The council consigned most of Nkrumah's "socialist" economy to the rubbish-heap and set out to restore friendly relations with the West. Ghana's revolution was one of the biggest setbacks the Russians and Chinese

* See "The Lenin of Black Africa," The Reader's Digest, September 1964.

have ever suffered in the under-developed world. The two communist powers lost their most important foothold in Africa—a foothold which they had been using to subvert other African countries. And, with Nkrumah gone, radical movements throughout the continent lost not only their most volatile spokesman, but also one of their chief sources of money, arms and encouragement. As a result, moderate governments can breathe a great deal more easily.

Latter-Day Lenin. Ghana has long been a pacesetter in Africa. Originally known as the Gold Coast, the country received its independence in 1957—the first colony in tropical Africa to gain freedom after an extended period of white rule. It was regarded as one of the most promising countries. *Per capita* income was higher than anywhere else in Central Africa.

The basis for Ghana's wealth was cocoa; it is the world's biggest producer, turning out a third of the total world supply. Other resources include timber, manganese, bauxite, diamonds and gold. At the time of independence, Ghana, with Rs. 420 crores in reserves of hard currency and a government debt of only Rs. 42 crores, was one of the richest states in tropical Africa.

The Ghanaians also had a sophistication rare in Africa. At a time when many Africans scarcely knew what a school was, Ghana had a second and third generation of

educated men. Equally important, the country had the best civil service in tropical Africa, an independent judiciary, a flourishing trade-union movement, a free Press, a university, a vigorous two-party system and a functioning parliamentary government.

All this was swept away by Nkrumah. In the nine years he devoted to "building socialism" in Ghana, he squandered the nation's financial reserves, and ran up debts totalling Rs. 825 crores. Step by step he destroyed his country's democratic institutions. As Nkrumah saw it, he and his Convention People's Party were the "personification of the state." When elections were held in 1960, he sent hired thugs into opposition strongholds. By no strange coincidence, the CPP gained 89 per cent of the popular vote.

But even that did not satisfy Nkrumah. In 1964, he pushed through a referendum that made Ghana a one-party state—the government claimed that 99 per cent of the voters approved the move. Nkrumah became party leader for life.

Nkrumah also turned Ghana's Press into an echo of *Pravda*, gave himself the power to nullify any court decisions that displeased him, forced the university to toe the party line and turned Ghana's trade unions into an arm of the CPP. A million boys and girls, some only six years old, were organized into

a Young Pioneers movement, patterned on a Soviet organization of the same name.

Ghana never became an all-out communist state. But Nkrumah made no secret of his long-range aim: to build "scientific socialism." In communist jargon, this means Marxist-Leninist communism, as opposed to the democratic socialism of Western countries. He made it plain that he saw himself as nothing less than a latter-day Lenin. He would interpret and mould the gospel of Karl Marx to suit himself and Africa—just as Lenin had tinkered with Marxism to make it more suitable to the realities of revolutionary Russia.

From Mud Hut to Messiah. If Nkrumah did not think that he was a god, he at least let his entourage encourage that impression. An official title of Osagyefo was given him, meaning Redeemer or Saviour. His picture appeared on coins, banknotes and stamps; streets, squares, parks, factories and schools were named after him. Something like Rs. 38 lakhs was spent to erect six enormous statues of him in Accra and other towns.

While Nkrumah's people queued up to buy food at soaring prices, Nkrumah spent huge sums in constructing grandiose monuments. One such project was State House, a lavish hotel and conference hall built at a cost of more than Rs. 15 crores to house delegates to a meeting of the Organization of

African Unity. It was used once.

The man who brought ruin to his country is one of the strangest and most complex that Africa has ever seen. A combination of charm and ruthlessness, Nkrumah has a brilliant mind and is well versed in Western philosophy and world history. Yet towards the end of his career, he dabbled more and more with *juju*, West African black magic. The chief of his bodyguard was a *juju* priest.

He was Africa's most eloquent spokesman for "socialist purity," yet he amassed a personal fortune estimated at Rs. 5 crores. He lived in imperial splendour, had two official residences with swimming pools, a zoo, an aquarium and a private theatre.

An Nzima tribesman, Nkrumah was born in a primitive coastal village of mud and wattle huts called Nkroful, in about 1909. He achieved his initial political prominence in 1947, when he returned to the Gold Coast after 12 bitter years of education—and discrimination—in the United States and Britain. He immediately joined the United Gold Coast Convention, a nationalist party dominated by British-educated intellectuals. Soon he broke away to form the Convention People's Party, which quickly won a large following because of its demand for immediate independence.

Nkrumah gave the colonial government one headache after another by fomenting strikes, boycotts and

civil-disobedience campaigns. He was sent to prison, but his party won a majority in the 1951 elections while he was still locked up; there was no choice but to let him out so that he could become leader of a pre-independence government. When Ghana became fully independent in 1957, Nkrumah was made prime minister and, when Ghana became a republic, president.

Big Promises, Small Reality. He steered a more or less neutralist course at first. Then a turning point seems to have come in 1961, when Nkrumah paid a visit to China, the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. He found himself lionized in one communist capital after another. When he returned home, he spoke glowingly of what he had seen, and talked openly about leading Ghana to "scientific socialism."

At Nkrumah's invitation, nearly 1,000 Soviet-*bloc* and Chinese technicians swarmed into Ghana to help build state factories and farms. The Soviet *bloc* also sent teachers and doctors. Amid the utmost secrecy, in camps behind barbed-wire fences, Chinese instructors trained between 200 and 300 foreign Africans, plus an undetermined number of Ghanaians, in guerrilla tactics, use of weapons and of such gadgets as coconut bombs.

In another ominous development, Nkrumah invited the Russians to build a jet airfield at Tamale, in northern Ghana. The field was far bigger than anything Ghana's own

air force could ever use. The real reason for the Tamale airfield, Western observers concluded, was that Russia wanted to use it as a stopping point en route to Cuba. But Ghana was landed with the bill—over Rs. 23 crores.

The communist *bloc* promised what seemed, at first, munificent aid. Russia and the Eastern European countries pledged Rs. 128 crores of credit; the Chinese offered Rs. 32 crores of credit. The idea was that there would be barter deals: for machinery and other goods, Ghana would pay in cocoa and raw materials. But the Ghanaians soon found that communist machinery was shoddy and obsolete, and that communist funds, large in promise, were small in reality—less than Rs. 23 crores.

Failure on Farm and Factory. Soviet attempts to set up state farms in Ghana proved similarly disappointing. In one such venture, the Russians started a 5,000-acre rice and maize farm at Adidome, in eastern Ghana, despite warnings from a Ghanaian agricultural expert that there was not enough rainfall. The Russians sent 11 "experts" and 54 tractors to Adidome. Although the tractors were supposed to be new, they broke down continually, and the Ghanaians found that the gears were worn from long years of use. The Russian "mechanics," unable to do major repairs, admitted privately that in fact they were only tractor drivers. In

all, Nkrumah established 104 state farms like Adidome. They cost Rs. 8 crores and, by 1965, they had managed to get Rs. 5 crores in debt.

Nkrumah's plunge into other types of socialist enterprise proved equally unfortunate. For prestige, he established a national airline to fly the Ghanaian flag all over the world. It lost Rs. 15 crores. He built a Rs. 3 crores steel mill which was to have been supplied with scrap metal. When it was finished, officials realized that there was not enough scrap in Ghana to keep it going. Other state factories were started, to manufacture such things as paint, matches, tyres and paper products. But, in most cases, the government did not bother to make preliminary studies. Decisions were made at the whim of Nkrumah or his cabinet ministers. The government even lacked a list of existing private industries; it started new state factories without knowing what, if any, competition they faced.

For 32 state enterprises, in which the government had invested a total of Rs. 83 crores, the loss by late 1964 amounted to Rs. 29 crores.

Hollow Salute. While the economy went from bad to worse, Nkrumah became ever more isolated from even his closest associates. To those who raised objections, he snapped: "I am my own adviser." After two attempts to assassinate him, Nkrumah surrounded himself

with Russian security officers and a handpicked bodyguard of men from his own Nzima tribe. He disarmed the national police and began to fear—quite rightly—that the army was plotting to overthrow him. About a year ago, amid rumours of an impending *coup*, he forced his deputy chief of defence staff, Lieutenant-General Joseph Ankrah, to retire, and made himself "supreme" commander of the armed forces. Then he made plans to organize a "people's" militia, which would serve as a counter to the armed forces and which, in time, might have replaced them entirely.

Most army and police officers had long been privately opposed to Nkrumah and his policies. Now, in addition to their growing concern over the pro-communist trend, they felt that the very existence of the army and police was threatened. The plot to overthrow Nkrumah was hatched by four men—Colonel Emmanuel Kotoka, commander of the army's Second Infantry Brigade; two other army officers; and John Harley, commissioner of police. They set three dates for assassinating Nkrumah, but each time decided against it because of the likelihood that many people would be killed in the ensuing battle with the security guards.

Then Nkrumah unwittingly gave them the opportunity they were seeking. With characteristic vanity, he decided that he could succeed, where everyone else had

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failed, in making peace in Vietnam. On February 20 he left on a trip that would take him to Peking and Hanoi—and then, as Nkrumah undoubtedly saw it, into the pages of history as the man who had brought peace to Vietnam.

When Nkrumah's party landed in Peking, he was not aware that his regime had fallen. The Chinese knew, but they gave him a 21-gun salute anyway. Then, in a villa outside Peking, they told him the news. Nkrumah was stunned. Over and over he mumbled, "It's not true."

Nkrumah lingered in Peking a few days, then flew to Moscow. From there, at the invitation of Sékou Touré, the Marxist dictator of the tiny West African republic of Guinea, he flew to Conakry, its capital.

Comic-opera confusion quickly ensued. Fearful that Nkrumah's overthrow might signal his own downfall, Touré sought to give Nkrumah some sort of official standing by naming him "co-president" of Guinea. Then, thinking better of it, Touré declared that

Nkrumah was really only an "honorary president."

The New Order. Ghana's victorious army and police officers appointed General Ankrah head of their National Liberation Council. Although he had played no part in the *coup*, he was immensely popular with the troops and, it was felt, his presence would hold the new government together. But the council encountered no opposition. Nkrumah's carefully-constructed totalitarian state simply collapsed; Marxism had never taken root in Ghana:

The new government, surveying the chaos, concluded that it would take at least two years to get Ghana on its feet. Plans were made to turn many of the state corporations over to private management and to give back to individual Ghanaian farmers much of the land at the state farms.

Unwittingly, Nkrumah may have done a great service for his country. As one diplomat puts it: "Nkrumah didn't infect Ghana with communism—he inoculated it against communism."



A Matter of Form

A GIRL called at the newspaper office to fill in a form for her wedding story. When she came to the heading "Groom's position," she paused, then wrote: "Beside the bride." —D. S.

A NUN applying for a passport paused thoughtfully at the section on the form—"Distinguishing Marks." Then, with a twinkle in her eye, she printed: "Nun." —R. A.

Life's Like That

A WOMAN came into the men's haberdasher's where I work and looked furtively about. Taking a long-handled saucepan out of her shopping bag, she asked for a hat to fit it.

Noticing our wary glances, she explained, "My husband just won't get himself a new hat, and his old one is so worn I can't make out the size. But it fits this pan perfectly."

—RAYMOND BECK

NATIF was an African student. When I first met him, he was in a quandary. Having written home telling his family of his purchase of a new car, he had received a letter from his mother saying that he must kill a chicken and smear its blood on the car, to show that he was not too proud of it. Natif could well imagine the response this would bring from his fellow students, yet he was reluctant to offend his family.

His solution bore the mark of true diplomacy. He went out and backed his new car over an egg.

—PHYLLIS HENDERSON

WHEN SHE called at my consulting room for a routine eye test, the pleasant young woman complained that she was having difficulty in reading small print and threading a needle. After I had examined her and prescribed glasses, she asked if I would write a note verifying her visit.

She saw that her request puzzled

me. "It's for my teenage son," she explained. "He refuses to go to the barber until I have my eyes examined."

—PAUL BALSAM

A COMPANY that manufactures air conditioners was entertaining a technical society to luncheon. Directly behind the chairman of the firm were air conditioners of a competing brand. When news photographers arrived, the chairman realized the irony of the situation but made the best of it. Pictures in the newspapers the next day clearly showed him fanning himself with a menu in front of his rival's equipment.

—WILFREDO CAMPOS

VISITING my nephew's home recently, I was puzzled when he told his teenage daughter, leaving with her boy friend for a dance, "Remember your vitamins!"

"Vitamins? At a dance?" I asked, when the young couple had gone.

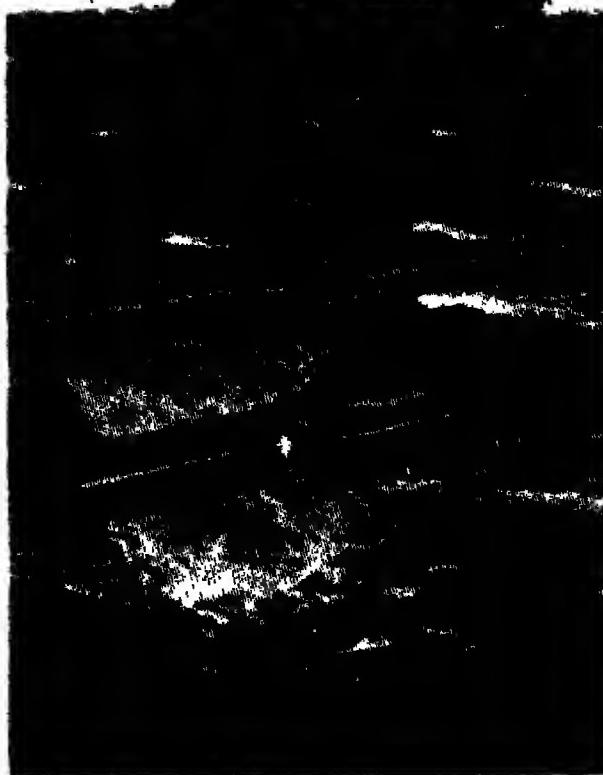
"Oh, yes," he said. "B-1 is *Behave*, and B-12 is *Be home by 12 o'clock*."

—MRS. BERTIE COLEY

AN EMPLOYER was asked why he had engaged a man who was over 60 years old. "Because," he answered, "men past 60 aren't in the middle of domestic emergencies, their wives aren't perpetually having children, most of their bad habits have been drummed out of their systems. Why, they can devote more time to the job than anybody."

—A. R.

*The life of Herman Melville,
seafaring adventurer,
writer, and original thinker
was as full of drama and
tragedy as his books*



The Man Who Wrote **MOBY DICK**

BY MAX EASTMAN
Author of "Enjoyment of Laughter," etc.

ON SEPTEMBER 28, 1891, an elderly customs officer died quietly in New York. His death received three lines of notice in one newspaper.

Today, his name, Herman Melville, is one of the most famous in modern literature. Libraries have not only his books but books about



him. His principal work, *Moby Dick*, appears in a popular edition of the *Ten Greatest Novels of the World*. When first published in 1851, it was so neglected that for the rest of his life Melville thought of himself as a failure. It was published again in 1921, 30 years after he died, and began gathering praise.

Its sales are now climbing towards the millions. How shall we explain this literary death and resurrection? There are two answers. In one sense Melville's masterpiece was 70 years ahead of its time. In another, it was 340 years out of date.

Gone to Sea. As a young man, Melville wanted to live a life of

his own, free of respectable conventions. When his father lost the family wealth, and Herman had to leave school, he tried working in his brother's hat shop in Troy, New York; hoeing potatoes on his uncle's farm near Pittsfield, Massachusetts; clerking in a New York bank. Then he turned up on the New York waterfront and signed on as a sailor on a ship bound for Liverpool. He was 17, and his wages were three dollars a month.

He had health and muscle and a willing mind, but he didn't like the filth and vulgarity of life in the forecastle. He didn't like the food he had to eat. "I never saw the cook wash but once," he remembered, "and that was at one of his own soup pots one dark night when he thought no one saw him." When he came home from that disappointing adventure, Melville became a teacher, but he didn't like that either; after three and a half years he decided to try the sea again.

Throwing a razor and an extra shirt and pair of trousers into a carpetbag, he tramped over to New Bedford and took ship on a whaling vessel bound for the South Pacific. Through ill luck he picked a ship on which the living conditions were infinitely worse than on the trip to Liverpool. The captain was brutal; the horsemeat was fly-blown; the biscuits were softened only by worm-holes. The sailors, with one exception, were unsociable rough-necks. The exception was a boy

named Tobias Green. Herman and Tobias formed a friendship, and when after 15 months of whaling the ship put in for repairs at an island in the Marquesas called Nukuheva, they decided to desert.

Welcomed by Savages. They took nothing with them but the shirts on their backs, into which they shoved a handful of biscuits and some tobacco. After five days of climbing and near starving on sweat-soakedhardtack, they came upon a beautiful mountain valley. They had been warned against this valley: it was inhabited by a notorious cannibal tribe called the Typees. But to their surprise the cannibals, after some initial suspicion, welcomed them and treated them—so at least it appeared—not as prospective viands but as honoured guests.

During the climb Herman had developed a painful swelling in his leg. The Typee chief, who had taken a great liking to him, did not object when they proposed that Tobias should go down to the harbour and see if he could find a doctor.

Tobias never came back; he was shanghaied by another whaler. So Herman lived alone for several weeks in a state of indulgent captivity with the cannibals. They gave him shelter and a servant; they gave him the best of their food; they gave him the prettiest of their flower-decked daughters as playmates.

South Sea Love. Herman was a handsome, strong, magnetic youth,

and the savages seem to have regarded him as a sort of heavenly visitation to be cherished and preserved. He on his side experienced a feeling not dissimilar to love for his naked hosts. In particular he loved a lithe young girl named Fayaway, with whom he went swimming and canoeing and wandering in the woods. One day in the canoe, to help him paddle, she took off a loose-hanging robe of bark cloth—the only thing she had on—and “spreading it out like a sail, stood erect with upraised arms in the head of the canoe.

“A prettier little mast than Fayaway made,” Melville wrote, “was never shipped aboard of any craft.”

The romance between a gifted young American and a girl cannibal on an unexplored island in the South Pacific might have been one of the most readable things in our literature if it had been frankly written about. But in the years 1845–50 the idea of putting such realities in a book was horrifying. The nearest Melville came to telling what happened was to say: “If the reader has not observed ere this that I was the declared admirer of Miss Fayaway, he is little conversant with affairs of the heart, and I shall not trouble myself to enlighten him any farther.”

Vale of No Cares. Among those savages Herman learned that primitive people, left to their own way of life, may be more happy and good-humoured than those who have been afflicted, so to speak, with

civilization. “One peculiarity that fixed my admiration,” Herman wrote, “was the perpetual hilarity reigning through the whole vale. There seemed to be no cares, griefs, troubles or vexations. Blue devils, hypochondria and doleful dumps went and hid themselves among the nooks and crannies of the rocks.”

This experience shaped Melville’s views of human nature and life’s wisdom in a deeply revolutionary way. It kindled a revolt against the decorous piety of New England society; it lifted him out of the mainstream of Victorian culture. “I am inclined to think,” he remarked, “that so far as relative wickedness is concerned, four or five Marquesan Islanders sent to the United States as missionaries might be quite as useful as an equal number of Americans dispatched to the islands in a similar capacity.”

The Typees’ hospitality, to be sure, was a little coercive. They wouldn’t let him go. They stopped him with imperious chatter when he tried to pass a certain point on the road to the harbour. Moreover, he kept remembering that this happy dream life might at any moment turn into a nightmare. One day while his hosts were preparing for a feast, he looked under the lid of a big tub and discovered the picked bones of a human being. Of course, Herman was homesick, too.

Bitter Leave-taking. He had been there four or five weeks—he remembered it as four months—

when the captain of a passing whaler, hearing that an American sailor was captive among the cannibals, sent a boatload of peaceable natives with a musket, gunpowder and cotton cloth to buy him back. A large troop of the Typees, Fayaway among them, came down to the harbour for the trade. But the Typees, on estimating the value of the goods offered in exchange, refused to give up their precious guest.

So, in the midst of the negotiations, Melville jumped into the waiting boat and pushed off, throwing a roll of cloth to Fayaway as he fled.

The Typees rushed after him. Their leader, a chief called Mow-Mow, tried to grab an oar and would have tipped the boat over had not Melville seized a boathook and plunged it into the man's body. He was spared the sight of the cannibal chief sinking in the bloody water, and of Fayaway standing on the beach clutching the cloth, for after dealing that death blow Melville sank in a dead faint.

It is doubtful if the moral precepts learned by Melville in boyhood could render a judgement on this deed of courage and horror by which he got free of his gracious yet savage captors. It made him sceptical of the absoluteness of those standards of good and bad about which people talk so glibly.

Storyteller. He was 22 when he left Nukuheva, and three more

years of vagabond adventure intervened before he came home. He was full to bursting with exciting stories when he did come. To solve his economic problems he put the stories into books. *Typee* and *Omoo* enjoyed instant success. With three more volumes that he wrote in the next four years, they earned him enough money to get married on and enough fame to convince him that he was a writer by profession.

Neither the money nor the fame, though, was adequate to his ambition. He yearned to write something more enduring than South Sea travelogues.

He said in a letter: "Until I was 25 I had no development at all. From my 25th year I date my life." Most of us would put it the other way. Up to his 25th year he lived life to the full. In that year he began to think profoundly about life. Later he began to read voraciously—and he found himself more at home in English literature than on the sea. He read Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists and was carried away by their stormy eloquence and their crude, violent gusto.

When he came to write his own great drama, Melville put into the mouths of his characters, as Shakespeare and the Elizabethans did, language that is more intensely intellectual and poetic than they would have spoken in real life. This seemed to his contemporaries clumsy and amateurish. Thus he was as arrogantly old-fashioned in

style as he was ahead of the newest Victorian trends in his opinions.

The Tragic Drama. No one knows just when the conception of Melville's masterwork arose in his mind—the drama of an ocean-borne warfare between Man and Leviathan. He dreamed of building into the drama the whole awful ambiguity of the problem of good and evil that had long tortured his spirit. Although almost two years of the life described in his adventure books were spent on board whaling vessels, the terrible enterprise of killing a whale is never described in them. But as a subject for tragic drama, whale-hunting as practised in the nineteenth century has hardly an equal in size and grandeur. Beside it, bullfighting is a sport for kittens. And Melville knew all there was to know about whaling.

There was a legend among sailors of a fierce monster of a whale, white all over, known to some as Moby Dick. Melville invented for his tragedy Captain Ahab, a man equally strange and monstrous, seething with rage against that white whale, and roaming the seas with a fixed manic purpose to kill him.

The leisure he needed to write it was supplied by his wife's father, who "advanced" him the money to

buy a small farm near Pittsfield, Massachusetts. In the autumn of 1850, when the harvest was in, Melville dropped everything and sat down to write his immortal book.

He finished it in a year, and it was published in 1851. But in another year it sank out of sight. The average annual sales over the first decade came to 123 copies, and over the 25 years after that, 22.

Melville did not stop writing. Even while supporting his family in a clerical job, he managed to put away one story, *Billy Budd*, that, discovered after his death, became a classic.

But the great Shakespearean command of rhythms and images was gone. *Moby Dick* had been a burst of genius, and without recognition he could not repeat it.

Seventy years later, and 30 years after his death, a noted English critic announced that he had been induced to read this forgotten book, and that "having done so, I hereby declare that since letters began there never was such a book, and that the mind of man is not constructed so as to produce such another; that I put its author with Rabelais, Swift, Shakespeare." Within a decade, the forgotten customs inspector was recognized as one of the 'great writers of all time.'

Sense of Balance

THE medical-report form now in use by one large British organization tells job applicants : "For colour vision, ability to distinguish between red and black is the only requirement." The employer? A bank. —*MacLean's*

Patchwork Recordings: Art or Artifice?

*As technical skills
doctor the recorded
sound of music, both
sides of a new controversy
can be heard*

THE BEAT began with the insistence of a trip-hammer — chunga-chunga-thump, chunga-chunga-thump. There stood Gary Lewis before the television cameras, slapping his thighs as he let loose with a whine that reverberated like a struck gong. Then the three Playboys chimed in with a shivering “Wa-wa-wa-wa-wa.” Enter a rampaging electric organ, a cascade of tambourines, an explosion of drums. But wait. Where was all this sound coming from? And singer Lewis—his lips seemed out of focus. They were. In truth, during this performance Gary Lewis and the Playboys were miming to a record. This convenient ruse, known as “lip sync” (lip synchronization), is sometimes used by pop singers when they appear on television.

Lip sync is symptomatic of a profound change that has gripped the recording industry. With each new advance in technology, the sound of recorded music—revved up, reverberated, splintered, spliced, multiplied, filtered, equalized—passes further into a kind of aural twilight zone. For every hour that a classical or pop artist spends recording music today, technicians devote an average of four hours to doctoring it.

PATCHWORK RECORDINGS: ART OR ARTIFICE?

What has totally revamped the industry is the tape recording. It stretches the music out on an operating table, where, with the aid of a razor and splicing tape, small miracles of plastic surgery can be performed. Where once the artist recorded a work from beginning to end several times, then selected the version with the fewest mistakes, now he can do it piecemeal and at his leisure, confident that any wrong notes will be snipped out and replaced with the correct ones.

To capture a symphony on vinyl today, the score is segmented, and recorded over and over again on some 45,000 feet of tape. Then the best passages are shredded into as many as 250 snippets, shuffled into order and spliced into a single, note-perfect performance on 3,800 feet of master tape. The number of patches ranges from 16 splices for a two-minute pop tune to 72 for a 13-minute piano piece.

So refined has the art of splicing become that the incisions are not detectable by the ear, and dubbed-in portions pass unnoticed. A remarkable splice occurred when poetess Jean Garrigue, reciting her own works, misread a line. When the mistake was discovered, she was not available, so the missing words were painstakingly constructed by borrowing syllables from her tapes.

The grand designer of these montages is no longer the conductor but the producer, otherwise known as the A. & R. (Artist and Repertoire)

man. With a mountain of sophisticated machinery at his command, he has become a space-age sculptor of sound.

His raw material is the performer, his workshop the glass-enclosed control-room. There, hovering over a massive, winking, whirring "mixing console," an A. & R. man issues cryptic commands to his engineer: "Goose the oboes" or "stink" (a certain *wah-wah* effect from the brass) or "Nashville" (more presence) or "open the pot" (more volume). The engineer responds by twiddling and tweaking some of the machine's 150 knobs, levers and buttons. Caught up in the swirl of the music, some producers conduct their engineers with all the flourish of a Leonard Bernstein.

The arsenal of sound at the producer's command is awesome. By pushing one button, he can send the sound ricocheting through an enclosure, often a wooden box with a bedspring-like affair inside, that lends an echo-chamber effect. "Sometimes we distort sounds to confuse people," says A. & R. man Bob Crewe. "I like nothing better than for someone to ask: 'What is that?'" It could be anything from a chain dragged across a washboard to a Grand Canyon effect achieved by recording in a lift shaft. Says one American recording-company executive: "In the pop field, 70 per cent of a record is the creation of the A. & R. man."

Another favoured technique is

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"over-dubbing"—recording two or more layers of sound on the tape. Thus Jascha Heifetz can accompany himself in Bach's Concerto in D Minor for Two Violins, and Patti Page can perform as a one-girl quartet. A standard practice of pop singers is to overdub their songs again and again to lend body to their voices.

If a principal in a musical or an opera is not up to singing on recording day, no matter. He can dub in his part later, even though the person he sings a duet with is not present. So as not to tax the singers unduly, recordings of operas are taped in jumbled sequence and stretched out over several weeks. To lend an air of realism to stereo, exits and entrances are simulated by the singers moving like chess pieces across a huge chequered floor plan under a bower of strategically placed microphones. To pursue his paramour from garden to boudoir, say, the lovesick tenor is directed to walk from square 7 to square 52.

The variations introduced by tape are endless, and some happenings have raised questions as to where art leaves off and artifice takes over. Record-company producer John Culshaw contends that one complements the other. For a special vocal effect in the first act of *Götterdämmerung*, he unabashedly transformed tenor Wolfgang Windgassen

into a baritone by playing his voice at a slower speed. Explains Culshaw: "Had Wagner lived to know the possibilities of sound recording, I am sure he would have wanted them used not only for the sake of music, but also for the drama."

So overpowering has been the effect of patchwork recordings that they—and not the performance itself—have become accepted as the norm. As a result, some pop singers faced with a live performance wire their microphones through a tape recorder backstage that supplements their voices with an almost instantaneous echo-type playback called "tape reverb." Says choral director Ray Conniff, "The simple fact is that people today get a lot better sound on records than they do in live concerts."

Though the purists cry "Heresy!" many people agree. Pianist Glenn Gould has not given a concert for more than a year because "that way of presenting music is *passé*. If there is a more viable way to reach audiences, it has to be through recordings. Concerts as they are now known will not outlive the twentieth century."

In rebuttal, one violinist says, "Name me the recording that can give you the electricity, the magnetic quality that you get from a great live performance."

So the controversy rages.

COMPATIBILITY is when a woman always laughs at her husband's old jokes, and he never laughs at her new hats.

—Harold Coffin

In the clamour of daily life, the rewards of solitude are often disregarded

JUST THINKING

By PHILIP WYLIE

A N ACQUAINTANCE found me sitting in the garden beside my lily pond.

"Taking a break?" he asked.

"Just—thinking," I said.

The man laughed. "Oh! Plotting a story."

"No. Thinking."

Opportunities to just think, alone and undisturbed, are not easy to find. Our homes and offices—if they are in cities—are not suitable for quiet cogitation. Even in the suburbs, our houses often rumble as the spin-drier whirls, churn and hiss as the dishes are washed, and whine while the vacuum cleaner does its work. Out of doors, it's hard to find a stretch of water that is not noisy with outboard motors, or a stream that's fit to sit beside for a pensive hour.

We have grown so accustomed to this clamour of human activity that we accept it as inescapable. Many of us have even come to regard

thoughtful solitude as unnatural. The shocking implication is that the human spirit must be diverted from the calamitous temptation of its own company.

But people weren't always like that. Even teenagers, when I was one, liked periods of quiet contemplation.

At the age of 18 I spent several months with three companions deep in the Canadian woods. We were often as quiet as the wilderness itself. Once, for two days, I lost the others. Knowing that they would find me, I built a fire and stayed where I was. I cannot recall that I felt lonely, even then. There was plenty to think about.

Indeed, as I have learnt, it is only when alone that one can really make acquaintance with oneself. Whatever it is that you recognize as "you" is what goes on in your mind, heart, spirit and imagination, quite free of outside stimulus.

Condensed from Ladies' Home Journal

And knowledge of that self is, in a sense, all the actual knowledge you can ever have; the rest is in books or other people's heads. We still pay lip service to the ancient counsel "Know thyself"; you can't know anybody else in the same way.

When I was a boy it was expected that every youth would spend hours gazing at the sky—"daydreaming," as it was called. Few objected to this; most people understood that the dreamers grew up to become the doers.

Today, however, a daydreaming boy is often prodded to meaningless activity by nervous parents who fear that solitude is somehow dangerous. A boy in reverie is hurriedly sent out to play games, lest he become anti-social. As a result, young people pass through adolescence with no practice in testing their inner selves. And schools foster this avoidance of self. Instead of emphasizing the need for self-realization, they teach young people to adjust to the group.

An "adjusted" youth will naturally seek to preserve the one condition to which he knows how to adjust: the safe, present state. Actually, his goal should be adjustment to an ever-changing world. Society is in so swift a flux that only a man who deeply knows himself can decide

which of the changing ideas he will accept as part of what he believes and feels and is, which ideas he will reject.

It is not that I deny the gregariousness of man, or belittle our pleasures in each other's company. But in company the measure of a man's worth is how much he can give to a group. He who brings special excitement to the otherwise tedious round of conventional activities is the sought-after guest, the desired friend. And that person, always, is one who has studied and learned enough of himself to be more than a carbon copy of others.

The ideal surroundings for the study of oneself is some untouched place out of doors, which, in spite of man's exploitation of nature, still offers relatively secluded spots for meditation. But solitude can be created in the mind wherever a person can spend time alone. With a little practice even a man in a crowd can be alone.

It is the ever-lessening desire for solitude that worries me. If we could recover both the appetite for being alone and its fruitful product, self-awareness, we would again produce dreaming doers. We need such people as never before: *thinkers*, who can face the titanic problems peculiar to our time.



Sound Effects

"I love the sound of a lawn mower," actress Helen Hayes once said.
"It means something is being done and I'm not doing it." —D. L.

Millions have found something in this immortal poetry that gives meaning to their lives; today it binds together worshippers of different faiths

The Psalms:



Hymnbook of Humanity

BY JAMES DANIEL

Condensed from Christianity Today.
Illustration: Detail from fifteenth-century Italian Psalter, Harvard College Library,
Department of Printing and Graphic Arts

IN TODAY's ecumenical age, when Protestants, Catholics and Jews are taking tentative steps towards greater understanding, we are turning with renewed devotion to the superb hymns of adoration, confession and supplication which for 3,000 years have shaped the public prayers and private meditations of mankind. These are contained in the Book of Psalms, the world's best-loved poems, where millions of people find a message that gives meaning to life.

The Psalms may be found in any Protestant, Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox or Jewish Bible. They are quoted in the milestone ceremonies of life, from baptism, confirmation and bar mitzvah to marriage and the last rites. There is hardly anybody who does not know one or more of them by heart.

Critic Mark Van Doren, in analysing the universal appeal of the Psalms, has said that "like any great poems, they are more about the reader than the writer. They sing for any soul that is completely serious, whether religion be present or not." To Van Doren they are the "supreme lyric poems of our world. This is the verdict of civilization."

The Psalms were originally intended to be sung. The word psalm comes from a Greek verb meaning

"to twitch," as in plucking a stringed instrument. Although other instruments were used, the Psalms' ancient accompaniment was probably something like the Irish harp.

The early Christians banded together in communities so that they could sing Psalms according to the Psalms' own rule: "Seven times a day do I praise thee." Following the example of Jesus, who quoted the Psalms throughout His ministry, Christians made the Psalms their way of expressing joy in their good news. "Is any among you afflicted? Let him pray," advises St. James's epistle. "Is any merry? Let him sing Psalms." It was the Christians' singing of Psalms that alerted the Roman world to the revolutionary new force in its midst. Wonder deepened to awe when the martyrs went to the lions joyously singing Psalms. Later, as Roman civilization crumbled and the barbarians moved in, art, culture and learning survived in cloisters attached to abbeys built as shrines for the Psalter.

At the time of the Reformation, reformers from Martin Luther to John Knox, Oliver Cromwell and John Wesley drew strength from the Psalms. John Calvin said of the Psalms: "There is no movement of the spirit which is not reflected here as in a mirror. All the sorrows, troubles, fears, doubts, hopes, pain, perplexities, stormy outbursts by which the hearts of men are tossed have been depicted here to the very life."

The Bible attributes authorship of

73 of its 150 Psalms to David, the shepherd boy, warrior, poet and king who established the Judean dynasty at Jerusalem around 1000 B.C. But from the existence of other Psalm-like passages in the earliest Old Testament chronicles, it has been thought that the tradition of Psalm-composing predates David.

Confirmation of this comes now from Ras Shamra in Syria, where archaeologists have unearthed the ruins of the lost city of Ugarit, a Bronze Age centre of commerce on the caravan route between Egypt and Mesopotamia. In one room of a temple of a local deity were clay tablets covered with cuneiform characters. When the markings were decoded, they turned out to be fragments of poetry similar in style and language to some of the Psalms, the first non-Biblical poetry antedating the Psalms to be discovered. More remarkable were some 80 direct parallels, ranging from the "cup that runneth over" to the "hart that panteth after the water brooks." The language of these Ugaritic writings is closely related to Hebrew.

Religiously as well as ethically, the Ugaritic texts cannot be compared with the Psalms. They are filled with the gross and often cruel demigods of antiquity. But the fact that the Psalms have marked similarities to these ancient poems indicates that in the Psalms man confronts his ancestors at the beginning of his upward reach towards God.

Part of the Psalms' power to

move people comes from their simplicity. They use short, concrete words; familiar, everyday images—sheep and shepherds, the beasts of the field, fowls of the air, night and day, mountains, valleys, thunder and rain, the proud and the oppressed. When the Psalm singer says that he thirsts for God as parched earth thirsts for rain, his meaning is clear to everyone.

But the chief appeal of the Psalms lies in their themes—life and death, good and evil, justice and mercy—all contained in one overriding theme, the marvellous ways of God with man.

The God of the Psalms combines the deep insight of philosophy and theology with what the simplest person instinctively feels to be true. He is the personal God of every individual. His love surpasses human love, even the purest: "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." He is the source and author of hope: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?"

Sir Julian Huxley has said that the Psalms contain a theological statement of an astounding scientific truth: the biological uniqueness of man. Surveying the starry sky, a particularly awesome sight over the Middle Eastern desert, the Psalmist exclaims:

When I consider thy heavens, the
work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which
thou hast ordained;

What is man, that thou art mindful of him?

But back comes the answer:

For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands;
Thou hast put all things under his feet.

The Psalms reveal a positive code of morality. The good man loves the law of God's truth "and in his law doth he meditate." Loving the law, he will deal justly with others, keep his word even when inconvenient, befriend the poor and bridle his tongue. For him, death will hold no terrors: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Familiar to us all are the times when "my cup runneth over"; but we also recognize ourselves in the Psalmist who contemplates his sorrows, sickness and sins, and "waters my couch with my tears." When his agony becomes unbearable, he utters a plea for help and forgiveness: "Out of the depths I have cried unto thee, O Lord. Lord, hear my voice. If thou shouldst mark iniquities, who shall stand?"

Although the Psalms have never ceased to work their magic, either for the individual or in the liturgies of religion, there is today an awakening interest in them. New Psalm commentaries are appearing;

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in some new hymnals and service books the Psalms are being restored for congregational singing.* Last year Leonard Bernstein conducted the first performance of his oratorio based on Psalms 108, 100, 23, 131, 2 and 133. Sung in Hebrew, it was commissioned for Chichester Cathedral.

How long will it be before people of different religions recite the Psalms together as they now recite them separately? It is partly a question of how rapid is agreement on a common translation. In English-speaking countries, most translations used by Protestants, Catholics

and Jews are in more or less the same Elizabethan idiom. They differ chiefly in the question of which translation of a particular line is most felicitous.

Says Cardinal Cushing of Boston, "One may perhaps envision a time when all Christians and Jews may accept a common Psalter. How excellent it would be if the Psalms could further unite all of us in some form of public recognition of the Judeo-Christian tradition."

To Dr. Joseph Hertz, Chief Rabbi of England, the Psalms "translate into simple speech the spiritual passion of the scholar and give utterance, with the beauty born of truth, to the humble longing and petition of the unlettered peasant. They are the hymnbook of humanity."

* The recently published Revised Psalter, commended by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York for general use, contains not only the first textual changes for centuries, but also a pointing for Anglican chants to encourage congregations to take a more active part in services.

Revised Version

IT IS SAD news that some of the more picturesque passages of Miles Coverdale's translations of the Psalms are no longer to be sung in Anglican churches. For decades people have been enjoying themselves smiting "the jaw bones of the lions," scattering the proud, dropping a few hot coals judiciously here and there, and, on very special occasions, consuming the ungodly with singularly hot thunderbolts.

Doubtless this important religious reform is necessary. However, human nature being what it is, it is reasonable to assume that in the midst of a long service, complete with sleepy choir, platitudinous sermon and naïve weekly notices, there will be those lost sinners and philistines who will long for such a verse as this to liven up the proceedings:

"So the Lord awaked as one out of sleep, and like a giant refreshed with wine,

"He smote his enemies in the hinder parts, and put them to a perpetual shame." *

This verse could, at least, be left in for the choir boys. It is one of the very few they really understand and enjoy!

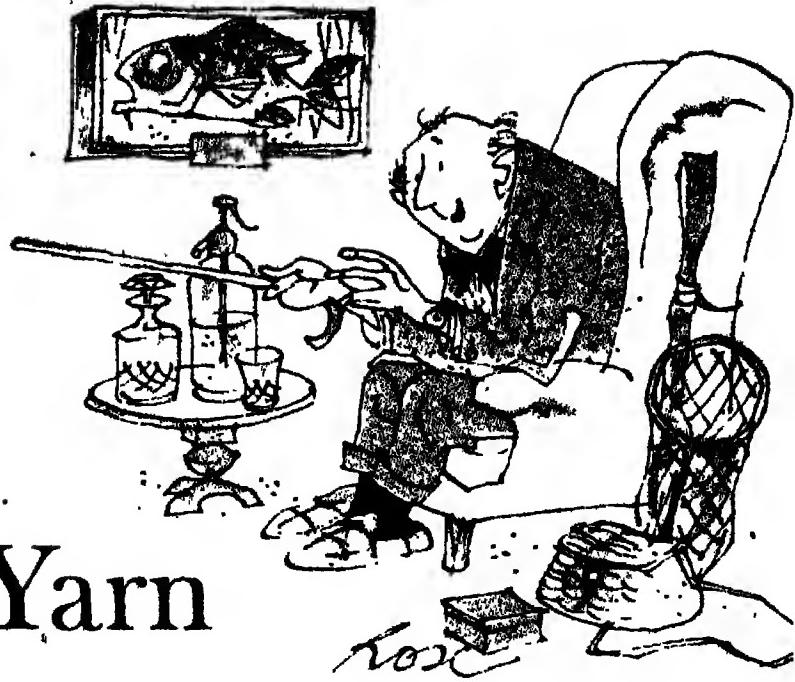
* Psalm 78: verses 65-66

—Michael Dyer in a letter to the *Sydney Morning Herald*

How to Spin a Fishing Yarn

An all-purpose anecdote to be used throughout the season

BY CHARLES MORTON



CERTAIN SIMPLE rules govern all fishing stories. The narrator hooks a fish and (a) catches it, or (b) loses it. The only variables are the species of fish—hence its size and habitat—and the kind of tackle used in his wisdom (or folly) by the narrator. Much time-consuming thought will be saved, therefore, if writers merely fill in a few blanks as the facts warrant.

The story must begin with a modest statement of the author's credentials: "I've fished for mighty off and the fierce along the coast. I've seen a maddened swamp a boat off But for sheer power and gameness I've seen nothing

that can equal, pound for pound, a"

That's a perfectly workable opening, even when applied to some notoriously inert species. The narrator uses the same fill-in for a rock-cod, which behaves much like a boot full of water, as he would for a 50-lb. muskellunge.

The narrator then introduces his boatman, always a terse, monosyllabic man; this saves the writing of much improbable dialogue. The narrator assumes at this point the disarming role of chump and leaves the high strategy to the expert. ("We never did find out Joe's surname, but he taught us all there was to know about s.")

And so to that mysterious locality,

Condensed from The Atlantic Monthly. This material originally appeared in "A Slight Sense of Outrage"

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known only to Joe, where the narrator will have a chance to pit his cunning against the great-grandfather of alls. This destination always disappoints the narrator: "It looked like the last place in the world to try fors. But Joe merely grunted. '..... here,' he said. 'Big ones.' "

Joe of course is right. The author's first lure, a (spinner, fly, minnow, or treble baited with a small shoat—it's all the same), has hardly touched the water when down goes the rod, out screams the line! It is all the author can do to keep his footing against that first wild rush of the

The next two hours are crammed with action, while the author brings in one gigantic after another, the biggest he has ever seen, one looking as if it would make at least pounds on the scales.

But hold on. Joe seems contemptuous. Bored stiff. "Big still here," Joe grunts, pointing at the water.

Comes the final cast. Nothing. No of any size seems interested. Suddenly, a few yards beyond the lure, the waters swirl.

"Some vast invisible force was causing a submarine upheaval.

Spellbound, I watched a great tail appear for an instant as the monster lazily rolled over and submerged. I turned to Joe. 'Don't tell me that was a ! They never get that big.' But Joe only grunted."

The author's tackle is far too light for a of this size, but it's too late now. So *down* goes that rod again. *Out* screams the line. Even with a-pound drag, the's rush carries all before it. The leviathan hurls himself far out of the water and comes down with an echoing splash. The author vainly tries to reel in precious line.

"My rod bent almost double. Pandemonium reigned." More leaps, lunges—a page or so of them. Then, "Suddenly my line went ominously slack. I began frantically reeling in.

".....'s gone,' Joe grunted."

Remains only the unbelievable circumstance of the line when the narrator finally winds it to the surface. Gut, wire, or $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch chain, its condition never varies: "Bitten clean through! Mute evidence that the had met man's challenge—and won!"

They prepare to leave. "But suddenly the waters were convulsed again, as the mighty broke the surface in all his majesty and, with a final derisive smack of his great tail, disappeared—still the monarch of"

SCIENTISTS have discovered an antiworld where time runs backwards and everything as we know it is reversed. We've been calling it Monday morning.

—*Changing Times, The Kiplinger Magazine*

My Most Unforgettable Character

By THOMAS COLLISON

IT IS A RARE privilege to know a great man. I knew one. His name was Eddie Allen, and he was a test pilot. His greatness lay in his vision of aviation's future, and the work he did to make that vision a reality. Now that he is dead, his monument is his contribution to the fact that we can fly safely over continents and oceans; for each time we go into the skies we are cradled in the work of Eddie Allen's hands.

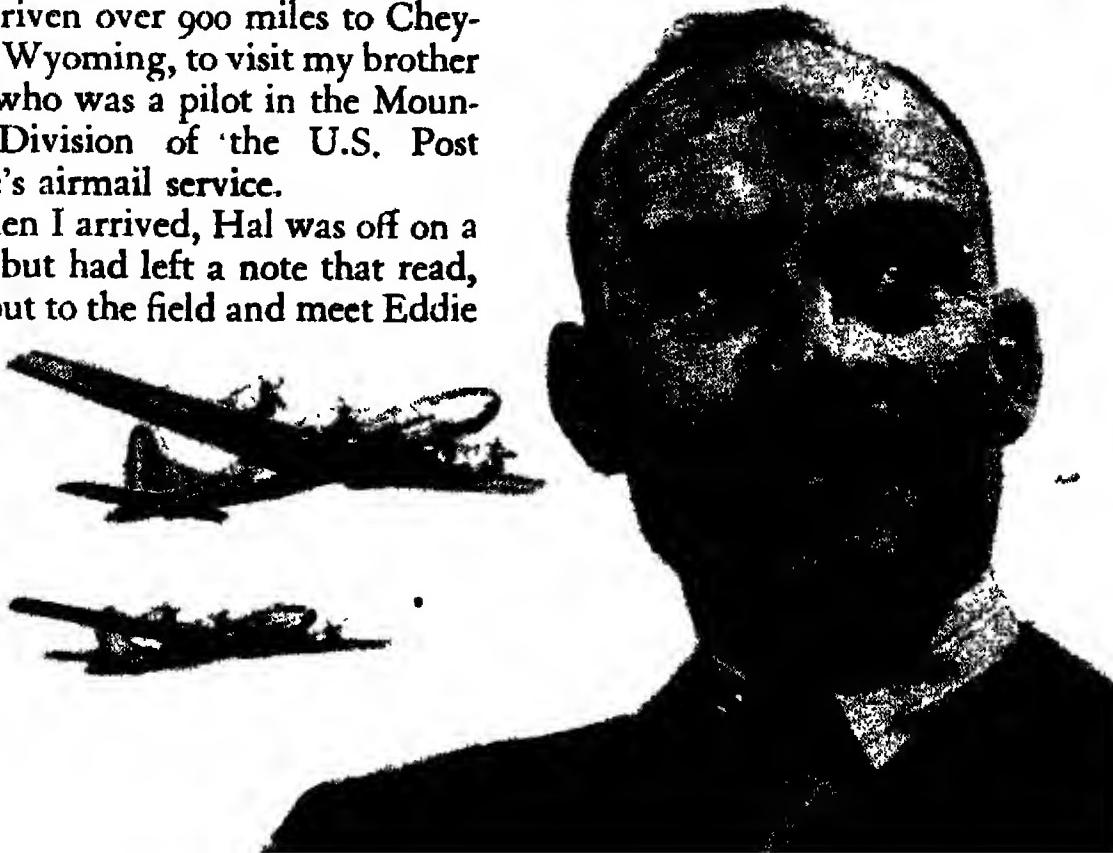
I first met Eddie in the summer of 1925, when I was 18 years old. I had driven over 900 miles to Cheyenne, Wyoming, to visit my brother Hal, who was a pilot in the Mountain Division of the U.S. Post Office's airmail service.

When I arrived, Hal was off on a flight but had left a note that read, "Go out to the field and meet Eddie

Allen. He's a pilot, too, and part of the future, and a kid like you should know him."

At the weed-choked field a man came out of the dispatcher's hut, extended his hand and said, "Hi. You must be Hal's brother. I'm Eddie Allen."

I stared at him, dumbfounded. The pilots of the Mountain Division (the most dangerous leg in the North American transcontinental route) were the *élite* of the service and there was a swagger to their



walk and their talk and their dress. But this man didn't fit the picture at all. He was short and slight, weighing about nine stone. A flattened nose, broken in a plane crash, looked incongruous in a gentle and thoughtful face. He wore ordinary corduroy trousers and a heavy sweater. There was no swagger about him—he actually seemed a bit shy.

We walked to my old car, and he began asking me questions about it. I was particularly proud of the fuel system I had rigged up. Allen carefully inspected everything, then patted me on the shoulder and said, "Very good. You're not afraid to cut and try. That was the way the Wright brothers invented the aeroplane; when one thing didn't work they cut a new pattern and tried again. That's the heart of all research, of all knowledge."

He spent an hour talking with me—about fuel systems, engines and aerodynamics. Then it was time for him to take off. As he climbed into the cockpit I saw a small book sticking out of his hip pocket—it was a volume by Nietzsche, the German philosopher. Allen caught my surprised look and said, almost apologetically, "When the air is smooth I wrap my leg round the stick and get a little reading done."

That summer Eddie Allen became my friend. It was my first experience of adult friendship, and I found that with Eddie I could be serious; I could talk about the things

important to me without fear of seeming ridiculous. He gave me the courage to be myself, because he set the example.

Search for Knowledge. Eddie's mother and father had been medical missionaries to Red Indians in the Oklahoma Territory. Theirs was a dedicated and selfless household, but there was always an eager search for knowledge and culture. No matter what the pressures of work, and in times of poverty, the evenings were spent reading aloud or playing on the old upright piano the music of Mozart, Schubert and Handel.

While at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Eddie designed and built a glider which he took to France and Germany to fly in international competition. In Europe he haunted the great museums and concert halls. Once, speaking about a certain string quartet, he said, "They play really great music without watching public opinion or playing up to public taste."

That was the key to Eddie; in his own life he refused "to watch public opinion and play up to public taste." He was a nonconformist, but not in any aggressive way. He just had to know the why of everything he did.

While the Mountain Division boys flew daringly, their lives sweetened by risk, Eddie set for himself a deliberate programme of research to learn what a plane could and could not do, and why. He purposefully went into stalls, spins, slips, to study the stresses on the plane and

the aerodynamics of recovery. He took time off from flying for an engineering course at M.I.T. so that he might better evaluate his own research. He took a university course in psychology, in order to observe objectively his own role as pilot.

For all his self-imposed hours of research, Eddie never neglected his friends. And if a person was in trouble, Eddie was the first to offer help. A schoolteacher's younger sister developed severe rheumatism, and her only relief came from hot baths full of pine cones. All one summer Eddie used his days off to drive the teacher and the child to the mountains, where he filled a tub with water and pine cones and built a fire under it. While the child bathed, he designed aeroplane wings in his notebook.

Cut and Try. In 1926 the U.S. Post Office Department began dismantling its own mail-flying operation, and awarding airmail route contracts to private operators. This brought a great surge of flight research as companies began to build specific planes for specific jobs. By 1929, Eddie Allen, with his background of flying and engineering, was one of America's top consulting test pilots.

Many test pilots of that day were brute-force men: they would sometimes fly a precious experimental plane beyond their power to control it, then bale out, losing hundreds of thousands of dollars and man-hours in an instant. When Eddie tested a

plane he *always* brought it back, and with a detailed analysis. He was there not to murder the plane, but to measure its performance with every instrument he could install.

As his fame and authority grew, he demanded that his work begin with design, long before the first rivet was driven. He insisted on wind-tunnel work to pre-test every aerodynamic feature of each new plane design.

"Cut and try!" was his constant battle cry and slowly he convinced the industry. He tested the first helicopters flown in the United States, as well as early flying boats and other heavy planes for Boeing, Curtiss-Wright and Lockheed. For Douglas he helped to design the DC-1, the DC-2 and the DC-3, which greatly advanced commercial air transport in the 1930's. Eddie's flight-procedure manual for the crews of the DC-3's was the first of its kind in the industry and a model for all other manuals that were to follow.

The shape of his thought and method was so clearly silhouetted in the American skies that when, in 1940, the U.S. Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences made its first annual "Chanute Award" for outstanding scientific contribution to aviation, it went to Edmund Allen.

After university I went to work in the aviation field as a technical writer, and I saw a good deal of Eddie. I observed that his developing fame and authority made no

difference in the man; he continued as unassuming and considerate as he had been that first summer in Cheyenne. And always he pursued his own way, a unique blend of philosopher and engineer.

Designing the Impossible. As the Second World War approached, there was a crisis in aviation and, fortunately, a man to meet that crisis—Eddie Allen. His whole life suddenly seemed, in retrospect, a preparation for this moment. Aircraft were to play an enormous part in the war under conditions never before faced. Potential enemy targets were thousands of miles away, and the Allies needed a bomber that could reach them.

The best candidate for the job was a four-engine bomber developed by Boeing in 1934. Eddie was called back to Boeing, given the title of director of aerodynamics and flight research, and told to take the old B-17 and give her 10,000 feet more ceiling and an added 15 tons of armament and accessories.

"Impossible!" was the first cry of Eddie's colleagues.

Eddie didn't agree. He said, "Let's cut and try." With Eddie's help, the B-17 became the fightingest four-engine bomber in military history. Eddie used broader-bladed propellers which took better "bite" in the thin air at 35,000 feet. He increased the load by changing the centre of gravity. He improved the engine power by finding a better way to install turbo-superchargers

(high-altitude lungs). Then he said to his staff, "Remember, it is not enough that these planes fight the enemy; they must *endure*, they must bring their crews home!" To this end, he and his men laboured to make a plane that would fly with many of its controls shot away.

The improved B-17 Flying Fortress, the plane many men said could not be built, *was* built, and it soon darkened the skies of Europe. And it brought many an airman home "on a wing and a prayer."

New Job. One day in 1942 I was in Seattle, and Eddie invited me to attend one of his staff meetings.

It turned out to be a very special meeting, for Eddie revealed for the first time a new job the company had given him. There were about 30 young men present, all dressed in dark suits and looking more like students than what they were—the greatest pilot and aviation research staff ever assembled.

Eddie sat on top of a desk in front of them and reviewed the B-17 programme. Then he said, quite matter-of-factly, "For the Pacific war, the U.S. Air Force is calling for a new bomber, a super-fortress. It must have a third more speed, twice the range, and carry double the bomb load."

A stir immediately went through the room, as though he were voicing a goal that was utterly unattainable. And yet I could sense an almost physical bracing by these young men, a mental digging in, not only

because they knew that victory in the Pacific might well depend upon their success, but also because this mild-mannered little man had asked them to do it.

In the hectic months that followed, Eddie worked almost round the clock, turning out a mountain of memos, flight reports and directives about the aerodynamics of the new super-fortress—the B-29. Throughout 1942, the plane was put together piece by piece, tested by Eddie and his staff, revised, redesigned, tested again. "Cut and try" became the watchword of the entire Allen staff.

And slowly the plane began to meet the specifications—all except the engines. They could not be cooled, and time after time they caught fire during the test flights.

Eddie could have stayed on the ground and evaluated the reports of his other pilots, but that was not his way. Nearly always he was in the pilot's seat when the monster took off for tests. He was determined to make the B-29 the plane he knew it could be. He was equally determined that no soldier or airman would needlessly lose his life when that plane reached the battle front.

"Am Coming In." On February 18, 1943, he scheduled another test for the B-29. The day began with an overcast sky, but, as the morning wore on, visibility increased to five miles and the cloud ceiling was 10,000 feet. Eddie and his colleagues entered the plane, ran up the engines, roared down the runway

and climbed into the low, shifting clouds. It was 11 minutes past noon.

Five minutes later the Seattle control tower heard these words from the plane: "Fire in No. 1 engine. Coming in. Think we have it under control."

Then there was silence for an eternity of five minutes. The plane spoke again: "Twenty-four hundred feet, descending. Request immediate clearance for landing. No. 1 engine on fire. Propeller feathered. Order crash equipment to stand by."

The tower replied, "Roger. Cleared to land. Runway 13."

The plane sliced over Seattle's business district at 1,200 feet. Smoke poured from No. 1 engine and bits of burning metal began to fall off.

The plane spoke to the tower: "Have fire equipment ready. Am coming in with wing on fire."

Flying south for Boeing Field, steadily losing altitude; the plane was burning furiously. Pieces of the de-icer system were falling, the landing gear was twisted in heated agony. Fuel rushed to the leading edge of the wing and exploded there. Flames were flashing into the cockpit. But the two pilots remained fiercely at their posts, holding the plane in level attitude.

With seconds to live, Eddie Allen and co-pilot Robert Dansfield pulled back on the controls, in an attempt to clear roof level. But the left wing-tip smashed into a building, spinning the giant flaming plane in a

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slow and sickening arc. A series of explosions echoed through the distant hills.

I was in the Boeing factory at the time, unaware of the developing tragedy until there came that awful cannonade. It was followed by a moment of stunned silence; then office doors banged open and feet began to run, hundreds of pairs of feet. But not mine. I could not move. I knew with a terrible certainty that I had just heard the death of my friend.

Eddie Allen's work did not stop with his death. He had established criteria for heavy plane stability, control and flight procedures, that

eventually brought the B-29 to success. And the B-29 brought victory in the Pacific.

The debt to Eddie did not end with the war, for every airliner now, flying was incubated from those wartime bombers. Whenever I take a flight, jet-propelled and silken-smooth, I seem to see his face before me. He watches as I settle myself in the deeply upholstered seat, as I am swept aloft to be catapulted through the skies at 570 miles an hour.

Then he gives me a bemused smile as if to say, "Isn't it surprising what you can accomplish if you're only willing to cut and try?"



Confusing the Issue

A WOMAN driver passed her test at the sixth attempt. The poor girl, after months of trying, had been reduced to an acute sense of failure when, to her amazement, after what she thought was a particularly bungling attempt, the examiner passed her, saying, "O.K., miss, it's all yours."

The next day, on the very first occasion when she took her car out alone, a student tried to thumb a lift from her when she stopped, rather miraculously, at the traffic lights. She wound down her window and, in her long-induced state of motoring agitation, said, "I'm terribly sorry, but I don't drive."

—C. N. S.

AT MY favourite snack bar I ordered a bowl of spaghetti. The new waitress wrote down the order and returned with a bowl of vegetable soup. "I think you've made a mistake," I said. "I ordered spaghetti."

She looked a bit flustered, but then said, "Don't worry. I can take care of that without any trouble." Picking up her order pad, she crossed out the word "spaghetti" and wrote "vegetable soup." With the error taken care of, she gave me a satisfied smile and turned to her next customer. I gave up and ate the soup.

—H. A. B.

FBI agents are fighting a desperate and thankless battle behind the scenes of America's racial unrest

Secret War Against the Ku Klux Klan

By JOHN BARRON

THE U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation is "following the path of appeasement" of segregationists, said Negro leader Martin Luther King.

"For Negroes, the FBI has become part of the oppression of the South," said a student civil-rights organization.

"Little or nothing is done to hunt down and prosecute the bombers, the burners and the killers," said Joseph Rauh, vice-chairman of

Americans for Democratic Action.

Such has been the litany of abuse heaped upon the FBI. The truth is, however, that nearly 2,000 FBI agents are today risking their lives to defend the legitimate cause of civil rights against terror, subversion and anarchy. At this very moment they are desperately engaged in a deadly, secret war against the Ku Klux Klan—the secret society that advocates maintenance of white supremacy by violent means. The



Counter-intelligence. The most important tactic of all is infiltration of Klans and communist cells with informants—patriotic men who risk death to forewarn of subversion and violence, who identify terrorists and gather evidence against them.

One Sunday morning an agent invited a young farmer for a drive. In the car he handed the farmer some photographs—bloated bodies of two teenagers, a man almost decapitated by a shotgun blast.

Later he stopped at what had been a farmhouse until set on fire a few hours earlier. In the one remaining room, a frightened Negro woman was trying to feed a squalling baby and two small children while her husband searched the ruins for the few belongings not charred beyond use.

"The Klan were here last night," the agent said. "I need to talk to these people a few minutes more. Look around."

As they drove away, the agent asked, "Wouldn't you like to help us put a stop to this?"

"What do you want me to do?" asked the farmer.

"Have you ever thought about joining the Klan?" the agent asked.

In the next days, the farmer was taught how to apply for Klan membership, how to survive screening by the "Klan Bureau of Investigation," how to behave at meetings, how to communicate secretly with the FBI, and what to do in emergencies. Ever since, he has been a courageous and

valuable source. Today, because of the FBI, every Klan group is infiltrated with such loyal Americans.

ALL FOUR of the foregoing tactics had to be used in the infamous civil-rights case which began when two shotgun blasts struck a car travelling through Georgia in pre-dawn darkness. The driver, Lieutenant-Colonel Lemuel Penn, a Negro educator and army reserve officer, slumped over dead.

FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover was aboard a plane when the report of the murder was radioed to him. "If they get away with this, they'll think they can get away with anything," Hoover said to an assistant. "Ask Atlanta how many extra agents they need. I want them all to report there today."

By nightfall, 78 agents were at the murder scene and combing the countryside. At local FBI headquarters, analysts pored over 1,214 confidential dossiers. Working round the clock, they compiled a list of 14 Klansmen considered most likely to commit such wanton murder. Then, with the help of informants and co-operating local authorities, they checked where each of the 14 had been when Penn was shot. When the whereabouts of three could not be established, agents started visiting them, asking questions, each time making it clearer that the FBI knew their alibis to be lies.

Less than a month later, one of the Klansmen talked. He signed a

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SECRET WAR AGAINST THE KU KLUX KLAN

detailed confession revealing how he had driven the car from which the other two suspects had fired the fatal blasts. Hours later, a fourth Klansman signed a statement saying that these same two suspects told him they had killed Penn.

The FBI could scarcely be blamed for the tragic aftermath. At the resulting trial, the Klansmen repudiated their statements. The jurors returned a verdict of not guilty, then some shook hands with elated Klansmen. The Klan's Imperial Wizard James Venable chortled, "You'll never be able to convict a white man that kills a nigger what encroaches on the Southern way of life."

THE FBI has handled 14,000 civil-rights cases in the last four years, more than a third of them outside the South. In just one case, the murder of three civil-rights workers near Philadelphia, Mississippi, it spent 768,000 dollars (about Rs. 58 lakhs) and more than 175,000 man-hours before arresting 19 suspects as conspirators in the plot. And, at the same time, agents have quietly passed on intelligence which has

enabled loyal civil-rights leaders to thwart communist attempts to subvert their organizations.

Through their thousands of investigations, agents have identified the people responsible for virtually every major racial crime—even though it may be a long time before the guilty pay. For instance, they have put the finger on those responsible for the bomb outrage at a Negro church in Birmingham, Alabama, two years ago in which four small girls were killed. Hoover ordered them to keep building this case until it is so strong that no jury in the land could refuse to convict. Thus, ever since, wherever the killers have gone, agents have haunted them, watching for chances to add more evidence against them.

Yet there is no end to the abuse being heaped on the agents who fight daily in the front lines of the sinister and shadowy civil-rights war. Hoover is philosophical about this. Recently he said to a group of his men, "If we do our job right and impartially, the extremists on both sides are going to scream at us. In fact, the louder they scream, maybe the better we're doing the job."



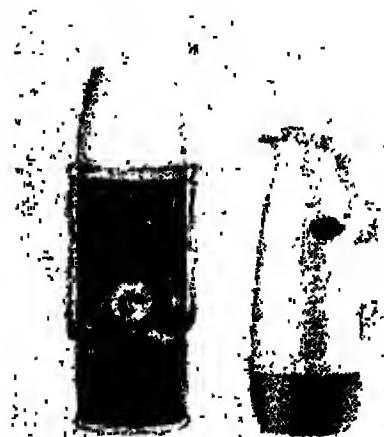
When in Rome

ONE young man, when asked if he had fun on his holiday in Italy, replied, "Not at first, but you know that old saying, 'When in Rome, do as the Romans do'? Well that put new life into my holiday. I spent most of my time pinching women tourists."

—Bruce Bang



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Could You Have Loved as Much?

*How a woman's
devotion to her husband
triumphed over
the hardest test of all*

BY BOB CONSIDINE

THE STORY begins early in 1950 in the Taylors' small apartment in Waltham, Massachusetts. Edith Taylor was sure that she was "the luckiest woman in the neighbourhood." She and Karl had been married 23 years, and her heart still missed a beat when he walked into the room. As for Karl, he gave every appearance of a man in love with his wife. If his job as government-warehouse worker took him out of town, he would write to Edith each night and send small gifts from every place he visited.

In February 1950, Karl was sent to Okinawa for a few months to work in a new government warehouse. It was a long time to be away, and so far! This time no little gifts came. Edith understood. He was saving his money for the house they had long dreamed of owning—one day.

The lonely months dragged on. Each time Edith expected Karl home he'd write that he must stay "another three weeks." "Another month." "Just two months longer." He'd been gone a year now, and his letters were coming less and less often. No gifts she understood. But a few pennies for a postage-stamp?

Then, after weeks of silence, came

a letter: "Dear Edith. I wish there were a kinder way to tell you that we are no longer married . . ."

Edith walked to the sofa and sat down. He had written to Mexico for a mail-order divorce. He had married Aiko, a Japanese maid-servant. She was 19. Edith was 48.

Now, if I were making up this story, the rejected wife would fight that quick paper-divorce. She would hate her husband and the woman. She would want vengeance for her own shattered life. But I am describing here simply what *did* happen. Edith Taylor did not hate Karl. Perhaps she had loved him so long that she was unable to stop.

She could picture the situation. A lonely man. Constant closeness. But even so Karl had not done the easy, shameful thing. He had chosen divorce, rather than taking advantage of a young servant girl. The only thing Edith could not believe was that he had stopped loving her. Some day, somehow, Karl would come home.

Edith now built her life around this thought. She wrote to Karl, asking him to keep her in touch with his life. In time he wrote that he and Aiko were expecting a baby. Maria was born in 1951; then, in 1953, Helen. Edith sent gifts to the little girls. She still wrote to Karl and he wrote back: Helen had a tooth, Aiko's English was improving, Karl had lost weight.

And then the terrible letter. Karl was dying of lung cancer. His last

letters were filled with fear. Not for himself, but for Aiko and his two little girls. He had been saving to send them to school in America, but his hospital bills were taking everything. What would become of them?

Then Edith knew that her last gift to Karl could be peace of mind. She wrote that, if Aiko was willing, she would take Maria and Helen and bring them up in Waltham.

For many months after Karl's death, Aiko would not let the children go. They were all she had ever known. Yet what could she offer them except a life of poverty, servitude and despair? In November 1956, she sent them to her "Dear Aunt Edith."

Edith had known it would be hard at 54 to be mother to a three-year-old and a five-year-old. She hadn't realized that, in the time since Karl's death, they would forget the little English they knew. But Maria and Helen learned fast. The fear left their eyes; their faces grew plump. And Edith, for the first time in six years, was hurrying home from work. Even getting meals was fun again!

Sadder were the times when letters came from Aiko. "Aunt. Tell me now what they do. If Maria or Helen cry or not." In the broken English, Edith read the loneliness, and she knew what loneliness was. She knew that she must bring the girls' mother here, too.

She had made the decision, but



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THE READER'S DIGEST

Aiko was still a Japanese citizen, and the immigration quota had a waiting list many years long. It was then that Edith Taylor wrote to me, asking if I could help. I described the situation in my newspaper column. Others did more. Petitions were started, and, in August 1957, Aiko Taylor was permitted to enter the United States.

As the plane came in at New York's International Airport, Edith had a moment of fear. What if she should hate this woman who had taken Karl away from her? The last person off the plane was a girl so thin and small that Edith thought at first it was a child. She stood there, clutching the railing, and Edith knew that, if *she* had been afraid, Aiko was near panic.

She called Aiko's name, and the girl rushed down the steps and into

Edith's arms. As they held each other, Edith had an extraordinary thought. "I prayed for Karl to come back. Now he has—in his two little daughters and in this gentle girl he loved. Help me, God, to love her too."

POSTSCRIPT: Today, seven years after their story first appeared in *Guideposts*, Edith and Aiko Taylor and the two growing girls live together in the apartment in Waltham. "Aunt Edith" is the proud "other mother" to Maria, who is doing well at school, and to Helen who is taking lessons at the Boston School of Ballet. Aiko now speaks fluent English and plans to visit her family in Japan this year. Edith writes: "Though God has taken one life I loved dearly, He has given me three others. I am so thankful."



Ready Responses

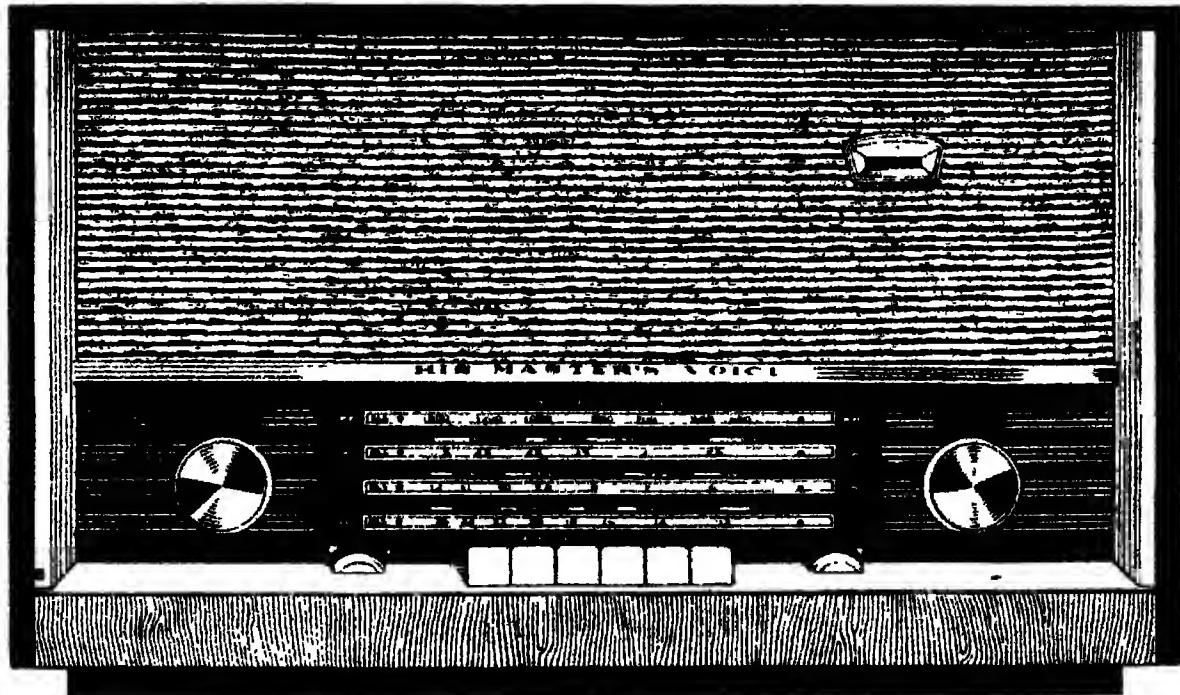
ASKED what he attributed his longevity to, an old-timer replied : "Cars. I never get in the way of them." —T. P.

FROM behind the Iron Curtain comes the story of the Hungarian who was asked what permanent characteristics of the Hungarian economy were. "Temporary difficulties," he replied. —A. S.

AN ELEGANTLY-DRESSED man, when asked what he liked best outside of clothes, replied, "Women." —B. K.

A NEWSPAPERMAN asked the head of a newly formed African country whether the government was pro-communist or anti-communist. "One group of my ministers and I are pro-communist," countered the premier. "The other group of ministers and I are anti-communist." —D. B.

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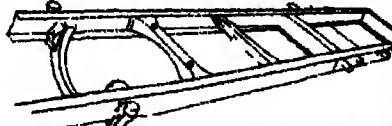


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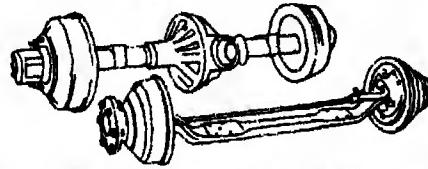
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Amazon Venture of an Animal Collector

By SCOTT AND KATHLEEN SEEGERS

How a dynamic young snake-hunter brought benefits to a remote river settlement and revolutionized an entire region

Nobody realized it at the time, but the revolution in Leticia, Colombia, started in 1953, on the day that 26-year-old Mike Tsalickis stepped ashore.

Before Mike landed, the remote little settlement 2,000 miles up the Amazon could have been any river village, clinging like fungus to its high spot on the bank, with the dark wall of the jungle close behind. There was no post office, no commercial bank, no transport, except by riverboat. The only direct contacts with the Colombian capital of Bogotá, 700 miles to the north, were by radio and military plane. The 1,000 inhabitants lived on river traffic and smuggling, on the payroll of a small army post, and by exporting crude rubber, chicle, alligator skins and tropical fish.

Mike changed all this. He came to

Leticia seeking wild animals for his zoo 'in Tarpon Springs, Florida, and for his growing animal-export business. He found the animals, all right, and within a few years he became one of the best-known wild-animal dealers in the world. But at the same time, by dint of unquenchable enthusiasm and energy, by working, cajoling, conniving, bargaining and occasionally losing his temper, he has also raised the standard of living of the entire region around Leticia and created a hope for the future that the area never knew before.

Big "M." Every river-dweller for hundreds of miles up and down from Leticia knows the wiry, quick-moving figure with the big nose and lop-sided grin. "Maique" (MY-kay) has helped most of them with money, employment, medical aid,

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THE READER'S DIGEST

clothing—even toys for their children. Today he is welcomed in remote native outposts where no other outsider may enter.

Accompanying him on a visit to a village of Ticunas across the nearby Brazilian border, we found it ravaged by an epidemic of whooping-cough, deadly to the natives. We walked among the thatched huts and saw children lying listless and feverish in their hammocks. Two young mothers sobbed softly as they held dying infants in their arms.

Mike talked with the chief, whose infant son had died the week before, and turned away abruptly. We piled into his airboat, a fibreglass saucer driven by an ear-shattering aeroplane engine, and roared upstream to Leticia, where Mike jumped on his motorcycle and raced to the hospital. They had no serum, so he sent an urgent telegram to the U.S. Naval Mission in Bogotá.

Mike was withdrawn and preoccupied all the next day, but the following morning he was one big grin. "They're sending the serum today!" he exulted. "And a doctor with it."

He met the plane, hustled the doctor aboard the airboat and streaked off downriver. A few hours later, the pair returned, muddy, dishevelled and relaxed.

"One of the sick babies died," Mike reported. "But the other will pull through. The doctor inoculated every kid in the village to

check the epidemic. From now on, we're going to keep serum on hand here."

But for Mike's determination in another critical situation, Leticia's new and beautifully equipped hospital might never have been completed. It had long been approved by Bogotá, but the yearly appropriations for construction averaged an inadequate 15,000 *pesos* (just under Rs. 12,600). Rivalry for funds between two local factions (one civilian, one military) was so bitter that the heads of the groups would not speak to each other.

Mike met the warring hospital chiefs, sat between them, relayed the messages of each to the other. Afterwards he talked to them separately, stressing the town's desperate need. Weeks later, they grudgingly joined forces. "Start the hospital," Mike urged. "Use all the money you have—then scream for enough to finish it."

They started construction and ran out of money at once. They besieged Bogotá with telegrams. When Mike went there on business, he visited the ministers of Public Health, Public Works and the Treasury, and the navy's surgeon-general. Some money came through. The hospital committee spent it, screamed louder, got a little more—and eventually a special law provided enough money to finish the 45-bed building, which opened in August 1965.

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THE READER'S DIGEST

worth of first-class hospital equipment, which Mike persuaded the U.S. Naval Mission in Bogotá to supply from American aid. The Naval Mission also provided a training course for members of the hospital staff, and the Army Mission installed a water storage and treatment system.

Today, whenever he is in Bogotá, Mike makes the rounds of pharmaceutical firms and comes back with big boxes of medicines for the hospital. When he cannot get medicines free, he buys them with his own money.

He keeps some medicines at home, dispensing them after dinner to a procession of patients who bring doctors' prescriptions with them. If a prescription calls for a drug that Mike hasn't got, he prints a big "M" on the paper and sends the patient to the chemist. The pharmacist supplies the prescription and charges it to Mike's personal account.

Direct Action. While the hospital was being built, Leticia businessmen sent Mike and two local people to Bogotá to persuade one of the banks to open a Leticia branch. When the city bankers turned them down, Mike called on several government representatives. They were not interested either—and Mike was furious. "O.K., I'll see if the President will do anything," he said. Through a friend, Mike got an interview with President Alberto Lleras Camargo the following day.

Several politicians, now dripping

solicitude, attended the meeting. One launched into a high-powered oration about the deserving people of the Amazon area. Lleras endured the ornate prose for a few minutes, then cut the speaker off in mid-sentence. "Mike, how's the tropical-fish business?" he asked with a grin.

Mike had never seen Lleras before, but he recovered quickly. "It would be a lot better if we could get a bank and a few other things," he said. Lleras fired a string of knowledgeable questions, then asked Mike to make a list of things that Leticia needed.

When Mike finished, it included a road to the distant jungle town of Tarapacá, a new power plant, a floating jetty, a vocational training school, money to complete the hospital and a substantial annual appropriation to run it.

A few months later, a government delegation visited Leticia; and in 1960, a Public Law authorized almost the entire list. Moreover, a few weeks later the Bank of Colombia opened a Leticia branch.

Mike used equally effective direct action to bring a commercial air service to Leticia soon after he arrived. Knowing that he could ship his animals out only if there were a dependable plane service, Mike pleaded with the heads of Colombian airlines in Bogotá. No luck. "A place of Leticia's size cannot generate enough traffic to pay for one flight a month," they said.

Undaunted, Mike paid Rs. 30,000

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AMAZON VENTURE OF AN ANIMAL COLLECTOR

to a Florida-based freight line to make a trial flight to Leticia. The route looked promising, so the airline began regular trips between Florida, Bogotá and Leticia, carrying supplies in and bringing Mike's animals out.

With his "own" air service, Mike's promoter instincts burst into action. Leticia businessmen had always bought their merchandise from Peru or Brazil. Now Mike invited them to make introductory trips free to and from Bogotá aboard the freight planes. In Bogotá, he boosted Leticia's investment opportunities, and gave *bogotano* businessmen free round-trips. Business in Leticia began to pick up, and the town has not lacked an air service since.

First Citizen. Today Leticia's 5,000 people form the liveliest community along the 1,100 miles of Amazon between Iquitos, Peru, and Manaus, Brazil. Two Colombian airlines run three flights a week to Bogotá, carrying Mike's animals, mail, passengers and cargo. The bank operates profitably, and a previously abandoned hotel sometimes has more business than it can handle. The new road penetrates nine miles into the jungle, and is already being lined with farms producing food and crops. The new electric-power station is being built, and the telephone system will be trebled this year.

Mike has also flourished. He has become Leticia's leading citizen,

largest employer, general trouble-shooter and U.S. consular official. His main enterprise remains the tropical-fish and animal trade, which keeps nearly 400 hunters and fishermen working the rivers and forests for 1,500 miles along the Amazon. He also owns a haulage firm, a brick factory, a tourist business; he is building a 12-unit motel overlooking the river and remains half-owner of the Tarpon Zoo in Florida.

Born the eldest of four children of Greek immigrants who met and married in Tarpon Springs, Mike had the instinct to take over an essential job even as a youngster. "When I first met him, he was an assistant in the grocery store where I worked as cashier," recalls Trudie Jenkins, his partner in the Tarpon Zoo. "He was a skinny little 14-year-old, but he was acting as scoutmaster to a group of boys some of whom were older than he was. Their usual scoutmaster had been called up for military service, and Mike wasn't going to let the troop fall apart."

All this time, Mike was going to school during the day, working in the shop after school and on Saturdays, going to Greek classes at night, and spending Sundays in the Everglades catching snakes which he sold to zoos, circuses and medical labs. Called up at 18, Mike was discharged in 1948, and he and Trudie opened the Tarpon Zoo that year.

Although Mike buys most of his animals from his hunters along the

THE READER'S DIGEST

Amazon these days, he still loves to pit his own skill against the jungle creatures' strength and cunning. Showing us how he catches an anaconda, Mike tipped a recently captured 18-foot snake out of a sack onto the bank of the river and studied it for a moment as it raised its shoe-box-size head, flicked its tongue, then glided towards the water. An instant later, Mike's hands clamped around the snake's neck, and the anaconda coiled around his body. The two lashed the water to muddy foam as they struggled in the shallows. It took Mike and three helpers

main item; a big anaconda will fetch up to Rs. 3,000.

At 39, Mike is a happy and fulfilled man. He goes to the United States two or three times a year, but after a few days he gets fidgety and wants to go back to Leticia. He has never taken a holiday and doesn't want one. For, despite all that he has done, he continues to press for improvements. His present projects include a municipal zoo for Leticia and an international biological-research station on an island in the river where scientists can study tropical life under natural conditions.



to bring the snake ashore. "Never let one of 'em get you in deep water," Mike panted. "They'll drown you every time."

Eighty-five per cent of Mike's business today is supplying monkeys to scientific laboratories and medical schools. Snakes for zoos are another

As for himself: "I just want to stay in the animal business," he says, "and help this region grow."

That is what the local people want, too. "Mike is a perpetual-motion progress machine," says Mayor Pedro Fernandes. "All of Leticia wants him to prosper."

I AM ALWAYS ON TIME

By RUBE GOLDBERG

THREE is a little instrument that governs my every move, my every thought, my every purpose. The watch that is strapped to my wrist never relaxes its leathery grip as it hurries me from place to place only to find that the other fellow is not there.

Millions of watches are worn by people all over the world; but no one seems to know the time but me. When I am invited out to dinner at 7.30, I enter my host's house exactly at 7.30, much to the bewilderment of the manservant who has to open the door adjusting his own collar and tie. He leaves me alone in a cold dark living-room, where I wait for an hour like a condemned criminal in solitary confinement.

By the time the host and hostess make their appearance my suit has become crumpled from slouching in every chair in the room. They leave me to my fate while they flutter about welcoming the other guests fresh and radiant in their contemptible tardiness.

The disease of promptitis manifests itself very strongly at first nights at the theatre. I have been

attending first nights for years and hundreds of times have read the legend, "Starts promptly at 8.40." Still I have not learnt my lesson. I received two tickets for a first night that promised to be the hit of the year. I tried to take things calmly. But once I started to dress, the hands of the little watch wrapped themselves round my neck and choked me until I screamed to my wife, "Come on, come on, come on!" My pulse, temperature, blood pressure—they all registered 8.40.

When we arrived, the theatre was as empty as an alderman's hat. A young lady ushered us down the aisle and left us alone in a boundless wilderness of empty seats.

I memorized the names of the author, actors and business management. I read and reread those little biographies at the back of the programme.

At four minutes past nine, as the actors spoke their first lines, hordes of people swarmed down the aisles. I missed every word that was spoken during the first fifteen minutes of the show.

I need a haircut and call up Paul.

Condensed from Liberty

THE READER'S DIGEST

"Will it be convenient for you to take me at 4.30?" I ask.

"Sure, Meester Gumbug," he answers. "E's all right. I be waiting."

I arrive at 4.30 and find Paul just starting to lather a face that is completely surrounded by rough. Paul bows pleasantly and says, "How do, Meester Gumbug? Take seat. I be finished wit' Meester McLufflin in few mineets."

By the time Paul says, "All right, Meester Gumbug," the half hour I had allotted to my haircut has dissolved into eternity and I flee the shop with my hair streaming in the wind like the mane of an Arabian horse.

It would break my heart to dwell on the numberless hours I've spent sitting in overstuffed chairs, staring at gold clocks, and waiting for young ladies to put on clothes that were so scanty they wouldn't cover a peanut.

While there is no one in my immediate field of acquaintance who has any regard for time, I feel there must be others somewhere who are afflicted by my mysterious malady.

I call to you, fellow slaves in the galley of time. For us who are doomed to be on time for the rest of our lives there is a remedy. Why can't a colony be established where we can go into voluntary exile and enjoy our lives to the fullest extent of our promptness? Just give us a cosy little island somewhere and in no time at all we will establish a colony that will shame the rest of the world.

Waiters will not be hanging about waiting for two people to get together for a luncheon date. Husbands will be home to dinner on time. The dentist will be ready when you arrive, the plumber will be there at nine o'clock when he says nine o'clock. Big business will not have to wait while directors loll at their clubs.

So there will be plenty of time left to find out how to run governments without dictators and incidentally to extend a little kindness to your fellow man.

But in the meantime we prompt shower-uppers will just have to sit about and wait and wait and wait.



A Matter of Opinion

AMERICAN historian Samuel Eliot Morison was talking about a little coastal village he knew in Maine. "It's the place to get cut down to size," he said, citing this conversation with a villager: "Saw your book on Columbus." "How'd you like it?" "I didn't read it. But my wife read it." "How'd she like it?" "Didn't say."

—M. Y.

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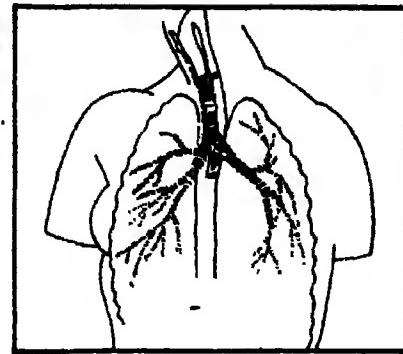
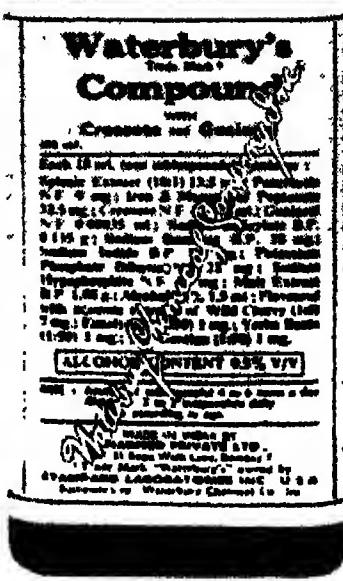
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Shocks of Happiness

... to shake awake the sagging spirit

By GEORGE KENT

FOR EIGHT months the girl lay in a Swiss tuberculosis sanatorium making virtually no progress. One day her father arrived and, after a worried look at her, departed for a talk with the doctor in charge. Half an hour later, a horse-drawn sleigh, jingle bells and all, was at the door. The girl was bundled in blankets and carried out—and away they went, up and

down the snow-covered mountain roads, with a stop for chocolate and cakes, another for a gaze at an Alpine valley, then off again for another 20 minutes.

No miracle happened, but it is on record that from that moment recovery started. Less than a year later, the girl was home, far along the road to normal health.

This is as good an example as I

Condensed from Christian Herald

know of what may be called cure by the shock of happiness. The dictionary defines shock as "sudden and disturbing physical or mental impression." In other words, a brusque upsetting of routine, a stone tossed through the grey window of boredom. Let the upset be joyous. The old wives have always known that happiness is a medicine. Administered sharply and dramatically, it can work wonders.

The business of living calls for an occasional squeal of delight, and that comes only from being brought up short by something we may have dreamed about but certainly did not expect.

We all tend to get into ruts. Marriage counsellors tell husbands to surprise the little woman with flowers; they tell wives to offer a new trout fly or a golf gadget. Gifts on birthdays and on anniversaries—of course! But the present that shakes awake the sagging spirit is one offered for no reason at all except tenderness, and on any old ragamuffin of a day.

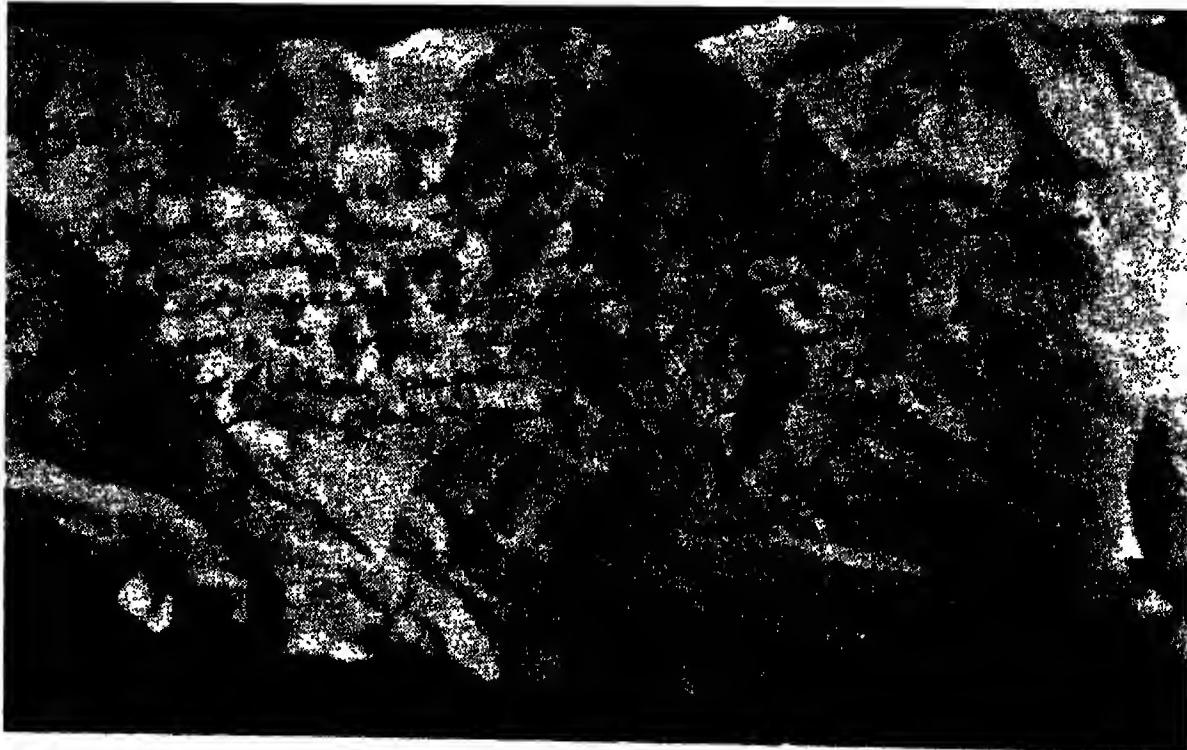
Good advice, not only for husbands and wives—and why not turn a simple surprise into a jolt of joy by making the gift dramatically different or outsize? Calling on a woman friend, a man I know took an armful of freesias, 50 at least, enough to adorn and perfume the house for weeks. They are still remembered. On another occasion he came bearing a box of chocolates with a single white orchid caught in

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the ribbon. The rule about giving is to give more than expected. Knock the postman, the waiter, the cleaning woman off their feet with a sledge-hammer of a tip. You won't go bankrupt, and you'll get the money back in smiling service. And ditto for gifts to anyone at any time. The annual tie from Aunt Emma always got a thank-you note, but the year she sent a hydraulic jack, the house was lit up by the sparkle in papa's eyes, and instead of a letter she received a telephone call that rang with hosannas.

An evening out that follows a sudden impulse is worth a dozen carefully planned affairs. One night a friend, a business executive, telephoned his wife: "I'm waiting for you in the foyer of the George Hotel. We're having dinner out—I've found a marvellous new steak house." You could almost hear her stammer, "But the dinner—it's all ready." "Stick it in the fridge; we'll eat it tomorrow," said the brute.

The woman was reeling, but secretly happy; it was as if they were back in the old days of courtship, when nothing mattered except being together. And after dinner, instead of a sedate dancing spot, they went to a new nightclub where they rocked and twisted, imitating the youngsters around them. At one o'clock the husband moaned with a grin, "Oh, my aching back!" "Oh, my darling!" said the lady, and the glow of the moon was in her eyes. As marriages go, this is one of the



*"But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think;
'Tis strange, the shortest letter which man uses,
Instead of speech, may form a lasting link
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(Never to be forgotten words from the immortal poet—Byron)

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best, because the shocks come often and never fail to evoke delectable pins and needles.

"Every evening should have its menu," said Balzac. It may be an hour of skating under the moon on a remote lake. It may be exotic food. Instead of a theatre, why not go to a political meeting and get up and express your opinion? In a word, explore the possibilities—you will find they are as varied as your wit and imagination.

And let the daring young man remember to keep doing this after marriage. Once joined in wedlock, he usually falls off the trapeze; the inventor of surprise and tingling forgets what made him a hero. At

work, he will still pummel his brains, but home becomes for him a place for *not* thinking. Not thinking can become a habit. Brilliance, too, is a habit and can be cultivated. If you create high-voltage shocks at home, you are more likely to shine at the office.

With children, shocks of happiness can even be a cure for misbehaviour. Take a three-year-old who won't stay in bed and keeps coming downstairs. He is prepared for a scolding, or at best a quick trip back to his cot.

One evening I tried a new manoeuvre. I heaved the boy up on my shoulders and walked outside. The sky was a snowfield of stars. There

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was a fingernail of a crescent moon. The boy had never seen the night before, and he was awed, thrilled, frightened and elated all at once. I pointed out the few constellations I knew: Orion with his Belt, and the Great Bear. I reassured him that the strange sound he heard was an owl, the bird that works a night shift. As to the rustling, that was the leaves whispering in their sleep.

This excursion did not put an end to the trips downstairs. But they became less frequent, less often the result of a bad dream or of lying awake alone in a dark room. Another cure or near-cure through the shock of happiness.

For some men and women, lack

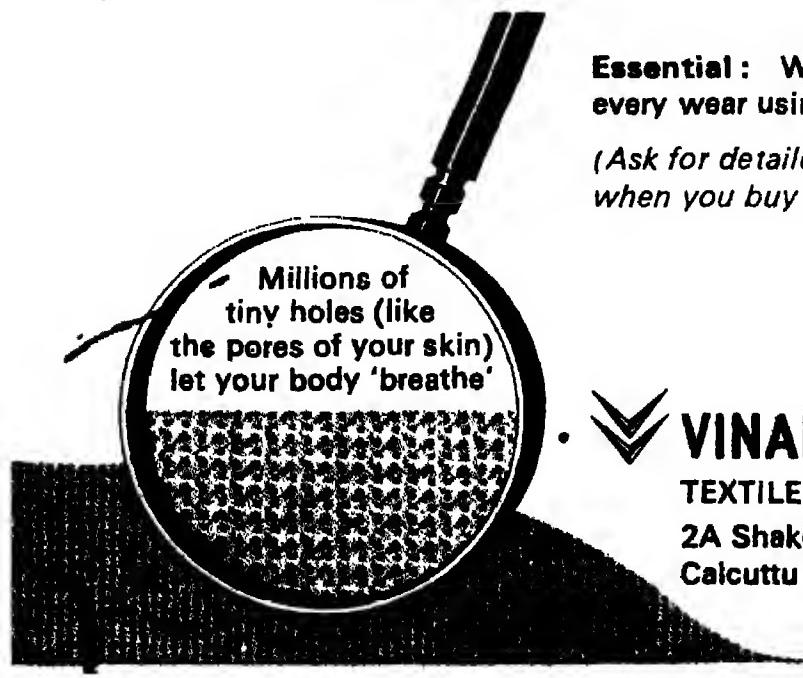
of self-confidence is almost pathological: the man who freezes up when asked to address an audience, the woman who goes to pieces when there are more than four people coming to dinner. For these, the simple shock of sudden change may be better than shock treatment by electricity.

I have in mind a timid soul who lived in a small house in the suburbs. He had two children and a wife who ruled him in a peevish, unintelligent way. His job as an accountant gave him a knowledge of all aspects of the company for which he worked.

One day, safe in the routine of memo-passing, he sent a suggestion

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THE READER'S DIGEST

to the general manager. It was a good idea, but it required investigation, and so our Mr. Milque-toast was asked to pack his bag and tackle it. He wanted passionately to refuse the job, but, standing on the executive carpet, he did not dare.

The news that this mild creature of routine was going on an unexpected out-of-town trip was like the explosion of a bomb in the little suburban house. The shock waves went on spreading as he settled in a first-class seat on a plane, put up at the best hotel, made telephone calls and appointments. Overnight our man became a man of the world. Life in the suburbs was never the same again. He bought a new car and gradually assumed command of his home. His wife, who secretly wanted nothing better than a dominant male, brightened up and rediscovered the joy of laughter. The explanation: a shock of happiness that came *from inside*, by the man's own efforts.

It is possible for all of us to create the shock that can change our lives. It may take a little courage to shake oneself out of the pyjamas of habit. But it can be done, and it's easier than you imagine. In Finland, one rushes from the superheated sauna for a plunge into the icy waters of a lake. Stop to think and you won't do it—ever. Dive in without hesitancy, and after the shock you feel more wonderful than you have ever felt before.

Everybody wants to know how to get more out of life. The answer is to make greater use of the power that drives us—our emotions. By agitating them in a wise but ruthless fashion, we can acquire the self-confidence and the feeling of power that will lead us to a life packed with interest, excitement and love of beauty.

Franz Kafka once said, "We need an ice axe to break the frozen sea within us." The best axe is a shock of happiness.

According to Taste

GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA, who has made films all over the world, explains the difference in national temperaments: "In Hollywood they bring you ice-cold Coke to show you're a 'regular guy.' In England they bring you ~~milk~~ tea to show you're 'one of the chaps.' In France it's champagne if you're really *sympathique*. But in Italy they bring you nothing—they are too busy kissing your arms."

—D.N.

To test reaction to their ice-cream, an American firm flew half a ton of it over to Paris with six pretty waitresses for a slap-up tasting party. "You Americans," mused the Comte de Vogué. "Twenty-eight flavours and six pretty waitresses—a Frenchman would have had six flavours and 28 pretty waitresses."

—Charlie Ric



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The Many Careers of Billy Rose

When he died in February, Billy Rose was an American legend. Born on a kitchen table in a New York slum, he became an outstanding success in seven varied careers—shorthand expert, songwriter, nightclub owner, Broadway producer, impresario of World's Fairs, newspaper columnist, and Wall Street investor who left an estate estimated at 30 million dollars—over Rs. 23 crores.

Here are highlights of his life as told by those who knew him and by Billy Rose himself.

BILLY YEARNED for recognition. It mattered little in what field, just as long as he came out on top. At school he discovered that there were cups and medals to be won in shorthand contests. After he had won a medal or two, he became so obsessed with the idea of improving that he paid his sister Muriel to read to him so that he could practise.

His mother, Fannie, demanded, "Why spend so much time on something that brings in nothing but medals?"

But Billy plugged along, training for the metropolitan shorthand championship. He was almost eliminated before he started. "I had been training so hard," he recalled, "that I decided to unwind by going skating on the day before the test. One of my skates came loose, and I landed on my right thumb. It started to swell, and by night it was



THE MANY CAREERS OF BILLY ROSE

so stiff and painful that I couldn't possibly use it.

Even Gregg or Pitman might have given up at this point, but not Billy. He stuck a pen through a potato and found that by holding it just right he could still write. He spent most of the night practising, and the next day went out and won the championship.

—Phil Santora in *New York Daily News*

SHORTHAND proved to be one of his most important assets. It got him a job during the First World War taking dictation from financier Bernard Baruch, who was then head of the U.S. War Industries Board. Billy also took notes at conferences between Baruch and important industrialists. In later years, Baruch was to become an important adviser to him on investments.

During this phase of his life, the young man developed an intense admiration for tycoons that he never lost. It was the first time he had been close to men of great wealth and he liked what he saw and heard.

—*New York Times*

"IN THE closing days of the First World War I took the President of the United States out of play for 15 minutes. I did it with my little shorthand pencil.

"A Board executive handed me a letter and told me to deliver it to the proper party—President Woodrow Wilson. The White House that day was a jumble of Senators, Cabinet members, ambassadors and top brass. News of the Armistice was expected any hour.

"I handed the letter to one of Mr. Wilson's secretaries, and was asked to wait in case of a reply. A few minutes

later the secretary returned, looking puzzled. 'The President would like to see you,' he said.

"I got trembly inside. I was nearly 18 at the time—plain and bumptious. But my dealings with Presidents had been limited to the one I had seen on dollar bills.

"Mr. Wilson smiled when he saw me. 'I understand you're quite a short-hand writer,' was his greeting.

"My trembles vanished. I knew the President was a shorthand writer of sorts—the tachygraphy magazines were always bragging about it. 'I hear you're pretty good yourself, Mr. President,' I blurted out.

"Mr. Wilson blushed prettily. 'Mr. Baruch tells me you can write 200 words a minute. I wonder if you'd give me a little demonstration.'

"He handed me a pad and a pencil, and picked up a newspaper. Then, in his clipped, precise speech, he read an editorial at about 150 words a minute. When he had finished, he said, 'Now let's hear you read it back.'

"Well, as every stenographer knows, it's the reading back that counts. I shot the editorial back at him a good deal faster than he had dictated it. And then I started at the bottom of the page and read the editorial backwards.

"Wilson chuckled. He asked me questions about Gregg shorthand—he was a Pitman writer. By this time, I was patronizing him a little. I picked up the paper and handed the pad and pencil to Mr. Wilson. 'I wonder if you'd mind writing for me, Mr. President,' I said.

"Wilson rubbed his glasses on his sleeve. 'Don't go too fast,' he warned.

"I read the editorial at about 100 words a minute, then asked him to

THE READER'S DIGEST

read it back. When I told him he had made no mistakes, the President sighed like a kid who has just finished playing 'The Elves' Waltz' for Paderewski.

"I picked up his notes. 'If you don't mind, sir,' I said, 'I'd like to keep them.'

"Woodrow Wilson reached for my shorthand notes. 'We'll exchange,' he said. I walked out of the White House and floated back to my office via the rooftops."

—Billy Rose, *Wine, Women and Words*

AFTER the war ended, he shortened his name to one syllable and began mixing with writers, song pluggers, piano demonstrators, actors, singers, musicians, bandleaders.

—Maurice Zolotow in *Collier's*

"I WASN'T at all impressed by these people. I saw they were unimportant, shoddy, second-rate compared to the men I had worked for during the war. Then I learned that some of these songwriters were making as much as 75,000 dollars a year. And these boys weren't Jerome Kerns or Irving Berlins . . . I had no particular desire to write for music, but I saw no reason why I, with a little preparation and work, could not join the gold-rush."

—Billy Rose, interview in *Collier's*

BILLY picked up the art of songwriting in his own brash but methodical way. He spent three months, nine hours a day, in the New York Public Library, dissecting hit songs of the previous 30 years. All popular songs, he cunningly concluded, fell into well-defined categories: love songs; nonsense songs; jingles; songs built round

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a silly syllable. Of these syllables, Billy discovered, the double-o sound—"oo"—was the most successful. On this principle he carefully constructed some sound effects called Barney Google ("with the goo goo googly eyes"). Just as his calculations had indicated, it was a smash hit. Billy made more than 60,000 dollars that year.

In the next eight years, following his formulas, Billy wrote more than 300 songs. Forty were hits. At least a dozen, including "Without a Song" (Billy's favourite), "It's Only a Paper Moon," "It Happened in Monterey," "That Old Gang of Mine," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," "Would You Like to Take a Walk?," "More Than You Know" and "I Found a Million-Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store," are all-time favourites and brought Billy a top rating with the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers—a distinction he shared with Irving Berlin, Cole Porter, George Gershwin and very few others.

—Time

IN 1923, Rose went into the nightclub business "because I wanted to wear a black hat and meet some girls. My first nightspot was hidden over a Manhattan garage. The iron-stomached individuals who survived the Noble Experiment [Prohibition] may remember it as the Backstage Club.

"The club represented an investment of 4,000 dollars. It amortized itself the opening night.

"A few months later, I opened a trap on Fifth Avenue—it was called the Fifth Avenue Club—and it exhaled so much fake swank that my French head-waiter suggested I stay out of sight in the office. The sh**w**

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THE READER'S DIGEST

was written by a couple of kids—Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart. Later I got rid of the Fifth Avenue Club, and went back to songwriting.

"In 1926, I wrote a vaudeville act for Fanny Brice. In 1928, I married the great comedienne and automatically became known as Mr. Brice. A songwriter didn't count in the big-name circles in which she travelled. 'If you want your name back,' I said to myself, 'you'll have to become a producer.'

"So I opened the Billy Rose Music Hall. Its electric sign was a seven-day wonder on Broadway. It was 18 storeys high, and the lights spelt out just two words: BILLY ROSE. The first night it was lit up I went outside to admire it. As I stood on the corner, I heard someone ask, 'Billy Rose? Who's that?'

"That's Fanny Brice's husband," someone answered.

"I finally took care of this Mr. Brice situation a few months later when I gave birth to a theatrical dream child called *Jumbo*. No year in my life has been crazier than the one devoted to producing this musical circus at the New York Hippodrome. The author, director and player credits read like a *Burke's Peerage* of the theatre—Hecht and MacArthur, Rodgers and Hart, George Abbott, Jimmie Durante, Paul Whiteman and his orchestra."

—Billy Rose, *Wine, Women and Words*

ON OPENING night, practically every big name in the country was there to see Billy's idea of a circus—a tour of the big top by "countless myriads of dream women."

Jumbo was an artistic triumph but a

financial flop—its production was too lavishly expensive to make money for its backers.

—Earl Talbot in *New York Herald Tribune*

AFTER *Jumbo* closed, the city of Fort Worth, Texas, called on Rose to solve a problem. Dallas, its neighbour and deadly opponent for prestige, had grabbed the official centennial celebration of Texas' independence from Mexico.

Fort Worth's honour demanded that it stage a competing and, if possible, stronger attraction.

At first Rose feigned an elaborate lack of interest. He explained that he had tied himself with motion-picture commitments and didn't want to leave California, where he had gone to write film scripts. The time was too short; the production estimate would have to be doubled; and, besides, Fort Worth couldn't pay the kind of fee he would have to have—which was 100,000 dollars, or about 1,000 dollars a day. Rose was asked to fly to Fort Worth.

The build-up had been perfect. When he walked into the committee room, it was in the role of rescuer. He repeated his demands, and got them. In return, Rose transformed 140 acres of vacant land into the most thrilling playground the U.S. South-west had ever seen. He revived *Jumbo*, ran a gargantuan outdoor nightclub called the Casa Mañana and put on two other shows, *Last Frontier* and *Pioneer Palace*.

The South-west was plastered with posters saying DALLAS FOR EDUCATION, FORT WORTH FOR FUN, and aeroplanes wrote it in the sky over Dallas. Visitors came over from Dallas in



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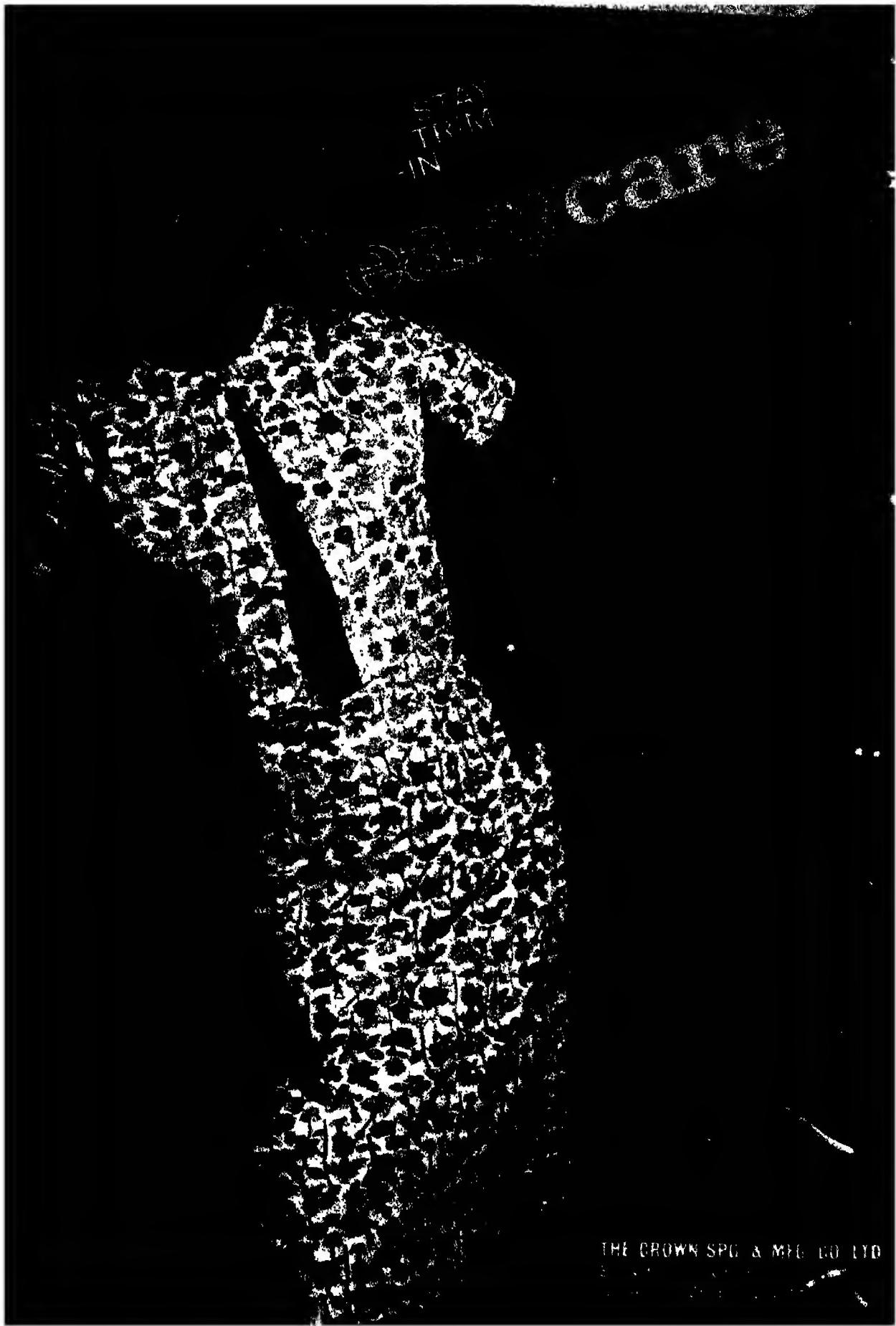
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THE MANY CAREERS OF BILLY ROSE

thousands. Fort Worthians saw their civic show over and over again.

"The town sank 1.3 million dollars into entertainment and into exhibition buildings which it still uses, and it considered that it had got its money's worth. Grateful townspeople gave Rose a loving cup, a gold-plated revolver and a gold deputy sheriff's badge.

—Jack Alexander in *The Saturday Evening Post*

"AFTER the Fort Worth fair folded, I went back to New York to give Grover Whalen, head of the forthcoming New York World's Fair, a chance to get in touch with me. I couldn't see how anybody in his right mind would try to run a fair without me.

"But a few months later I said to myself, 'Maybe they can't run a world's fair without you, Rose, but it sure looks as if they're going to try. If you want some of the profits you've got to figure out a plot to make Grover Whalen come to you.'

"That night I wore out a lot of carpet, and by morning I had a plot. I rented a two-million-dollar knick-knack called the French Casino, and concocted an extravaganza set in an exhibition. Its hero was—you guessed it!—Grover Whalen. Then I engaged the elegant actor, Oscar Shaw, to portray the elegant Grover.

"An hour after the papers announcing the show hit the street, Mr. Whalen was on the phone. 'I understand you're going to do a show ridiculing me,' he snapped.

"'I'd suggest you come and see for yourself,' I purred, betting that no man could stay away from a show in which he was the leading character. 'I'll save

a front-row table for you on opening night.'

"It was a cinch bet. On opening night, Mr. Whalen arrived half an hour before curtain time. My *maitre d'hôtel* did everything but sweep the aisle with palms, and well-coached waiters formed a bucket line to ensure an adequate supply of champagne.

"Before Oscar Shaw came on stage, you could have toasted bread on Grover's good-looking face. But a moment later he was all smiles. The actor, immaculately dressed in striped trousers and morning coat, walked, talked and sang gracefully, wisely, knowingly.

"When the show was over, Mr. World's Fair invited me to join him. 'It's a fine show,' he said. 'We could use something like it out at the Fair. Drop into my office tomorrow morning and we'll talk about it.'

Next day, with Grover's help, I rented the 10,000-seat Marine Amphitheatre at the entrance to the show-ground for my *Aquacade*."

—Billy Rose, *Wine, Women and Words*

THE *Aquacade* was a combination of girl-and-music spectacle and championship swimming meet, and it included the best and some of the worst features of both.

As things turned out, the *Aquacade* became the most popular show at the Fair.

—Jack Alexander in *The Saturday Evening Post*

MEANWHILE, Rose had fallen in love with Eleanor Holm, the star of the *Aquacade*. "I flew to the Coast to ask Fanny Brice for a divorce," he recalled later. She had only one question. 'Do you love her?'

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THE MANY CAREERS OF BILLY ROSE

" 'I think so,' I said.

" 'That's all I want to know,' she said. 'Good luck.' " —Billy Rose in *McCall's*

BILLY and Eleanor were married, and he bought a 200,000-dollar town house and a 55-acre estate just outside New York. He began collecting art, as *Time* magazine said, "the way other men collect neckties."

THE TOWN house was redecorated and bedizened with a two-million-dollar (Billy's estimate) collection of paintings, a 50,000-dollar collection of silver, and what Billy called "all the latest antiques." —*Time*

HIS PRIVATE life was spun into a dazzle of exhibitionist wealth. And for the few who knew him well, he was an expansive host. He surrounded himself with all the lavish trappings his slum quarter beginnings couldn't possibly anticipate. His estate had a swimming pool, stables and horses, a cinema, a Turkish bath, a ballroom into which Billy inserted billiard and gin-rummy tables, a pistol and rifle range.

—Jack O'Brian in *New York Journal-American*

AFTER the Second World War, he felt like "running in a new direction." He took the first steps quite by accident. He began writing a series of newspaper advertisements for his Diamond Horseshoe nightclub [started in 1938].*

He called them "Miscellaneous Nations on Life, Art, Reforestation and Sex among the Aborigines." The ads were written with such sprightly zeal that all Broadway was soon babbling about them. —*Time*

A SYNDICATE soon bought the column. As "Pitching Horseshoes," it began in 1947, running three times a week in as many as 425 newspapers. For Billy, it was a golden opportunity to give tongue to his wisecracking, mordant philosophy and to the thousands of anecdotes that had come his way in the entertainment business.

—Earl Talbott in *New York Herald Tribune*

THE COLUMN was almost a textbook in vivid writing. Let Billy hark back to the time when "my ego was the size of a flea's wristwatch" and we have a clear idea of just how small he felt. And when he calls the acting talents of John Garfield "as hot as a string of Chinese firecrackers"; when he attacks Hollywood as "that gold-plated popcorn machine on the West Coast"; when he refers to an animal trainer who makes the big cats slink around "as if they had guilt complexes"; and when he decides that so-and-so looked "as pale as a ghost who has just seen a man"—when he paints pictures as vivid as these, we shall not soon forget them.

—*Senior Scholastic*

AFTER nearly five years of writing his breezy, brassy columns, Billy Rose called it a day. He underwent an operation, and "I found that, for the first time in my 51 Novembers, I wasn't snapping back the way I should. . . . Three weeks after the patch-up job, I've still got a headful of fog and a skinful of ache."

Rose hated to give up columning. But the tough little showman, who had been sandwiching his writing in between running his nightclub and theatre, eventually learned what every good columnist knows: that turning

THE READER'S DIGEST

out a column three times a week is close to a full-time job. Concluded Rose: "And now, as the sun sinks in the West and the nurse shoves a thermometer in my face, I reluctantly say farewell to the lovely land of green eyeshades and printer's ink." —*Time*

BILLY now turned to Wall Street, and made yet another fortune. He was reported to be the biggest individual shareholder of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, with a 160,000-share investment. He was a director of the New York Central Railroad Company, owned 8,600 shares, and controlled 141,400 other shares through four privately owned corporations. In February 1964, a press agent estimated that Rose earned 10,000 dollars an hour for every hour that the New York Stock Exchange had been open since the preceding October 15. Not so, said Billy, when the news was made public—it was only 8,733 dollars an hour.

—Earl Talbot in *New York Herald Tribune*

HE ALSO made substantial investments in International Business Machines and electronics. His home had a "trading room," with ticker tape, telephones and files of vital information.

Just before his death, his real-estate activities included reports that he was

engaged in developing a valuable stretch of property in mid-Manhattan.

While his financial and real-estate investments increased, he became widely known as an art collector.

—*New York Times*

ELEVEN months before his death, he gave his 105-piece collection of modern sculpture to the state of Israel. "This is the most heartwarming thing I have ever done," he proclaimed.

But the loneliness of the short-distance runner stayed with him, and to the end he never stopped competing.

"If we are ever attacked," Israeli Prime Minister Ben-Gurion once asked him, admiring the sculpture, "where do you want us to hide your bronzes?" Rose didn't hesitate a minute. "Don't hide them," he said. "Melt them down into bullets." —*Time*

HE DIED aged 66, of pneumonia at Montego Bay, Jamaica, where he maintained a winter home. But he left a mark on Broadway and America that will long endure.

"WHATEVER he was drawn to, it was always as if it were the single compulsion of his heart and mind. He never squeezed into a new door—he flung it wide open."—Rabbi Nathan Perilman at the funeral service.

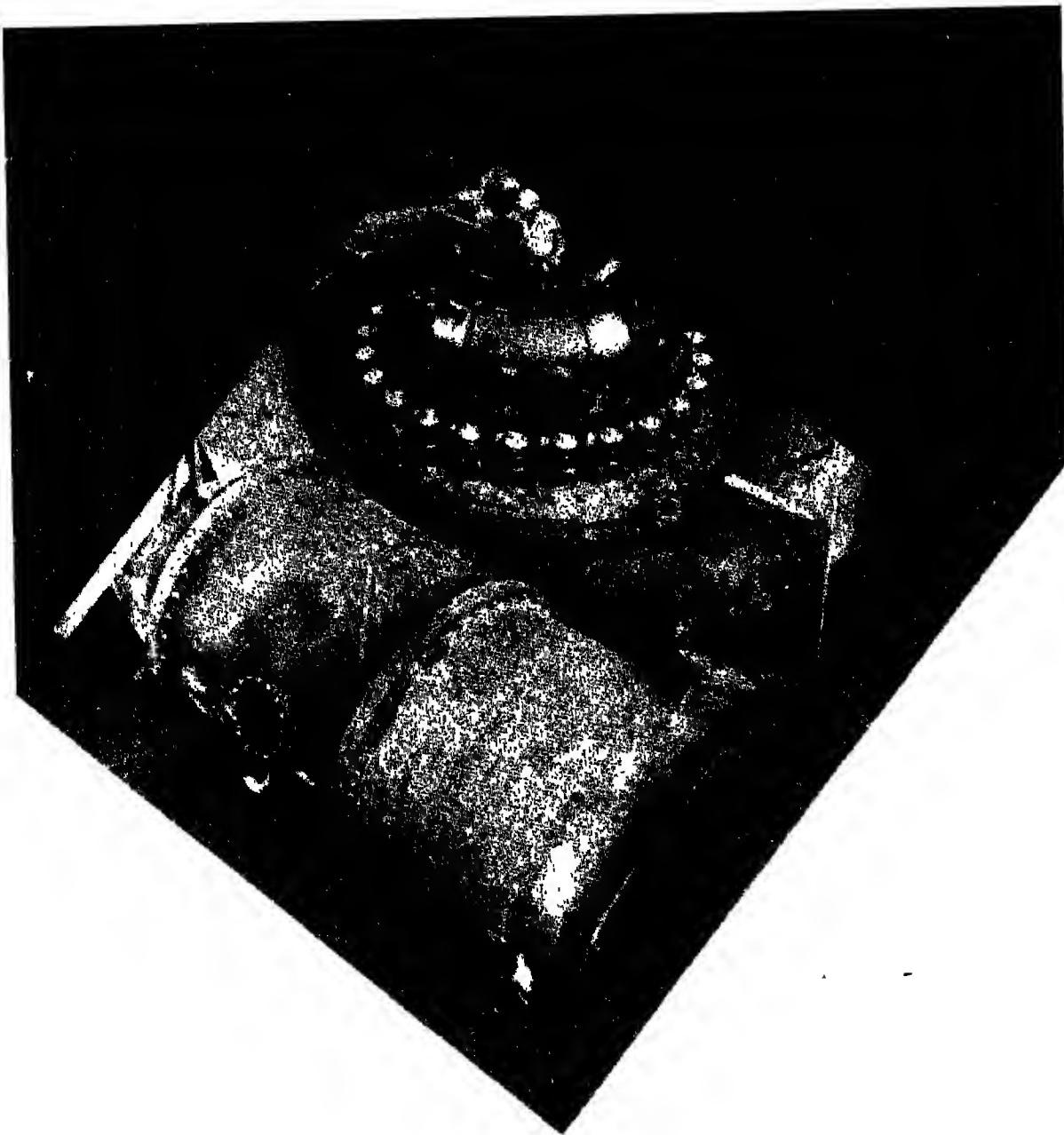


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*E*XASPERATED by passers-by peering through her cottage windows, a West of England housewife put up a sarcastic notice: "If you wish to satisfy your curiosity completely, you may come in and look round. Price 6d."

She was soon rushed off her feet conducting parties of visitors over her home.

—S. K. Zundel in *The Guardian*, London, quoted in the *New Statesman*



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This flying-ambulance service provides an emergency lifeline for the wounded in Vietnam

Helicopter Airlift for Jungle Casualties

BY JAMES WINCHESTER



THE PHONE shrills. In the screened wooden hut of the U.S. Army's 57th Helicopter Air Evacuation Unit at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut airport, conversation stops. Captain John Dean, a tall, quick-moving 35-year-old pilot, cradles the instrument to his ear. "Zapped!"* he reports tersely, hanging up. It is 10.45 a.m. The day is Tuesday.

10.55 a.m. "Coming up!" shouts Captain Dean to warn his three-man crew that he's lifting off. Sixteen minutes earlier, a platoon from the First Division was booby-trapped while on a search-and-destroy mission in the jungle on the southern edge of the Viet Cong-controlled Iron Triangle, some 20 miles to the north-west. Casualties are heavy. By radio the plea comes desperately: "Dust-Off! Dust-Off!" —the signal for air ambulances.

11.05. The helicopter starts down out of the hot morning sun. In the tiny cabin, I sit crowded between Donald Chambers, 26, the medical orderly, and Crew Chief Roger Reel, 21. Alert and silent, their automatic rifles pointing downwards through the open

doors, Chambers and Reel search for signs of enemy fire. Flying these unarmed air ambulances is a perilous assignment.

11.07. The tall green trees of the jungle rise ahead like a wall. Directly below, smoke rises from a burning house. In the rice paddies next to it, farmers stoop to their work, ignoring the war. Radio chatter fills the air.

At the edge of a clearing inside the tangled woods, the pin of a signal grenade is pulled. Yellow-green smoke spirals upward. "In sight," Captain Dean reports. The wounded are already there, carried to the clearing on makeshift stretchers—battle-dress tunics with rifles pushed through the sleeves as poles. Twenty-eight minutes have passed since the hidden Claymore mine hanging in a tree exploded to mangle them.

The tight little meadow where we are to land is only about twice the diameter of the helicopter's 44-foot rotor-blade swath. High trees box it in. Captain Dean approaches fast, hovers only a second, then drops straight down like a bucket into a well. It's a Dust-Off adage: "If you go low and slow, you're asking for a blow."

* Surprised or ambushed by the enemy.

† An anti-personnel mine developed by the United States in 1958, which sprays metal fragments at high velocity in a fan-shaped pattern in a chosen direction. It is named after the claymore, a large, two-edged sword once used by Scottish Highlanders. The Viet Cong make a primitive but deadly version, which is responsible for more U.S. casualties in Vietnam than any other single weapon.



11.12. Captain Dean and Lieutenant John Kamenar, 25, the co-pilot, stay in their seats; the rotor blades keep spinning, flattening the foot-high grass. Carrying rolled-up canvas stretchers, Chambers and Reel jump from the cabin and run towards the wounded men at the edge of the trees.

A lieutenant, blood flowing from an open wound in his neck, walks slowly towards the helicopter, still clutching his rifle. His dripping blood stains my bulletproof vest as I pull him aboard.

11.14. A second helicopter skims overhead. More wounded are in a near-by clearing. "Tracers from the west," another pilot warns by radio. Captain Dean doesn't answer. The infantrymen have already taken cover behind some fallen trees to return the fire.

Chambers and Reel, completely exposed, run back to the helicopter with a loaded stretcher. The wounded soldier is clad only in khaki underpants; his battle-dress has been cut away. Blood-soaked pressure bandages are wrapped tight around both his legs. (Tourniquets are rarely used now; they stop the flow of blood and increase the risk of gangrene and amputation.) At least two dozen wounds, each the size of the opening made by a good-sized nail, riddle his chest and arms. His eyes are closed, his breathing is heavy. The stretcher is pushed inside and left to rest on the floor.

* Third Mobile Army Surgical Hospital.

11.16. Another wounded. The crew, urgency in every action, lift him above the man on the floor, slide the stretcher handles into metal clamps, then tumble aboard. Captain Dean lifts off, climbing in a whining turn away from the Viet Cong snipers. We were on the ground less than five minutes.

Chambers bends over the man on the top stretcher. Yards of bandage are wrapped round his naked chest and stomach. Blood seeps from large holes in his legs and wrist. His face is pale with shock. Chambers looks at him and shakes his head. "Somewhere quick, Captain," he says to the pilot over the intercom.

"Third Mash,"* Captain Dean decides. This is the nearest medical post, a tent hospital outside Bien Hoa, 17 miles away. It's only a few miles closer than Saigon, but minutes are now important.

On the floor, the wounded man moves restlessly. His eyes are open. Painfully, he lifts a hand, points to his mouth. I wet my fingers from a canteen and rub them over the soldier's lips. He blinks his gratitude.

From time to time the man on the other stretcher contorts his face in pain, but utters no cry. Beneath him, little pools of blood slosh about in the hollows made in the canvas by his weight. Eerily, pop music comes through the intercom as the pilot tunes past an armed-forces station while switching frequencies.

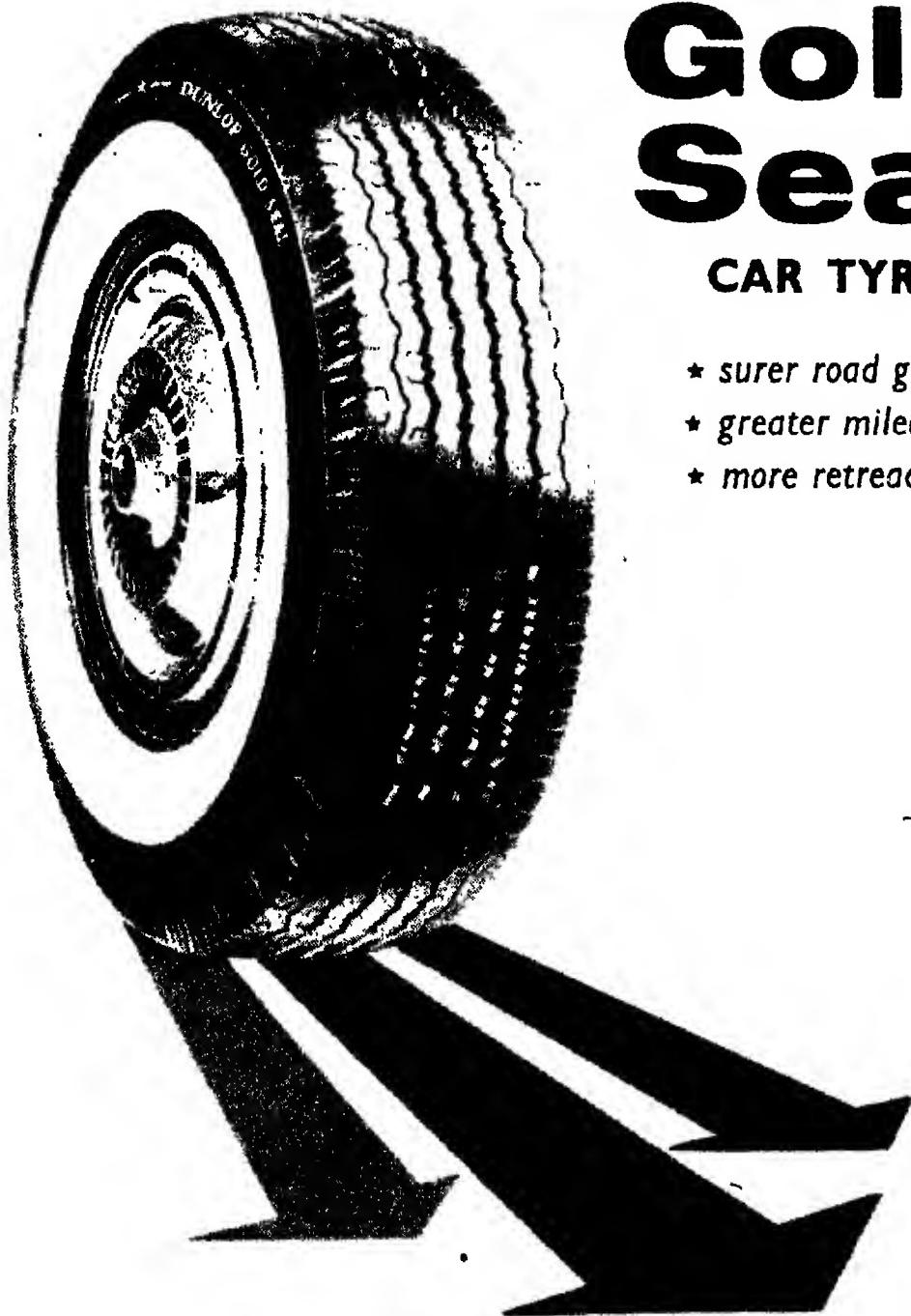
11.44. The brown hospital tents, with huge red crosses on top, appear

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DUNLOP LEADS THE WAY

below. Orderlies, naked to the waist in the 100-degree temperature, run out to the landing pad. It's been one hour and five minutes since the platoon was hit.

The lieutenant is helped to the ground. A doctor reaches out to take his rifle. "God-dammit, no!" the lieutenant insists, clutching it tight. The stretchers are unloaded. Captain Dean lifts off again, returning for more wounded. Another helicopter lands.

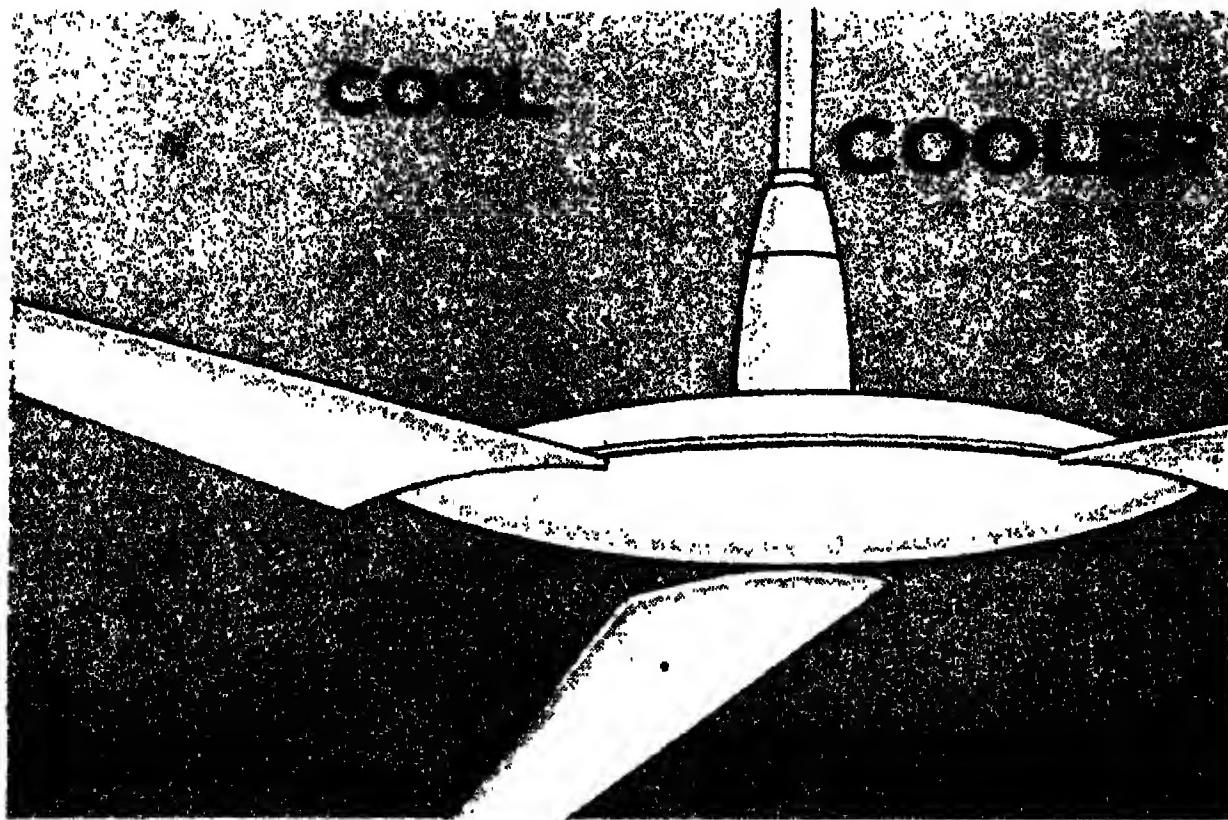
11.46. Inside the admissions tent, 100 yards from the helicopter pad, a young dungaree-clad nurse cuts bloody bandages and clothes from the men. Two doctors arrive. One, roused from a nap, is wearing only

a T-shirt, pants and a pair of unlaced plimsolls.

Wounds are examined. Every man starts getting dextran, a sugar preparation now commonly substituted for blood plasma. Captain Robert Bowden moves from stretcher to stretcher.

Pausing next to a boy with a gaping head wound, he waves his hand—a signal for the orderlies to move him aside so that the busy doctors can work on others with more of a chance. He looks at another man. His order is crisp: "This one first."

Captain Bowden, fresh from medical training, is the "sorting" officer. He must decide on the spot who



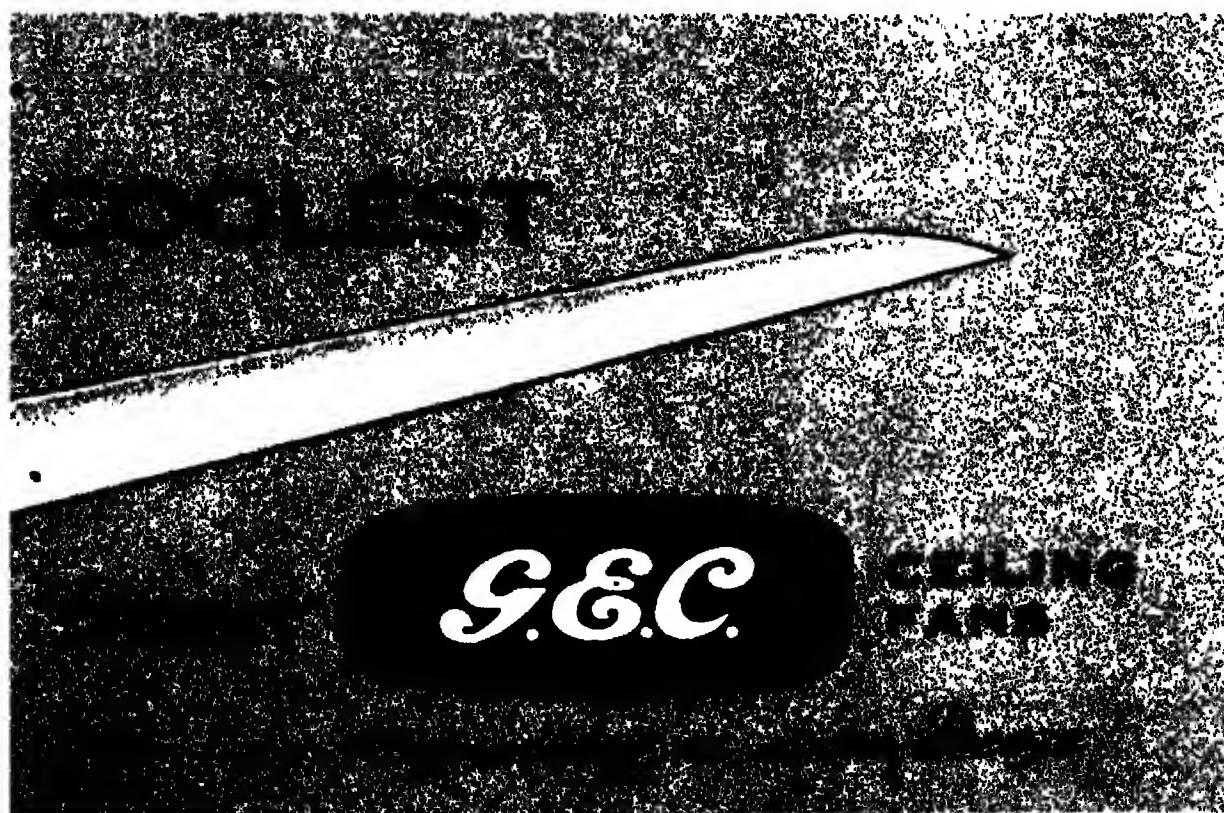
requires immediate surgery, who can wait, who is beyond help. The system is cruel, but it's designed to work the greatest good for the greatest number.

11.55. An orderly gets names and information from those who can talk, examines identity disks of those who can't. The two stretcher cases from Captain Dean's helicopter are both sergeants: Thomas Hardin, 39 years old, with 19 years' service; Wayne Pearce, 34, seven years a soldier. They have been in Vietnam nine days.

12 noon. Sergeant Pearce is under the Polaroid X-ray machine (being used for the first time in a combat zone). This provides the

radiologist with pictures in one minute. "Can I have a drink of water?" Pearce asks the orderly holding the dextran bottle above him. "Hang on, old man," the orderly replies gently. Patients with chest or stomach wounds can't have anything to drink. In the visible distance, a mile or so away, propeller-driven Skyraiders peel off lazily, dropping bombs in the jungle. Black smoke curls above the trees. No one pays any attention to the sound of the explosions.

12.44 p.m. "O.K., doctor." The anaesthetist tells Captain Julius Conn, the surgeon, that Sergeant Pearce is under the ether. A nurse in battle-dress squirts mercurochrome



from a tin on to the sergeant's stomach. Captain Conn, without a word, moves in to swab the anti-septic around where he intends to operate. The first cut is a 14-inch slice through the abdominal wall. A piece of rusty metal from the Viet Cong mine has torn a hole in Pearce's intestine as big as a man's little finger. The left lobe of the liver has a three-inch-long gash. Conn sews it up. Much of the inside abdominal wall, torn by shrapnel, is cut away to prevent infection.

1.38. "I think we've won the battle," Captain Toby Farris, the anaesthetist, remarks. Captain Conn starts to work on Sergeant Pearce's chest. A deep, six-inch-long cut is made to the left of the breastbone. "My God!" Captain Conn exclaims. The big mammary artery, running up and down through the chest, has been severed by shrapnel and is bleeding heavily. Quickly, Captain Conn ties off the two open ends. A tube, connected to a portable pump, is inserted into the chest cavity to draw out the air and accumulated blood. A small puncture on the left side of the lung is left alone. "It will heal itself," Captain Conn explains.

2.33. Captain Conn and Captain Martin Bell now work simultaneously. Metal fragments are taken from Sergeant Pearce's shattered left foot. The ulnar artery and nerve in his left wrist have been cut in two. The artery is tied off.

3.13. Sergeant Pearce's operation is over. At the next table, Captain

Kristaps Keggi, two months out of medical school after three years' training in orthopaedic surgery, is still operating on Sergeant Hardin's mangled legs. The right knee-cap is broken into pieces; beyond repair, it is taken out. The surgeon drops the bone with a thump into a tin water bucket at his feet. Part of the shattered thigh bone is removed, and a plaster cast is put round the leg.

Sergeant Hardin's left leg is also badly damaged, but no bone is lost. Probing into the torn flesh, Captain Keggi lifts out a half-inch-long piece of nail, part of the shrapnel from the Claymore mine. Other bits of shredded tin and cut-up nails have punctured Sergeant Hardin's body in several dozen places. The wounds are cleaned out and left open to heal themselves. For now, the operating is over.

TODAY in Vietnam, 90 per cent of all American wounded are evacuated by helicopter from where they are hit. Jolting jeep and ambulance trips from the front to casualty stations are gone; no one is more than 25 minutes away by air from lifesaving surgery. The airlift cuts shock and infection among the wounded by at least two-thirds, more than doubling their chances of survival.

Behind the helicopters are other new lifesaving devices: frozen whole blood; an ultrasonic device which can locate shell fragments deep within the body by sonar;



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THE READER'S DIGEST

portable 50-pound heart-lung machines. But, according to Colonel Spurgeon Neel, co-ordinator of all medical services in South Vietnam, "The rapid transportation of the wounded from the battlefield to a post where they can get the advantages of these new developments is the big step forward."

Only ten per cent of the wounded stay in Vietnam. There is good reason for this: it takes six tons of supplies a month to support one bed in a field hospital here. Thus, a man who cannot be returned to duty within 30 days is airlifted out of the country. If he can be returned to duty in 60 days, he is treated at one of a number of U.S. military hospitals in the Pacific. Anyone expected to be out of action for longer than that goes all the way back to the States.

Saturday morning. Ninety-six hours after being wounded, Sergeant Pearce and Sergeant Hardin start back to the United States. A helicopter has brought the two men from the tent hospital to the Third Field Hospital in Saigon for an overnight stay. Now they move aboard a propeller-driven C-121 for the first of three giant hops home.

Three and a half hours from Saigon, the plane lands at Clark Air Force Base on the island of Luzon in the Philippines. The orderlies unloading the stretchers are not as solemn as those in Vietnam. The air force band, which greets air evacuation planes from Vietnam, plays

lively music. "There must be a VIP aboard," a patient remarks. "Yes," he is told. "It's you."

Tuesday. The Military Airlift Command jet flight to Yakota Air Force Base, outside Tokyo, takes three and a half hours. Pearce and Hardin sleep. After fuelling and a change of crew, the plane is in the air again. The 5,210 miles to Travis Air Force Base, across the bay from San Francisco, will be flown non-stop in nine and a half hours.

The night routine begins. Flight nurses and orderlies move from patient to patient. Meals are served. The wounded sleep.

Wednesday. The sun shines bright as the flying ambulance reaches Travis Air Force Base.

At 11.24 a.m., Sergeant Pearce gets to Great Lakes Naval Hospital near his Ohio home. Only a week has passed since he was wounded in Vietnam. The specialists' determination: eventual recovery, with possible disability of the left hand because of the severed wrist artery. Back on duty in a year, probably on a limited basis.

In San Francisco, Sergeant Hardin's prospects are equally bright. He'll limp on his right leg, but he'll stay in the Army. His treatment and rehabilitation: a year and a half, at least.

For these two battle-proud infantrymen the worst is over. From a jungle clearing half-way round the world, from a dirty, dangerous and disheartening war, they are home.

The 5 most common mistakes transpacific travellers make.

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This year, millions will learn that a U.S.A. holiday costs little more than an ordinary holiday. In fact, a recent survey of thousands of travellers to the States revealed that their expenses were far less than they anticipated. (They had more fun than they thought they would, too.)

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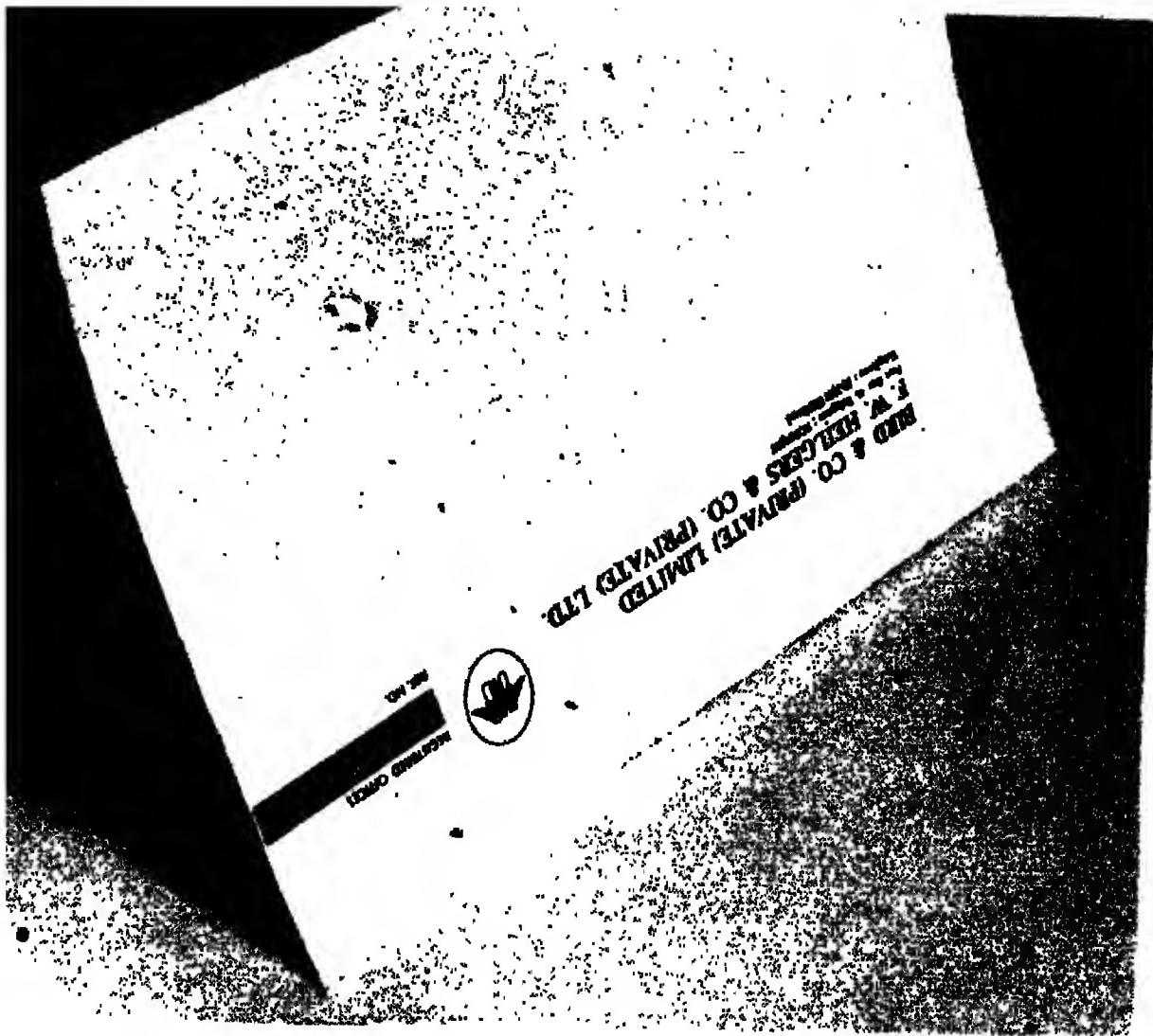
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*A troubled look at parents
who, with kindest intent, urge
their children to miss the most
wonderful years of their lives*

Where Have All the Children Gone?

By JOYCE KISSOCK LUBOLD

YOU REMEMBER the Red Queen. She's the one who took Alice by the hand and dragged her at top speed through the Looking-Glass wonderland, crying all the



time, "Faster! Faster! Don't try to talk. Faster!" She was a fine, funny imaginary character to children who read her story years ago.

But I'm willing to bet children

today don't think she's so funny—or so imaginary, either. Because the Red Queen has stepped out of her story-book and passed along her "hurry-hurry-hurry" habits to every parent in sight. If we make ourselves stop for a moment and think—which isn't easy, with all the rushing that's going on—we will realize that almost every influence that bears upon our children seems designed to push them into adult shoes as fast as they can stumble into them.

The word "childhood" used to conjure up a pleasant picture of long, lazy days, and amusing episodes of mischief. Today every parent knows that after school there must be "extras" in the form of music lessons or competitive sports.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE CHILDREN GONE?

There *are* no long, lazy days any more. As for the mischief of childhood, it isn't called "mischief" now. It's called "disorientation with the environment," which leads directly to "incipient delinquency," and nobody finds it amusing.

In fact, children are not called "children" any more. They're all "pre—" something or other. As soon as a baby is ready to get out of the playpen, he's called a "pre-school-child"; by the time he reaches school age we tug him by the wrist again and call him a "pre-teen." Then, when he reaches his teens, and has to cope with the complex problems of adolescence, we still won't let him go at his own pace, but tell him he's a "young adult" and ask him testily why he doesn't act his age!

(*"Are we nearly there?" Alice managed to pant out at last.*

"Nearly there?" the Queen repeated. "Why, we passed it ten minutes ago. Faster!")

We push our boys whenever we look at their arithmetic books. "If you can't get better marks than this," we say, "you'll never get into university. And if you don't get into university, you'll never get a good job." And so we send him off with the weight of the adult world pressing on his shoulders. It can't sound like much of a world to him, either. Our stress on the outward signs of success teaches him that it isn't what you do that matters, it's what shows; not what you learn, but what marks you get. So the Red Queen in all of

us pulls him along. "Faster! Faster! You've got to succeed. Look sharp! Get with it! *Hurry!*"

It's easy to laugh at such small examples of how the Red Queen affects our children's lives. We tell ourselves that one or two symptoms of the disease don't mean a thing. But when we face today's statistics on teenage marriage and teenage unmarried parenthood, we can't laugh any more. It is clear that young people are no longer just exposed to the disease. They've got it. All through the short years of their childhood we've told them to grow up as fast as they can. So when we call a teenager a "young adult" he decides he'd better go out and behave like an adult. But a young man's idea of adult living is too often like a child's idea of a racing car—all go and no brakes. And so children race into adult responsibilities, all go and no brakes.

Perhaps the most tragic result is that so many young people miss one of the best times of anyone's life: a free-wheeling time when a girl can spend all afternoon deciding to write a poem, or all season deciding whether she wants to be a physiotherapist; when a boy can go for a long ride on a motorbike, or settle down to a careful comparative study of the pretty girls he knows, without feeling that he has to make up his mind there and then. It's a lovely time of life—and a terrible time of life to get married!

It's time we looked at our own

THE READER'S DIGEST

actions and admitted that all this growing up too quickly is *our* fault. We have held these young people's hands tightly in our own, urging them on. We must realize, too, that we won't free them from the senseless urgings of the Red Queen until we get her "hurry, hurry, hurry" out of our own lives as well. The children hear and see us daily racing along, never pausing to savour the present, always looking ahead to some future time.

But we *can* let go of the Red Queen's hand. All we have to do is stand perfectly still for a moment

and see the sharp beauty of this day, this hour. Then we can let our courage and our conscience catch up with us. For courage will give any parent the strength to withhold the world's pressures from our children until they are old enough and strong enough to carry them, and conscience will remind us that this kind of protection is the most important part of any parent's job.

Let's begin to insist that the children be children for the very short years of childhood, and put the Red Queen back into her story-book, where she belongs.



Conversation Pieces

J. B. PRIESTLEY, in his book *Margin Released*, discussed his old friend, dramatist J. M. Barrie: "He was an odd companion who created huge silences, tucks into which any remarks prompted by your social conscience fell and vanished like tossed pebbles. I think I got by because I smoked a pipe as large as his, so that we puffed away, companionably, like two engines in a siding."

—Published by Heinemann, London

A CHATTERBOX countess once said to actor Lucien Guitry: "You know, I simply talk the way I think."

"Yes, but more often," Guitry replied.

—Cornelia Otis Skinner, *Elegant Wits and Grand Horizontals* (Michael Joseph, London)

* * *

Lost Week-end

ONE FRIDAY evening in the Pentagon, where U.S. Defence Secretary Robert McNamara is reputed to be a demanding taskmaster, an official glanced at the clock, saw it was 6.30 p.m., pushed his chair back and announced proudly: "Good show! Only two more working days until Monday!"

—C.S.T.



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In Libraries, On Book Shelves: For silverfish, dust on books, shelves and behind book cases.



In The Garden: It's harmless to plants but deadly to garden pests; dust on and under leaves for sure plant protection.



Laughter, the Best Medicine

AN EAST European story concerns a top-level Moscow conference. Soviet premier Alexei Kosygin invites four colleagues to a picnic, each man to pack his own lunch.

As they settle down, Czechoslovakia's Antonin Novotny takes out bread and butter and a hard-boiled egg. Poland's Wladyslaw Gomulka has bread and a few slices of Polish ham. Hungary's Janos Kadar unwraps a chunk of sausage, and Bulgaria's Todor Zhivkov has two tomatoes. The four watch in amazement as Kosygin produces only two slices of bread and a pinch of salt.

Then Zhivkov shakes his head with admiration. "That's the Russians for you—always two years ahead of us."

—R. F. E.

THERE'S a man who must have a telephone number similar to that of a mysterious but obviously irresistible female named Lucia, because he keeps getting calls intended for her at all hours of the day and night. After considerable aggravation, he has worked out a formula that gives him a certain amount of satisfaction. Now, instead of grumpily informing the caller that

he has dialled the wrong number, he says calmly, "I'm sorry, she can't come to the phone now. She's having a bath."

—J. B.

AFTER the junior-school class had visited the local timber-yard in connexion with a social-studies project, they were asked to write thank-you letters to the manager of the timber firm. One little girl who has trouble with her spelling wrote: "Thank you so much for letting us look at all your lovely broads."

—R. M. J.

MY NEIGHBOUR's attractive daughter was summoned for exceeding the speed limit. In court the arresting officer handed the magistrate a piece of paper on which he had scrawled some details. The elderly gentleman glanced at the paper, then glared at the girl accusingly and startled her by saying, "You are charged with *oomph!*"

"Er, excuse me, sir," the police officer interrupted. "That's 60 mph."

—Lucy Lane

PETER USTINOV tells this story of a matinée performance: Latecomers were still straggling in when a lady's voice from the audience began counting loudly, "One . . . two . . . three . . ." The suspense got worse as the counting continued. The other actors and I began to forget our lines in our fascination with the disconcerting performance in the audience. "Six . . . seven . . . eight . . ." There was complete confusion on stage.

At last the lady got to ten. She half rose in her seat, waved towards the back of the house, and chirped, "Yoo-hoo, Penelope, here I am—in the tenth row!"

—Charlie Rice

THE READER'S DIGEST

A now-famous journalist, as a cub reporter on a Welsh paper, uncovered a story that scooped the country. The editor, a wily Welshman with a reputation for not being imprudently open-handed with the paper's money, called him in and patted him on the back. "Well done, Hugh," he said. "It was a fine piece of work. By the way, how much are we paying you?"

This was the moment the young reporter had been waiting for, so he replied quickly, "Thirty shillings a week."

The editor smiled happily. "I'm glad," he said.

—*Woman and Home*

THE OLD clergyman was, without question, the world's worst golfer. One day, on a fairly long, straight hole, he uncorked a towering drive dead to the pin. The ball hit the hard turf and began rolling. As if drawn by a magnet, it continued to roll—over the apron, across the front of the green, on and on towards the flag. Finally, with its last shudder of momentum, it dropped into the hole.

The astounded clergyman turned his eyes towards heaven. "Father, please," he begged, "I'd rather do it myself!"

—Don Grossberg

SEEKING his first job, a young man wrote this question on his application form: "Are the salary increases here automatic or do you have to work to earn them?"

—Quoted in *Dial Tones*

A KINDERGARTEN pupil kept informing his teacher that he was going to get a baby brother. One day his expectant mother permitted him to place

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his hand on her stomach to feel the movements of the unborn child. After that the boy didn't talk about the expected arrival any longer, until one day his teacher enquired, "What happened to that baby brother you were supposed to get?"

The five-year-old's face saddened. "I think Mummy ate him," he replied.

—Dorothy Lakin

"THE BRITISH," claims Bob Hope, "are the most diplomatic people in the world. Who else could smile at you when they serve you that coffee?"

—Earl Wilson, Hall Syndicate

AFTER 15 years of marriage, my husband gathered enough nerve to go into a shop and buy me some panties for my birthday present. I advised him to purchase the more serviceable, plainly tailored type for everyday wear, since they outlast frilly styles. When the saleswoman showed him some lovely lacy ones, he replied firmly, "Oh, no, she just wants *work* pants!"

—Mrs. William McKim

THE OFFICE was agog as the shapely girl wiggled through on her way to the boss's office for an interview for the job as his private secretary. Business came to a standstill when, after the interview, she undulated back the way she had come in.

The assistant rushed to his boss's office and asked, "Well, how did she measure up?"

"38-24-37-68."

"What's the 68 for?" asked the assistant.

"That," sighed the boss, "is her I.Q."

—G. F. C.

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KEEPING FIT: Billy Graham's Personal Crusade

*How the famous evangelist keeps
in top physical condition
for his campaigns*

BY CURTIS MITCHELL

EARLY-RISING Londoners walking through Hyde Park last month might have seen a tall, fair-haired man loping easily along the pathways, flecks of perspiration on his brow. Billy Graham, the evangelist, was keeping himself in physical trim for his British revival campaign.

Graham has lately become a deeper, wiser man. His message is the same, but he dresses it—and himself—more modestly. He has delivered it to record-breaking audiences in all seven continents.

In Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, a single service attracted 200,000 people. When he preached at the Melbourne Cricket Ground, 143,000 came to hear him. In Los Angeles a plaque commemorates the largest gathering ever recorded in California, when

an audience of 154,000 heard his sermon.

The effort of preaching on this scale exacts a tremendous physical toll, and some time ago spasms of sickness began to trouble Billy Graham. He realized that if he were to continue his work, he would have to reinforce his spirit with a body tough enough to withstand the stresses of his crusades.

Friends guided him to one of America's foremost physical educators, Dr. Thomas Cureton, head of the Physical Fitness Research Laboratory of the University of Illinois. Dr. Cureton's examination revealed that Graham suffered from too much tension, too much fat, and that there were other physical danger signals. Cureton recommended exercises to ease the tension. They were the start

Condensed from Popular Science Monthly

of Billy Graham's programme of physical preparation for his crusades.

Dr. Cureton believes that health, nutrition, endurance and well-being all begin with good circulation. Circulating blood must carry oxygen and nutrients to every cell of the body. Whatever reduces this flow reduces well-being.

Our sedentary way of life has done exactly that. In consequence, many a man is middle-aged by the time he is 26 years old, according to observations of blood circulation made by Dr. Hardin Jones at the University of California. At 18, Dr. Jones's subjects showed the high blood flow to active muscles expected in fit young men. At 25, the flow had decreased by 40 per cent and at 35 by 60 *per cent*.

Years ago, Cureton had learnt that energy fails as circulation fails. Using over 100 test measurements, he decided that three basic elements contributed most to the maintenance of vigour: (1) the amount of blood you circulate; (2) the strength of your heart in pumping that blood; (3) the excellence of your peripheral circulation, which is the flow of blood through muscles.

Each person possesses millions of the tiny blood vessels called capillaries; they penetrate every part of your muscular and nervous systems. Think of your heart as the root centre of a great tree. Rising from it like a trunk is the large blood vessel called the aorta, which splits into

branches, lesser branches, and lastly into tiny twigs—capillaries.

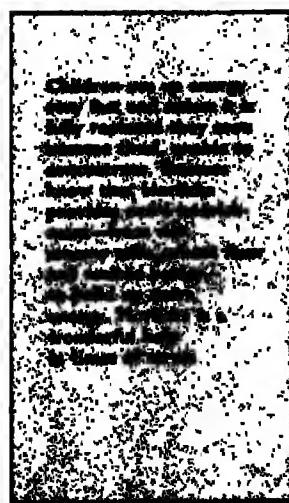
Capillaries open and close, controlled principally by an automatic system of nerves which provides every blood vessel with its own stop-and-go. When you use your body vigorously, those tendrils of nerve tissue cause the capillaries in your muscles to dilate, admitting more blood with its cargo of food and fuel.

If you sit for a greater part of the day, most of the capillaries have less reason to open. Add a few stresses—business difficulties, grief, quarrelling—and tension may become habitual. Somehow, tight nerves must be relaxed. For this purpose physical educators use exercise—which, many authorities agree, not only relaxes tense nerves but can prevent nerve-damaging tension.

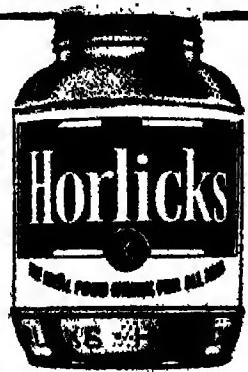
Cureton describes the experiment of Dr. Hans Selye, the world's leading authority on stress. Selye took ten sedentary laboratory rats, stressed them with shocks, blinding lights, ear-splitting noises and pain. Within a month every rat was dead. Using a treadmill Dr. Selye then trained ten more rats, of the same age and breed, until they were conditioned like human distance runners. Then he applied the same stresses. After a month of stress, the conditioned rats were well and thriving! Repeating the experiment, he found that untrained rats died, trained rats lived. The lesson: exercise trains the nerves to resist stress.

Failure stared her in the face!

She had been doing so well. Then, with exams only weeks away, she seemed to lose heart in her work



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The eminent scientist is today a strong advocate of physical fitness.

Few people understand the mechanics of blood circulation. First, the right side of the heart pumps used blood through the lungs, where it soaks up oxygen. The left side of the heart then pumps this fresh blood into the arterial tree and thence to every cranny of the body. In the capillaries (and only there) the blood gives up its load of fuel and food, then trickles on through a system of collecting tubes called venules, the smallest veins. Now it pauses, beyond the reach of the heart's pumping power.

To lift the blood upward towards the heart, nature has provided a

second pump: the leg muscles. Ascending veins, threaded through the leg muscles, are fitted with tiny valves which prevent the blood from flowing downward again. When a leg muscle contracts it automatically squeezes the veins, pushing their blood to higher levels until it is delivered into a big cistern-like vein in the abdomen. Here the blood is two-thirds of the way home, but again it must have help. Now your diaphragm must take over.

Doctors often call the diaphragm the "third heart." Each time you breathe, this large muscle squeezes down, increasing the pressure inside the abdominal cistern and propelling the blood up into your big

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collecting vessels and on to your heart. The cycle is complete.

In his search for ways to physical fitness, Dr. Cureton has tested hundreds of so-called short cuts. "There are none," he says. *There is no substitute for continuous rhythmic exercise.*

He and his associates have tested various forms of recreation. Games are of benefit to the tired spirit, he has found, but most of them leave untouched the deep capillary beds of the large muscles.

What gets the job done?

Cureton offers the same guidelines he gave Billy Graham:

1. Get a good medical examination and *follow your doctor's advice*

on beginning any exercise programme. This is especially important for men over 40, many of whom have some degree of hardening of the arteries. If chest pain or discomfort begins at any stage, stop exercising and consult your doctor.

2. Warm up first for about 15 minutes with bending and stretching exercises, making certain that every large group of muscles is alternately stretched and relaxed. Easy does it.

3. To build endurance, you may walk, jog, swim, row, ski or skate. Note the emphasis on *continuous, vigorous, rhythmic movement*. Begin at a slow pace, then pick up to a faster speed until you are slightly

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THE READER'S DIGEST

out of breath. Slow down and force the breathing—i.e., take large deep breaths and forcefully exhale them. Then repeat, in series, for 30 minutes. After several months you will want to increase the pace.

4. Work hard enough to perspire.

5. Taper off by walking and forcing the breathing, then doing some upside-down rhythmic exercise such as "the bicycle." Finish up by stretching and continuous forced breathing. If possible, add a relaxing swim in cool water. Or take a short hot shower and a much longer, cooler one. Make it a little colder each month. Towel yourself hard.

6. Dr. Cureton generally advises middle-aged subjects doing as much as an hour a day of endurance exercise to increase their vitamin intake, especially vitamins B₁ and C, and to add a daily ration of wheat germ and wheat-germ oil.

Following Cureton's instructions, Billy Graham began to walk a mile every day. He climbed the trails around his mountaintop house, with exercises before and after. Two weeks later he began to increase the speed of the walk, or add another mile. Still later he started jogging part of the way.

"The hardest part," the evangelist told friends, "was getting used to being stared at." But he kept at it.

On New Year's Eve, 1964, Billy Graham went to Urbana, Illinois, to address 7,000 students, members of the Inter-Varsity Christian Fellowship, from all over the world. That morning he went through a full series of tests at the Physical Fitness Lab. His fat was down; less nervous tension; endurance, blood pressure and circulation had improved. Cureton asked him, "How often are you working out?"

"Every day," Graham told him. "I don't miss even on Sunday. All my life I've had to rest in the afternoon, but now I can sail through a day's work without fatigue."

And the next morning—as every morning since—the evangelist slipped out of his room into the early morning light to run a mile or two.

"Your body is like a tree," he reminds his associates. "When the trunk goes, everything goes."

Long ago, the Apostle Paul said much the same thing. "Your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost," he wrote in Corinthians 1. "Therefore, glorify God in your body."



Alter Ego

IDENTICAL middle-aged twin sisters met at a family reunion. One, who makes frequent trips to the hairdresser's to keep her hair its original colour, observed to the other, who lets nature takes its course, "Goodness, I didn't realize how grey I was getting."

—G. K.

CAMP SITE

BY WILLIAM STOKES

IT WAS A quiet evening at the camp site on Trout Lake. The sun was drifting heavily towards the line of pines on the other side of the lake . . .

Then over the tents there came the wild shriek of a wounded child. The screams bounced off the canvas, bringing mothers' heads up for a quick count. It was only a stubbed toe, and the screams were replaced with the boom of a father's voice yelling at his daughter to get out of the boat before she trod on the fishing rods.

Smoke from assorted cuts of meat mingled with the odour of mosquito repellent, wet towels and rancid butter. Two small boys sprinted on their vocal cords down the middle of the tents, carrying a medium-size snapping turtle which clung to the end of a stick. A frog on the edge of the lake croaked once, and then listened to a tirade from a frustrated father who was trying to pound tent pegs into solid rock and watch half a dozen swimming kids at the same time.

A portly woman stalked out on to the landing-stage and sent a blood-curdling shout across the water for

"Louie!" who was supposed to have finished fishing an hour ago.

Darkness moved in and there was the sound of paraffin lamps being pumped, and a smell of burning rubbish.

Inside a tent a feminine voice said, "Don't put those dirty feet in that sleeping-bag!"

A childish tenor replied, "But Mum, how can I get in without my feet?"

A man stumbled over a tent rope, and mothers talked loudly to their children so that they wouldn't hear his vivid comments.

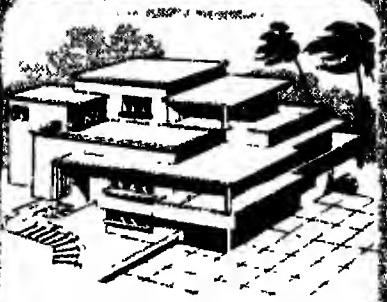
A hush descended, but it lasted only until a little girl found the grass snake which her brother had put into her sleeping-bag.

There was another lull, and an owl saw its chance. A "who-who" came across the bay, and inside a tent a weary father answered, "A bunch of idiots, that's who!"

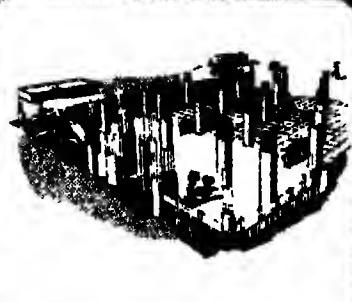
But later, he and his wife sat by the camp fire while the kids dreamed of the fun tomorrow. Then the father thought it over and he answered the owl again. "We are contented campers, that's who we are."

Condensed from Wisconsin State Journal

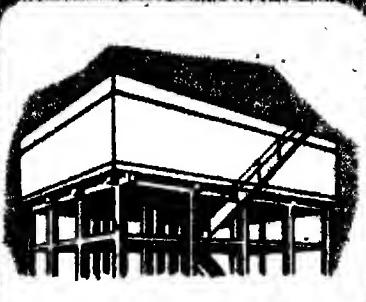
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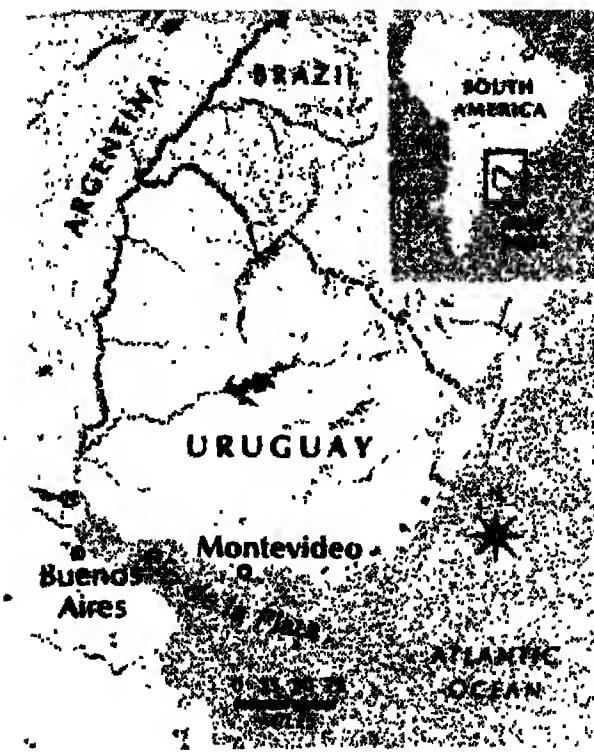
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Uruguay: Utopia Run Wild

By JOHN GUNTHER

Once a South American showcase, this country has pursued its social-security ideals to the very brink of bankruptcy

IN URUGUAY, a small agrarian country wedged between Brazil and the Argentine, there is a joke that only two things could cause a revolution: persistent defeat in soccer or tinkering with the welfare state. The first seems pleasantly unlikely—Uruguay has twice won both the world professional *fútbol* championship and the Olympic soccer gold medal. But today the second possibility is no longer a laughing matter. Uruguay in 1966 is a country in economic crisis. It is a classic case study of a welfare state run wild.

Uruguay is the smallest country

in South America, but it would seem to be blessed with fabulous advantages. The countryside, rolling gently towards the Atlantic Ocean, produces wheat, meat and wool. Uruguay has no population explosion, no large undeveloped areas; a temperate climate, the highest literacy rate (91 per cent) and the best public-health record in the continent.

It also has a strong middle class, with no pronounced extremes between rich and poor, an emancipated, liberal-minded and progressive population, and a tradition of political democracy and stability.

THE READER'S DIGEST

Yet Uruguay faces grave troubles today. Its idealism has got it into such a mess that it is the nearest to bankruptcy of any South American country.

Why has Uruguay fallen into its present condition of muddle, stalemate, and abuse of its own institutions? Why can't it make ends meet?

The essence of Uruguay lies in one fundamental concept—fear of the loss of freedom. This is why political leadership has deliberately been made diffuse (the country has nine presidents), and why the entire social structure of the state has been bent towards the protection of the individual. History plays a large role in this obsession. After Uruguay became independent in 1828, two political parties rose, the Blancos (whites) and Colorados (reds). The Whites came to represent the original Spanish stock and rural and commercial interests; the Reds were more radical. (Today, Blancos and Colorados are still the only significant political parties. What makes a man join either is usually not conviction but inheritance—the affiliation of his grandfather or father.)

The Colorados held power uninterrupted from 1865 to 1958—an unprecedented 93 years, during which the country became a going concern. This was due largely to the reforming zeal of José Batlle (pronounced Bajé) y Ordóñez, a prodigious figure without parallel in the history of South America.

Batlle was president of Uruguay twice, from 1903 to 1907 and again from 1911 to 1915. His influence lasted long after his second presidency, and he continued to dominate the country until his death in 1929. He was the father of both Uruguay's weird political system and the welfare state.

Batlle's thinking was far ahead of his time. He believed in justice, democratic methods and reform, and he felt that fair and free social development would eliminate the class struggle far more effectively than Marxism. His life's objective was to make a paternalistic state wherein everyone would be employed in his productive years and supported by the state thereafter.

And for a time Batlle's ideas worked. Uruguay became not merely the best run and most stable but also the most prosperous country in the continent. It was the most civilized as well: Uruguay abolished the death penalty long ago. It was the first country in South America to legalize divorce, the first to grant status to illegitimate children, the first to introduce female suffrage, and the first to make voting obligatory.

But Uruguay's social-security system, probably the most comprehensive in the world, has gradually come a cropper. Self-defeating in some respects, it is today so badly administered by a top-heavy bureaucracy (there are at least 250,000 civil servants) that it has become an

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THE READER'S DIGEST

acutely controversial subject. Confusion and delay attend the system. Some government departments work only half a day in summer so that employees can spend the afternoons on the beaches. Many payments are far in arrears, and it may take ten years—literally—for a person's papers to be processed. In effect, social security has become social insecurity.

Benefits now available include family allowances, workmen's compensation, unemployment insurance, free compulsory education, low-cost housing and startlingly high disability and old-age pensions.

Pensions, in particular, have got out of hand. Uruguay has a labour force of about a million (out of a total population of about 2,556,000), which has to support some 340,000 pensioners. A man is eligible for a pension of *full pay for life* after 30 years' service. In general this means that retirement is possible at 55, but it comes earlier in many cases. A woman retires on full pay for life at 47 (or after 25 years' service, whichever comes sooner) if she is childless; a woman, with a child, who has worked for ten years is eligible for retirement on one-third of her pay for life at *age 28*.

Moreover, pension rates are supposed to be adjusted upwards to correspond with living costs. Thus a person on a pension may well get more income than when he worked for a salary, because no social security has to be deducted on pension

income. Furthermore—a nice last straw—there are various social-security organizations, and in certain circumstances a person may leave his job, accept a pension, and then find another job covered by a different pension fund, so that he gets both pension and salary! And it is quite possible to become eligible for two pensions. This is the welfare state drifting on to the rocks.

This fantastic system is paid for by pay deductions from employee and employer. Actually, the employer may find himself paying out as much as 80 per cent of his total wage bill in addition to wages because of enforced contributions—pensions, unemployment insurance, medical benefits, etc.

The upshot of all this is that Uruguay, once proudly called "the Denmark of Latin America," is on the brink of disaster. The *peso* has had to be devalued three times in the past two years; inflation is eating up the middle class; unemployment is on the rise; the poor cannot live on their crops or wages; and the foreign debt has reached Rs. 375 crores, an astronomical sum for a state so small.

Meanwhile, there have been serious strikes. The bank workers recently went on strike, demanding a 48-per-cent wage increase, and 100,000 workers in other fields joined them. The government had to institute security measures—suspending certain constitutional guarantees for a few weeks—before a



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THE READER'S DIGEST

compromise was reached. Last November 130,000 civil servants, demanding a 60-per-cent rise, went on strike (they settled for 30 per cent). Such demands may seem excessive, but one must keep in mind how inflation has cut the value of the currency. A schoolteacher gets at present about 4,000 pesos a month; this was worth about Rs. 1,538 two years ago but only Rs. 510 today. And the cost of living rose by 85 per cent in 1965.

Social security alone did not bring Uruguay to near-bankruptcy. All manner of other factors entered the picture. The collapse of the economy was speeded up by a steadily increasing trade deficit, decline in the earnings from wool, a wasteful attempt at industrialization, technological backwardness, and a hopelessly archaic tax system. Even today there is no income tax for anybody earning less than Rs. 10,500 a year, which means 97 per cent of the population.

The Uruguayan passion for divided control and the diffusion of authority, which may well turn out to be the curse of the country, is exemplified by its plural presidency. The system is another legacy of Batlle, an attempt to curtail irresponsible personal rule.

This is how the system works. Voters elect a nine-man presidential council for a four-year term. Six represent the majority party, three the opposition. There is no single chief of state—the presidency is vested in the council, with the four

most prominent members of the majority serving as chairman in turn, for a year at a time. That three of the nine "presidents" must be members of the opposition seems, and is, ridiculous.

Chairman of the National Council and thus, for purposes of protocol, president of the Republic when I visited the capital, Montevideo, in 1965 was a 51-year-old publisher-lawyer named Washington Beltrán. A lot of things were worrying Dr. Beltrán, and no wonder. He faced harassing problems. Workers wanted higher wages; industrialists wanted bigger income; but nobody wanted to do any work. People thought more of their rights than their obligations. The country's vast web of social legislation redistributed wealth, but did not create it. Nobody had the vision to see that what Uruguay needed was production. Dr. Beltrán said, "We are in a state of crisis—one created solely by our own institutions."

Despite all this, Uruguay is a thoroughly attractive country, and Montevideo, with its glorious beaches, fashionable casinos and good hotels, is considered by many to be the best of all South American capitals to live in. The curse of most American republics—danger of political intervention by the army—is almost non-existent here. The country has genuine devotion to democratic ideals, and 1966 will probably turn out to be a much better, more stable year than 1965.

TWO-BOOK SUPPLEMENT

SAHIB DOCTOR

The remarkable achievements
of the "Healing Surgeon
of Vellore" among
the victims of leprosy
in southern India

by Dorothy Clarke Wilson

page 154

THE SNOW GOOSE

Paul Gallico's classic story
of a wild bird caught up
in the toils of war

page 191

TWO-BOOK SUPPLEMENT

Sahib Doctor

The Healing Surgeon of Vellore



from "Ten Fingers for God" by
DOROTHY CLARKE WILSON

For hundreds of years there has been one disease so crippling and destructive that its name alone can strike terror to the heart. Dr. Paul Brand, C.B.E., is the first orthopaedic surgeon to make a concentrated attack on this disfiguring affliction. In her book "Ten Fingers for God," Dorothy Clarke Wilson has written with persuasive warmth and sympathy about his dedicated and inspired work at the Vellore Christian Medical College and New Life Centre. It is a story of personal faith, medical detection and startling discoveries that have restored hope to an estimated ten million victims of leprosy

IT HAD BEEN a routine day for Dr. Paul Brand. He had finished teaching his classes, and was making his final rounds at the Christian Medical College and Hospital in Vellore, when suddenly he was called aside by his chief.

"Why don't you come over to Chingleput and have dinner with me?" Dr. Robert Cochrane, the head of the institution, asked disarmingly.

Brand was surprised, for Cochrane was a blunt, dynamic man who rarely indulged in social amenities. But the young surgeon accepted the

invitation, and early that evening in 1947 he arrived at Chingleput, a few miles south of Madras. From that moment on, the entire course of his life was changed.

Cochrane greeted him eagerly. "I thought you might like to have a look round the hospital here," he suggested. "I know you haven't seen many cases of leprosy."

It was true; regulations barred leprosy patients from general hospitals, and Brand's work as an orthopaedic surgeon did not permit him to visit the isolated clinics and roadside dispensaries where doctors in Vellore treated the disease. So he

was totally unprepared for what he saw.

The sanatorium buildings and grounds were immaculate, and Brand quickly noted that the patients had created their own special world. They managed their own shops, grew their food, wove cloth for their bandages, and even bound their own textbooks. Cochrane explained that the hospital was able to afford very little of the new sulphone drugs which had been developed to treat the disease. Instead, most of the patients received chaulmoogra oil, and they gave themselves 100,000 injections every year.

"I like the approach," Brand said, in genuine admiration. "It's wholesome and human—not at all the way I imagined a leper asylum would be."

Cochrane turned to face his guest. "This is a hospital," he said sternly, "not an asylum. And we never say leper."

Brand began to observe the patients more closely. Many had no distinctive marks except a patch of whitish skin, or a small area of baldness. But others were a living testimony to the horrors of the disease. They stumped awkwardly on bandaged feet, or lifted ravaged faces with blind eyes and features so misshapen that their friendly smiles became grotesque leers.

Brand's first shock swiftly gave way to concern and professional curiosity. Occasionally, Cochrane pointed out some skin condition

which interested him, as a leprologist. But Brand found his attention wandering to the victims' hands. As a surgeon, he had come to love human hands as among the most useful and exquisite tools God had devised. But these hands were more like claws. The fingers were stiffly flexed, unable to close. Some were shortened, and others were mere stumps.

Brand could stand it no longer. "What's the matter with these hands?" he asked Cochrane. "How do they get like this?"

The older doctor shook his head. "I don't know, Paul," he said.

Brand was startled by the answer. Cochrane was one of the world's foremost authorities on leprosy; it seemed impossible that he did not know the answer. But what Cochrane said next was downright astonishing.

"There are more than ten million leprosy patients in the world, and a good percentage of them have diseased hands. Now, I'm a skin man, Paul, and I can tell you how to treat these skin patches. But *not one* orthopaedic surgeon has ever really studied the deformities of leprosy!"

Brand said nothing, and the two men walked on in silence for some time.

Then abruptly Brand stopped, his attention caught by the sight of a young man who was seated on the ground, trying to take off his sandals. Holding the leather strap between his thumb and his palm, the

youth failed time and again to open the buckle.

"Muscular paralysis," said Cochrane, "and nerve damage. When leprosy reaches this stage there is no feeling in the hands or feet."

Brand moved towards the young man. "Please," he asked, "may I look at your hands?"

Smiling, the patient rose, and after a brief examination Brand prised back the stiff fingers of one hand, and placed his own hand on the open palm. "Now squeeze," he directed. "Press as hard as you can."

Suddenly Brand winced in pain. The young man's grip was like iron! "That hand isn't paralysed," he told Cochrane. "It still has some mighty good muscles."

As they walked back to Cochrane's bungalow, Brand began firing questions. Why did the fingers and toes of leprosy patients waste away? Was paralysis in the disease haphazard, or did there seem to be a pattern? Was there a chance that surgery might be effective in making a claw-hand usable?

Cochrane's reply to all these questions was an outright challenge: "You tell me."

A Major Discovery

It was not the first challenge Brand had received from Cochrane. The two men had met in London only a few months before, and in one whirlwind interview the older doctor had virtually bullied Brand into coming to India.



Dr. Paul Brand

Cochrane's primary job—the work to which he had given almost a lifetime of service—was running the Lady Willingdon Leprosy Sanatorium in Chingleput. But he had stepped in during a crisis, to head a redevelopment scheme for the Christian Medical College in Vellore.

Cochrane had sought out Brand because of the young surgeon's unique background. His parents had been Baptist missionaries in India for years, and Paul himself had been born in a mission outpost in the Mountains of Death, a remote range of hills where malaria was common.

When he was nine, Paul and his younger sister, Connie, had been taken to England to live with relatives, and in the following years

THE READER'S DIGEST

Brand had received an excellent religious and medical education.

His mother had remained, running the mission even after his father died of blackwater fever. It was she who told Cochrane that Paul had recently been made a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Cochrane wasted no words when he met the young surgeon. He explained the crisis at the Christian Medical College: the Government had established a new set of medical standards; buildings had to be erected and at least 12 new teaching doctors were needed.

Brand had started to list all the reasons why he could not leave London. First, the ink was barely dry on his surgical diplomas; he simply did not have enough experience to teach.

"Let me be the judge of that!" snapped Cochrane.

Paul then explained that he was married. His wife, Margaret, was expecting their second child.

"Lovely place, Vellore," Cochrane replied, "for women *and* children."

And so it went. He brushed aside every objection, and at last Brand gave in.

At the age of 34, he returned and joined the staff of the Christian Medical College. Several months later, Margaret, who was herself a doctor, joined him with their three-year-old son, Christopher, and the new baby, Jean. All

had quickly adapted themselves to their new life, and, despite a grueling schedule, Brand had come to love every moment of his work at the college. Thus, when he left Chingleput that night to return to Vellore, he had no sense of embarking on a crusade. He simply wanted to know the answers to the questions he had raised.

Teaching and operating, often for as long as 12 hours a day, Brand had little time for research. But at night and week-ends, he began a careful survey of the medical library. He discovered that Cochrane was right; there was no definitive work by an orthopaedic surgeon on leprosy. Nor could Brand find much under pathology about the actual nature of the disease in relation to the deformities it caused. Furthermore, there were no reliable data to show whether the paralysis followed a certain course. The next step was obvious: Brand requested bed space for a few patients so that he could study the disease. But the hospital board turned him down.

"If we admit leprosy patients," said one authority, "the other patients will run away." Besides, others argued, this was a teaching hospital, and every available bed was needed for the training programme.

But there were other ways to study the disease. Vellore is cursed with one of the world's highest incidences of leprosy, and Brand began to make regular visits to the dispensaries where the disease was treated.

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He gathered a small team of interested helpers, and they soon developed an assembly-line technique of examination. First came tests for sensation with a pin, then a feather; next, the measurement of the movement in fingers and feet; then careful studies to see which muscles were paralysed, which nerves had thickened and died.

In all, Brand examined some 2,000 patients in Vellore and Chingleput, and slowly his excitement mounted. For over the months a striking phenomenon became apparent: the paralysis *did* follow a precise pattern! The order in which the muscles atrophied was the same, and, more important, the same muscles always remained healthy. It was a major breakthrough, which offered real hope for surgical treatment.

A Medical Reincarnation

IT WAS perhaps a year after his visit to Chingleput when Paul Brand decided that he was ready for the great experiment.

"If you will send me a patient whose hands could not possibly be made worse," he said to Dr. Cochrane, "I'd like to see what can be done with them."

The patient Dr. Cochrane sent him was a young Hindu named Krishnamurthy, who displayed all the worst hand-and-foot disabilities of leprosy. On the soles of both feet, there were huge, ill-smelling ulcers, so deeply infected that the bones lay exposed. The hands were wasted

and useless, with fingers curled into the claw position.

But far more disheartening than these outward horrors was the hopeless despair one could sense in the inner man. Krishnamurthy had come of a good family and been well educated. He could speak several languages and had once held responsible positions. But when the tell-tale patches appeared, his family had turned him away, nobody would employ him, and slowly his mind had numbed along with his hands and feet.

"Would you be willing to let me do some operations?" Paul Brand asked.

The man shrugged. Listlessly, almost contemptuously, he extended his claws. "Do what you wish with them," he said. "They are no good to me."

So began long weeks of preparation. Brand knew it was the intrinsic muscles of the hand, controlled by the ulnar nerve, whose paralysis caused the claw-like deformity. But there were also good muscles available. Why not take one of them that could be spared, and substitute it for the paralysed intrinsics? This type of surgery was often used to correct similar disabilities from polio and other paralysing diseases.

He began by operating on only two fingers, making an incision on each side of each digit. Freeing a good unparalysed tendon, he split it into two parts and retunneled it to the fingers, to substitute for the

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paralysed muscle. He tested its tension again and again, sutured the wounds, applied dressings and a light plaster splint. Then there was nothing to do but wait and pray.

The two fingers healed well, but Paul would not allow himself or his assistants any premature hope of success. It would take more operations, on the other two fingers, then the thumb, followed by a long period of intense physiotherapy, before success or failure could be assured.

But as the weeks and months passed, the team could not control its jubilation. Slowly, step by step, Brand watched the claw begin to turn once again into a human hand. Sometimes progress from day to day was barely discernible.

Even when the success of surgery was assured, the therapy was a slow process of reconditioning long-unused joints, and re-educating brain impulses to cause muscles that formerly bent the fingers to act on the opposite side of the hand to straighten them.

Then suddenly the miracle was achieved. The hand opened and closed with almost normal action, grasping objects of different sizes and shapes to improve its dexterity—blocks of wood, rubber balls, small bottles, pencils. "*Look!*" Krishnamurthy cried triumphantly one day. He arched his first three fingers, scooped up a big ball of rice and curry from his dish, held it there with the aid of the opposing

1966

thumb, and popped it into his mouth.

The re-creation of the man was even more satisfying than the successful operations. Krishnamurthy began to laugh again, to enjoy reading books, and to sharpen his keen wit in sparring with doctors and nurses. After about a year, he was discharged from hospital, equipped for his new life with two useful hands, two healed feet and an abundance of hope and courage.

The New Life Centre

Two months later, the young Hindu returned to the hospital, looking terribly thin and emaciated. He tried to smile when he saw Brand, but there was no laughter in his eyes. He held out his hands.

"These are not good hands you have given me, Sahib doctor," he said.

Paul made a quick examination. The hands seemed normal; there was no visible sign of deterioration. "They look good to me," he said cautiously. "What do you mean?"

"They are bad *begging* hands," said the young man.

Because he still bore the marks of leprosy, he explained, nobody would employ him or even give him a place to live. Before, seeing his useless hands, people had taken pity and thrown him coins. But now that his hands were whole, they had no pity.

The young man was admitted to the hospital. (Brand had now been



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granted two beds for leprosy patients.) Rested and well-fed, he was soon restored to health. Before contracting leprosy he had learnt to type, and Paul felt it would be a challenge for the man to try developing the skill again. The Hindu set to work, and soon he began to earn money by doing typing jobs for patients who could afford his services.

But Brand realized that this did not solve the larger problem. Presently another patient, returning for his check-up, made the same startling indictment.

"Sahib doctor, do you know how much you have harmed me?"

"Harmed you!"

This patient, too, had been unable to find a job with his new hands, and when he went back to begging he had received fewer and fewer coins.

"What shall I do, Sahib doctor?" he asked.

The question struck at the very heart of Brand's purpose. Was he merely creating beggars with less ability for begging? The answer, of course, was obvious. These patients should be taught new means of livelihood, trades which they could pursue without depending on employment by others. But how? There must be a place for them to live while learning a trade and skilled instructors to teach them.

All this would take money, and there was no money. True, friends

in England had sent contributions that had financed the early expenses of the research team. But these funds did not begin to cover the increasing demands of research and surgery. One morning Paul discussed the problem with a sympathetic patient, "Mother" Eaton.

Mother Eaton was an American missionary who had spent many of her 84 years in India. Recently, she had come to Vellore seeking help for a severe and incurable rheumatoid arthritis. Unfortunately, little could be done for her except the slight relief afforded by a few pills and injections. But she was not one to be hardened or embittered by pain.

"I have a little money in the bank, about £500," she told Brand. "I haven't much longer to live, and I want you to take it and use it."

Those words were the beginning of Nava Jeeva Nilayam, a New Life Centre for the rehabilitation of leprosy patients.

At first Brand had some difficulty in getting approval for the project. Even Dr. Cochrane was not in favour of immediate action. "A sanatorium is being built just for this purpose by the Mission to Lepers* and the American Leprosy Missions," he told Paul. "Why not wait for that?"

But Brand did not want to wait. Two years had passed since plans for the sanatorium had been drawn up and its site chosen, but the barren stretch of ground was still empty of

* Currently, The Leprosy Mission.

human life. Besides, what Paul wanted was not a streamlined institution but a small community, simple and intimate, like those most of his patients had come from and would go home to. And he knew just where he wanted to build it—a spot in a remote corner of the college grounds.

There was real opposition now. Some of the senior doctors disapproved of having leprosy patients in the grounds with medical students, and Brand won permission only by agreeing that a barbed-wire fence should enclose the new settlement. All the patients must be non-infective, he was warned, and none would be allowed to cross the fence.

(Significantly, in the years that followed, it was to be the students who broke down these barriers of prejudice, first crossing the fence to visit the patients, to share entertainments and religious services, and eventually eliminating the fence entirely.)

Brand yielded to these conditions, and the project quickly took shape—a small cluster of neat mud-walled buildings, white-washed and topped with grass-thatched roofs. For some years in England, Paul had worked as a builder, and now the experience proved invaluable. He drew plans and supervised construction of the huts and the training shop, which was well supplied with tools.



1966 SAHIB DOCTOR: THE HEALING SURGEON OF VELLORE

Friends and colleagues who admired the young surgeon's work joined in and helped. Soon the paths were bordered with flaming poinsettias, and blue morning glories clambered up the walls of the huts and over the thatch.

When the little village was complete, Brand chose the first inhabitants: six boys, in their teens and younger. This group quickly grew to ten and then 12, and Paul spent every minute he could spare with them.

He showed them how to use the carpenter's tools, then taught them to make toy animals, trains, cars, jigsaw puzzles. Under his careful supervision the toys were well

made and beautifully finished, and they slowly found a market. At first all were sterilized—and so advertised—even though this was an unnecessary precaution, since leprosy can be spread only by personal contact. But, as time went on and more people became willing to buy, the very act of purchasing the products helped to break down prejudice.

The boys also learned farming skills. Vegetable gardens and fruit trees were planted to help supply food to the colony, which continued to grow. High caste and low, wealthy and poor, university men and illiterates—all learned to live harmoniously together. The first groups included an engineer, a

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chartered accountant, and a former Brahman turned Christian, as well as uneducated villagers. All took turns in doing the menial tasks of cleaning the compound, drawing water, and sanitation duty, and thus the New Life Centre became an adventure in living as well as rehabilitation.

A Family Affair

As PAUL became more absorbed in his new work, Margaret Brand wrestled with a problem that confronts many missionary wives. How could she best combine two demanding careers: mother and doctor?

Fair, blue-eyed, the daughter of a doctor who had served as a health officer in South Africa, Margaret had liked Paul from the moment they met during their first term as medical students in London. Interested in missionary work, she had enjoyed the stories Brand told about his mother, who still taught and preached near the Mountains of Death. Paul, in turn, was impressed by her scholastic brilliance. He was second in his class that term, Margaret was first.

After their marriage and the move to India, Paul had insisted that his young wife take her time about deciding what professional work she would do. Margaret agreed, but in addition to house-keeping, caring for Jean and Christopher (who took to roaming and climbing trees like the errant monkeys which sometimes invaded the

college grounds), she still managed to put in some time at the paediatric department of the hospital. For the first two summers, Paul demanded that she get away from the unbearable heat of Vellore, and he sent her and the children to the resort village of Kotagiri, in the lush Nilgiri hills south-west of Madras. There Margaret worked part time in a medical mission station.

Towards the end of the second summer Margaret decided that she could begin regular work at the hospital when she returned to Vellore. But when Paul wrote that the college authorities were anxious to know what department she preferred, she found that she could not make up her mind. There was one speciality, however, which she did *not* want to practise. At Kotagiri she had witnessed a number of eye operations, and she was sure she could never master the delicate techniques this surgery required.

"It doesn't matter which department they put me in," she wrote to Paul, "*as long as it isn't in eyes.*"

Shortly afterwards she received a brief note from the principal of the college: "We are very short of help at Schell, and we would be glad if you could spend a few hours each day out there." Margaret was shocked; Schell was the name of the hospital's eye department! But when she protested that she knew hardly anything about ophthalmology, the principal sent back a serene and prophetic reply:

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"No matter, dear. You will learn."

Learn she did—and quickly. There was a sudden epidemic of conjunctivitis around Vellore, and Margaret soon found herself seated in Schell's outpatient clinic, where more than 200 patients were waiting to be examined and treated. To her amazement, she enjoyed the challenge, and with the expert help of Dr. Victor Rambo, head of the department, her skill in diagnosis and surgery developed swiftly.

Soon she was attached to a team of doctors, nurses and technicians that journeyed to roadside eye clinics which Dr. Rambo had established in a number of near-by villages. There she saw the living evidence of India's appalling rate of eye disease. Cataracts alone, it was estimated, accounted for more than half a million blind people. Crowds would gather whenever the team arrived, and during these visits as many as 100 operations were performed in one day. As Margaret's confidence increased, the work—especially the wonder of giving sight to hundreds of blind children—became an inexpressible joy.

The Mystery of the Missing Fingers

THE NEW Life Centre continued to grow, and it soon became a living laboratory for Brand's research. Now he could observe his patients day by day, study their reconstructed hands and develop new

surgical techniques. More important, he could begin a systematic search for an answer to the one question that haunted him above all others: why did the fingers and toes of leprosy patients waste away?

In this relentless, disfiguring process, the members seemed to shorten bit by bit, until they were little more than stumps, or had disappeared completely. Many cases, of course, could be traced to infection or accidents but, apart from these obvious exceptions, most specialists believed that the shortening process was a direct result of the disease itself.

Brand was not convinced of this. In fact, his own investigations seemed to contradict the theory. During one of his first visits to Chingleput, for example, he had examined a "negative" patient—a man who had been completely free of infection for seven years—who insisted that his fingers were continuing to shrink.

"How long were your fingers when you became negative?" Brand asked. The man was intelligent and his memory good. "I had lost about half an inch of this one, and three-quarters of an inch of that one," he replied. Now each of his fingers was about an inch long.

"Can you remember anything that has happened since then?" Brand asked. The patient recalled several accidents, little burns and bruises—nothing very important.

Brand went to Harry Paul, the superintendent of Chingleput and a

leading leprologist. "This man's fingers have been shortening for five years, and yet he has been negative for seven," he said. "How can that be leprosy?"

The superintendent had no answer, so Brand began examining the tissues of wasting fingers, taking tiny specimens and asking for a thorough analysis from Dr. Edward Gault, head of the college's pathology department. In every instance, Dr. Gault reported that the tissues appeared normal. There was scar tissue in some, but not a sign of leprosy in any of them!

So the mystery remained until one day, at the New Life Centre, Brand made a startling observation.

He was trying to open the door of a storeroom, but the padlock was rusty and the key would not turn. One of the patients, a boy about ten years of age, came by and reached for the key.

"Let me try, Sahib doctor." The boy closed his thumb and forefinger about the tiny handle of the key, and with one quick movement of his hand he turned it in the lock.

"There you are!" he cried, looking up with an impish grin.

But Brand's eyes narrowed with sudden interest. A drop of blood had fallen to the floor. "Let me see your hand," he demanded.

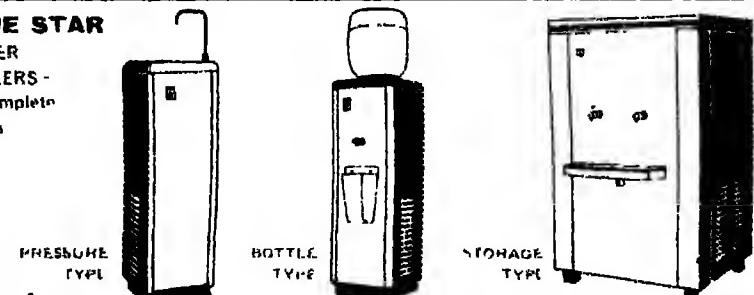
Examining the boy's fingers, he found that the key had torn the

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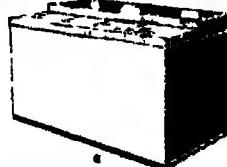
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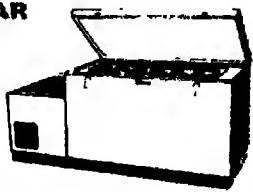
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skin so deeply that the bone was showing at the bottom of the wound. Of course the boy had been completely unaware of this because he had no feeling in his hand. Without the warning signals of pain to stop him he had seriously damaged his finger.

This incident marked the beginning of a new phase in Paul's thinking. The fact that many leprosy patients had no feeling in their hands meant that their fingers were constantly subject to injury from bruises, cuts, lacerations and burns. Couldn't the cumulative effect of these injuries to skin and bone literally wear away the fingers? He suspected that this was the answer.

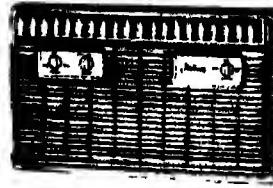
Now every evening after his work at the hospital Paul stopped at the New Life Centre to visit the workshop.

"Go on with your work," he urged the patients. "Just forget I'm here."

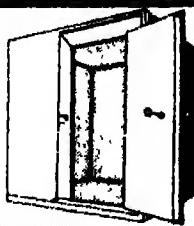
For an hour or two he would sit watching—not their work, not their tools—only their hands. When the shop closed he would ask them to put up their hands in a row, and he would inspect every finger. So well did he get to know them that every scar was familiar, every tiny twist, every limitation in movement. The fingers were photographed and examined; they were outlined regularly on a piece of paper, which was

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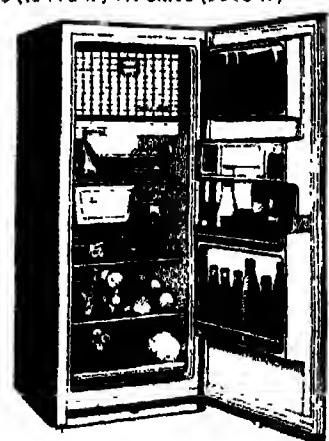
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SAHIB DOCTOR: THE HEALING SURGEON OF VELLORE

dated and placed on file, so that if a finger lost even an eighth of an inch it could be spotted.

Week after week, month after month, this work continued, and slowly the evidence supporting Brand's theory grew. Scarcely a change took place in any finger that could not be traced to some cause—an abrasive tool, an over-exertion of pressure, splinters, tacks, etc.—which had nothing to do with the disease.

Detective Game

DURING this period of watching, testing and experimenting, which lasted nearly two years, Brand's training in building assumed tremendous importance. With each discovery of the cause behind an injury, he would devise methods to improve safety and efficiency at work. Timing the patients, he would note how many nails they could hammer in, say, five minutes. He knew that most of their clumsiness—and they were terribly clumsy—came from their inability to feel. For example, when they picked up a nail they could never be sure without looking whether it was facing the right way, and it took longer to pick up a nail than to drive it in. So Brand suggested that they try holding the nails in pliers.

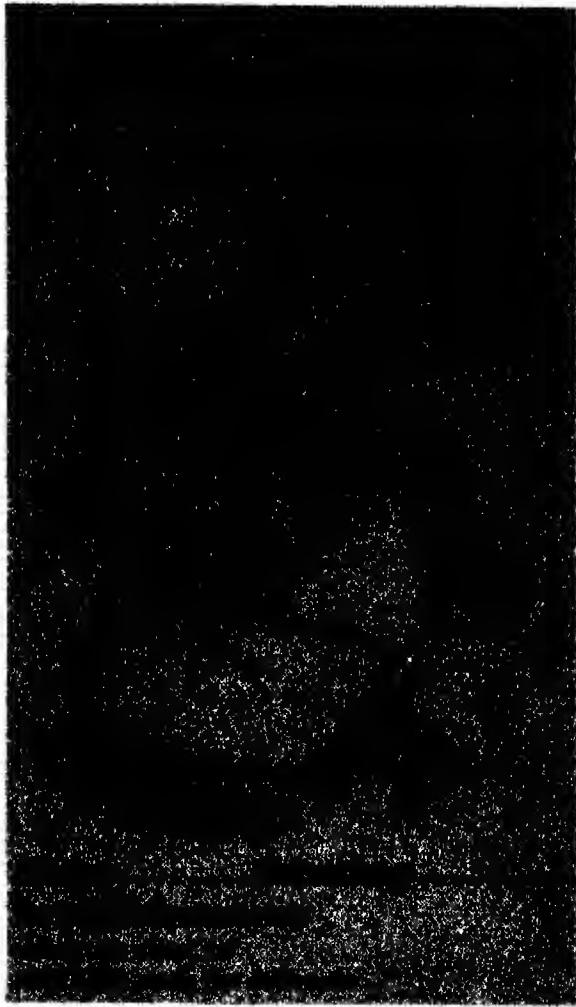
It worked amazingly well. Work speeded up, and the pliers helped keep the patients from pounding their fingers unwittingly. Brand then made a little box with sloping

sides and a slit along the bottom that was suspended above a workbench. Nails thrown into this box automatically hung down through the slit in the correct position for grasping with the pliers. All the tools were fitted with large, round, smooth handles. Files were set in blocks to protect hands from pressure, and dangerous tools, such as planes, were all fitted with big handles and second, auxiliary knobs.

Brand also saw the need of adapting surgery of the hands to the kind of work they were going to do. He changed his standard operation for patients who would be carpentering. The new technique, instead of concentrating force on the fingertips, tended to distribute the pressure evenly throughout the hand.

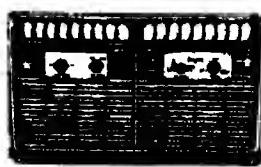
But the major goal of research remained the same: to account for each blister, scratch, callus and burn. Daily meetings were held between patients and staff, and every new injury was thoroughly discussed. Usually the cause was obvious, but there were times when Brand began to fear that his theory was in jeopardy.

It was not too difficult to trace each wound on the patients' palms but, when some of the boys kept turning up with blisters on their first three knuckles, Brand's team was stumped. They kept a close watch on the boys at the workbenches, at meals and play, but no matter how often they checked, no one could explain the blisters.



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Then someone discovered that the new wounds were first noticed only at morning inspection. They must be appearing at night. By now the patients were as intrigued as Brand, and they played a kind of detective game in deadly earnest, studying the evidence and searching for clues. And it was a patient who tracked down the criminal.

At that time there was no electricity in the Centre; the boys used hurricane lanterns with glass globes. Always taught to guard against fire, they would light the lamps carefully. When they went to bed they would place the lamps beside their mats, lie down and then reach out to turn off the light. But in twisting the little knobs under the globes, there was a tendency for three knuckles to rub against the hot glass. Since it was dark immediately afterwards, no one saw the blisters until morning. At once Brand fitted the knobs with protective wooden blocks, and the blisters never returned.

One of the worst moments of doubt Brand ever experienced occurred one morning when a boy came to him with nearly a third of an index finger missing. Paul looked from the raw stump to the young patient's tearful eyes.

"What happened, son?"

"I don't know, Sahib doctor. It was there yesterday. You measured it last night."

Brand went into the room where the boy had slept and searched the

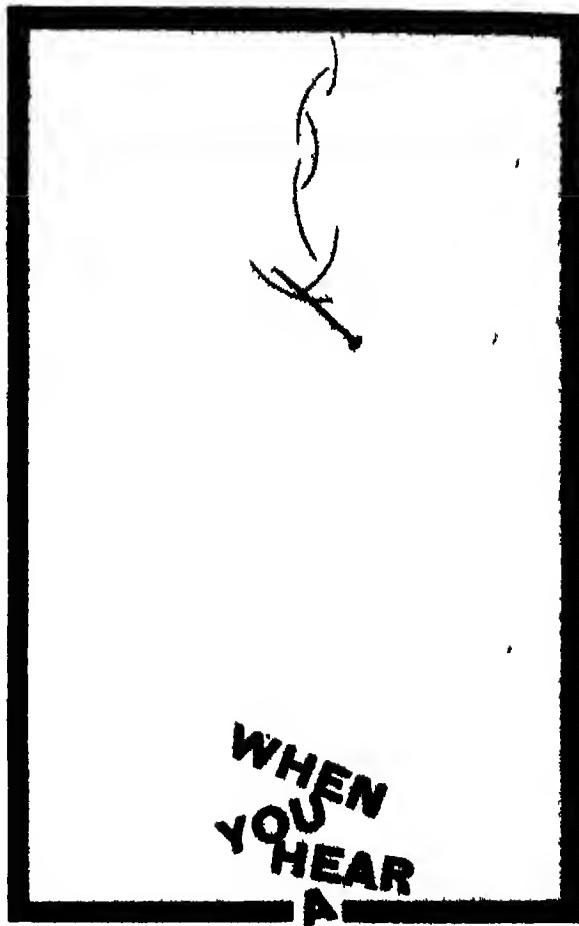
floor round his mat. There were a few spots of blood, but not even a scrap of flesh. Were the popular theories right, after all? Was there something about the disease that simply caused fingers and toes to drop off? But if so, the missing piece must have gone somewhere.

They searched again, more carefully, and this time in the dust of the earth floor leading away from the blood spots they noticed a few little footmarks. Rats! Not feeling any pain, the boy had slept on, completely unaware that a rodent was chewing his finger. This danger was also easily corrected. Thereafter cats were introduced into the compound, and every patient who left the colony took a kitten as part of his necessary equipment.

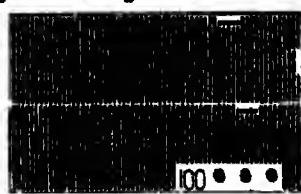
And so the search continued, and the record kept growing, year by year. In the end, when he had the chance to compare his work with that of specialists in other parts of the world, Brand was to learn that his theories were largely correct, although he found that in about one per cent of the cases leprosy does invade the bones of fingers and makes them so fragile that the slightest act—even tying a bundle—may cause a break. But therapists can prevent this damage by applying splints during the vulnerable period.

A Disappointing Search

By now Brand's work was beginning to attract considerable attention. In 1952 a representative



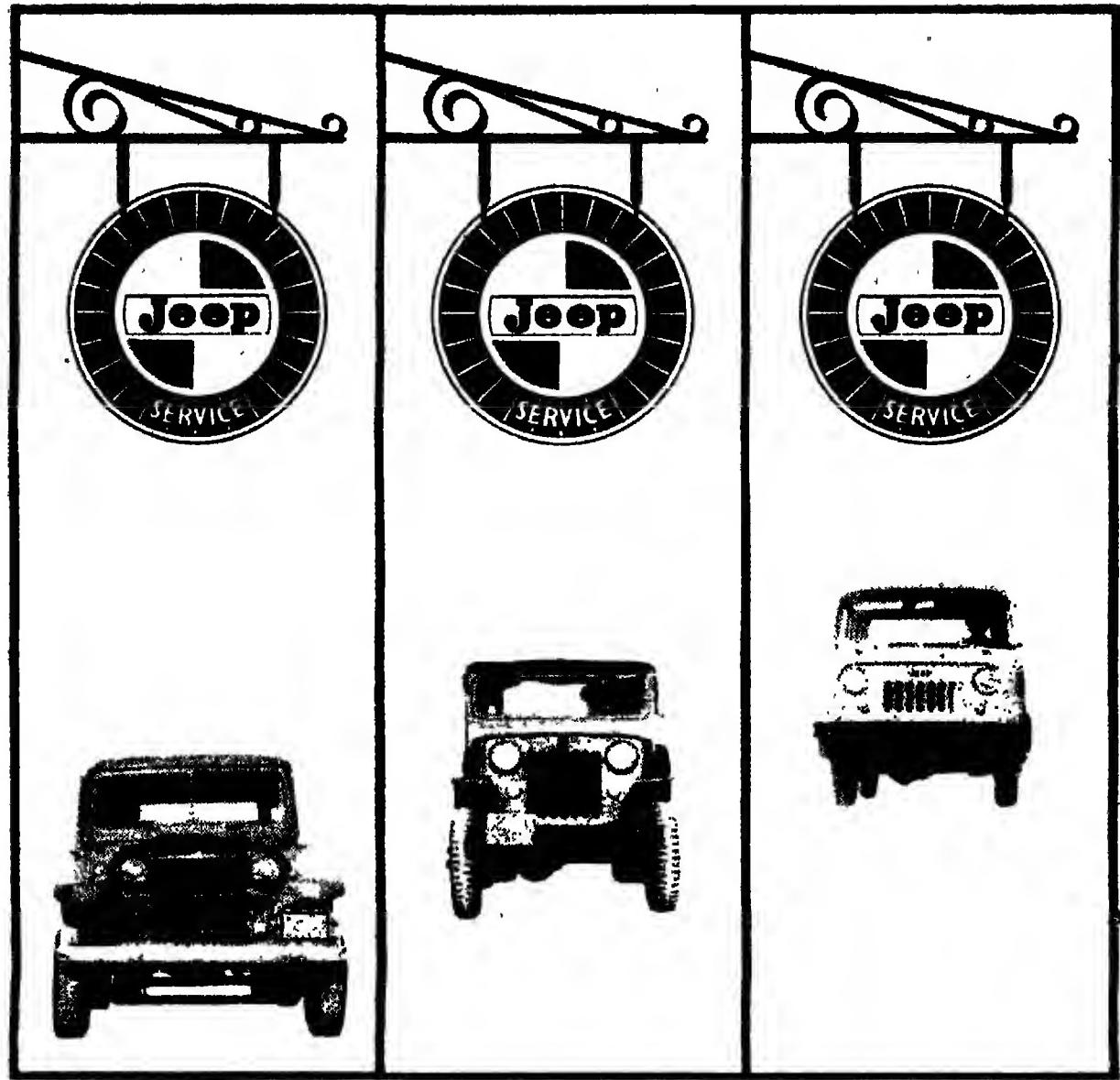
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of the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Richmond Anderson, came to Vellore. Brand showed him round the New Life Centre and told him something of the problems he faced. Of prime importance, he explained, was the need to know more facts—facts about the disease itself, about plastic surgery, skin grafts and nerve paralysis. Then Anderson made a stunning offer.

"Why don't you visit different parts of the world and get help?" he said. "See anyone you want to—surgeons, pathologists and other leprologists. We'll foot the bills."

So began a trip that took Brand and his family half-way round the world. The first stop was England, where Paul met Sir Archibald McIndoe, the famous plastic surgeon, from whom he hoped to learn better

techniques for grafting skin. Sir Archibald and his colleagues studied Brand's photographs and listened as Paul gave a short lecture about his work. When the speech was over, McIndoe rose in astonishment.

"You come here to learn," he exclaimed. "And you end up by teaching us! This lecture is something every English surgeon should hear."

At Sir Archibald's suggestion, Brand was invited to deliver the Hunterian lecture of 1952 before the Royal College of Surgeons. This was a high professional honour, but it did not help to solve his basic problems. He had hoped, for example, to discover how to mobilize the stiffened fingers of leprosy patients for whom surgery was impossible. Apparently no one in England could help him with this; in fact, he



THE READER'S DIGEST

found very few specialists who were as experienced as he in treating paralysis of the hand's intrinsic muscles.

After some months in England, the family separated. There were four Brand children now, and Margaret took them on a long-overdue visit to her parents in South Africa. Brand went to America, where he made an exhausting tour, spending a month with surgeons in Boston, another month at the Passavant Hospital in Chicago, two weeks in San Francisco with Dr. Sterling Bunnell; then perhaps the leading hand surgeon in the world.

One of the most rewarding visits was a journey to the leprosarium at Carville, Louisiana. There Brand gave demonstrations of his surgery, and in turn studied the work of Dr. Daniel Riordan, a hand surgeon in New Orleans who spent one day a week operating at Carville. Both men profited from the meeting, each adopting techniques from the other.

The last leg of the trip took him to South Africa, to join Margaret and the children. In Johannesburg, Brand met Dr. Jack Penn, a brilliant plastic surgeon who had developed a successful operation to restore the collapsed noses of leprosy patients.

The voyage had been a tremendous experience for Brand, but when he arrived back in India in May 1953 he had reached some sobering conclusions. He had learnt

much from men who were doing excellent work in hand surgery and rehabilitation. But as for applying these techniques specifically to leprosy patients, there were few people who could offer him much help. As Brand returned to Vellore and viewed the work still to be done, he knew that he and his team were very much on their own.

"Robinson Crusoe Is Here!"

PERHAPS the most maddening challenge—far more frustrating than the problem of dealing with hands—was Brand's struggle to prevent ulcers from forming on his patients' feet. At first he thought these sores were caused by a simple loss of blood supply when a man stood up for too long, placing his weight on the same part of his feet. He ordered more chairs and benches to be installed and urged his patients to sit down when they were not walking.

"Ulcers can't happen when you're walking," he told them, "because every time you lift your foot off the ground, it gets a momentary blood supply."

He was wrong. The patients followed his instructions, but the ulcers remained—and they were still there after half a dozen other experiments with antiseptics and new dressings.

Then, during a visit to Chingleput, Brand began to notice the piles of shoes left each morning outside the shed where patients went to

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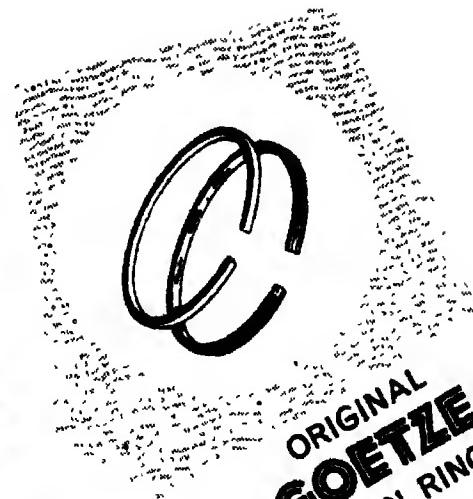


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have their feet bandaged. A swift examination revealed that many of the shoes could never be worn by people who had feeling in their feet.

In some cases nails had worked up through the soles so that as much as half an inch was piercing bandages, dressing and skin. Other shoes were in such a bad condition that they were causing large blisters and sores.

So Brand selected a patient named Sadagopan, and began to make him a pair of shoes. He tried leather first, building up each shoe under the hollows of the boy's feet, and scooping out leather under the pressure points. The first results were encouraging. Sadagopan's ulcers healed—but within a few weeks they returned.

This was the beginning of a frustrating pattern. For a few days or weeks, a new pair of shoes might work, but then some defect—a crack in the leather, a change of the foot's position in the shoe—would cause the sores to reappear. Brand tried wood, but he soon discovered that shoes with splinters or an irregularity in the wood were worse than no shoes at all. He made casts of footprints with wax and tried moulds of plaster of Paris and plastic.

When these failed, he began a search for better materials at chemical laboratories and rubber companies throughout Asia.

After a year of experimentation, he discovered that an inner-sole

of microcellular rubber was the ideal cushion for anaesthetized feet.

This was a milestone of progress, but there was still the problem of finding the right kind of shoe. Then one afternoon, Brand's little daughter, Mary, ran to him in breathless excitement.

"Daddy!" she cried. "Robinson Crusoe is here!"

Brand followed her to a banyan tree, where he found a young man of about 20, dressed in leather shorts and rumpled shirt. He was carrying a pack and sported a huge, shaggy beard.

The stranger introduced himself. He was John Girling, and he had been educated in Scotland. Bored by the prospect of entering business, he had packed up his belongings one day, and started on a trip round the world. He had worked his way across Europe, Turkey, Iran and Pakistan.

Then, in India, he had seen the ravages of leprosy. He immediately sought out a leprosy hospital and offered his services, performing such menial tasks as sweeping floors and cleaning latrines. When someone told him about Brand and the New Life Centre, he had come to Vellore.

"What training have you had?" Brand asked.

"None," Girling replied. "But I have a good pair of hands."

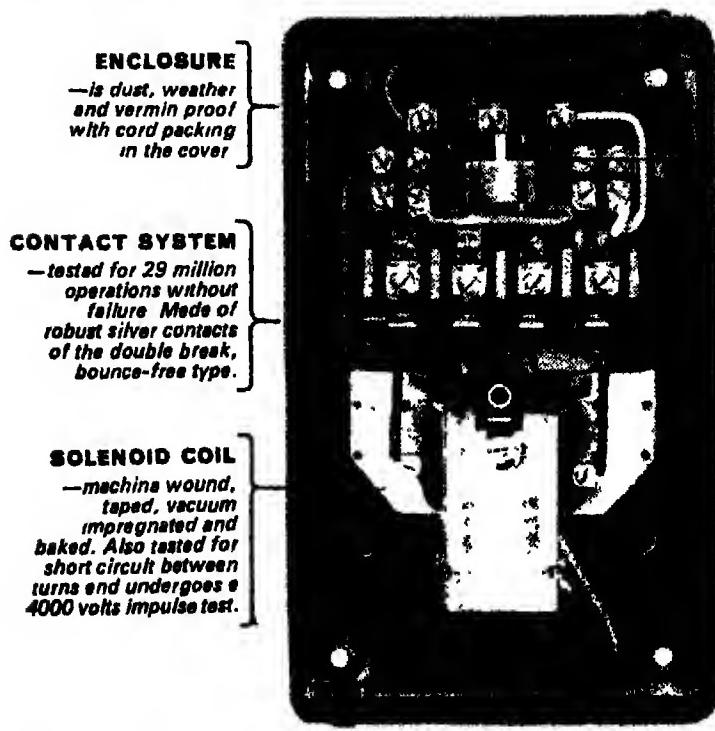
Brand hesitated. "We can only pay coolie wages for manual labour," he said. "I couldn't offer



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you more than 100 rupees a month."

To Brand's amazement, the young man accepted, leaving Paul with the problem of deciding where he should work.

At this time, a new centre, the William Schieffelin Leprosy Research and Training Sanatorium, was under construction at Karigiri, a village not far from Vellore, and Brand had become one of its most vigorous supporters. So far, only a few buildings had been erected, but among them was a shoe shop, and it was there that Girling went to work.

For some weeks Brand forgot about him, but one afternoon at Karigiri he noticed a number of shoes on display that were of a far higher quality than he had seen before. They were Girling's shoes, and soon the bearded young man was in charge of the entire shop.

The new sanatorium had purchased some machines to make the inner-soles which Brand needed for his shoes. In time this was to become a major rehabilitation industry for the patients at Karigiri, but during the early stages the machines turned out an inferior product, full of holes.

Girling studied the problem, made some improvements, and within a few weeks the patients were producing excellent rubber.

"We must pay you more money now," Paul told him. But Girling didn't agree.

"I don't think I could spend more

than 100 rupees a month," he said cheerfully.

By now he had adopted the Indian way of life and was completely happy. He joined Paul in research on the pressures of the foot, and the two men, with another colleague, wrote an article on the studies which was published in the *Journal of Bone and Joint Surgery*.

And it was Girling who helped Paul to develop his "rocker" shoes and boots. The best way to prevent high pressures under feet, Paul had concluded, was to make the foot rock like a see-saw (instead of bending) on a central pivot, and this was done by placing curved rockers—made of wood or heavy leather—under the soles. The new shoes were given to Sadagopan, and at last Brand's patience was rewarded. The young man remained for weeks, months and years without a sign of any ulcer or wound.

The enormous difficulty of finding the correct shoes for Sadagopan led Brand to conceive a new rule, called the "doctrine of the first ulcer." A badly injured foot might be too damaged to save; a man who hadn't got an ulcer might not believe he was going to have one. But the man who had had *one* ulcer, Paul decided, was ready for education—and he would need only a simple sandal to protect his foot from thorns and nails.

An educational campaign was started, and before long the total incidence of ulcers in the village

areas around Vellore was reduced by 50 per cent.

Shoes for leprosy patients, Paul had proved, were infinitely more important for the feet than surgery. It would take years to train surgeons in his new techniques, and they would always be few in number. But by giving a few months' training to a host of able volunteers, such as John Girling, special shoes could be introduced quickly all over the world. This became the prime objective of Brand's work.

The Doctor in the Wheelchair

BRAND's greatest satisfaction during these years came from watching the transformation in the lives of the patients he was able to help. There was, for example, the case of the Calcutta lawyer. Unlike many other patients, this man had been able to afford medical treatment for his disease. During the period of acute infection he had ceased his law practice, but when the leprosy was arrested he returned to it.

But the crippling effects of the disease were painfully obvious. Fellow lawyers began to voice their objections openly; it was a disgrace to the profession for a man to plead a case with clawed hands! Complaints were filed against him, and his case was due for hearing. In desperation the lawyer wrote to Paul.

"Come immediately," Paul wired back, and, when the man arrived, Brand made an exception to his surgical rules. He operated on both

hands the same day. The results were excellent, and the patient returned to Calcutta in time to appear at his hearing. The charges against his deformities were stated, and then the lawyer rose to make his own defence. He lifted his hands and spread his fingers, which could now bend and straighten in free, normal motion.

"*What deformities?*" he demanded. The charges were quickly dismissed.

And there was Dr. Mary Verghese. A beautiful young woman from the Syrian Christian community at Kerala, Mary was a resident in the college's gynaecology department.

On January 30, 1954, the head of the department invited her and 11 other staff members to a picnic. The group started off in a station wagon, but shortly afterwards the car swerved off the road, overturned and was wrecked.

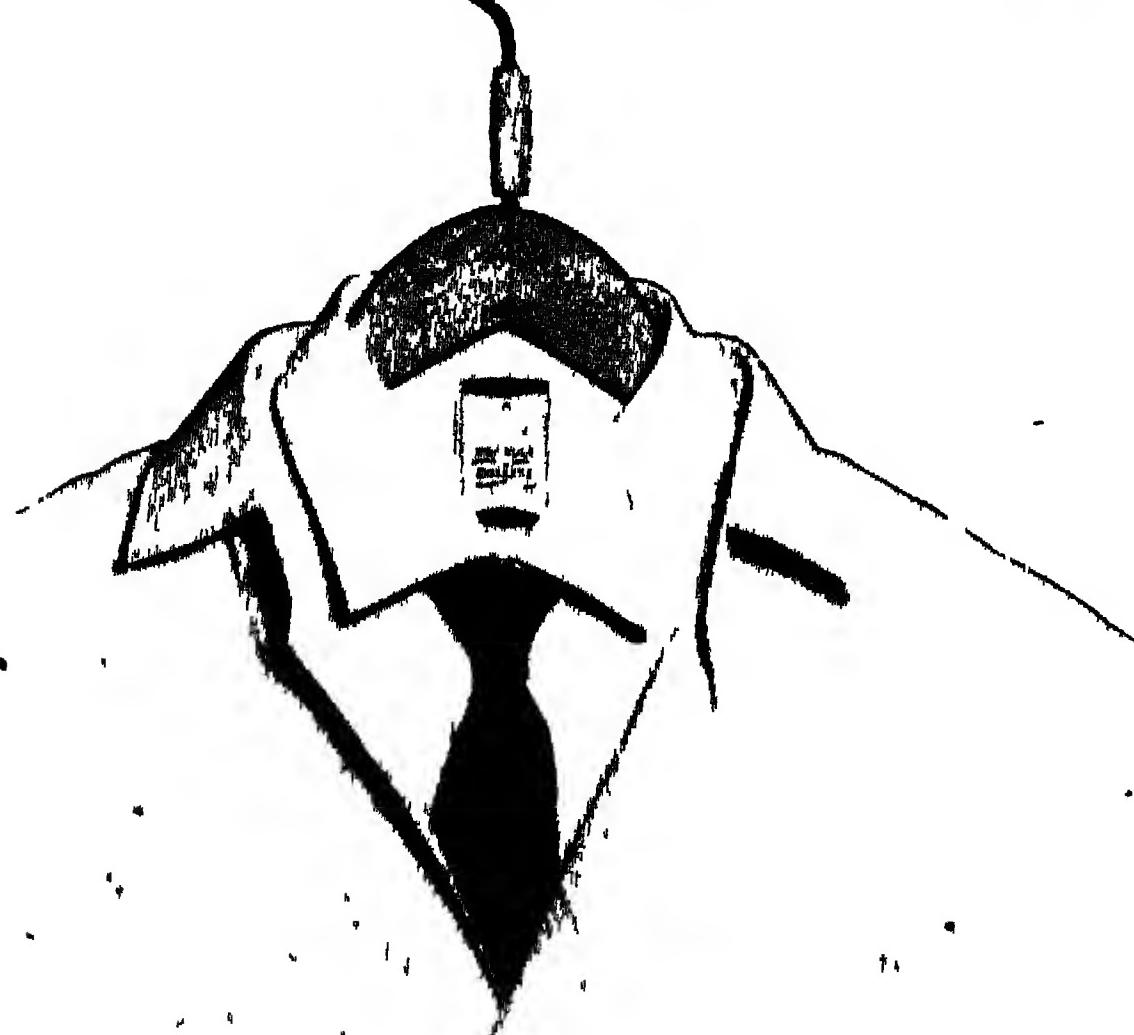
When the injured victims were brought back to Vellore, Paul rushed from the New Life Centre to join other doctors at the hospital. No one died, and only one passenger failed to recover completely: Mary Verghese was paralysed from the waist down, and her injuries were so severe that Brand was forced to perform two fusion operations on her spine. These, together with a corpectomy which relieved her pain and spasms, kept her helpless in a hospital bed for long, agonizing months.

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During that terrible ordeal, Mary became an inspiration to everyone who knew her at the hospital. Never once did she complain, and her quiet faith gave Paul the courage to speak to her about her future.

"You should begin to plan your professional career," he said one day, months after the accident.

At first she stared at him incredulously. Then hope flared in her eyes.

"I suppose I can't do any clinical work now," she said.

"Why not?" Brand demanded.

They discussed the possibilities for hours, and a few days later Mary was brought into the leprosy clinic. Seated in her wheelchair, she examined patients, wrote prescriptions and gave directions to nurses. She continued to work at the clinic for a month. Then Brand suggested that she try his department of surgery.

"Surgery!" she exclaimed. "Have you forgotten? I'm a *paraplegic*."

"What of it?" Brand said. "You don't operate with your feet. And my operation on hands is one that *has* to be done sitting down!"

So Mary began to learn hand surgery, first assisting with tendon transplants. A keen student, she soon began performing major operations, and before long she had become one of Brand's most valuable assistants. She made important contributions to his research on feet, and even suggested improvements on his surgical techniques. When

she discovered a new method that considerably reduced the size of the scar left on the patient's hand, Brand welcomed it as a major advance.

In time, Mary decided that she wanted to do more for India's disabled people—not just leprosy patients, but the victims of polio, congenital defects and accidents, many of them paraplegics like herself.

One day she heard of Dr. Howard Rusk, and his Institute of Physical Medicine in New York, where students from all over the world went for training in rehabilitation. Timidly she asked Brand if there were any chance that she might train there.

"Mary," said Brand, "if you believe this is something God wants you to do, nothing on earth is going to stop you."

She applied for a fellowship and got it. Spurred by her example, the college authorities met and agreed that there must be a new department of rehabilitation for her to direct when she returned.

At a farewell party in December 1959, Paul made a short speech. "This may be a farewell to Mary Verghese," he said, "but I prefer to call it a welcome to our physical medicine and rehabilitation centre."

Four years later a gleaming new rehabilitation building, one of the first institutions of its kind in the entire country, was opened during ceremonies attended by President Radhakrishnan.

And today Mary Verghese, the doctor in the wheelchair, is the director of the centre..

A New Mission

ONE AFTERNOON Margaret Brand was sorting out clothes for the family wash when she noticed a letter Paul had left in one of his trouser pockets. Asserting the age-old prerogative of a curious wife, she took it out and read it:

It is the good pleasure of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II to nominate and appoint you a Commander in the civil division of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire...

Astonished, Margaret realized that her husband had been awarded the C.B.E.—and, characteristically, had not mentioned a word about it.

Perhaps he had been too busy. By now postgraduate students and doctors were coming to Vellore in steadily increasing numbers to learn Brand's special techniques of reconstruction surgery.

The pilgrimage had started with a few workers from other leprosy centres in India, then a doctor from England, and a stream of physiotherapists and surgeons from Venezuela, Egypt, Burma, the Philippines, Belgium, Ghana and a dozen other countries.

Then, in 1960, a group of experts in surgery and leprosy gathered at Vellore for a ten-day conference. The visitors were shown an exhibition of "rocker" shoes. They were

taken on a tour of the New Life Centre, now an established handicraft concern where patients made plastic microscope covers, licence plates, picture frames, puzzles, toys and furniture.

The records of some 5,000 reconstructions of hands and feet were available by now, and Brand, who had performed about half the operations, opened the files to experts. The astonished doctors declared they had never seen such detailed records of hand surgery. At least 18 photographs had been taken of every hand at various stages of treatment, providing a dramatic documentation of the success of Brand's work.

By 1963, Brand had become a recognized leader in the field of rehabilitation, in demand all over the world.

He is a member of the World Health Organization's panel on leprosy, and full-time director of orthopaedics for The Leprosy Mission; he has helped to start a factory in India where amputees, polio victims and leprosy patients make precision parts for typewriters; and he has made teaching tours that have taken him twice round the globe.

This new mission has been a sacrifice for Brand, forcing him to give less time to the work he loves best—surgery and research: But it is in keeping with his philosophy.

"I feel," he once said, "that the most precious possession any

THE READER'S DIGEST

human being has is his spirit, his will to live, his sense of dignity. Though our profession may be concerned with tendons, bones and nerve endings, it is the person who is so important.

"Of course, we need technicians, surgeons, nurses, physiotherapists. But above all we need men and women who accept the challenge of the whole person, his life, his faith and his hope."

THE END



Change of Pace

IT WAS IN AIX-EN-PROVENCE, in one of those streets so narrow that the French authorities are considering closing it to traffic. A couple pushing a pram were blocking the whole street. They walked along nonchalantly, enjoying a leisurely stroll. The combined ages of the man and woman could not have been more than 40. Turning towards each other, they stopped to exchange a kiss. And so they remained, indifferent to the gentle toot from the horn of a car that had pulled up behind them. Another impatient toot from the horn. Another kiss. The driver of the car opened his door. Was he going to get out? Shoot the man with a revolver? Strangle the woman? Slaughter the child? The way things are done nowadays when someone in a car finds a human obstacle in his path? Why, no. The driver exclaimed: "Come on now, when are you going to stop smooching? How about letting me by? If you go on like that, you'll soon be needing a pram built for five!" Needless to say, the episode ended in laughter and the car passed.

This is a scene one can't imagine in Paris. What drivers would allow themselves the luxury of a joke that takes its time? And what pedestrians the luxury of stopping in the middle of the oncoming traffic to give each other a kiss?

—Marcelle Capron in *Le Figaro*, Paris

* * *

The Duty of a Government

OUR rulers will best promote the improvement of the nation by strictly confining themselves to their own legitimate duties, by leaving capital to find its own lucrative course, commodities their fair price, industry and intelligence their natural reward, idleness and folly their natural punishment, by maintaining peace, by defending property, by diminishing the price of law and by observing strict economy in every department of the State. Let the Government do this: the People will assuredly do the rest.

—Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review*

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THE GREAT MARSH lies on the Essex coast between the village of Chelmbury and the ancient Saxon oyster-fishing hamlet of Wickael-droth. It is one of the last of the wild places of England, a low, far-reaching expanse of grass and reeds and half-submerged meadowlands ending in the salttings and mud flats and tidal pools near the restless sea.

Tidal creeks and estuaries and the crooked, meandering arms of many little rivers whose mouths lap at the edge of the ocean cut through the sodden land that seems to rise and fall and breathe with the recurrence of the daily tides. It is desolate, utterly lonely, and made lonelier by the calls and cries of the wildfowl that make their home in the marshlands and salttings—the wild geese and the gulls, the teal and widgeon, the redshanks and curlews that pick their way through the tidal pools. Of human habitants none are seen, with the occasional exception of a wildfowler or a native oyster-fisherman, still plying a trade already ancient when the Normans came to Hastings.

Greys and blues and soft greens are the colours, for when the skies are dark in the long winters, the many waters of the beaches and marshes reflect the cold and sombre colour. But sometimes, with sunrise and sunset, sky and land are aflame with red and golden fire.

Hard by one of the winding arms

of the little River Aelder runs the embankment of an old sea wall, smooth and solid, without a break, a bulwark to the land against the encroaching sea. Deep into a salting some three miles from the North Sea it runs, and there turns north. At that corner its face is gouged, broken and shattered. It has been breached, and at the breach the hungry sea has already entered and taken for its own the land, the wall, and all that stood there.

At low water the blackened and ruptured stones of the ruins of an abandoned lighthouse show above the surface, with here and there, like buoy markers, the top of a sagging fence-post. Once this lighthouse abutted on the sea and was a beacon on the Essex coast. Time shifted land and water, and its usefulness came to an end.

For a time it served again as a human habitation. In it there lived a lonely man, his body warped, but his heart filled with love for wild and hunted things. He was ugly to look upon, but he created great beauty. It is about him and a child who came to know him and see beyond the grotesque form that housed him to what lay within, that this story is told.

Hunchback in the Lighthouse

In the late spring of 1930 Philip Rhayader came to the abandoned lighthouse at the mouth of the

THE SNOW GOOSE

Alder. He bought the light, and many acres of marshland and salt-ing surrounding it.

He lived and worked there alone the year round. He was a painter of birds and of nature, who, for rea-sons, had withdrawn from all hu-man society. Some of the reasons were apparent on his fortnightly visits to the little village of Chel-mbury for supplies, where the natives looked askance at his misshapen body and dark visage. For he was a hunchback and his left arm was crippled, thin and bent at the wrist, like a claw of a bird.

They soon became used to his queer figure, small but powerful, the massive, dark, bearded head set

just slightly below the mysterious mound on his back, the glowing eyes and the clawed hand, and marked him off as "that queer painter chap that lives down at the lighthouse."

Physical deformity often breeds hatred of humanity in men. Rhayader did not hate; he loved very greatly, man, the animal kingdom, and all nature. His heart was filled with pity and understanding. He had mastered his handicap, but he could not master the rebuffs he suf-fered because of his appearance. The thing that drove him into seclusion was his failure to find anywhere a return of the warmth that flowed from him. He repelled women. Men would have warmed to him had they got to know him. But the mere fact that an effort was being made hurt Rhayader and drove him to avoid the person making it.

He was 27 when he came to the Great Marsh. He had travelled much and fought valiantly before he made the decision to withdraw from a world in which he could not take part as other men.

In his retreat he had his birds, his painting and his boat. He owned a 16-footer, which he sailed with won-derful skill. Alone, with no eyes to watch him, he managed well with his deformed hand, and he often used his strong teeth to handle the sheets of his billowing sails in a tricky blow.

He would sail the tidal creek and estuaries and out to sea, and he



would be gone for days at a time, looking for new species of birds to photograph or sketch, and he became an adept at netting them to add to his collection of tamed wild-fowl in the pen near his studio that formed the nucleus of a sanctuary.

He never shot a bird, and wild-fowlers were not welcome near his premises. He was a friend to all things wild, and the wild things repaid him with their friendship.

Tamed in his enclosures were the geese that came winging down the coast from Iceland and Spitsbergen each October, in great skeins that darkened the sky and filled the air with the rushing noise of their passage—the brown-bodied pink-feet, white-breasted barnacles with their dark necks and clowns' masks, the wild white-fronts with black-barred breasts, and many species of wild ducks. Some were pinioned, so that they would remain there as a sign and signal to the wild ones that here were food and sanctuary.

Many hundreds came and remained with him all through the cold weather from October to the early spring, when they migrated north again to their breeding-grounds below the ice rim.

But in the fall they would come back, barking and whooping and honking in the autumn sky, to circle the landmark of the old light and drop to earth near by to be his guests again—birds that he well remembered and recognized from the previous year.

Rhayader was content in the knowledge that when storms blew, or it was bitter cold and food was scarce, or the big punt guns of the distant hunters roared, his birds were safe; that he had gathered to the sanctuary and security of his own arms and heart these many wild and beautiful creatures who knew and trusted him. He knew that implanted somewhere in their beings was the germ knowledge of his existence and his safe haven, that this knowledge had become a part of them and, with the coming of the grey skies and the winds from the north, it would send them unerringly back to him.

For the rest, his heart and soul went into the painting of the country in which he lived and its creatures. There are not many Rhayaders extant, but the few that have reached the market are masterpieces, filled with the glow and colours of marsh-reflected light, the feel of flight, the push of birds breasting a morning wind bending the tall flag reeds. He painted the loneliness and the smell of the salt-laden cold, the eternity and agelessness of marshes, the wild, living creatures, dawn flights, and frightened things taking to the air, and winged shadows at night hiding from the moon.

First Encounter

ONE November afternoon, three years after Rhayader had come to the Great Marsh, a child approached

his lighthouse studio by means of the sea wall. In her arms she carried a burden.

She was no more than 12, slender, dirty, nervous and timid as a bird, but beneath the grime as eerily beautiful as a marsh faery. She was pure Saxon, large-boned, fair, with a head to which her body was yet to grow, and deep-set, violet-coloured eyes.

She was desperately frightened of the ugly man she had come to see, for legend had already begun to gather about Rhayader, and the native wildfowlers hated him for interfering with their sport.

But greater than her fear was the need of that which she bore. For locked in her child's heart was the knowledge, picked up somewhere in the swampland, that this ogre who lived in the lighthouse had magic that could heal injured things.

She had never seen Rhayader before and was close to fleeing in panic at the dark apparition that appeared at the studio door, drawn by her footsteps—the black head and beard, the sinister hump, and the crooked claw.

She stood there staring, poised like a disturbed marsh bird for instant flight.

But his voice was deep and kind when he spoke to her.

"What is it, child?"

She stood her ground, and then edged timidly forward. The thing she carried in her arms was a large

white bird, and it was quite still. There were stains of blood on its whiteness and on her kirtle where she had held it to her.

The girl placed it in his arms. "I found it, sir. It's hurt. Is it still alive?"

"Yes. Yes, I think so. Come in, child, come in."

Rhayader went inside, bearing the bird, which he placed upon a table, where it moved feebly. Curiosity overcame fear. The little girl followed and found herself in a room warmed by a coal fire, shining with many coloured pictures that covered the walls and full of a strange but pleasant smell.

The bird fluttered. With his good right hand Rhayader spread one of its immense white pinions. The end was beautifully tipped with black.

Rhayader looked and marvelled and said, "Child, where did you find it?"

"In the marsh, sir, where fowlers had been. What—what is it, sir?"

"It's a snow goose from Canada. But how in heaven came it here?"

The name seemed to mean nothing to the little girl. Her deep violet eyes, shining out of the dirt on her thin face, were fixed with concern on the injured bird.

She said, "Can you heal it, sir?"

"Yes, yes," said Rhayader. "We will try. Come, you shall help me."

There were scissors and bandages and splints on a shelf, and he was marvellously deft, even with the

crooked claw that managed to hold things.

He said, "Ah, she has been shot, poor thing. Her leg is broken, and the wing tip, but not badly. We'll bandage the wing close to her body so that she cannot move it until it has set, and then make a splint for the poor leg."

The Lost Princess

HER FEARS forgotten, the child watched, fascinated, as he worked, and all the more so because while he fixed a splint to the shattered leg he told the most wonderful story.

The bird was a young one, no more than a year old. She was born in a northern land, far, far across the sea, a land that once belonged to England. As she flew to the south to escape the snow and ice and bitter cold, a great storm had seized her and whirled and buffeted her about. It was a truly terrible storm, stronger than her great wings. For days and nights it held her in its grip and there was nothing she could do but fly before it. When finally it had blown itself out and her sure instincts took her south again, she was over a different land and surrounded by strange birds that she had never seen before. At last, exhausted by her ordeal, she had sunk to rest in a friendly green marsh, only to be met by the blast from the hunter's gun.

"A bitter reception for a visiting princess," concluded Rhayader. "We will call her 'La Princesse Perdue,' the Lost Princess. And in a few

days she will be feeling much better. See!"

He reached into his pocket and produced a handful of grain. The snow goose opened its round brown eyes and nibbled at it.

The child laughed with delight, and then suddenly caught her breath, with alarm as the full import of where she was pressed in upon her, and without a word she turned and fled out of the door.

"Wait, wait!" cried Rhayader, and went to the entrance, where he stopped so that it framed his dark bulk. The girl was already fleeing down the sea wall, but she paused at the sound of his voice.

"What is your name, child?"

"Frith."

"Where do you live?"

"With the fisherfolk at Wickael-droth." She gave the name the old Saxon pronunciation.

"Will you come back tomorrow, or the next day, to see how the Princess is getting along?"

She paused, and again Rhayader must have thought of the wild water birds caught motionless in that split second of alarm before they took, to flight.

But her thin voice came back to him, "Ay!"

And then she was gone, with her fair hair streaming out behind her.

Return to Solitude

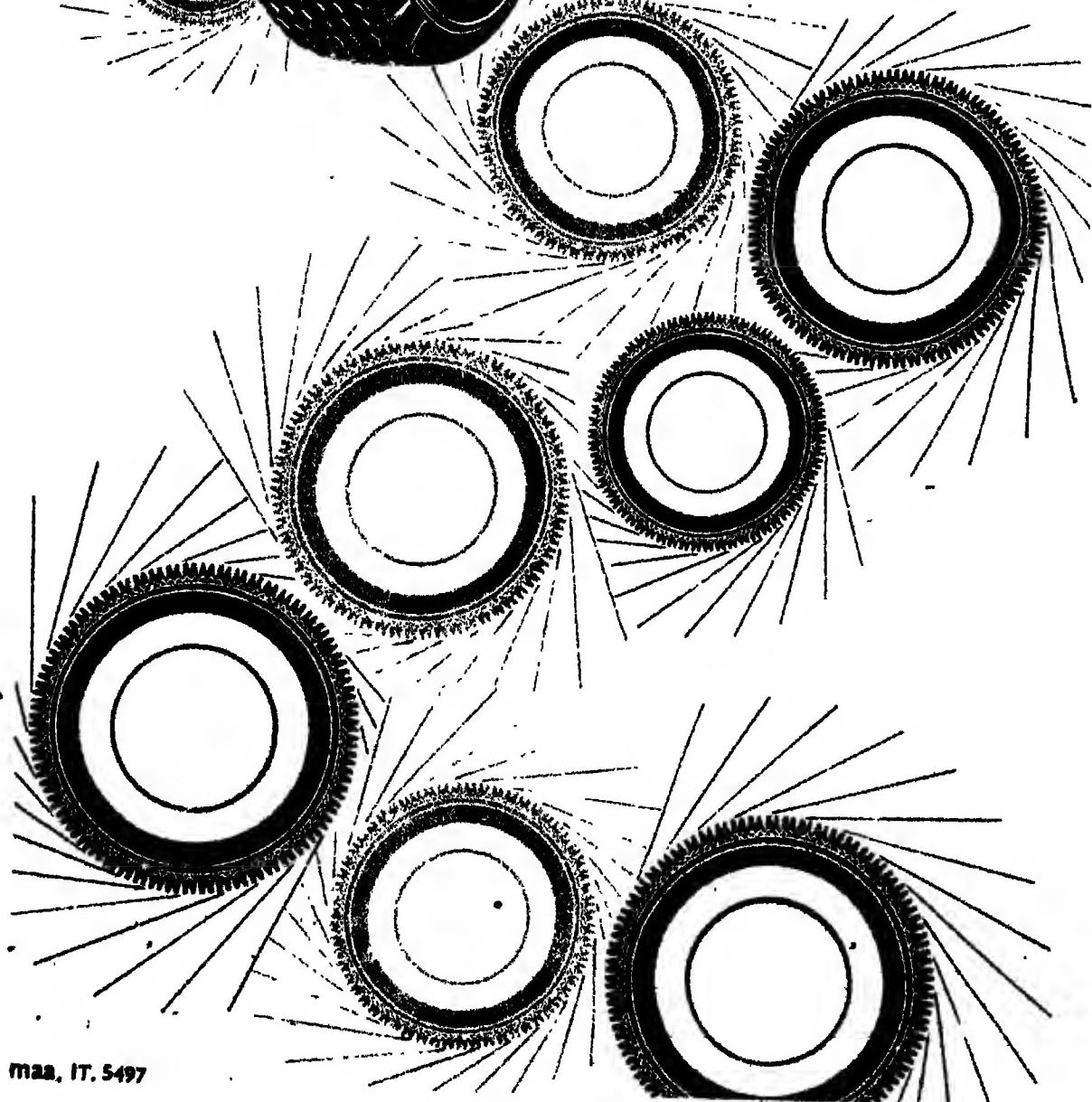
THE SNOW GOOSE mended rapidly and by midwinter was already limping about the enclosure with the



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wild pink-footed geese with which it associated, and had learnt to come to be fed at Rhayader's call. And the child, Frith, was a frequent visitor. She had overcome her fear of Rhayader. Her imagination was captured by the presence of this strange white princess from a land far over the sea, a land that was all pink, as she knew from the map that Rhayader showed her, and on which they traced the stormy path of the lost bird from its home in Canada to the Great Marsh of Essex.

Then one morning a group of pink-feet, fat and well fed from the winter at the lighthouse, answered the stronger call of the breeding grounds and rose lazily, climbing

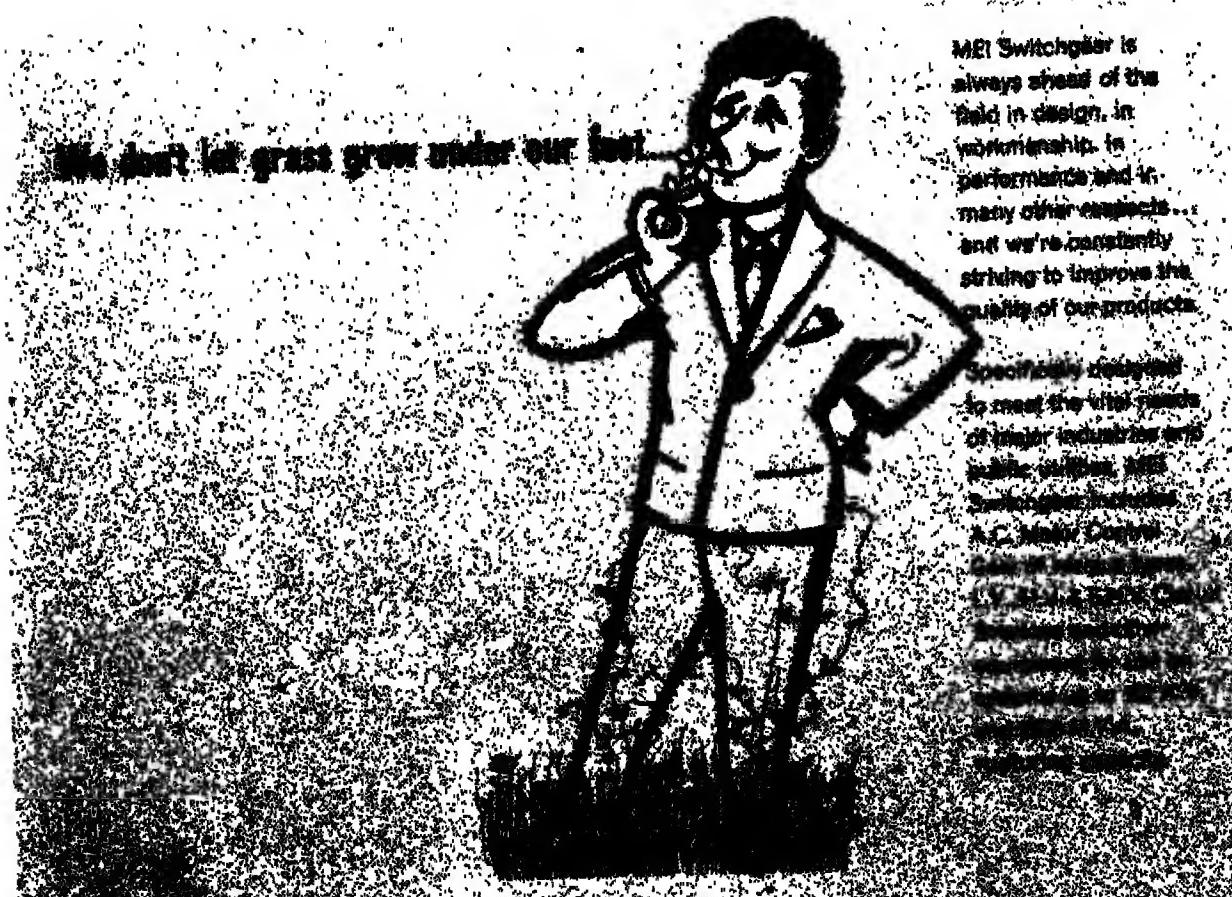
into the sky in ever-widening circles. With them, her white body and black-tipped pinions shining in the spring sun, was the snow goose. It so happened that Frith was at the lighthouse. Her cry brought Rhayader running from the studio.

"Look! Look! The Princess! Is she going away?"

Rhayader stared into the sky at the climbing speck.

"Ay," he said, "the Princess is going home."

The departure of the snow goose ended the visits of Frith to the lighthouse. Rhayader learned all over again the meaning of the word "loneliness." That summer, out of his memory, he painted a picture of



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a slender, grime-covered child, her fair hair blown by a November storm, who bore in her arms a wounded white bird.

A Message for Frith

IN MID-OCTOBER, the miracle occurred. Rhayader was in his enclosure, feeding his birds. A grey north-east wind was blowing and the land was sighing beneath the incoming tide. Above the sea and the wind noises he heard a clear, high note. He turned his eyes upward to the evening sky in time to see first an infinite speck, then a black-and-white pinioned dream that circled the lighthouse once, and finally a reality that dropped to earth in the

pen and came waddling forward importantly to be fed, as though she had never been away. It was the snow goose. There was no mistaking her. Tears of joy came to Rhayader's eyes. She had remembered and had returned.

When next Rhayader went into Chelmbury for supplies, he left a message with the postmistress—one that must have caused her much bewilderment. He said, "Tell Frith that the Lost Princess has returned."

Three days later, Frith, taller, still tousled and unkempt, came shyly to the lighthouse to visit La Princesse Perdue.

Time passed. On the Great Marsh it was marked by the height of the



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THE SNOW GOOSE

tides, the slow march of the seasons, the passage of the birds, and, for Rhayader, by the arrival and departure of the snow goose.

The world outside boiled and seethed and rumbled with the eruption that was soon to break forth and come close to marking its destruction. But not yet did it touch upon Rhayader, or, for that matter, Frith. They had fallen into a curious natural rhythm, even as the child grew bolder.

When the snow goose was at the lighthouse, then she came, too, to visit and learn many things from Rhayader. They sailed together in his speedy boat, that he handled so skilfully. They caught wildfowl for the ever-increasing colony, and built new pens and enclosures for them. From him she learned the lore of every wild bird, from gull to gyrfalcon, that flew the marshes. She cooked for him sometimes, and even learned to mix his paints.

But when the snow goose left for its summer home, it was as though some kind of bar was up between them, and she did not come to the lighthouse. One year the bird did not return, and Rhayader was heartbroken. All things seemed to have ended for him. He painted furiously through the winter and the next summer, and never once saw the child. But in the autumn the familiar cry once more rang from the sky, and the huge white bird, now at full growth, dropped from the skies as mysteriously as she had departed.

Joyously, Rhayader left his message with the postmistress.

Curiously, it was more than a month after he had left the message before Frith reappeared at the lighthouse, and Rhayader, with a shock, realized that she was a child no longer.

After the year in which the bird had remained away, its periods of absence grew shorter and shorter. It had grown so tame that it followed Rhayader about and even came into the studio while he was working.

"She's Here to Stay"

IN THE spring of 1940 the birds migrated early from the Great Marsh. The world was on fire. The whine and roar of the bombers and the thudding explosions frightened them.

The first day of May, Frith and Rhayader stood shoulder to shoulder on the sea wall and watched the last of the unpinioned pink-feet and barnacle geese rise from their sanctuary; she, tall, slender, free as air and hauntingly beautiful; he dark, grotesque, his massive bearded head raised to the sky, his glowing dark eyes watching the geese form their flight tracery.

"Look, Philip," Frith said.

Rhayader followed her eyes. The snow goose had taken flight, her giant wings spread, but she was flying low, and once came quite close to them, so that for a moment the spreading black-tipped, white pinions seemed to caress them and they

felt the rush of the bird's swift passage. Once, twice, she circled the lighthouse, then dropped to earth again in the enclosure with the pinioned geese and commenced to feed.

"She's not going," said Frith, with marvel in her voice. The bird in its close passage seemed to have woven a kind of magic about her. "The Princess is going to stay."

"Ay," said Rhayader, and his voice was shaken too. "She'll stay. She will never go away again. The Lost Princess is lost no more. This is her home now—of her own free will."

The spell the bird had girt about her was broken, and Frith was suddenly conscious of the fact that she was frightened, and the things that frightened her were in Rhayader's eyes—the longing and the loneliness and the deep, welling, unspoken things that lay in and behind them as he turned them upon her. The woman in her bade her take flight from something that she was not yet capable of understanding.

Frith said, "I—I must go. Good-bye. I am glad—the Princess will stay. You'll not be so alone now."

She turned and walked swiftly away, and his sadly spoken "Good-bye, Frith" was only a half-hearted ghost of a sound borne to her ears above the rustling of the marsh grass. She was far away before she dared turn for a backward glance. He was still standing on the sea wall, a dark speck against the sky.

Her fear had stilled now. It had been replaced by something else, a queer sense of loss that made her stand quite still for a moment, so sharp was it. Then, more slowly, she continued on, away from the sky-ward-pointing finger of the lighthouse and the man beneath it.

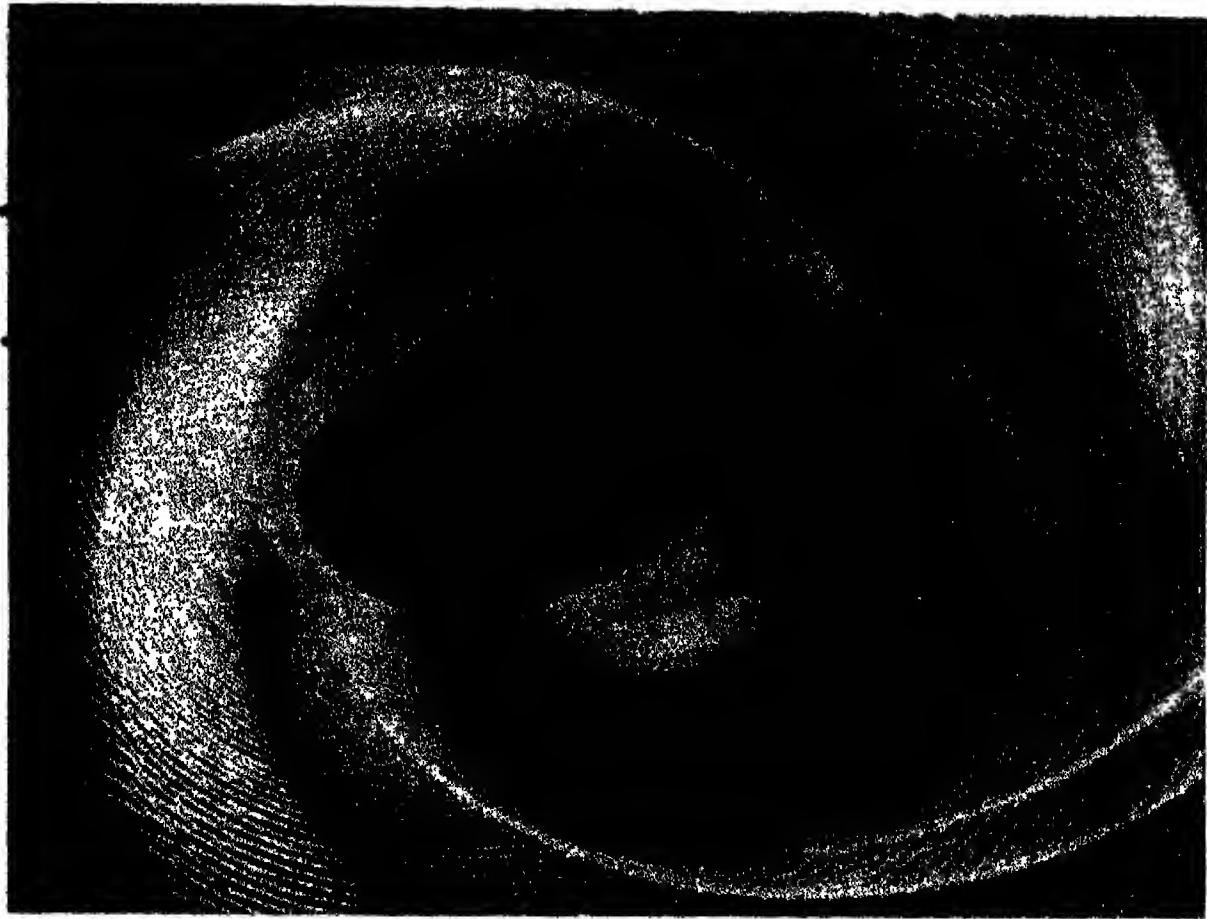
"For Once I Am a Man"

It was a little more than three weeks before Frith returned to the lighthouse. May was at its end, and the day, too, in a long golden twilight that was giving way to the silver of the moon already hanging in the eastern sky.

She told herself, as her steps took her thither, that she must know whether the snow goose had really stayed, as Rhayader said it would. Perhaps it had flown away, after all. But her firm tread on the sea wall was full of eagerness, and unconsciously she found herself hurrying.

Frith saw the yellow light of Rhayader's lantern down by his little wharf, and she found him there. His sailboat was rocking gently on a flooding tide and he was loading supplies—water and food, and bottles of brandy. When he turned to the sound of her coming, she saw that he was pale, but that his dark eyes, usually so kind and placid, were glowing with excitement, and he was breathing heavily from his exertions.

Sudden alarm seized Frith. The snow goose was forgotten. "Philip! Are you going away?"



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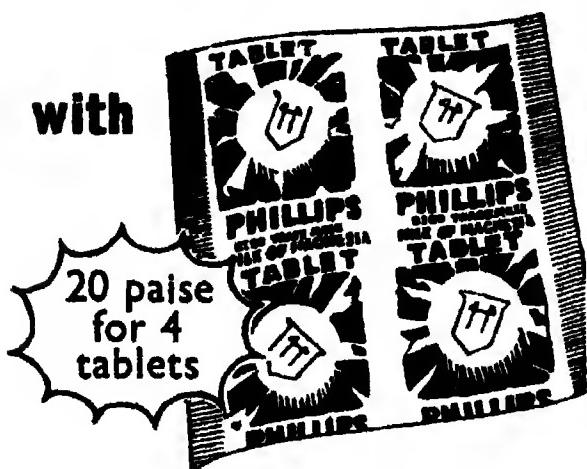
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Rhayader paused in his work to greet her, and there was something in his face, a glow and a look, that she had never seen there before.

"Frith! I am glad you came. Yes, I must go away. A little trip. I will come back." His usually kind voice was hoarse with what was suppressed inside him.

Frith asked, "Where must you go?"

Words came tumbling from Rhayader now. He must go to Dunkirk. A hundred miles across the North Sea. A British army was trapped there on the sands, awaiting destruction at the hands of the advancing Germans. The port was in flames, the position hopeless. He had heard it in the village where he had gone for supplies.

Every tug and fishing boat or power launch that could propel itself was heading across the sea to haul the men off the beaches to the transports and destroyers that could not reach the shallows, to rescue as many as possible from the Germans' fire.

Frith listened and felt her heart dying within her. He was saying that he would cross the sea in his little boat. It could take six men at a time; in a pinch, seven. He could make many trips from the beaches to the transports.

The girl was young, primitive, inarticulate. She did not understand war, or what had happened in France, or the meaning of the trapped army, but the blood within

her told her that here was danger.

"Philip! Must you go? You'll not come back. Why must it be you?"

The fever seemed to have gone from Rhayader's soul with the first rush of words, and he explained it to her in terms that she could understand.

He said, "Men are huddled on the beaches like hunted birds, Frith, like the wounded and hunted birds we used to find and bring to sanctuary. They are lost and storm-driven and harried, like the Princesse Perdue you found and brought to me out of the marshes many years ago, and we healed her. They need help, my dear, as our wild creatures have needed help, and that is why I must go. It is something that I can do. For once, I can be a man and play my part."

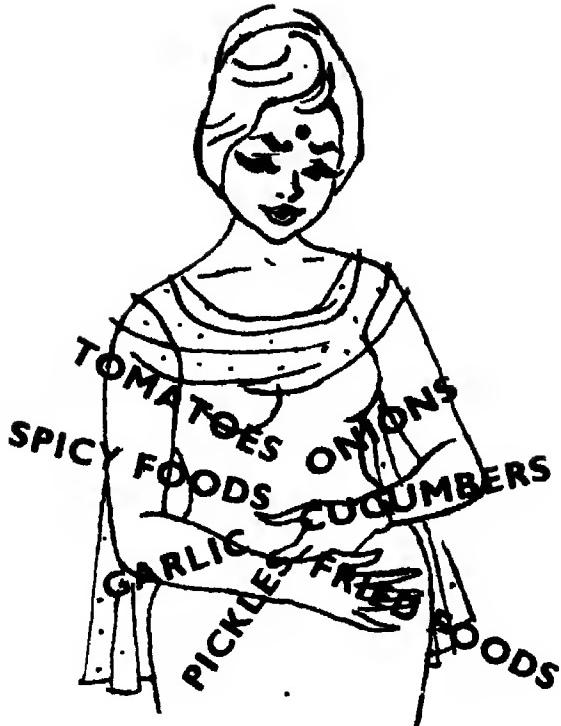
- Frith stared at Rhayader. He had changed so. For the first time she saw that he was no longer ugly or misshapen or grotesque, but very beautiful. Things were turmoiling in her own soul, crying to be said, and she did not know how to say them.

- "I'll come with you, Philip."

Rhayader shook his head. "Your place in the boat would cause a soldier to be left behind, and another and another. I must go alone."

He donned rubber coat and boots and took to his boat. He waved and called back, "Good-bye! Will you look after the birds until I return?"

Frith's hand came up, but only half, to wave, too. "God speed you,"



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she said. "I will take care of the birds. God-speed, Philip."

It was night now, bright with moon fragment and stars and northern glow. Frith stood on the sea wall and watched the sail gliding down the swollen estuary. Suddenly from the darkness behind her there came a rush of wings, and something swept past her into the air. In the night light she saw the flash of white wings, black-tipped, and the thrust-forward head of the snow goose.

It rose and cruised over the lighthouse once and then headed down the winding creek where Rhayader's sail was slanting in the gaining breeze, and flew above him in slow, wide circles.

White sail and white bird were visible for a long time.

"Watch over him. Watch over him," Frith whispered. When they were both out of sight at last, she turned and walked slowly, with head bent, back to the empty lighthouse.

White Omen in the Sky

Now THE story becomes fragmentary, and one of these fragments is in the cockney words of the men on leave who told it in the public room of the Crown and Arrow, an East Chapel pub.

"A goose, a bloomin' goose, so help me," said Private Potton, of His Majesty's London Rifles.

"Garn," said a bandy-legged artillery man.

"A goose it was. Jock, 'ere, saw it

the same as me. It come flyin' down out of the muck and stink and smoke of Dunkirk. It was white, with black on its wings, and it circles us like a bloomin' dive bomber. Jock, 'ere, he says, 'We're done for. It's the angel of death a-come for us.'

"'Garn,' I says, 'it's a ruddy goose, come over from home with a message from Churchill, and how are we enjoying the bloomin' bathing. It's a omen, that's what it is, a bloody omen. We'll get out of this yet, me lad.'

"We was roostin' on the beach between Dunkirk and Lapanny, like a lot of bloomin' pigeons on Victoria Embankment, waitin' for Jerry to pot us. And offshore is the *Kentish Maid*, wot I've taken many a trip on out to Margate in the summer, waiting to take us off, half a mile out from the bloomin' shallows.

"And then around the bend he comes in a bloody little sailboat, a dark man with a beard, a bloomin' claw for a hand, and a hump on his back, sailing along as cool as you please, like a bloomin' toff out for a pleasure spin on a Sunday afternoon at Henley.

"The water was frothing with shell splashes and bullets, but he didn't have no petrol to burn or explode, and he sailed in between the shells.

"He had a rope in his teeth that was shinin' white out of his black beard, his good hand on the tiller and the crooked one beckoning to

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us to come. And overhead, around and around, flies the ruddy goose.

"Jock, 'ere, says, 'It's all over now. It's the bloody devil come for us himself. I must have been struck and don't know it.'

"'Garn,' I says, 'it's more like the good Lord, he looks to me, than the bloomin' devil.' He did, too, like the pictures from the Sunday-school books, with his white face and dark eyes and beard and all, and his bloomin' boat.

boat, boys, in case we meet any of your friends,' and we're off, him sitting in the stern with his rope in his teeth, another in his crooked claw, and his right hand on the tiller, a-steering and sailing through the spray of the shells thrown by a land battery somewhere back of the coast. And the bloomin' goose is flying around, honking above the wind and the row Jerry was makin'.

"I told you yon goose was a



"I can take seven at a time," he sings out when he's in close.

"Our officer shouts, 'Good man! . . . You seven nearest, get in.'

"We waded out to where he was. I was that weary I couldn't climb over the side, but he takes me by the collar of my tunic and pulls, with a 'In you go, lad. Come on. Next man.'

"Then he sets his sail, part of wot looks like a bloomin' sieve from machine-gun bullets, and shouts, 'Keep down in the bottom of the

omen,' I says to Jock. 'Look at him there, a bloomin' angel of mercy.'

"Him at the tiller just looks up at the goose, with the rope in his teeth, and grins at her like he knows her a lifetime.

"He brought us out to the *Kentish Maid* and turns around and goes back for another load. He made trips all afternoon and all night, too, because the bloody light of Dunkirk was bright enough to see by. I don't know how many trips he made, but him and a nobby Thames Yacht

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Club motorboat and a big lifeboat from Poole brought off all of us on that particular stretch of hell, without the loss of a man.

"Wesailed when the last man was off, and there was more than 700 of us aboard a boat built to take 200. He was still there when we left, and he waved us good-bye and sails off towards Dunkirk, and the bird with him. Blimey, it was queer to see that ruddy big goose flyin' around his boat, lit up by the fires like a white angel against the smoke."

A Derelict Small Boat

IN AN officers' club in Brook Street, London, a retired naval officer, 65 years old, Commander

Keith Brill-Oudener, was telling of his experiences during the evacuation of Dunkirk. Called out of bed at four o'clock in the morning, he had captained a lopsided Limehouse tug across the Straits of Dover, towing a string of Thames barges, which he brought back four times, loaded with soldiers. On his last trip he came in with her funnel shot away and a hole in her side. But he got her back to Dover.

A naval-reserve officer, who had two Brixham trawlers and a Yarmouth drifter blasted out from under him in the last four days of the evacuation, asked him:

"Did you run across that queer sort of legend about a wild goose? It



was all up and down the beaches. You know how things spring up. Some of the men I brought back were talking about it. It was supposed to have appeared at intervals the last days between Dunkirk and La Panne. If you saw it, you were eventually saved. That sort of thing."

"H'm'm'm," said Brill-Oudener, "a wild goose. I saw a tame one. Dashed strange experience. Tragic in a way, too. And lucky for us. Tell you about it. Third trip back. Toward six o'clock we sighted a derelict small boat. Seemed to be a chap or a body in her. And a bird perched on the rail.

"We changed our course when

we got nearer, and went over for a look-see. By gad, it was a chap. Or had been, poor fellow. Machine-gunned, you know. Badly. Face down in the water. Bird was a goose, a tame one.

"We drifted close, but when one of our chaps reached over, the bird hissed at him and struck at him with her wings. Couldn't drive it off. Suddenly young Kettering, who was with me, gave a hail and pointed to starboard. Big mine floating by. If we'd kept on our course we'd have piled right into it. Ugh! Head on. We let it get a hundred yards astern of the last barge, and the men blew it up with rifle-fire.

"When we turned our attention

or off to school?

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THE SNOW GOOSE

to the derelict again, she was gone. Sunk. Chap with her. He must have been lashed to her. The bird had got up and was circling. Three times, like a plane saluting. Dashed queer feeling. Then she flew off to the west.

• "Lucky thing for us we went over to have a look, eh? Odd that you should mention a goose."

A Final Farewell

FRITH remained alone at the little lighthouse on the Great Marsh, taking care of the pinioned birds, waiting for she knew not what. The first days she haunted the sea wall, watching, though she knew it was useless.

Later she roamed through the storerooms of the lighthouse building with their stacks of canvases on which Rhayader had captured every mood and light of the desolate country and the wondrous, graceful, feathered things that inhabited it.

Among them she found the picture that Rhayader had painted of her from memory so many years ago, when she was still a child, and had stood, wind-blown and timid, at his threshold, hugging an injured bird to her.

The picture and the things she saw in it stirred her as nothing ever had before, for much of Rhayader's soul had gone into it. Strangely, it was the only time he had painted the snow goose—the lost wild creature, storm-driven from another land,

that to each had brought a friend, and which, in the end, returned to her with the message that she would never see him again.

Long before the snow goose had come dropping out of the crimsoned eastern sky to circle the lighthouse in a last farewell, Frith knew that Rhayader would not return. And so, when one sunset she heard the high-pitched, well-remembered note cried from the heavens, it brought no instant of false hope to her heart. This moment, it seemed, she had lived many times before.

She came running to the sea wall and turned her eyes, not toward the distant sea whence a sail might come, but to the sky from whose flaming arches plummeted the snow goose.

Then the sight, the sound and the solitude surrounding broke the dam within her and released the surging, overwhelming truth of her love, let it well forth in tears.

Wild spirit called to wild spirit, and she seemed to be flying with the great bird, soaring with it in the evening sky, and hearkening to Rhayader's message.

Sky and earth were trembling with it and filled her beyond the bearing of it. "Frith! Frith, my love. Good-bye, my love." The white pinions, black-tipped, were beating it out upon her heart and her heart was answering, "Philip, I love you."

For a moment Frith thought the snow goose was going to land in the

THE READER'S DIGEST

old enclosure, as the pinioned geese set up a welcoming gabble. But it only skimmed low, then soared up again, flew in a wide, graceful spiral once around the old light, and then began to climb.

Watching it, Frith saw no longer the snow goose but the soul of Rhayader taking farewell of her before departing for ever.

She was no longer flying with it, but earthbound. She stretched her arms up into the sky and stood on tip-toe, reaching, and cried, "God-speed! God-speed, Philip!"

Frith's tears were stilled. She stood watching silently long after the goose had vanished. Then she went into the lighthouse and secured the picture that Rhayader had painted of her. Hugging it to her

breast, she wended her way homeward along the old sea wall.

Each night, for many weeks thereafter, Frith came to the lighthouse and fed the pinioned birds. Then one early morning a German pilot on a dawn raid mistook the old abandoned light for an active military objective, dived on to it, a screaming steel hawk, and blew it and all it contained into oblivion.

That evening when Frith came, the sea had moved in through the breached walls and covered it over.

Nothing was left to break the utter desolation. No marsh fowl had dared to return. Only the flightless gulls wheeled and soared and mewed their plaint over the place where it had been.

THE END

Rebel in Chains

I KNOW a man who grew up in a stuffy atmosphere of Victorian piety, and who rebelled at an early age. He is now 50 years old and still rebelling.

His old family home was cluttered; so his own home is starkly simple. His parents were fanatically devout; so he is fanatically irreligious. His relatives were dogmatically conservative; so he is dogmatically radical.

This man thinks himself a "free soul." He thinks he has burst the bonds of his enslavement to the past. But he is wrong—for he is over-reacting to the past, and is still chained to it by his hostility.

To do exactly the opposite is a form of bondage. The young man who rebels from conformity to Bohemianism because it is exactly the opposite of what his father tried to ram down his throat is allowing his decisions to be made by somebody else.

To be free, in the fullest sense, does not mean to reject what our fathers believed; it means to discriminate, to select, to take on the difficult task of separating our principles from our passions.

Each generation, in some measure, rebels against the last. It is normal and natural and healthy. But it is necessary to know that the aim of rebellion is peace within the soul, and not perpetual revolt.

—Sydney Harris, *Last Things First*

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tient benefits from the collective experience of this dedicated and highly skilled branch of the medical profession.

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Double Supplement

"WE ARE ALL ANIMALS"

"Janet" Muff 182

ANTARCTIC DISASTER Richard T. Ladd 185

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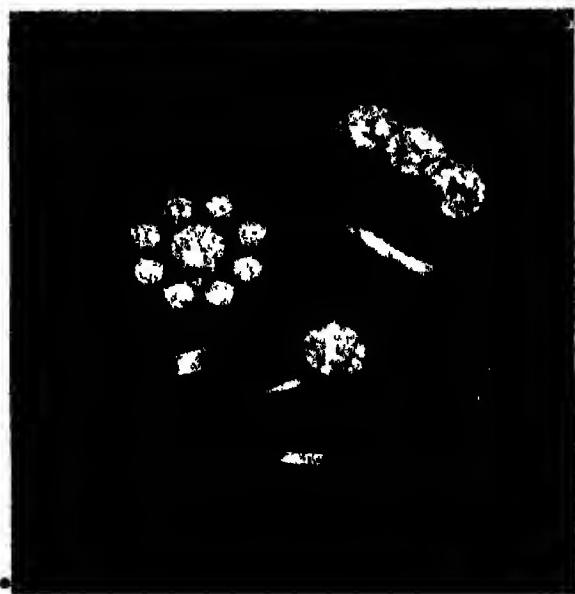
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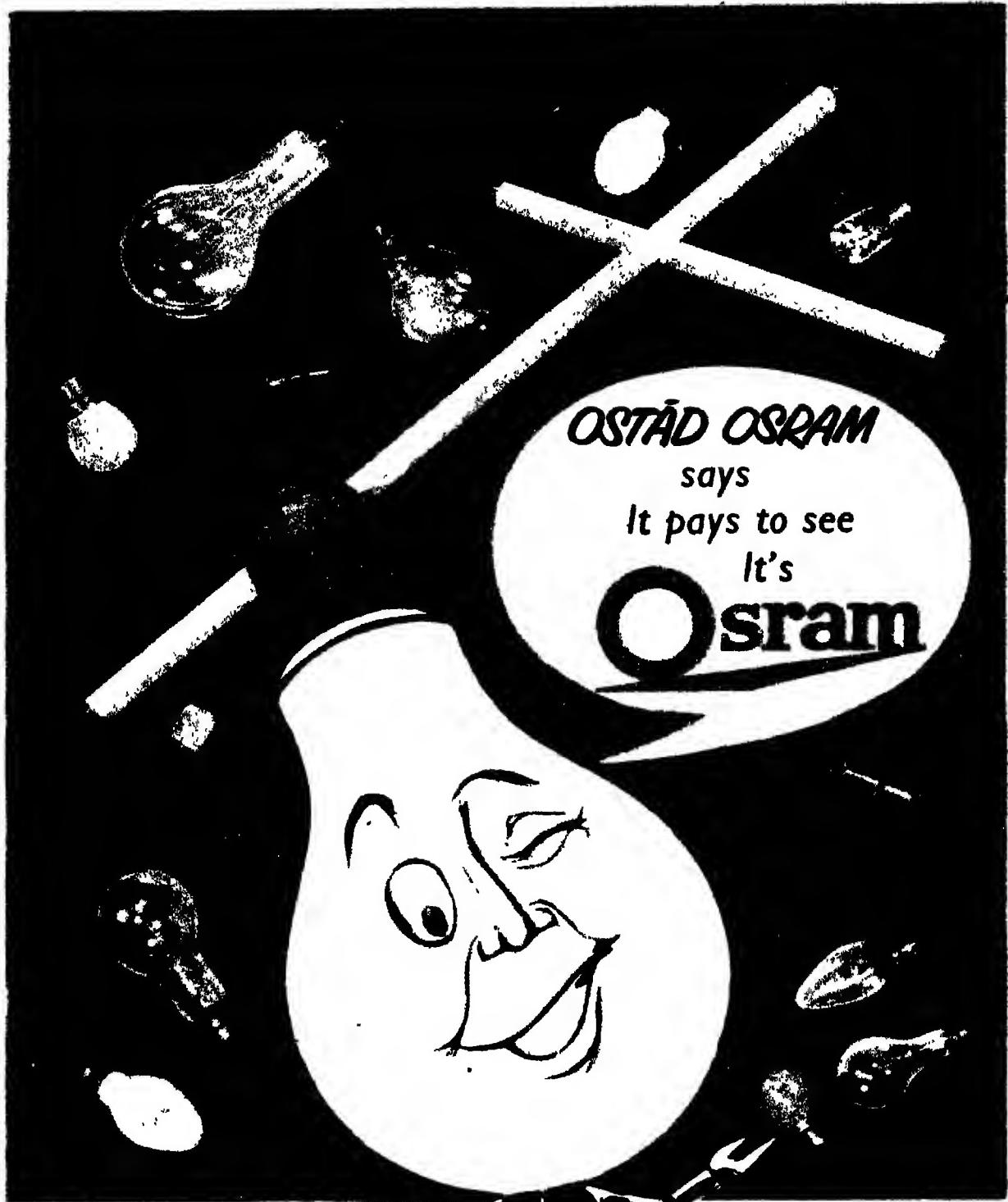
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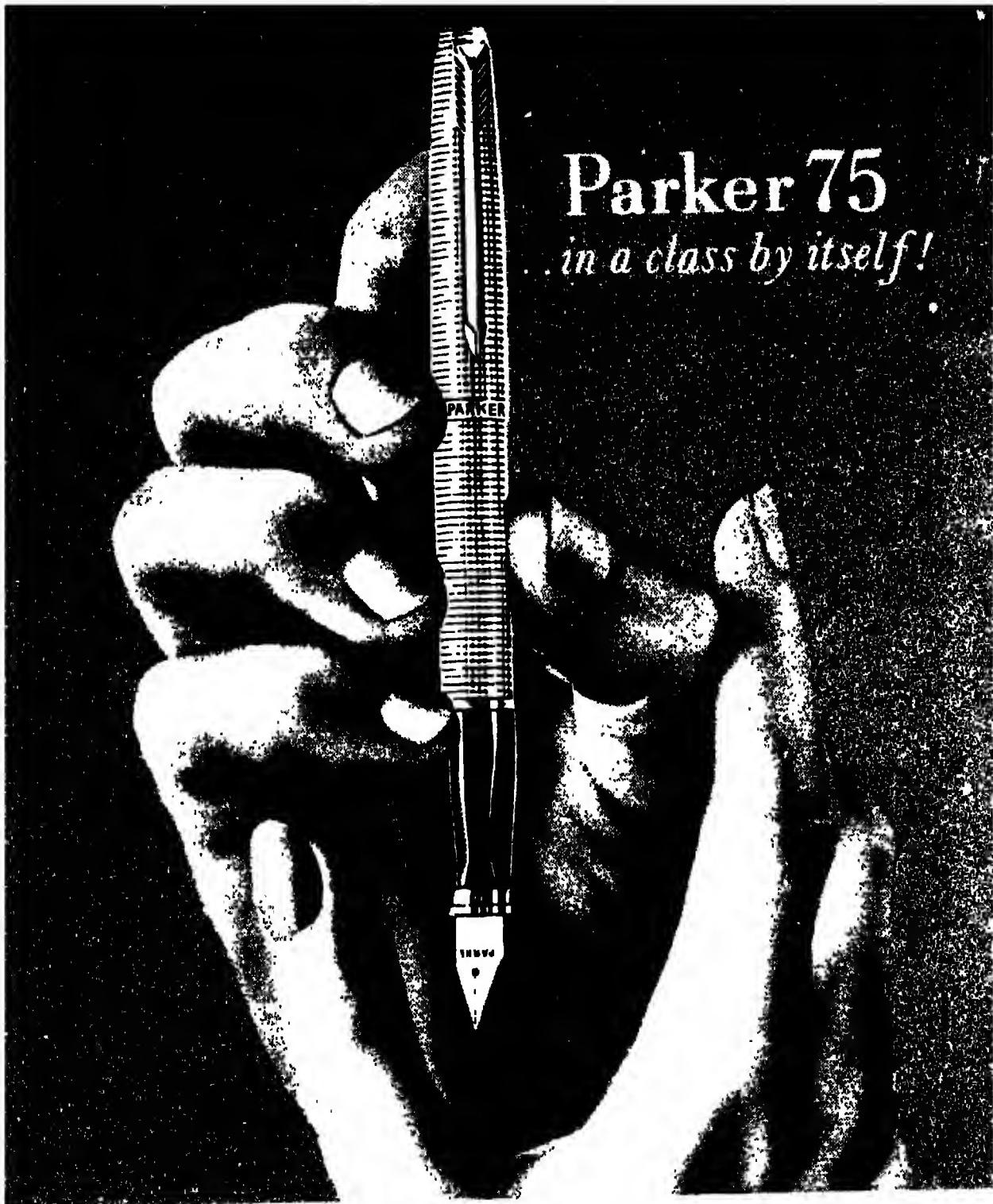
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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

BY PETER FUNK

IN THIS month's list of words, many of them reflecting the temper of the times, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 16.

- (1) **aquanaút** (äk' wä nawt)—A: distilled liquid. B: warship. C: undersea explorer. D: space traveller.
- (2) **incredulous** (in krēd' ü lus)—A: gullible. B: distrustful. C: imperturbable. D: sceptical.
- (3) **contingency** (kor' tin' jen sī)—A: terms of agreement. B: availability. C: unforeseen event. D: prevention.
- (4) **fission** (fi' shun)—A: union by melting. B: division or splitting. C: bubbling sound. D: crevasse.
- (5) **détente** (day tönt')—A: easing. B: dance. C: mechanical device. D: delay.
- (6) **humane** (hü' mane')—A: unpretentious. B: average. C: wise. D: kind.
- (7) **aversion** (a ver' shun)—A: intense dislike. B: bitterness. C: interpretation. D: unwillingness.
- (8) **rational** (ra' shun ul)—A: perceptive. B: sensible. C: reckless. D: astute.
- (9) **nucleus** (nuke' lē us)—A: core. B: inedible nut. C: quality. D: outer part.
- (10) **superfluous** (su per' flōō us)—A: ornamental. B: hasty. C: disdainful. D: super-abundant.
- (11) **specious** (spē' shus)—A: plausible. B: roomy. C: unduly complicated. D: inconsistent.
- (12) **materialistic** (ma tēr' i al' i tik)—A: unfeeling. B: emphasizing material things. C: extremely practical. D: having a keen sense of touch.
- (13) **permissive** (per mis' iv)—A: ungrudging. B: obedient. C: tolerant. D: relaxed.
- (14) **iconoclast** (i kōn' o klast)—A: type of cross. B: destroyer of images. C: revolutionist. D: pioneer.
- (15) **agnostic** (äg nös' tik)—A: one who denies God's existence. B: nonconformist. C: self-centred person. D: one who questions God's existence.
- (16) **incongruous** (in kōng' grōō üs)—A: not logical. B: paradoxical. C: out of place. D: foolish.
- (17) **divisive** (di vi' siv)—A: creating disunity. B: penetrating. C: twisting. D: tricky.
- (18) **effete** (ĕ feet')—A: ineffectual. B: effeminate. C: smooth. D: worn out.
- (19) **vogue** (vōg)—A: caprice. B: fashion. C: sophisticated viewpoint. D: trend.
- (20) **exhilarating** (ĕg zil' a ray ting)—A: frenzied. B: confusing. C: stimulating. D: dazzling.

(Now turn to page 16)

Not all good things are made by us
But you'll be amazed to know how many of them are!



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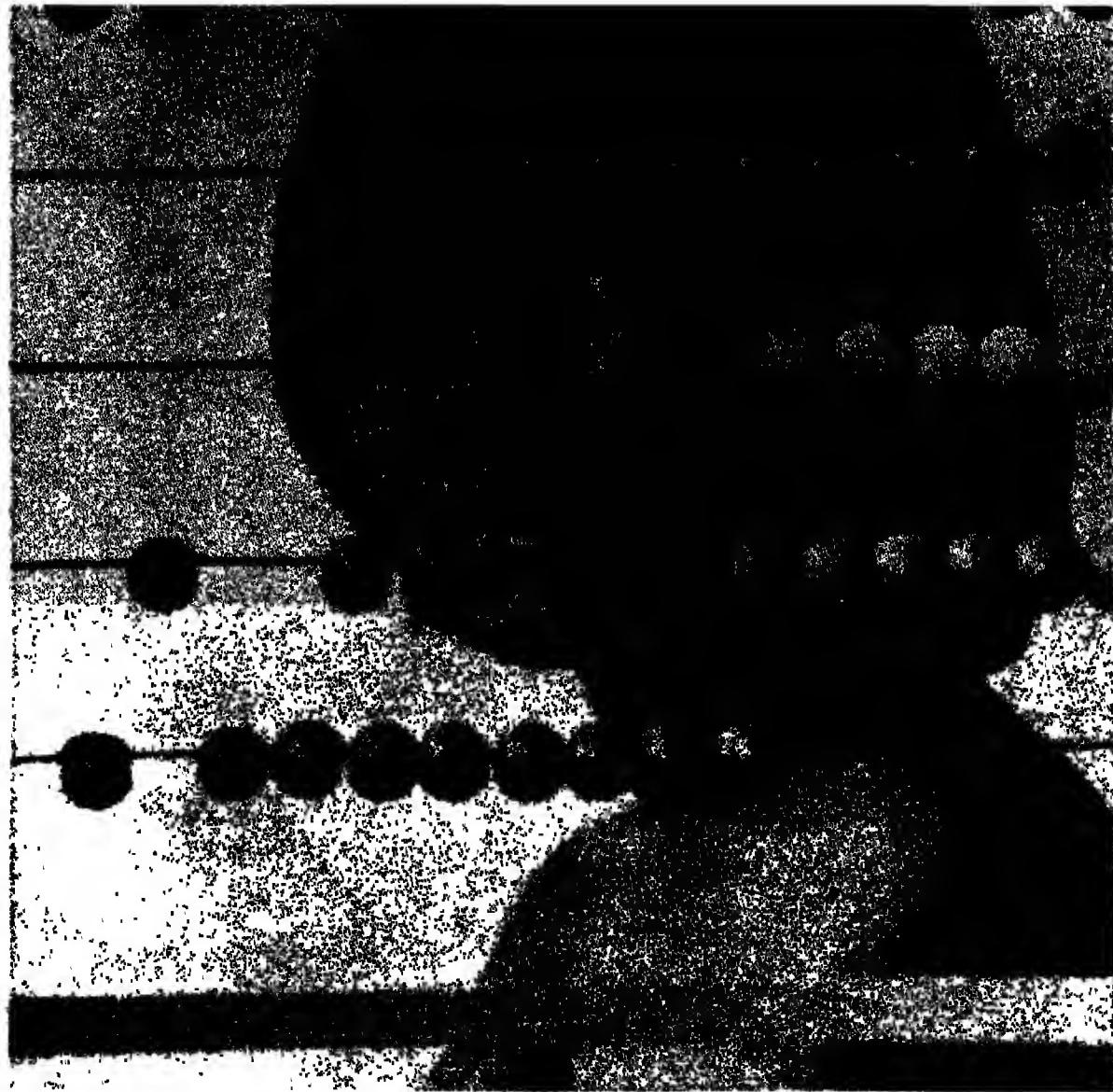
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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

Answers to the quiz on page 7

- (1) **aquanaút**—C: Undersea explorer or traveller; observer of deep-sea life. Latin *aqua*, “water,” and Greek *nautēs*, “sailor.”
- (2) **incredulous**—D: Sceptical; showing doubt; as, an *incredulous* expression. Latin *incredulus*.
- (3) **contingency**—C: Unforeseen event; possible occurrence; as, to plan for every *contingency*. Latin *contingens*, from *contingere*, “to have contact with, befall.”
- (4) **fission**—B: Splitting or breaking up into parts; the splitting of an atomic nucleus, resulting in the release of energy; as, nuclear *fission*. Latin *fissio*, from *findere*, “to split.”
- (5) **détente**—A: Easing or relaxation of strained relations or tensions; as, a temporary *détente* between China and Russia. Middle French *déstendre*, “to slacken.”
- (6) **humane**—D: Kind; benevolent; showing consideration and sympathy for others; as, *humane* laws. Latin *humanus*, “civilized.”
- (7) **aversion**—A: Intense dislike; antipathy; repugnance, with a strong desire to avoid; as, to have an *aversion* to war. Latin *aversere*, “to turn away.”
- (8) **rational**—B: Sensible; agreeable to reason; having reason or understanding; as, to act in a *rational* manner. Latin *rationalis*.
- (9) **nucleus**—A: Core; central mass or point about which matter gathers or collects; as, the *nucleus* of an atom. Latin *nucleus*, “kernel.”
- (10) **superfluous**—D: Super-abundant; excessive; more than is needed; as, a *superfluous* amount of food. Latin *superflus*, “overflowing.”
- (11) **specious**—A: Plausible; apparently but deceptively fair, just or correct; as, a *specious* argument. Latin *speciosus*, “beautiful.”
- (12) **materialistic**—B: Emphasizing material rather than intellectual or spiritual things; as, a *materialistic* society. Latin *materia*, “matter.”
- (13) **permissive**—C: Tolerant; granting or tending to grant permission; allowing discretion; as, a *permissive* atmosphere. Latin *permittere*, “to allow.”
- (14) **iconoclast**—B: Destroyer of images; one who attacks conventional beliefs, institutions or ideas. Greek *eikonoklastēs*, “image destroyer.”
- (15) **agnostic**—D: One who believes that neither the nature nor existence of God is known or knowable. Greek *agnóstos*, “unknown, unknowable.”
- (16) **incongruous**—C: Out of place; unsuitable; inappropriate; as, an *incongruous* statement. Latin *incongruus*, “inconsistent.”
- (17) **divisive**—A: Creating disunity, dissension or discord; as, a *divisive* remark. Latin *dividere*, “to divide.”
- (18) **effete**—D: Worn out; exhausted; spent; as, an *effete* civilization. Latin *effetus*, “weakened by giving birth.”
- (19) **vogue**—B: Fashion; popular favour; accepted mode; as, the current *vogue* of despair in literature. Italian *voga*, “a course for rowing.”
- (20) **exhilarating**—C: Stimulating; enlivening; making glad; as, an *exhilarating* day, person or idea. Latin *exhilarare*, “to make cheerful.”

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct	excellent
18-16 correct	good
15-13 correct	fair

What? X-ray an airplane?



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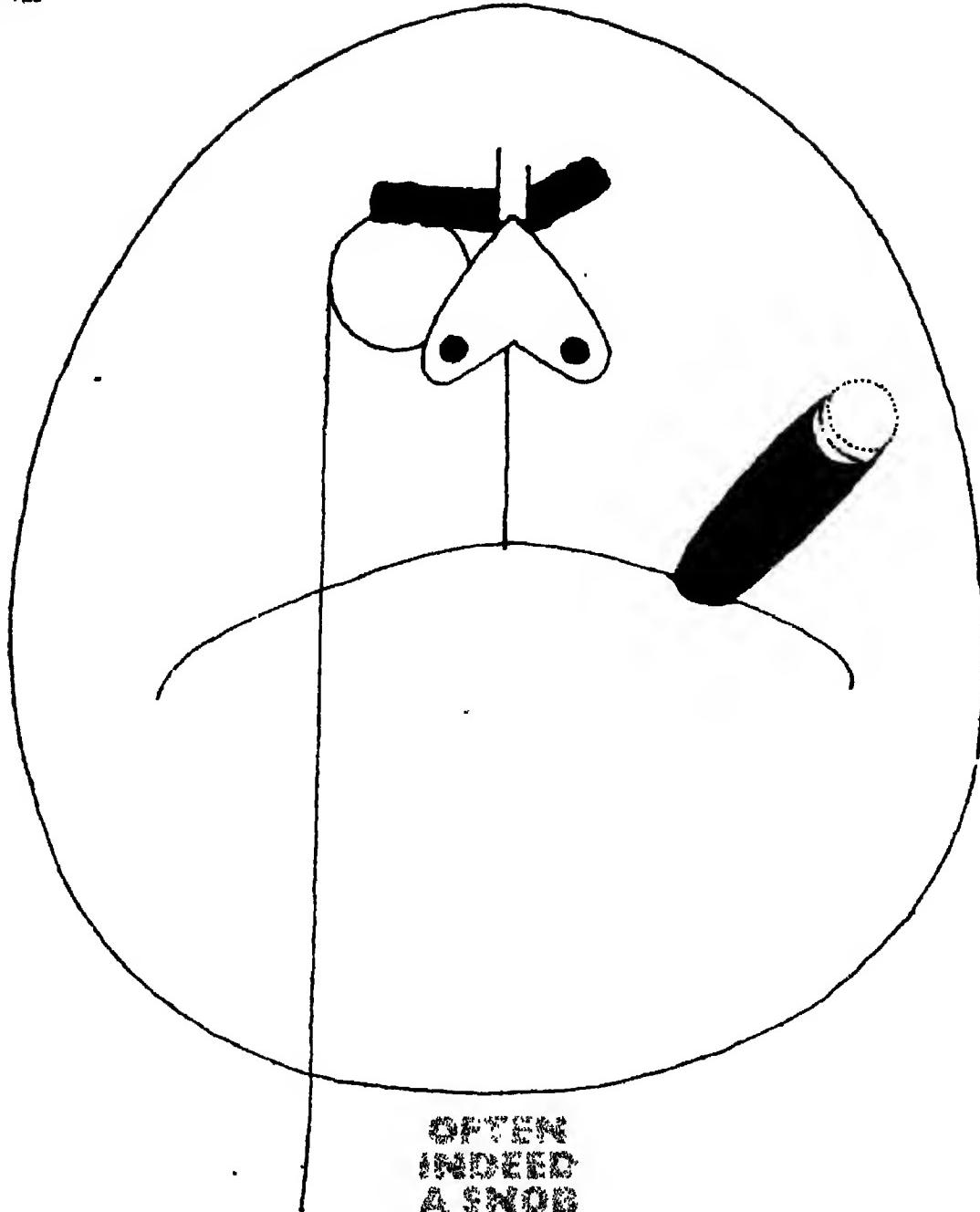
There's more. In addition to these "zone" inspections, Pan Am's radiographic experts shoot approximately 600 X-rays of individual parts every month. A complete record is filmed and filed as a permanent part of each aircraft's service record.

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OFTEN
INDEED
A SNOB

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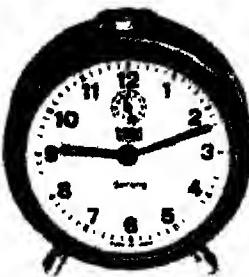
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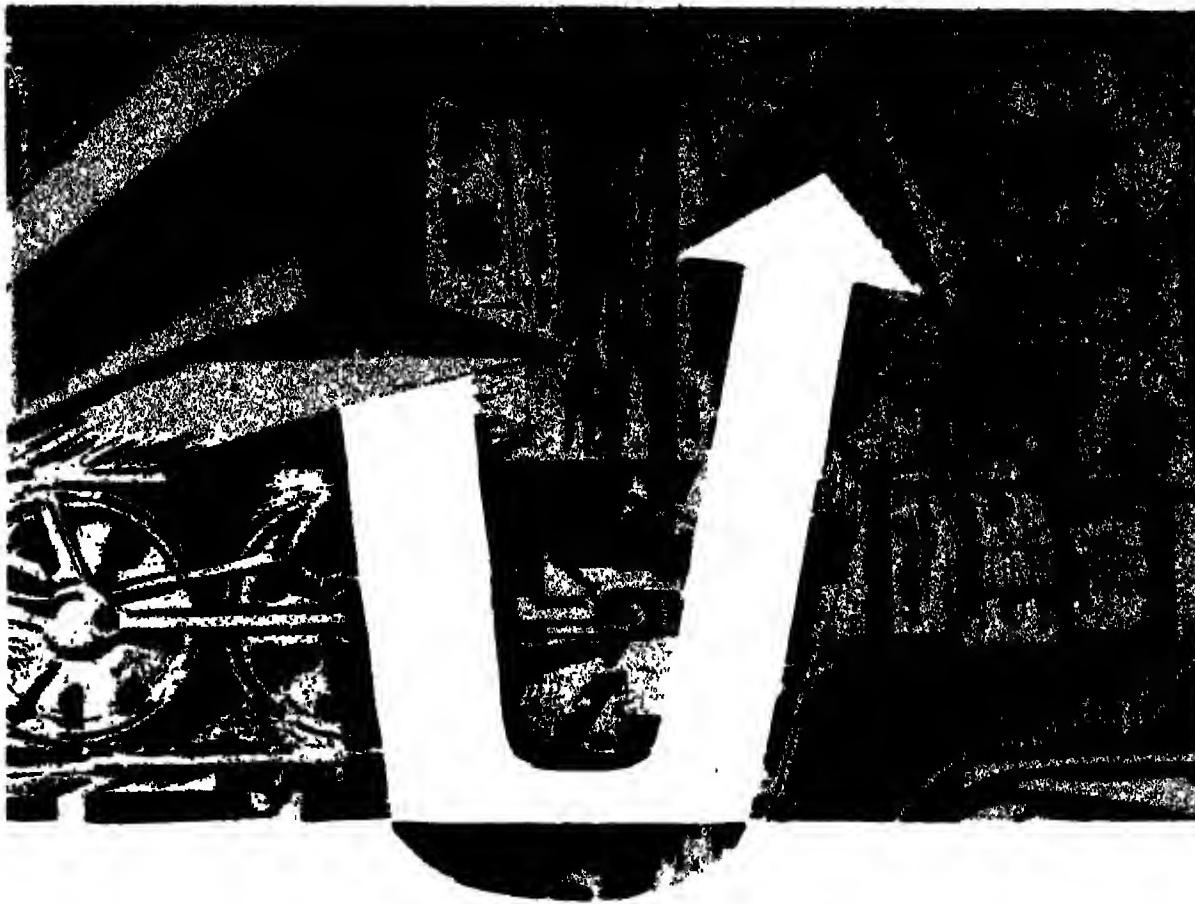


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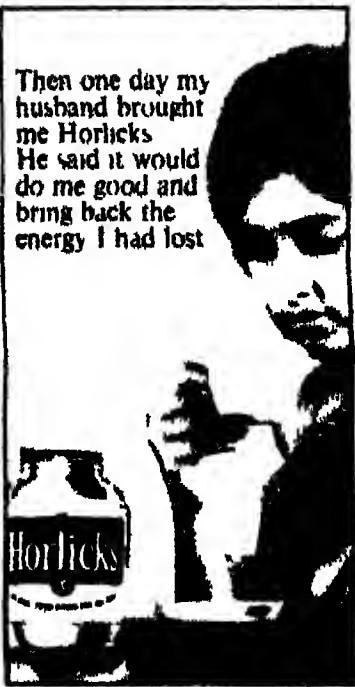


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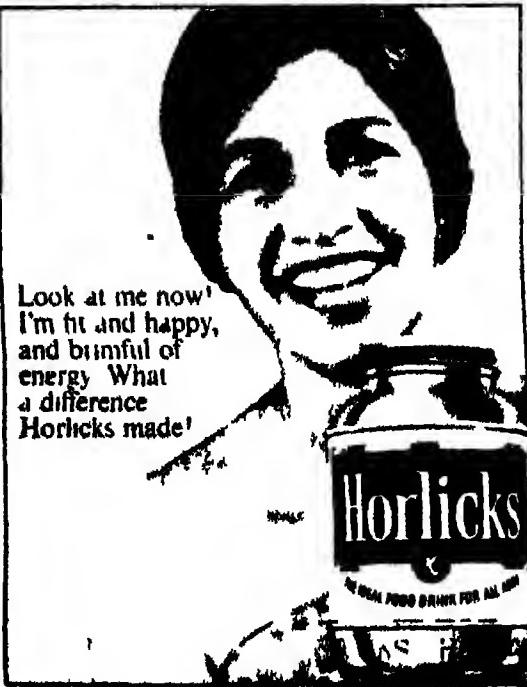
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Points to PONDER

AUGUST is hardly the month when people plan great new things full of ginger and surprises. But in a curious way it is the month when we pause, consider and assess, in the light of reason. More decisions *not* to rush into this or that are perhaps made in August than in any other month. These decisions persist and control many actions in what have come to be considered the more aggressive months of the year.

People relaxing in the shade of a hot month cover more ground than they ever realize. It is a time when they pick up this or that book and gradually realize what it is all about. It is a month when, on holiday, they visit new places with old histories and quietly get a better perspective of the past, the present, yes, and the future.

Watch August! It is a more decisive month than one may have thought.

—E. L. Rhodes

IT IS A curious thing, this craving for solitude that we all seem to have. Gregarious by instinct though we are, even in early childhood we hunger to be alone. Who has not known the child's passion to become inaccessible—the

secret cave made out of a blanket thrown over upturned chairs, the house in the tree to which one climbed and pulled up the rope ladder?

—Raymond Fosdick

THE MORE we love our friends, the less we flatter them.

—Molière

"I WONDER what it would be like to be on a spaceship," mused my ten-year-old boy.

"You're on one," I told him. "And you have been all your life."

The earth is a very small spaceship, by astronomical standards. It is only 8,000 miles in diameter, which makes it just a tiny speck in our galaxy. And our galaxy is only one of millions. Yet this tiny speck has sustained thousands of millions of human passengers for more than two million years as it has orbited in the solar system. It shows no signs of running down for millions of years more, and all it needs is radiation from the sun to keep it going and to regenerate life "on board."

If we could implant in our children, at an early age, this concept of a global spaceship, they might possibly be more prepared, in attitude and action, to treat one another as crew members should, when they grow up.

—Sydney Harris

THE great fun of getting up in the morning, even to men in prison, is that something you cannot predict may happen to you that day. Although we have laws on the books against gambling, life itself is an immense gamble—and let's be thankful for that. The man who invents a Futuroid camera will have done more to make life unliveable than the man who invented the H-bomb. —Al Capp



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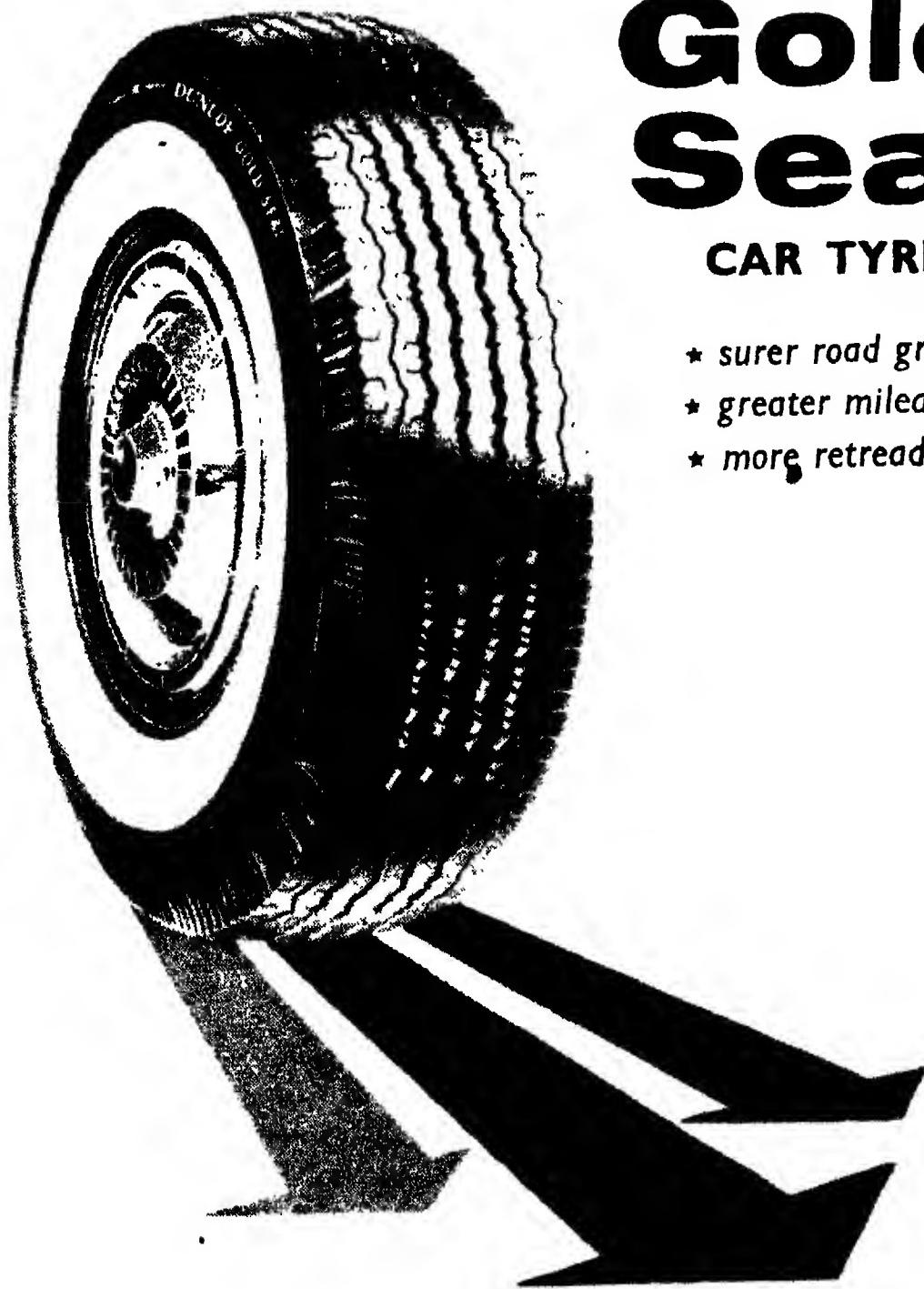


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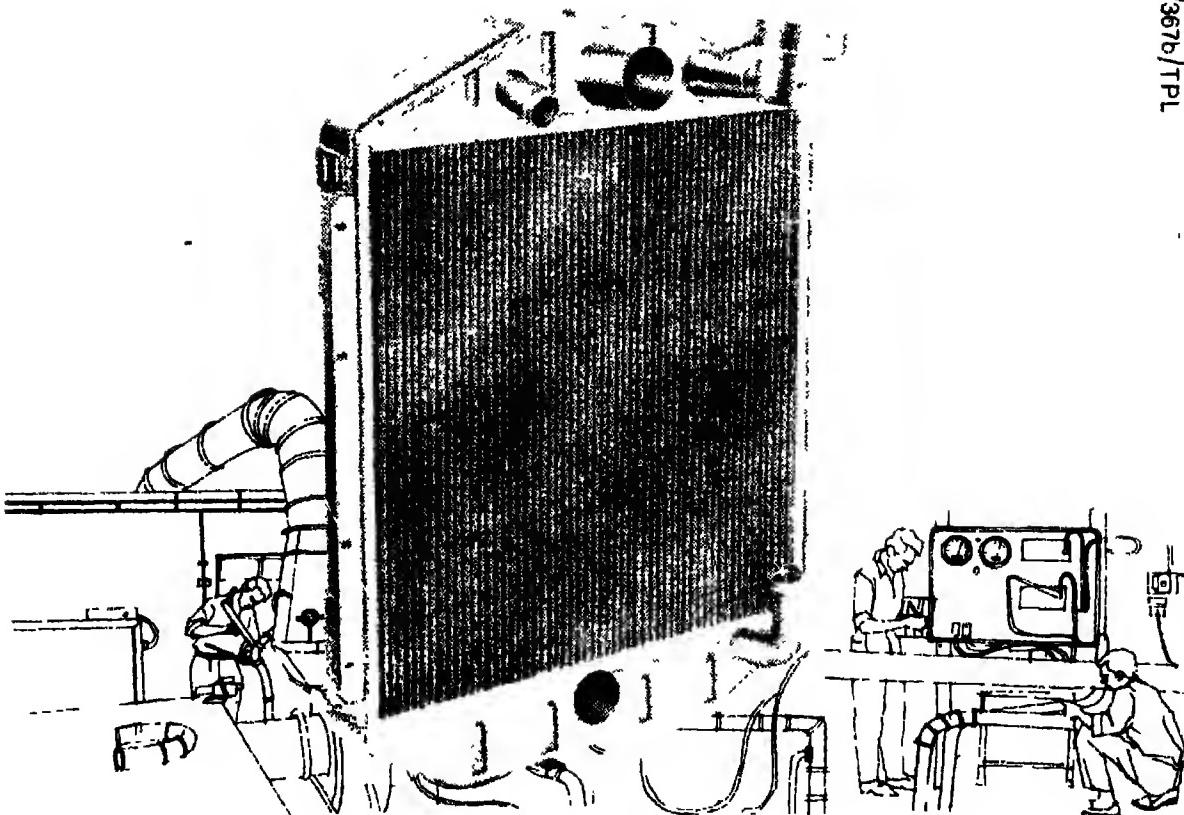
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VOLUME 89

The
Reader's Digest

AUGUST 1966



A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award

When the hunters become the hunted, few survive
to tell the tale. Here is one who did.

By RODNEY FOX

KAY LOOKED quite miserable standing there as I said goodbye at 6.30 that Sunday morning in 1963. She was expecting our first child, and the doctor had told her firmly: don't go.

I wish now that the doctor's advice had applied to me as well. Two hours later, however, found me standing on the cliff at Aldinga Beach—34 miles south of our home in Adelaide, South Australia. This was why I had set out so early. Now I had time to study carefully the

dark patterns of bottom growth on the coral reef that shelves to seaward under the incoming blue-green swells.

Aldinga reef is a watery paradise, a teeming sea jungle, a happy hunting ground for underwater spear-fishermen like myself. Forty of us—each in black rubber suit and flippers, glass-windowed face mask, snorkel, lead-weighted belt and spear-fishing gun—were waiting for the referee's nine-o'clock whistle to announce that the annual South

Australian Skin-Diving and Spear-Fishing Championship competition had begun. Each of us would have five hours to bring in to the judges the biggest bag, reckoned both by total weight and by number of different species of fish.

My own chances looked good. I had won the 1961-62 championship and I had been runner-up the next season. I had promised Kay that this would be my last competition. I meant to clinch the title and then retire in glory, diving thenceforth only for fun, when Kay and I might both want to.

I was 23 and, after months of training, in top form. We were "free divers," you understand, with no artificial breathing aids. I had trained myself to dive safely to 100 feet and to hold my breath for more than a minute without discomfort. At the nine-o'clock whistle blast we waded into the surf.

Each man towed behind him, by a light line tied to his lead-weight belt, a buoyant, hollow fishing float. We would load our fish into these floats immediately on spearing them. This would minimize the amount of fresh blood released in the water. Blood might attract from out beyond the reef the big hunting fish—the always hungry and curious great predatory sharks that prowl the deeper water off the South Australian coast.

Lesser sharks—like the bronze whaler and grey nurse—are familiar to skin divers and have not proved

aggressive. Fortunately the dread white hunter or "white death" sharks, caught by professional fishermen in the open ocean, are rarely seen by skin divers. But as a precaution two high-powered patrol boats criss-crossed our hunting area keeping a wary lookout.

The weather was bright and hot. An offshore breeze flattened the green wave tops, but it ruffled the water on the reef. Visibility under the surface would be poor. This makes it difficult for spear-fishermen. In murky water a diver often gets too close to a fish before he realizes that it's there; thus he scares it away before he can get set for a shot.

By 12.30, when I towed to shore a heavy catch of parrot fish, snapper, snook, boarfish and magpie perch, I could see from the other piles that I must be well up in the competition. I had 60 pounds of fish on shore, comprising 14 species. It was now 12.35 and the contest closed at two. As fish naturally grew scarcer in the inshore areas I had ranged out to three-quarters of a mile for bigger and better game. On my last swim-in from the "drop-off" section of the reef, where it plunges from 25 feet to 60 feet in depth, I had spotted quite a few large fish near a big, triangular-shaped rock which I felt sure that I could find again.

Two of these fish were dusky morwongs—or "strongfish," as we Australian skin divers usually call them. Either of these would be

large enough to tip the scales in my favour; then one more fish of another variety would sew things up for me, I decided. I swam out to the spot I'd picked, then rested face down, breathing through my snorkel as I studied through my face glass the best approach to the two fish sheltering behind the rock. After several deep breaths I held one, swallowed to lock it in, upended and dived.

Swimming down and forward, so as not to excite them, I rounded the large rock and thrilled to see my quarry. Not 30 feet away the larger dusky morwong, a beauty of at least 20 pounds, was browsing in a clump of brown weed.

I glided forward, hoping for a close-in shot. I stretched both hands out in front of me, my left for balance, my right holding the gun, which was loaded with a stainless-steel shaft and barb. I drifted easily over the short weed and should have lined up for a perfect head-and-gill shot, but . . .

How can I describe the sudden silence? It was a perceptible *hush*, even in that quiet world, a motionlessness that was somehow communicable deep below the surface of the sea. Then something huge hit me with tremendous force on my left side and heaved me through the water. I was dumbfounded.

Now the "thing" was pushing me through the water with wild speed. I felt a bewildering sensation of nausea. The pressure on my back

and chest was immense. A queer "cushiony" feeling ran down my right side, as if my insides on my left were being squeezed over to my right side. I had lost my face mask and I could not see in the blur. My speargun was knocked violently out of my hand.

The pressure on my body seemed actually to be choking me. I did not understand what was happening. I tried to shake myself loose but found that my body was clamped as if in a vice. With awful revulsion my mind came into focus, and I realized my predicament: *a shark had me in its jaws*.

I could not see the creature, but it must be a huge one. Its teeth had closed around my chest and back, with my left shoulder forced into its throat. I was being thrust face down ahead of it as we raced through the water.

Although dazed with the horror, I still felt no pain. In fact, there was no sharp feeling at all except for the crushing pressure on my back and chest. I stretched my arms out behind and groped for the monster's head, hoping to gouge out its eyes.

Suddenly, miraculously, the pressure was gone from my chest. The creature had relaxed its jaws. I thrust backwards to push myself away—but my right arm went straight into the shark's mouth.

Now I felt pain such as I had never imagined. Blinding bursts of agony made every part of my body scream in torment. As I wrenched

my arm loose from the shark's jagged teeth, all-encompassing waves of pain swept through me. But I had succeeded in freeing myself.

I thrashed and kicked my way to the surface, thudding repeatedly into the shark's body. Finally my head pushed above water and I gulped great gasps of air.

I knew the shark would come up for me. A fin brushed my flippers and then my knees suddenly touched its rough side.

I grabbed with both arms, wrapping my legs and arms around the monster, hoping wildly that this manoeuvre would keep me out of its jaws. Somehow I gulped a great breath.

We went down deep again—I scraped the rocks on the bottom. Now I was shaken violently from side to side. I pushed away with all my remaining strength. I had to get back to the surface.

Once again I could breathe. But all around, the water was crimson with blood—my blood. The shark broke the surface a few feet away and turned over on its side. Its hideous body was like a great rolling tree trunk, but rust-coloured, with huge pectoral fins. The great conical head belonged unmistakably to a white hunter. Here was the white-death itself!

It began moving towards me. Indescribable terror surged through my body. One tiny fragment of the ultimate horror was the fact that



this fearful monster, this scavenger of the sea, was my master. I was alone in its domain; here the shark made the rules. I was no longer an Adelaide insurance salesman. I was simply a squirming something-to-eat, to be forgotten even before it was digested.

I knew the shark was attacking again and that I would die in agony when it struck. I could only wait. I breathed a hurried little prayer for Kay and the baby.

Then, unbelievably, I saw the creature veer away just before it



reached me, the slanted dorsal fin curving off, just above the surface! Then my fishing float began moving rapidly across the water.

The slack line tightened at my belt, and I was being pulled forward and under the water again. At the last instant the shark had snatched the float instead of me and had fouled itself somehow in the line. I tried to release my weight-belt to which the line was attached, but my arms would not obey. We were moving very fast now and had travelled under water 30 or 40 feet,

my left hand still fumbling helplessly at the release catch. *Surely I'm not going to drown now* rushed through my mind. Then the final miracle occurred: the line parted suddenly and I was free once more. They tell me that all I could scream when my head reached the surface was: "Shark! . . . Shark!" It was enough.

Now there were voices, familiar noises, then the boatful of friends that I'd been praying would come. I gave up trying to move and relied on them to help me. In this new

world of people, somebody kept saying, "Hang on, mate, it's over. Hang on." I think without that voice out there I would have died.

The men in the patrol boat were horrified at the extent of my injuries. My right hand and arm were so badly slashed that the bones lay bare in several places. My chest, back, left shoulder and side were deeply gashed. Great pieces of flesh had been torn aside, exposing the rib cage, lungs and upper stomach.

Police manning the highway intersections for 34 miles got our ambulance through in record time. The surgeons at Royal Adelaide Hospital were scrubbed and ready, the operating table felt warm and comfortable, the huge silver light overhead grew dimmer . . . until late that night or early next morning I opened my eyes and saw Kay.

I said, "It hurts," and she was crying. The doctor walked over and said, "He'll make it now."

Today, my lungs work well, although my chest is still stiff. My right hand isn't a pretty sight, but I can use it. My chest, back, abdomen and shoulder are badly scarred.

God knows I didn't want to, but Kay realized right from the start that I had to go skin diving again. A man's only half a man if fear ties him up. Five months after I recovered, I returned to the sea to leave my fears where I had found them.

But my skin diving is different nowadays. I've got my confidence back, but with it came prudence. You can't count on getting through a second round with a shark; anyhow, there are plenty of risks you have to take in this world without going out of your way to add needless ones.

So now I stay away from competition, and leave the murky water to the daredevils who've never felt a shark's jaws around their chest.

Noise, Please!

LAST summer a recording studio in New York got a frantic call that sent one of its crews with full equipment to Times Square. The taped cacophony of screeching taxi brakes, police whistles, rumbling engines and honking horns was rushed via special messenger to a peaceful mountain resort. A big-city businessman was going out of his mind with nothing but crickets outside his bedroom window.

—W. I. F.

* * *

Taken on Trust

WHEN Mrs. Albert Einstein was asked whether she understood the theory of relativity, she replied staunchly, "No—but I know my husband and I know he can be trusted."

—The Rev. A. P. Bailey

Mexico

A "DOME OF LIFE"

IN THE FIGHT AGAINST HUNGER

BY JOHN STROHM

The story of a victory over hunger that offers hope to all famine-threatened nations

THE CRUEL scythe of famine now slicing through Asia is dooming millions to starvation. The same fate will strike Africa within ten years, Latin America in 20—unless the “food gap” can be closed. At present this gap is widening: world population is now increasing at two per cent annually, food production only 1.5 per cent. If the trend continues for another decade, say the experts, we are heading towards an unparalleled catastrophe.

In the face of this chilling picture, the example of Mexico’s victory over hunger is cause for hope. In 15 years, Mexican farmers have achieved what world experts said

was impossible. Despite their problems of illiteracy and low income, they have more than doubled their country’s food output.

The statistics are sensational: potato crops have trebled; beans and wheat have quadrupled; there is nearly twice as much maize for *tortillas* and for export. Broiler chicken production is up 500 per cent; egg production 150 per cent. Never in history has a country increased its food supply so fast.

“Ten years ago, if heaven smiled, I could grow ten bushels of maize per acre; today 110 bushels are not impossible,” says a grower who farms high in the Bajío region of the great central plateau. He now owns

a modern home with running water and electricity. For the first time in his life he is excited about farming.

The formula for this extraordinary success was simple: a few Rockefeller Foundation scientists, never more than 21 at the peak, and only nine today; Rs. 44 lakhs of Rockefeller funds annually; a team of energetic young Mexican scientists and a plan, patiently worked out by the Mexican Government and the Rockefeller Foundation. The Government provided land, buildings, manpower and additional money.

A Brain in Overalls. Dr. George Harrar, now president of the Rockefeller Foundation, started the scheme in 1943. Sceptical Mexican government officials, expecting a *sabio* (brain) to give them quick blueprint solutions, were disillusioned when Harrar donned overalls and began digging in the fields to find out why yields were so low. He travelled the country by boat and donkey, saw the poverty and poor crops, found that only eight per cent of the land was tillable, and that was tired from centuries of use. Then, needing help, he returned to the United States to recruit three ex-farm boys with Ph.D.'s—Edwin Wellhausen, Norman Borlaug and John Niederhauser.

The job was formidable. They started with the most important food crop, maize. Mexico, the birthplace of the grain, was producing a sparse ten bushels per acre when Wellhausen, a maize expert, joined

Harrar. Finding U.S. hybrids useless there, he recruited agricultural college students to gather the best maize samples from Mexico's mountain plateaux and valleys, from rain-starved and soil-thin areas. The assembled samples, in all shades of red, yellow, purple and white, looked like a museum collection.

When the samples were planted in fertilized plots, the differences among them were spectacular. Some almost exploded when fed with chemical nutrients; others grew luxuriantly but produced little grain. Here was the basis for a plan: from the highest-yielding samples, already adapted to Mexico's soil and climate, breed new varieties and hybrids for even bigger harvests, and use plenty of fertilizer.

The next job was to find land for demonstrations. But farmers were suspicious of interference from government men. Only a reluctant few co-operated, and they gave their poorest land. The precious sample seed often ended up in the cooking pot. Fertilizer went unused.

Yet the first year's results were fair. Fearing his neighbour's ridicule, one farmer had requested that his demonstration plot be right away from the road. But when he saw the big second-year yields, he asked for enough seed to plant his entire farm. Today some Mexican farmers grow 150 bushels of maize to the acre. In the first two months of 1965 the nation, long a big maize

importer, exported nearly eight million bushels.

From Scarcity to Surplus. The wheat story was even more spectacular. In 1950 Mexico imported 427,000 long tons of wheat; last year she *exported* 465,000 long tons, and the government had to limit acreage to avoid surpluses.

Chiefly responsible for the reversal was Borlaug's introduction of rust-resistant wheats. He found farmers hand-sickling a sparse six to eight bushels of dry land wheat per acre. The plant fungus called "rust" and tired soil were the villains.

In four years, Borlaug and his Mexican associates nursed yields of U.S. rust-resistant wheat up to 27 bushels per acre. Then disaster struck: a new race of rust wiped out the crop. However, by then they had done a lot of painstaking work in genetics, crossing and back-crossing resistant local wheats with other, high-yielding types to develop new varieties resistant to local rusts. Government banks distributed the new seed to small farmers.

Today almost 95 per cent of the wheats grown in Mexico are the creations of the Mexican wheat team that Borlaug labels "the best in the world." Many farmers grow 50 bushels of wheat per acre; in the irrigated north-west, 75-bushel yields are common. Dwarfs are the latest triumph, yielding up to 115 bushels per acre.

Conquest of Blight. Potatoes got the same research treatment. This

important food crop has long been crippled by late blight, the devastating fungus that triggered the Irish potato famine of 1845. Sprays control the fungus, but are too expensive for small Mexican farmers.

When pathologist John Niederhauser arrived from the United States with blight-resistant seed, sceptics warned that potatoes were "just not adapted to Mexico."

The U.S. Department of Agriculture sent 5,000 blight-resistant varieties, but 4,980 were killed by the many virulent Mexican races of blight that prompt pathologists to call this the "best disease garden in the world." Of 486 seed stocks imported from Germany, only two survived. These few survivors were crossed with Mexican wild-potato plants, which bore no edible tubers but which had coexisted with late blight for thousands of years. The researchers' genetic goal was to breed in strengths of resistance and high yields, and breed out weaknesses.

"We planted some of the new strains in the Pátzcuaro area," recalls Javier Cervantes, now head of the Mexican potato-research project. "Blight destroyed all potatoes except ours. But when we arrived to dig them, they had already been 'harvested'—dug at night by villagers determined to have the miraculous seed. Within two years green fields of potatoes dotted the region. We lost an experiment,"

Cervantes adds, "but did a fine piece of extension work."

To date the Mexican team has produced 13 resistant varieties that will yield up to 18 or 20 tons per acre, without costly spraying. "This means a better diet for millions," asserts Niederhauser, "because potatoes will produce more calories than almost any other crop." When former Soviet President Mikoyan visited Mexico, his main request was for blight-resistant seed stock to take back to Russia, biggest potato grower on earth.

Crop of Scientists. Whatever the crop, plant breeding was just one step. The Mexican programme gradually evolved into a balanced team effort with geneticists breeding better plants, pathologists fighting disease, entomologists battling with insects, soil men rejuvenating the tired earth, specialists improving the livestock. For example, the higher yields required more plant food, and fertilizer was both scarce and expensive. This triggered growth of a new Mexican fertilizer industry.

The most valuable product of the Mexico-Rockefeller co-operation was the development of the proud corps of 700 Mexican agricultural scientists. Many of them had believed that "a scientist does not get his hands dirty." But after watching Borlaug, dressed in his khaki trousers and T-shirt, helping labourers to plant wheat, they, too, began to work in the fields. Promising

young Mexicans were sent to U.S. universities on Rockefeller fellowships.

"The Mexican agricultural scientists are the real heroes of this food success story," says Borlaug. These young men confidently took over in 1961 when the Rockefeller operations were merged into the newly created National Institute for Agricultural Research.

To get the real impact of their accomplishments, one must visit farms like that of Alfredo Rodríguez, who lives with his wife and five children in a home with walls of stones and roof of straw. Until recently the family existed on what little maize, beans and chillies Alfredo could coax from ten acres of worn-out land with oxen and wooden plough. Then, reluctantly, Alfredo planted the little bags of seeds and used the fertilizer that the Mexican scientists gave him. His maize harvest trebled. There was more food for his family, plus a little to sell at the market. Two years later, he had added a room to his tiny house and bought a much-prized bicycle.

Other farmers tell the same story. And the traditional monotonous diet of *tortillas*, *frijoles* and chillies is gradually giving way to more meat, milk, eggs, potatoes and other vegetables.

- **Showing the Way.** True, staggering farm problems remain. Continued increases in production will be needed, for Mexico's annual population increase is about three

per cent. Like most of her Latin neighbours, Mexico still puts a low priority on agriculture: though about half her people live off the land, agriculture gets only six per cent of the national budget. Many holdings are too small to be farmed efficiently.

But Mexico's farm exports today are many times greater than farm imports. And already Mexico is showing the way towards agricultural research in other countries, where malnutrition is a major problem.

Seed samples of Mexico's maize have been sent to 56 nations. Recently I saw six new Mexican hybrids growing in India, doubling maize yields when planted on fertilized soil. Rice-rich Thailand is planting Mexican maize. Potato samples have been requested by 45 nations. In Pakistan, a wheat-improvement

project is being led by Dr. Ignacio Narváez, a Mexican trained under Dr. Borlaug. Using Mexican varieties and techniques, Pakistan is expected to double its wheat production in the next five years.

"We've got about 15 years to close the world food gap—or suffer catastrophic famine," Wellhausen warns. "We have the tools and knowledge. The toughest job is to make governments aware that they have an explosive problem—and then to make them understand that there is a remedy."

Wellhausen is optimistic that the food gap will be closed. He has seen what happens when government leaders, agricultural scientific teams and farmers unite in common purpose. In Mexico, this has produced food increases that have been a buffer against malnutrition and a springboard to national progress.



Point of View

IN a discussion about "defensive" and "offensive" weapons, Canadian Prime Minister Lester Pearson said he learned the difference between the two when he worked on disarmament at the League of Nations: "It's a defensive weapon when you're standing behind it. And it's an offensive weapon when you're in front of it."

—Leonard Lyons

A WOMAN who moved into a London council house asked the Gas Board to connect the stove she had brought to her new home. After 20 years, they suddenly did it. All that time she had cooked over a coal fire. When they asked her why she hadn't complained, she replied, "My husband Joe is a quiet man. He doesn't like making a fuss."

—Lawrence & Sylvia Martin, *England! An Uncommon Guide*



von Schlegell

Now 80 years old, the world-famous pianist still finds as much joy in living as in playing

Rubinstein's Melody of Life

SLOWLY, solemnly Artur Rubinstein began to play the familiar melody, his nobly sloping brow tilted heavenward, his blue eyes shuttered in repose. Suddenly, his left hand skipped out of control, his right flicked the keys, harmonies collided.

Rubinstein's family and friends, huddled around the Steinway in a New York hotel room, laughed heartily. Artur was playing the fool again and, as he brought the melody back under control, they sang out

lustily: "Happy birthday to you." Rubinstein beamed.

So, in typical playful fashion, began the 81st year of the world's greatest pianist. The days that followed the birthday last February were typical, too. Arriving at Boston's Symphony Hall one afternoon, Rubinstein found that Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 10 had erroneously been put into the programme. Though he had not played it for two years, with scarcely a shrug he retired to a piano backstage

Condensed from Time

RUBINSTEIN'S MELODY OF LIFE

to practise. His performance that evening was faultless. Later, after the inevitable dinner party, he decided to hire a car for the 200-mile return trip to New York. "Let's do it!" he cried. "It will be an adventure!"

As the car ploughed through a snowstorm on the way back, Rubinstein gaily sang with the car radio, lit a great smokestack of a cigar, closed his eyes and sighed, "Ahhh, good!" Basking in a lazy curl of smoke, he mused: "At every concert I want to risk, to dare. I want to be surprised by what comes out. I want to enjoy it more than the audience. That way the music can bloom anew."

Everything is an adventure to Rubinstein. He plays on life as he plays on the piano—with style, with taste, with exuberance, and with a spontaneity that is all the more breathtaking because it is marvelously original.

Last January, within a period of ten days, he reeled off eight major concertos by Beethoven, Mozart and Brahms in New York's Carnegie Hall; few other instrumentalists in the world would have attempted such a guelling programme, and none could have matched it.

The remarkable virtuoso has played more concerts before more people, sold more record albums (over five million), earned more money and attracted a wider popular following than any other classical

instrumentalist in history. At a time when artists 25 years his junior are gearing down for retirement, he is shifting into top. This season he will perform virtually every third day in concert halls from Ithaca to Istanbul. The real wonder is not that he is still going so strong, but that he is playing better than ever.

"Musical Valise." It is not solely a matter of technique: he has always had an abundance of that. It has to do rather, with the maturing of a lifelong love affair with music and, to a degree few men are blessed to know, with life itself. Fired by this infinite capacity for self-renewal, Rubinstein has simply never stopped improving. Where the artistry of many virtuosos begins to decline at about 60, he has conquered the heady impetuosity that sometimes flawed the playing of his early years.

As a result, says pianist Rudolf Serkin, "his music is becoming more reflective, but at the same time it is becoming younger. It's almost as if he's playing everything for the first time."

Indeed, not content merely to rework his repertoire, he is constantly developing it. It is not easy, for his "musical valise," as he calls it, is already brimming with the widest repertoire of any living pianist. He has long been the world's reigning Chopin exponent, he excels in French impressionistic and modern Spanish music, and he is as at home with Bach as he is with Stravinsky.

Rubinstein's feats of memory are legendary. In 1903 he caused a sensation in Warsaw by performing a Paderewski sonata the day after it was published; he learned César Franck's complex Symphonic Variations on the train travelling to a concert hall in Madrid. "Rubinstein," says conductor Edouard van Remoortel, "is the only pianist you could wake up at midnight and ask to play any of the 38 major piano concertos." He has, in fact, a kind of built-in turntable that spins music on request through his inner ear.

"At breakfast," says Rubinstein, "I might start a Brahms symphony in my head. Then I am called to the phone, and half an hour later I find that the symphony has been going on all the time and I'm in the third movement."

Starry-Eyed Romantic. Yet, for all the powers of the mind, the one overriding trait that accounts for Rubinstein's ebullience is rooted in his spirit. He is a hopelessly starry-eyed, warm-blooded, big-hearted romantic.

When he strides on to a concert platform, no living virtuoso can match his communion with the audience. His bearing becomes regal, his face is masked in concentration. In driving home a run of climactic chords, he rises higher and higher off the piano stool as though intent on physically overwhelming the music. In more lyrical moods, his arms and hands move

with gracefully looping symmetry.

He possesses an elegance of tone that is the envy of the profession. With a combination of pedal, touch and heart, he can take a *diminuendo* passage and make it grow progressively softer while articulating each note straight to the back row of the hall. That a piece of percussive machinery like a piano can be made to produce such distinctions in tone is nothing short of miraculous.

Rubinstein's tone comes partly from a physique that looks as though it had walked out of a fun-fair mirror. His body is too short for his legs. Five feet eight inches tall, weighing 12 stone, he has the arms and hands of a much larger man. His biceps are as big as a shot-putter's, and his fists look like the business end of a sledgehammer. His fingers are spatula-shaped; the all-important little finger is as long as the index finger. Thus, with the extension of his long thumbs, he can encompass 12 notes on the keyboard. Most pianists are happy if they can take in ten.

When it comes to exercising the fingers, Rubinstein contends that too much practice destroys the spontaneity of a performance. Besides, he says, "I want to live—live passionately. I don't believe in all this nonsense of tying oneself to the keyboard all day." While most musicians practise for five or six hours every day, he will go for days without looking at a piano.

Artur Rubinstein was born in

1886, in the shabby industrial town of Lodz, in Poland, where his father owned a small factory.

As a toddler, he would eavesdrop on his sisters' piano lessons, and by the time he was three he was "a terrible little fiend" about music, screaming when his sisters struck a wrong note, banging the piano lid down on their fingers. At four, he was performing at charity concerts, pressing his engraved visiting cards on everyone he met: ARTUR THE GREAT PIANO VIRTUOSO.

At 11, he played Mozart's Concerto in A Major with the Berlin Symphony Orchestra. In 1906, the young pianist made a tour of the United States. It was a flop: he played with more fire than accuracy. "In those days," he recalls, "I dropped 30 per cent of the notes. My difficulty was that I had so much vitality and dash that I could get away with murder in Europe. But in America they felt that because they paid their money they were entitled to hear all the notes."

Dejected, Rubinstein returned to Europe, and for the next four years he missed as many meals as he did notes. Nothing seemed to go right. He even tried suicide, but the frayed belt he used snapped under his weight.

Eventually he drifted to London and soon became a favourite performer in the great salons. Then, on a concert tour in Spain, his hot-handed treatment of Spanish music so floored the audiences that

he was feted and fawned over like a torero. His new success led to a tour of Latin America; in Mexico admirers carried him through the streets on their shoulders.

Bon-Vivant. The Rubinstein who returned to Paris in 1920 had money, a growing reputation, and an unsatiated hunger for the gay life of a gad-about bachelor. He hob-nobbed with dukes and princesses, sat up all night drinking champagne with Cocteau and Picasso. He cultivated a taste for rich food, rare books, imported cigars, expressionist paintings. He was the darling of Europe, hopscotching from the Riviera to Vienna to London, charming friends in eight languages. But he knew that he was neglecting his main job: developing his talent.

Then, in 1925, he met Aniela ("Nela"), the attractive daughter of Polish conductor Emil Mlynarski. She was 17, he was 39. They were married in London in 1932. A year later, the first of their four children was born.

That started Rubinstein thinking about the future. Says he: "I didn't want people telling my child after I died, 'What a pianist your father might have been!'" He took his family to a mountain cottage in south-eastern France, rented an old upright piano and had it put in a stable. Often playing by candlelight, Rubinstein laboured for three months, working as much as nine hours a day, polishing his technique and repertoire. The discipline

worked. He says, "I became a pianist." He was 47.

When Rubinstein toured America, at 50, he became a new idol. Everywhere, audiences, clamoured for him, and critics praised him. During the last war, he moved his family to Hollywood and soon became movieland's great bon-vivant. He gave lavish garden parties, darted in and out of the gossip columns and society pages like a butterfly. And all the time he continued his tireless round of concerts (to this day he has never cancelled a performance).

Happiness Is Living. If there is ever a time when Rubinstein is not his gregarious, fun-loving self, it is in the hours before a concert. If he arrives in town early, he likes to watch television or go to the cinema. He practices scales in thirds under his hat while he watches the film.

"I'm nervous like a racehorse," he says. "But once I pass the door on to the stage, all my energies get together and I become as quiet as possible. I look for my 'receiver'—it can be anyone, a young girl, an old man—and play to him. The rest of the audience assists."

Looking back, Rubinstein realizes

now what a pitiable thing it was to try to snuff out his life on that day nearly 60 years ago. "When I went out into the street," he recalls, "I suddenly realized what a fool I had made of myself. There were people moving through the street, flowers growing in a little park—it was a wonderful, divine show. I learned then that happiness is not smiling or having money or being in good health, although those are conditions worth having. Happiness really is only living, taking life on its own terms.

"I'm passionately involved in life. To be alive, to be able to speak, to see, to walk—it's all a miracle. I have adopted the technique of living life from miracle to miracle. I feel what people get out of me is this outlook on life, which comes out in my music."

Such philosophical musings are rare for Rubinstein. After all, by his standards, he is still young. "Thanks to belatedly picking up the piano," he says with a twinkle, "I can still make a great deal of progress." And there he goes, bright as a trill, hat cocked over one eye, Mozart and Chopin singing in his head—off to play another concert.



That Won't Wash!

"I do wish you'd let me have my bath in the morning instead of at night," my six-year-old said to me one evening. "Our teacher always asks whether we had a bath today, and I haven't been able to say yes the whole year."

—Mrs. Robert Michel

With a job to do and a wage to earn, mental patients are finding new purpose in their once hopeless lives

WORKING WONDERS FOR THE MENTALLY ILL

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

AT THE Glostrup Psychiatric Hospital near Copenhagen, I recently walked through a modern industrial workshop operated entirely by mentally ill patients. In one room, men were assembling small transistor radio components, a job demanding the utmost patience. In another, women were skilfully decorating Christmas candles; elsewhere the parts of door locks were being fitted together.

Ten years ago, these 120 men and women, ranging in age from 18 to 65, would have been kept locked in hospital wards, an unproductive and hopeless section of society. Now, released from close confinement and working under contract to local factories, they have earned nearly Rs. 420,000 in the past year alone.

This money has enabled them not only to buy clothes and small luxuries for themselves, but also to help support their families, giving them a new sense of self-respect and usefulness.

I asked the shop steward whether the patients gave him any trouble. On the contrary, he said, they do their work eagerly and well, with no emotional outbursts. When I enquired whether his qualifications for supervising this work included medical training, he looked at me in surprise. "Of course not," he said. "I was elected by my colleagues. I am a patient here like all the others."

Later, I learned that when this 40-year-old man arrived at the hospital four years before, he had been

depressed and introverted, lacking any interest in life. Knowing he had been a mechanic, a nurse one day persuaded him to go to the workshop to show someone how to operate a lathe. Becoming impatient with the slowness of the man he was trying to teach, he decided to do the job himself.

From that moment his attitude changed. The possibility of earning wages showed him that he could once again be a useful citizen. When I talked to him, he had a mechanic's job awaiting him in a Glostrup factory, and within a few weeks the hospital expected to discharge him as cured.

"We attribute this man's recovery," a doctor told me, "to the fact that well-paid work not only restored his confidence in himself but compelled him to direct his thoughts into normal, constructive channels."

Glostrup Psychiatric Hospital has witnessed many such changes. Patients with jobs, who once sat in slovenly solitude, now hurry to the hospital's beauty salon or barber's shop to keep themselves looking neat. And cases once considered hopeless are rejoining the world of the rational.

Practical Approach. The hospital now discharges several working patients every month. And they will not become burdens on anyone; 60 of them who live at home return every day to the hospital's workshop, where they earn enough to

support themselves. The old concept of "occupational therapy" has little in common with present-day paid-work schemes. Occupational therapy merely invited patients to develop an interest that might keep them calm by giving them something to do; there was no financial reward.

Paid work is wholly businesslike and pragmatic. Dr. Kaj Arentsen, the hospital's medical superintendent, frequently meets local factory managers to find jobs for his patients. The factories provide materials and machinery, as well as technicians to teach the patients how to do the jobs, and pay stipulated piece-work rates.

The Glostrup programme has practical advantages to offer industry. Rushed jobs, which might interrupt a factory's normal production, can be done at the hospital workshop, thereby saving factory floor and storage space, and providing a sizeable manpower reserve.

Dr. Arentsen has won the firm co-operation of many Danish businessmen. Not only does he obtain contracts, but he has persuaded a number of them to employ former patients in their own factories. Fifty workers are now so employed. "When we took in our first former patient, we had doubts about the wisdom of the move," one factory manager told me. "Would he cause scenes? Would he prove uncontrollable? We soon found that his behaviour was completely normal. Today he seems happy in his job.

Several others have followed him, and we are no longer uneasy."

One of the first firms in Denmark to support the work-therapy plan was the worldwide Unilever enterprise. Its Sunlight factory in Glostrup needed people to label and pack soap for a new advertising campaign; and the management decided, as a social welfare measure, to try to use mental patients from the Glostrup Hospital. The patients did so well that the factory has become a constant patron of the workshop, thus encouraging many other firms to make the experiment.

A number of Danish business associations have urged their members to give work to the hospital. As a result, patients have been packaging peanuts, soft fruit and other foodstuffs, assembling foam-rubber chair seats and wiring electric lamps. Danish trade unions strongly encourage such work in mental institutions; all they ask is that patients be paid union rates.

The Glostrup system has proved so beneficial that a new and enlarged workshop is soon to be built near the hospital, in an industrial area. Another psychiatric hospital in Aarhus recently started an industrial workshop for 40 patients; and the Danish Government is planning 11 psychiatric hospitals with industrial units for other communities.

Britain's Worker-Patients. Similar schemes in other countries—notably Britain, Holland, Sweden and Norway—now provide paid

work for the mentally ill. In Britain, nearly 8,000 patients at some 100 hospitals take part. One outstanding scheme operates at Glenside Hospital, near Bristol, where five years ago the Industrial Therapy Organization (ITO) sponsored a car-wash station. The enterprise was launched with considerable trepidation. Would the mentally ill be able to do this kind of work? Would the public patronize a car-wash operated by them?

The answers have all been affirmative. "Our car-wash unit has had a record year," ITO reported for 1965. "We are now averaging more than 500 cars a week. Our operation—second to none in the country—has been so well received by Bristol motorists that we now plan to take it a stage further and open a fully comprehensive service station."

On being questioned, one of the car-wash patrons said, "How do I feel about this place? I've been coming here so long I know most of the men by their first names. They do a good job. That's all I ask for my money. No complaints."

His attitude, shared by many others, has helped to change Bristol's feeling about former mental patients. Today ITO has no trouble in opening hostels where these patients can live. If the car-wash has taught people that the mentally ill need not always be feared, that they can and should be restored to society when they are ready for such

rehabilitation, then it has served a noteworthy purpose.

Fresh encouragement comes from the Scunthorpe steel works of Richard Thomas and Baldwins, which sponsors one of the boldest paid-work schemes in Europe. Two years ago, on the initiative of St. John's Hospital, Lincoln, a few shop-floor jobs were found for mentally ill patients. Now more than 50 are on the payroll—all full-time and fully productive.

Typical is the 50-year-old patient who had spent 28 years in mental institutions. He began his rehabilitation in the hospital's workshop, and now earns every penny of the Rs. 420 to Rs. 525 in his weekly pay-packet. Another, with a case history of severe delusions, does a full week's heavy work, is able to live with relatives, and mixes well with his workmates.

Explains Leslie Fletcher, group secretary of a Lincoln hospital management committee: "We have found that the routine discipline of a good foreman and the brusque kindness of the British working man offer wonderful natural therapy. Our worker-patients respond best if they are treated like anybody else."

Proud of Their Work. In Holland, where the entire paid-work programme is administered by the Ministry of Social Affairs and Public Health, nearly 4,000 mental patients are now productive wage-earners. Dutch experience at The

Hague, under the direction of Dr. Nico Speijer, Professor of Social Psychiatry at the University of Leyden, includes several "sheltered workshops," and has been revealing in many ways.

"The mentally ill usually have no sense of obligation," Dr. Speijer told me. "They are unreliable. They forget. Yet patients who do remunerative work never forget to report for their jobs. Obviously they *can* remember obligations which are important to them."

A few years ago the Vredestein Company, a large Dutch tyre and rubber-goods manufacturer, gave one of the workshops in The Hague a contract to make tennis shoes. The workers did so well that Vredestein increased the contract, and in time turned over the entire tennis-shoe division to the workshop.

At first, Vredestein technicians supervised the work, but after a few months they withdrew, and some of the mentally-handicapped workers were made foremen. The workshop started in 1960 with 50 workers making 250 pairs of shoes a week; present weekly output by 75 workers has increased to over 3,000 pairs.

The enterprise, which operates like any other factory, has become the largest of its kind in Holland. "According to those who buy our shoes," Dr. Speijer told me, "quality has improved considerably since our people took over the production job. That acknowledgement

has made them deeply proud of their work."

A Place in Society. Each of the countries with such programmes has favourable stories to tell, and psychiatrists agree that paid work has achieved astonishing results. The first steps in a patient's relearning to work usually must occur in the hospital's own workshop. The ultimate objective is, of course, to help a patient leave the hospital and resume his place in society—as soon as he is able to hold an outside job. But, as one might expect, any employer who takes on a former patient wants to know his record. What can he do? How long has he done it? How has he behaved among his fellow workers? Is he in any way dangerous?

To answer such questions, the Netherne Hospital at Coulsdon, Surrey, which adopted the paid-work programme in 1956, keeps a card-index of all patients. The records of 1,750 cases fill a room crowded with filing cabinets. On one wall the name of every patient is listed, with coloured tabs and symbols that indicate such things as his age group, type of illness, length of

hospital care, jobs he has done, how much he can earn. More detailed information can be found in the files.

When I discovered that eight clerks are needed to operate this system, I suggested that it must require a sizeable budget. "These clerks are themselves patients," Dr. R. K. Freudenberg, the medical director, told me. "The women are learning office work, and they do very well. Several have already left to take clerical jobs."

At Glostrup, Dr. Arentsen stresses that the work-therapy programme is no guarantee of cure. It is one of the many methods used to help the patient to recover and to be resettled in the community. But that is saying a great deal.

The wonders achieved through wage-paying workshops indicate that psychiatry has embarked on an exciting and rewarding course. As one Norwegian doctor told me: "At last the mentally ill are being brought out of dungeons into the sunlight of human understanding. But it isn't only the patients who are seeing the light. It is the science of psychiatry itself."



Studying the Statistics

SOME pretty American airline stewardesses, who face dismissal as they near the age of 32, appeared before a committee of U.S. Congressmen considering the problems of older workers, which until then had meant middle-aged salesmen, redundant factory hands and the like. "Stand up," suggested one of the Congressmen, "so that we can see the dimensions of the problem."

—AP

Mystery World of the Beehive

BY JEAN GEORGE

Scientists now believe that the hive is not only a busy collection of individual insects, but a single, pulsating, life-giving organism

THE TINY honey-bee dived on to a blue delphinium, braked on a petal and walked into the flower. Glistening on her back as she drank the nectar was a red dot, placed there by a scientist. After her drink the bee turned her eyes towards the sun, took a bearing on it, and started home. At her hive a quarter of a mile away, the scientist was waiting, for this honey-bee

Four phases of bee development

1. Eggs in their individual cells



3. Pupae at different stages of growth

Condensed from Frontiers
PHOTOGRAPHS: STEPHEN DALTON

might well add another bright chink in an extraordinary mosaic of new and awesome bee research.

Today the beehive is no longer thought of as a mere collection of insects: it is considered a single organism of many glittering parts. An infant when it is swarming, the hive progresses from adolescence to maturity, gives birth to new swarms, then subsides into the quietude of

winter. A wounded, starving, or plundered hive can actually suffer, moan in agony; and then, in its drive to live, repair itself by a healing process like that of any other feverish creature.

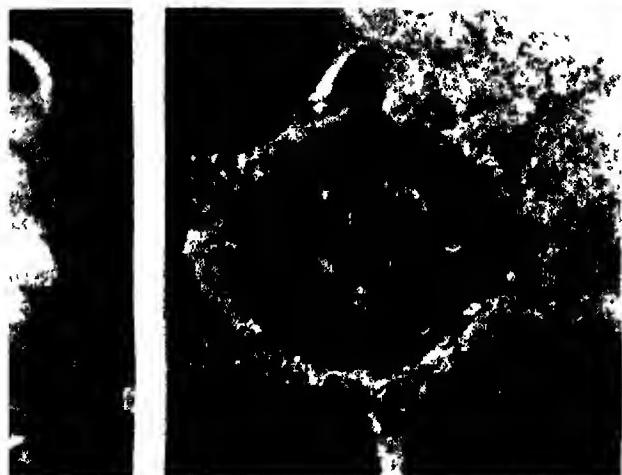
This concept is founded on a set of extraordinary discoveries. Any single bee, it is now known, can grow old quickly or, more unbelievably, grow *young!* The sterile can lay eggs, the senile can rejuvenate glands that have atrophied. A single bee can, in short, do the "impossible," in order to maintain the wholeness of the hive.

Specialists at Work. To understand the new bee research we should look into a typical wild hive that has lodged inside a hollow tree. There is always a main entrance with several combs of lustrous waxen cells hanging inside the door. Some combs contain honey, others hold pollen. A third type of comb, the brood comb, contains the larvae—unfledged bees in the wingless and footless state. Each hive has one queen, a large bee that lays up to 3,000 eggs a day. There are also a number of drones who exist only to mate with the young virgin queens as they hatch during the hive's sexually productive time of life.

Most of the other 20,000 to 40,000 bees in an individual hive are "workers" who perform a variety of specific tasks. One is nursing, feeding protein-rich "bee milk"—formed by special glands in the nurse bee's head—to the queen and

inside the hive's brood comb

2. *Larvae surrounded by food*



4. *A worker bee emerging from its cell*

the larvae. Making wax is another. In this process, the bees eat honey which is converted by special glands into bees-wax. With the spines on their hind legs, they pick up wax scales protruding from pockets on their abdomens and pass them to their mouths. Then they chew and fashion the wax into six-sided cells which form the combs. The workers also forage for pollen and nectar. The nectar is fed to "receiver" bees who convert it—by using the secretions of special glands—into honey and store it in the comb.

Some workers act as hive guards, admitting only foragers that belong to the hive—they are recognized by odour, scented through the 12,000 scent organs on the antennae. Strange bees are killed on the spot. Air-conditioning the hive (by standing inside the entrance and fanning their wings), building cells and cleaning the hive complete the list of duties.

As apiarists watched all these jobs being done year after year, the question arose: How did the bees know what to do? What intelligence told them the hive needed more brood cells, or a new guard detachment?

In 1925 a German scientist, G.A. Rösch, had a hunch that the age of the bees had something to do with their work. He daubed with paint a group of bees as they emerged from the brood comb. No sooner had their twinkling wings hardened than they started cleaning the cells, then moved towards the oldest larvae in

the combs and began feeding them honey and pollen. Rösch examined one of the marked bees under the microscope to see if her physical development correlated with her job. It did; in a few days she had enlarged pharyngeal or bee-milk glands that lie in front of the brain. She was physically a "nurse."

Then, the marked nurses abandoned their original charges and began to feed the youngest larvae with bee milk. After repeated studies Rösch was convinced that young nurses fed the older larvae, old nurses the younger. As days passed, the marked bees gave up their nursing duties and began taking nectar from the foragers and storing it. Examination showed that their bee-milk glands had begun to degenerate and the honey sacs in their bellies were filled with nectar. Their mean age was 11 days. Around the fifteenth day, these bees began making wax. The microscope showed that their bodies had changed once more to fit the job—their wax-making glands were highly developed.

On the eighteenth day, the bees did guard duty; after the twenty-first day, the wax glands ceased to function. Now the bees were occupied with foraging. Rösch found that worker bees died when they were around 38 days old.

Adaptable Bees. With the publication of Rösch's findings, other scientists joined the investigation. In Munich, Dr. Martin Lindauer

noted certain variations in Rösch's time schedule—he had watched a marked bee stand guard duty for an unheard-of nine days. In Russia, Mrs. L. I. Perepelova announced that she had several precocious bees—one two-day-old was making wax—normally a job for the 15-day-old.

Obviously a beehive was extremely adaptable. Jobs could be done earlier if the well-being of the hive demanded it. Bee students everywhere set out to discover just how adaptable bees were.

The most spectacular experiments were performed by Mrs. Perepelova. She removed the queen, larvae and eggs from the hive and watched to see what the workers would do. For several hours the hive did not miss the queen. Then one of the attendants lifted her antennae and began to circle. She exchanged food with a near-by wax maker, and the wax maker drummed her wings. She approached and exchanged food with others. The cluster moaned. The moan spread through the hive, and the whole group began to throb as if besieged by fever.

Several weeks passed. Then Mrs. Perepelova noticed some workers rushing over the empty brood cells and thrusting their heads far down into them. Then came the impossible, the supreme effort to heal the wound—a few "sterile" workers began to lay eggs! Nurses clustered round the egg-laying workers, feeding them bee milk. Slowly, laboriously, the workers gave forth eggs

—six to eight a day compared to a queen's 2,000 to 3,000. Mrs. Perepelova's conclusion: "When the queen is gone, some inhibitory factor that prevents the workers from laying is missing from the hive."

All over the world, bee experts pressed on to find what else a hive could do to heal itself. Mykola Haydak removed the brood comb from a hive and isolated it. Then he put upon it newly emerged bees. There were no nurses, hive cleaners, guards, wax makers, foragers. He waited.

The adjustment was violent! The entire developmental process was speeded up so dramatically that three-day-old bees took survey flights from the hive while others of this age built cells, a job normally for the sixteenth day. On the fourth day the bees collected pollen. After a desperate week, the premature hive began to function as usual.

With the publication of Haydak's findings, experts wondered whether bees could also reverse their development. In Yugoslavia, Mrs. Vasilja Moskovljevic placed 503 marked foragers, all about 28 days old with dried up bee-milk glands, on to an isolated brood comb with the queen. The bees would either have to produce bee milk or let the hatched larvae die. Days passed; no brood was reared. Then one afternoon Mrs. Moskovljevic noticed a forager leaning into a cell. The scientist looked closely. A glittering drop of bee milk was deposited near the

mouth of a hatched larva. Quickly, Mrs. Moskovićevic placed the forager's glands under a microscope, and there was the proof. The old dried glands were swollen and filled with bee milk! The impossible had been achieved: youth had been regenerated!

Language of the Dance. Meanwhile, in Austria, zoologist Karl von Frisch discovered a "language" used by foragers to tell others the distance and direction to sources of pollen. A bee that had found some flowers returned to the hive and performed a dance for her fellow foragers.

A vigorous figure-of-eight dance meant that the flowers were near. A feeble tail-wagging dance meant the flowers were far away (distance, near or far, could be spelt out explicitly in metres). If the bee's body was pointed vertically up on the comb, the flowers were in the direction of the sun. Body pointed down on the comb meant that the flowers were in the opposite direction from the sun. A bee dancing at a 60-degree angle from the vertical was telling her coterie to leave the hive at 60 degrees from the sun. The kind of flower was communicated by a taste of the forager's nectar or pollen.

Next, Martin Lindauer discovered that this dance language was also used by forager "scouts" to inform a swarming hive of the location of a new home—on several occasions he noted the angle and the rapidity of

the dance movements and was able to get to the new location in time to observe the arrival of the bees!

Animal of Many Parts. The final question: What stream of intelligence flowed through the hive to tell its separate parts what to do?

Britain's bee expert, Dr. C. R. Ribbands, tackled this one. He noted an aspect of hive life that no one had seriously studied—the constant circulation of food in the hive. Food moved steadily from nurse to queen, from nurse to the wax makers, to the cell cleaners, to the receivers, to the foragers, and back from the foragers to the receivers, the cell cleaners, the wax makers, the nurses, and the queen. Ribbands became convinced that each stage of bee development contributed a distinct glandular secretion or an enzyme which, if all were present and in sufficient supply, would tell the individuals that the hive was balanced.

Dr. Ribbands kept coming back to Mrs. Perepelova's remark: "some inhibitory factor" preventing workers from laying eggs was missing when the queen was gone. He also saw that it took the hive several days to make the adjustment—the time necessary to circulate the food with the missing ingredient and lift the inhibitions. Could the food be a kind of circulatory system, a bloodstream of sorts?

Thus Ribbands conceived the idea of the hive-animal of many individually functioning parts, controlled by the essence of a hive—its

golden food. Much study remains to be done; the chemical properties of the food ingredients, for instance, still need to be isolated and identified. But most bee researchers today agree that the concept is sound.

I realize now that many years ago I was present when a wild hive died. It had lived in the kitchen walls of our summer home humming gently and giving birth to new swarms for 12 years. Then, one autumn day, there was a hum in the walls different from anything we had ever heard. We ran outside to see what was the matter. A few bees dropped from the hive doorway to the ground. Then there was silence.

The following spring the bees did not come out. A year later when the walls were opened to make room for a window, my uncle described what he had found. "A little dried queen in a circle of attendants, some of them close against her, as if to keep some vital life-blood going."

A beautiful golden creature had stopped breathing. We had always spoken of "the hive" as a single thing, but none of us realized how close we were to the truth—that something with a thousand sparkling parts had lived and died among us—the humming, life-giving hive without which the earth would be a less fruitful place.



Unusual Proposals

MARTY ERLICHMAN, Barbra Streisand's manager, once placed a fortune cookie in the lift at his girl's apartment house. As he escorted her down to street level, she found the cookie and read: "If you are proposed to-today, accept." He produced an engagement ring, presented it to her and was accepted on the spot.

—Leonard Lyons

PERSONAL ad in the St. Louis (Missouri) *Post-Dispatch*: "Official flight log: Piper Comanche N5027P. Pilot in command: John J. Morgenthaler. On this date, the 9th of December, 1962, at 3 p.m. Central Standard Time, while en route from St. Louis to Jefferson City on magnetic heading of 258 degrees, at an altitude of 4,500 feet, Miss Phyllis Ann Waller, 25, red hair, 5' 6", 8 st. 8 (sweet, beautiful and talented), consented to be my bride—after being given the choice of marrying me or jumping out."

AT THE celebration of their 50th-wedding anniversary, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Calhoun of Tulsa, Oklahoma, described how he proposed and she accepted. They were attending a church service when Mr. Calhoun flipped through the hymnbook and pointed out the words "Every Day I Need Thee More." Mrs. Calhoun took the hymnal, turned a few pages and showed him her answer: "Take Me As I Am." He did.

—AP

Precious moments that enrich our days

The Time to Be Happy

BY ELIZABETH STARR HILL

A FEW YEARS ago I dropped in to see my cousin on a Saturday afternoon. She has five children and a busy round of social activities, but Saturdays, she had told me, were hobby days. Then each member of the family worked on special collections or some other personal interest.

When I arrived, her husband was re-covering an antique chair in the garden. In the house, I admired one child's collection of stones, another's hand-carved set of doll's furniture. I reached the kitchen—and found my cousin sitting peacefully in a big armchair, looking out of the window at the hills beyond her house. Surprised, I said I hoped she hadn't interrupted her hobbying on my account.

With a twinkle in her eye, she replied, "I'm working hard on my

favourite hobby. Every Saturday afternoon, I polish up my happiness collection."

She explained that she loved this view, loved sitting in a comfortable chair with nothing to do, loved chatting or just dreaming. There was no time for these pleasures during her busy week. But on Saturdays she keeps her personal treasure in good order.

"Everyone has a happiness collection," she went on, "although many people fail to give it the importance it deserves. We tend to feel that small joys are trivial, foolish—perhaps because they are ours alone, and can't always be fully understood by someone else."

She told me about a playwright of an earlier generation, who, though paralysed by arthritis and blind, was beloved by his friends because he

Condensed from Christian Herald

THE TIME TO BE HAPPY

had the rare gift of sharing their own little moments of wonder. Receiving a letter from a friend describing an afternoon in the country, he telegraphed back exuberantly, "So glad you could sit under a tree!"

I had not been aware of owning a happiness collection. But my cousin's words returned to me soon afterwards. I had had a houseful of guests for five days. The morning after they left, I awoke to the realization that that day I need not entertain anyone, plan anything. My first impulse was to jump out of bed and catch up on neglected housework.

Then I realized that I had an alternative: I could simply turn over and go back to sleep.

I did exactly that, then drank coffee and read a magazine for the rest of the morning, blissfully happy. Later I picked flowers, played with the dog, enjoyed myself. What a polishing my collection got that day! By nightfall, it glowed—and so did I. Next day, rested and refreshed, I caught up on the housework.

From this beginning, I learned to recognize countless bits of treasure that I had taken for granted before, or had even discarded as worthless. For example, when I was first married I loved to bake bread. There was something profoundly satisfying about kneading the dough, waiting for it to rise, taking the warm loaf from the oven. Yet almost every conceivable kind of loaf could be

bought at less expense at a supermarket or at a bakery. So, merely because I could not justify bread-making except in terms of my own enjoyment, I got out of the habit of baking.

Now, cheered on by my wise cousin, I began again. How I relished going back over the old recipes, plunging elbow-deep in flour! Ever since, the wonderful smell of my own bread baking has held an honoured place in my happiness collection.

I had enjoyed sewing, too, once upon a time. But since I had no special gift for it, I had stopped. Now I reminded myself that happiness, like beauty, is its own excuse for being, and cast about for a sewing project suited to my humble talents. Almost at once, one came to me. A friend mentioned that she and her husband had started making a doll's house as a Christmas present for their three little girls, but were getting frantic because time was slipping away. I offered to make the curtains and soon discovered that virtually anybody can fashion attractive curtains for dolls—and for uncritical little girls.

Since then, my friends and I have completed two other doll's houses (I made bedspreads and carpets, too, the next time) and donated them to the children's ward of the local hospital.

One is not always lucky enough to find that a private joy can also bring joy to others. But, surprisingly

often, it seems to work out like that. Inner contentment tends to reach out and encircle others.

Often, of course, our lives seem too full of busyness for simple, private pleasures. But how hard do we really try to find the time? If we lost a valued piece of silver or broke a precious bit of china, we would berate ourselves for carelessness. Yet we throw away beloved small pleasures as though they had no value.

My husband and I share a deep love of nature. One autumn Russ planted bulbs, but the following spring he was so busy at the office that he "didn't have time" to notice the bulbs growing, or to take the early evening drives into the blossoming countryside that we had loved in other springs.

One evening, in a rare hour of recreation with friends, someone mentioned a story of a famous poet, who on a visit to Italy had walked along a street with many beggars. One seemed to be attracting more attention—and more alms—than the others. The poet came near, and saw why. On a sign the man had written: "It is spring and I am blind."

I saw my husband's thoughtful expression. Next morning, he got up ten minutes earlier than usual and walked out into the garden where the flowers had burst open. I saw

him pick a crocus and look into its small purple chalice. He brought it to the breakfast table. He said merely, "This is for the lady who shares spring with me." But his relaxed smile told me that he would not let the thief of busyness steal his treasures again.

In our house, we frequently remind each other to "take a happiness break," after which housework, homework, office work, seem easier. Best of all, we're *happier*.

In Thornton Wilder's play *Our Town*, a young woman who has died is given the opportunity to re-live one day of her life. Experiencing human existence for the second time, she sees how marvellous it is. When the time comes for her to leave for ever, she says farewell to previous small miracles that she barely noticed when she was alive.

In a touching and thought-provoking scene, she brings home to us the truth that many seemingly humdrum aspects of everyday living can give us pleasure if we but take the time to contemplate them: the comforting tick of a clock, the colours of flowers, the smell of freshly-brewed coffee, the relaxation of a hot bath, the drifting off to sleep when tired and the refreshed awakening.

We all have a second chance to appreciate life—while we live it, beginning now.

ONE camel to another : "I feel as though I've been dragged through the eye of a needle."

Will Spence in the *Daily Mail*, London

Armchair Travelogue

Following centuries of happy isolation the proud Icelandic people are now opening their doors to the outside world



MATT WISE LOWD JR., OSLO

Icelandic Airlines Linking the Old Country

BY JAMES WINCHESTER

AFTER BREAKFAST at my hotel in Reykjavik, the 1,000-year-old capital of Iceland, I left some change as a tip for my waiter. Later, I found the coins returned, neatly stacked on a table in my room. "We get paid for our work," an Icelandic friend told me when I related the incident. "We don't want favours."

Super-independence is characteristic of the people of Iceland, an island republic which cast loose its ties with Denmark in 1944. Sitting above the North Atlantic, surrounded by hostile seas, this island, one-fifth larger than Ireland, is a sparsely settled land of 190,000 people. For centuries Iceland refused to involve itself with the outside world,

trading only with Denmark and discouraging immigration. "As a result," says Gunnar Helgason, a Reykjavik lawyer, "everyone here is related to everyone else."

Irish monks are believed to have settled in Iceland as early as A.D. 795. They were followed by piratical Vikings and restless Celts in the ninth century. Some of these early Icelanders plundered Western Europe's seaports for 100 years and frequently raided Ireland and Scotland, kidnapping handsome girls. This selectivity shows today in Iceland's beautiful women, a surprising number of whom are redheads. The people are similar in appearance to Swedes and Norwegians. "We are Scandinavians, with reservations," Icelanders describe themselves.

In today's air age, with most Continental capitals only two or three hours away, Iceland can no longer stand aside from the mainstream. Moreover, because of a high birth-rate and low death-rate, the island's population has almost trebled in this century; to survive, this country, where almost everything is imported, must look abroad for trade and investors. Thus, Iceland is beset by contrasts and contradictions, caught between desire to have the best of all that is new, and love for the treasured heritage of the past.

Oldest Living Speech. A thousand years ago, all the Scandinavian countries spoke a common tongue, which was of Germanic origin. But

while Norway, Denmark and Sweden accepted the infiltration of foreign words, Iceland has stubbornly kept the language untainted. As written and spoken today, the language is very little different from that of the ninth century. Icelanders are so jealous of this purity that the state radio broadcasts frequent warnings against foreign words smuggled in by visitors. If the early Vikings could return to Reykjavik now, they would be able to converse with the man in the street. "It's the world's oldest *living speech*," Dr. Gylfi Gislason, Iceland's Minister of Education, insists. "Sanskrit, Latin and Classical Greek are more ancient, of course, but they are no longer in everyday use."

To keep abreast of changing times, university professors pore over old manuscripts seeking obsolete words that can be adapted for new meanings. Thus the telephone is *simi*, an old word for "long thread," and a jet is *thota*, which formerly referred to a bird's quick flight through the air.

One of the most literate countries in the world, Iceland publishes seven times more books per person than England. "Better shoeless than bookless" is an Icelandic proverb. Every home has its library, and many of the volumes are in Danish, English and German, for the Icelanders are great linguists. There are five daily newspapers in Reykjavik and two bookshops in nearly every street. The country's most

popular radio programme is a weekly reading of Sagas and Eddas, stories written in the twelfth and fourteenth centuries about the virtues and characters of early settlers, of heroes and of gods.

Indeed, culture enjoys great popularity in Iceland. Regular salaries are paid by the government to outstanding local artists, writers and composers. The country supports an opera company, two symphony orchestras, a national theatre. Ballet troupes from Britain, Russia and Denmark perform in Reykjavik regularly.

Fire and Frost. As geologists look at things, Iceland is not very old. Volcanic blasts heaved it out of the ocean only 60 million years ago, making it the world's youngest major landmass. Over the centuries, lava and ash from further eruptions have built it to a size of 39,800 square miles, and the island is still in the making.

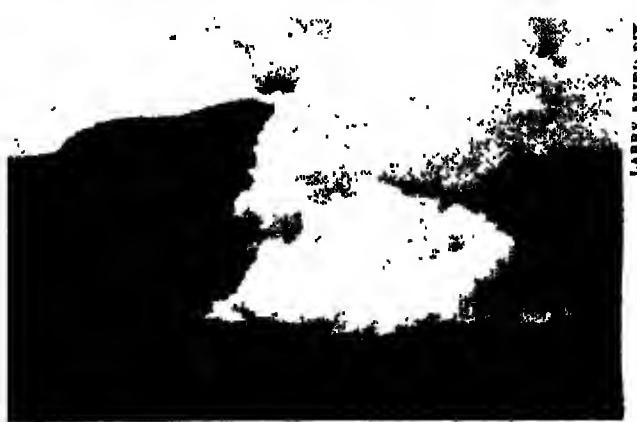
New volcanoes are constantly appearing. The latest is Surtsey, off

the southern coast. On the morning of November 14, 1963, smoke appeared at the surface of the water. Near-by fishermen thought that a ship was on fire. Arriving at the scene, though, they found the waters boiling. By the next night, a black cone had broken above the waves and risen 30 feet high. Steam, produced by the meeting of sea-water and volcano fire, caused frequent explosions. Great lumps of red-hot lava shot into the air and fell back into the sea. Purple flashes of lightning, formed in the rapid uprush of steam, zigzagged through the smoke.

For months molten lava continued to spill over Surtsey's sides. When I flew over the volcano a year and a half after its hair-raising birth, the new off-shore island it had created was a square mile in size. The original cone was now quiet, but the smoke from satellite eruptions still seething around it was visible 75 miles away in Reykjavik.

Second only to volcanoes in explosive drama are thermal springs, which spout like kettles everywhere. Visitors to Reykjavik (which means "Bay of Smoke") are often surprised to see small hot springs spouting steam from vacant sites and unpaved roads. Residents in northern Iceland have for years baked potatoes and bread in the warm, sulphury clay round the geysers near their homes.

Most famous of Iceland's hot springs is the "Great Geyser,"



*A smoking eruption
from the sea near Surtsey,
Iceland's newest volcano*

which gave its name to similar springs all over the world. Unlike some, this one does not perform to a rigid time-table, so tourist guides start the show by tossing soap-powder into its basin. The powder dissolves just below the surface and sets off the sulphur in the warm water like a bomb, exploding a column of steam 200 feet into the air. The display lasts about 20 minutes.

With all its fire, Iceland has plenty of frost. One-eighth of its surface is covered by glaciers. Where there is no ice there are dreary wastes of lava, with black volcanic mountains rising on every side. This vast, uninhabited interior is so similar in appearance to the face of the moon that astronauts are sent there to sample simulated lunar living and working conditions.

Here and there, however, the country has patches of surprising beauty. Lovely fjords indent the western and northern coasts, with the mountains dropping sheer to the sea. Hundreds of small, unpeopled islands sit like watchdogs all round Iceland. From the broad, rock-covered beaches of the south and east, deep valleys, green with grass and dotted with red-roofed farm-houses, run back to the mountains and the glaciers.

Since there are no railways and only a few gravel roads, the best way to get about is by plane; more than 100 communities have airfields, with scheduled services to a quarter of

them. Each year, the number of air passengers within the country is equal to three out of five of the population. Looking down from the sky, you see water everywhere. Rivers, alive with salmon and trout but treacherous with quicksand, pour down from the melting ice to the sea; waterfalls abound. Highland lakes, also teeming with fish, are filled with icebergs broken off the glaciers.

The climate is relatively temperate, though temperamental. Summers are cool and the average mid-winter temperature in Reykjavik, the world's northernmost capital, is 30 degrees. A branch of the Gulf Stream, washing the coasts, is largely responsible for this mild climate. Air coming up from the south deposits a lot of snow inland, maintaining the immense glaciers, but generally a raincoat is more suitable than a heavy overcoat.

Polar currents clashing with these southern clouds make the weather more changeable than cold. In one morning there may be a drizzle, bright sunlight, dead calm and a shattering gale. Iceland has almost 24 hours of daylight during the summer months, almost total blackness in winter.

Sons and Dottirs. The people are even more complicated than the weather. To start with, there are names. Icelanders use their own first name and their father's first name, to which is added "son" or "daughter." If I were an

Icelander, my name would be James Hughsson, because my father's first name was Hugh. My wife would be Josephine Johnsdottir, because her father's first name was John, and my children would be Kenneth Jamesson and Nancy Jamesdottir. Thus, in an Icelandic family the surnames of husband, wife and children are all different. A man registering in a hotel abroad with his wife and daughter can cause a lot of confusion.

Juvenile delinquency is hardly known in Iceland. Violence of any kind is rare. In the last 50 years only three murders have been committed. There are no more than 250 policemen in the whole country. When it was necessary to disperse celebrating Allied soldiers and sailors on VE Day—one of the few times there has been anything resembling a riot in the last few centuries—the police did not know how to release the firing pins on tear-gas grenades.

Smuggling and traffic offences are the most common crimes; driving after drinking is the most serious. If caught after having just one beer, a man loses his licence for six months, is fined Rs. 600 and sent to prison for six days. He can choose the time of year it is most convenient for him to serve this sentence,

though, and there are no cells in the national prison, which is only a country farm-house.

Promising Potentials. The largest single slice of Iceland's national budget is spent on "free" education up to university level, "free" medical and hospital care, accident and unemployment insurance and old-age pensions. But to pay for this, taxes are heavy. (Progressive income-tax, collected by both the state and municipalities, can take up to 57 per cent of a man's earnings.) Nearly everyone holds two or more jobs and works long hours.

Iceland's most outstanding example of free enterprise is Loftleidir (Icelandic for "Sky Trails"), the only airline flying the North Atlantic that is privately owned and not subsidized by government funds. Established 22 years ago with one single-engine plane and less than Rs. 75,000 in cash, Loftleidir is today Iceland's largest single employer. In 1964 it carried 106,000 passengers to and from the United States, Iceland and the Continent, had a net profit of Rs. 75 lakhs, paid a 15-per-cent shareholder dividend and big bonuses to all employees.

The island's economy is keyed almost exclusively to fishing. The total catch is one million tons a year, about the same as that of Norway,



Kerid Crater, near Reykjavik

THE READER'S DIGEST

which has 20 times more people. Iceland has made good use of its natural resources. It has, for example, a substantial greenhouse industry based on its abundant natural steam. At Hveragerdi, acres of tomatoes, cucumbers, grapes, bananas, grapefruit, melons, pineapples and even coffee beans are cultivated under steam-heated glass. Eighty to ninety per cent of all buildings and homes in Reykjavik have central-heating systems fed with 130-degree water piped from wells ten miles away. In five years the city will be completely heated this way, as will most of the rest of the country.

But Iceland is now taking a hard look to see what more can be done—particularly with its waterfalls and hot springs. Their power potential is estimated at over five million kilowatts. To take advantage of this, new kinds of businesses are being encouraged: chemical factories, aluminium plants, greenhouse flowers for air shipment to big-city markets abroad, heavy water for the atomic age, the extraction of salt from the sea.

As it grasps at these new technologies, Iceland is shifting from a rural to an urban society. Industry now employs 30 per cent of the population, compared with three per cent at the turn of the century, when Reykjavik had under 5,000

people. Its population today: 77,000.

Importing almost everything it uses, Iceland has its problems. Food prices are 20-per-cent higher than on the Continent; inflation has averaged ten per cent a year for the last decade; wages have jumped 40 per cent since 1963. Iceland depends on Iron Curtain countries for 25 per cent of its trade, but is a charter member of N.A.T.O.

Immediately after the war, largely because of sympathy for the wartime suffering of the Russian people, the communists enjoyed considerable prestige in Iceland. However, the Hungarian revolution dissolved this sympathy, and today communists hold only nine of the 60 seats in the Althing, the world's oldest parliamentary assembly.

Reconciling the ancient and the modern in so many ways, Iceland's life and conditions are changing daily. One evening I sat talking to Indridi Thorsteinsson, a newspaper editor. "I was born only 39 years ago on a red foal-skin in a mud hut in northern Iceland," he told me. "In just that short time we've stepped up to all we have today. I like it—but it's a big adjustment."

As Iceland faces its promising potentials, President Asgeir Asgeirsson says: "Whether we like it or not, our splendid isolationism is gone for ever."

THE famous French sculptor Rodin said, "They accuse me of thinking too much about women. What else is there to think about?"

—James Laver, *Museum Piece* (André Deutsch, London)

GAMES TO PLAY LYING DOWN

By ROBERT DEAN

THE DAY I got the idea for lying-down games, I had just been shot in the back by a Red Indian and was dying in the middle of our living-room carpet. The brave was one of my five sons, and he and I and his brothers had just completed about seven minutes of wild tussling straight after a heavy dinner. Thankful that at last the imaginary arrow had found its mark, I sank exhausted to the floor. The longer I lay there, the better I liked it. And the wild Red Indians danced happily round me whooping about the "dying cowboy."

For the next few weeks, the boys called on me to play the role of the Dying Cowboy over and over again, and I was always glad to oblige. I added little refinements as I went along, like letting them shoot me at the beginning of the game. That got me out of the action sooner. Then I began falling on the sofa instead of the floor, arranging myself comfortably at the start.

When "The Dying Cowboy" began to bore the boys, I created "The Orient Express." I played the Spy in the Lower Berth, a role in which I ran the gamut of napping poses on

the sofa while the boys ran themselves to exhaustion playing railway guards, sleeping-car attendants and counterspies. When they tired of that, I created a little skit called "The Frozen Astronaut," in which I played this fellow who has been in a state of suspended animation for 500 years—on the sofa in our living-room, naturally.

These little dramas are useful not only for setting the stage for after-dinner naps, but at almost any time, anywhere. On the beach we play "Gulliver's Travels"—the scene where Gulliver falls asleep on the sand and all the Lilliputians tie him up. This is a role that suits me right down to the ground, I can tell you. And in the garden we play "Giant," in which I shout "Fe, fi, fo, fum. I'm the Giant on the beanstalk. Jack is chopping it down! I'm falling, falling!" With that I fall (carefully, of course, and picking a shady spot) and lie in the cool, cool grass.

"The giant is dead," the boys scream gleefully, running round and round. I lie there, drifting off, and the curtain falls on another dramatic triumph of middle-aged inertia over childish exuberance.

Condensed from Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin Magazine

The last surviving eyewitness to the life and work of Christ, his spiritual message has special meaning for our time

BY ERNEST HAUSER

St. John the Evangelist

THE STORY, as we know it, began on the north shore of the Sea of Galilee. A boat was rocking gently on the sparkling waters a few yards off shore. A fisherman, one Zebedee, and his two sons were in the boat, mending their nets. Suddenly, from the beach, a stranger called to them. And James and John, the sons of

Zebedee, dropped nets and shuttles and sprang ashore to join the man from Nazareth.

In time, as Christ went on preaching and healing, the number of His followers grew to 12. But John, all through the glory and the bitterness, retained a special place in the little band. He was probably the youngest of the group when he joined,





"St. John the Evangelist"
by Giovanni de' Vecchi
(1536-1614). The sketch was a
study for a mosaic under the
dome of St. Peter's Basilica in Rome

and he soon became the disciple "whom Jesus loved." It was to John alone that Christ revealed, by a secret sign, the name of the one who would betray Him. And it was John, standing by the Cross, into whose care Jesus gave His own mother. "Woman, behold thy son!" And to John: "Behold thy mother!"

One of the most attractive figures

of the New Testament, John appeals equally to Catholics and Protestants—indeed, to all men drinking from the springs of Western culture. His spiritual message, addressed to people living in his own troubled age, seems to hold special meaning for our own uncertain times. Since the war, probably more learned books have been devoted to him than to any other personage of the New Testament, and preachers all over Christendom increasingly draw their inspiration from his texts.

Son of Thunder. But how much do we know of what John, the man, was really like? Luckily, where the Scriptures leave us, tradition, early Christian writers and a profusion of ancient legends take over. Both he and his brother were impulsive, argumentative, prone to fly off the handle. Jesus nicknamed them the "Sons of Thunder." When John runs across a man "casting out devils" in the name of Christ, he angrily "forbids him," and Jesus has to caution him: "Forbid him not!"

In his account of Jesus' ministry, John underlines its militant aspects. Christ, John reports, makes provocative statements, clashes with His enemies, raises His voice. While Matthew, Mark and Luke mention the driving out of the money-changers from the temple near the end of Jesus' ministry, John places the dramatic incident near the start. Recalling the event not without relish, he even adds a "scourge made

of small cords"—a horsewhip!—not mentioned in the other Gospels.

His zeal once literally runs away with him. When, at the break of dawn, the third day after Jesus' burial, a breathless Mary Magdalene wakes John and Peter with the news that the Lord's tomb is empty, both men run to the sepulchre. But John "did outrun Peter," as he proudly informs us. He was the first to look into the empty tomb—and to believe.

Pillar of the Church. John's career did not stop at Pentecost. In a sense, it started from there. We find him, in the Acts of the Apostles, vigorously propagating the new faith. At the first Christian Council in Jerusalem, the Apostle Paul calls him one of the "pillars" of the slowly growing Church. But war clouds darken the horizon: after a Jewish rising against Roman rule, Roman legions tramp across the country for four agonizing years, killing, pillaging and burning. We lose John's trail in the confusion—and then catch up with him in Ephesus, a bustling melting-pot on the coast of Asia Minor.

John is now no longer young, and he is alone. His fellow Apostles have long been scattered. His brother, James, beheaded in A.D. 44, has become the first of the 12 to be martyred, and Peter has been killed under Nero—crucified, so the legend says, head down.

As one of the last witnesses of Jesus' ministry, John enjoyed the

love and admiration of the Christians in Ephesus. He preached in its market squares and churches. He was still the Thunderer. Age had not mellowed him, and what he preached was dynamite. To him, the world was torn by a relentless struggle between good and evil. Each human being, born on to this battlefield, must take sides—and his choice would lead him towards light or darkness, Christianity or paganism.

A story of this period tells how John, having entrusted a promising young Christian to the care of a provincial bishop, came back after a while to ask how the young man was doing. Told that he had become the chief of a band of robbers, John called for a horse and made for the hills to find the outlaws. No sooner did the bandit leader recognize him, than he rode off at a fast clip. John, unarmed, spurred his own beast to hot pursuit. Bringing the young fugitive to bay, he gave him such a dressing-down that the man repented, returned with John and, after a few years' probation, became a priest.

Fiction? Perhaps. And yet such tales from the frontier days of Christianity, told and retold down the centuries, show how profoundly John marked his age.

Darkness and Light. John's fame was bound to cause displeasure in Rome, where the wind of persecution blew hot or cold, according to imperial tempers. Under Emperor

Domitian's rule—A.D. 81 to 96—it rose to hurricane strength. John was arrested and shipped to the Isle of Patmos. There he poured the force that raged within him into the Book of Revelation.

Although scholars' interpretations vary, most today agree that John's central theme—the war between the forces of light and darkness, and the victory of light—was meant to comfort Christians in the cruel days of persecution. The whole book thus becomes a trumpet blast of hope: "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain!"

As literature, Revelation ranks with the great writings of all time. Its splendid imagery, its cosmic scope, the swiftness of its narrative, give it the stamp of genius. Some of its images—the four apocalyptic horsemen, the book with seven seals, the bottomless pit, the battlefield of Armageddon—have become immortalized in our language.

"In the Beginning..." When John reached old age, a change of government in Rome brought an amnesty, and he went home to his beloved Ephesus. His long exile had not diminished his sense of humour. Once, as he was playing happily

* In modern times, scholars have argued that some of the Fourth Gospel's philosophic concepts, and much of its phrasing, show that it could not have been written by John. However, the discoveries, in 1947-56, of Jewish writings at Qumran on the Dead Sea indicate that the thinking and terminology of the Fourth Gospel prevailed in John's own time and environment and give new strength to belief in the Apostle's authorship.

with a tame partridge, a bow-and-arrow-bearing huntsman, on his way to the woods, taunted him, "Look at the old man, playing like a child!" John called him over. "Do you always keep your bow bent?" he enquired. "Of course not," the fellow replied. "If I didn't unbend it now and then, it would soon become useless." "Just so," nodded wise John. "I unbend for the same reason."

In Ephesus, as the last surviving eyewitness of Jesus' life and works, John put the story of Christ into writing. John's book immediately became what we would now call a best-seller.* From the start, readers recognized his book as a "spiritual" Gospel. Its celebrated prologue—"In the beginning was the Word"—affirms the author's interest in the spiritual background of the story rather than in events themselves. The "Word" (*logos* in Greek—a term not found in Biblical writings other than John's) stands for the great creative life-force in the universe; being "with God" from the beginning, this force, says John, became incarnate in Jesus. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

But the Fourth Gospel also has an earthly side. Speaking throughout as Jesus' intimate, John gives us, in effect, the "inside story" of Christ's ministry. Most of the parables and pithy sayings of the other Gospels

THE READER'S DIGEST

are omitted. Instead, we listen to Christ's long explanatory talks—perhaps the sum of conversations held by the fireside when the day's work was done. A stickler for historical accuracy, John frequently recalls the hour of this or that event, and the exactness with which he names his sites—for example, the pool by the sheep market, called Bethesda, having five porches—has been surprisingly borne out by recent archaeological discoveries.

At the last, bowed by the years, John could no longer preach his sermons. Supported by his friends on his way to church, he would address one simple exhortation to the faithful: "My children, love one another!" Asked why he kept repeating the phrase, the old man

said, "Because it is the Lord's highest command—obeying this one is enough."

A stubborn myth asserted that he was immortal. Embarrassed by persistent rumours that he was getting ready to ascend to heaven, and far too humble to aspire to the odour of divinity, John resolved to die in public.

When he felt that his time had come, he had a tomb dug near the altar of his church. Descending into it, he raised his hands and murmured, "Invited to your banquet, Lord, I thank you. I'm coming."

At any rate, that is the story as it has been handed on, and John's last words would seem a fitting curtain-line for one who, in his youth, had sat next to Christ.



Foreign Diplomats

A TOURIST was being driven round by a Balinese boy when they came to one of the long, narrow bridges common in Bali. The car had to slow down because a horde of ducks was being hustled across in the same direction.

"Why don't you blow your horn?" demanded the impatient woman.

"Because, madam," he said, "I think the ducks are already walking as fast as they can."

—James Riddell, *Flight of Fancy* (Robert Hale, London)

ON a holiday in Fiji, I was climbing a rather slippery hill, accompanied by a dozen Fijians. I missed my footing and in no time was sliding downhill on my posterior.

Not a Fijian in the party laughed. Not a word of sympathy was uttered. But, after one moment of consternation, good manners asserted themselves, and to a man the 12 stout Fijians let themselves go and slid down the hill, too.

—Noel Anthony

THE DEADLY NEW YORK HEAT-WAVE OF '96

By LEONARD GREENBERG AND FRANKLYN FIELD

Before the ten searing days and sleepless nights were over, 3,000 people lay dead

THE FIRST Sunday in August 1896 was clear and bright in New York City. Cool north-easterly winds kicked up whitecaps in the harbour. Long lines of carriages wheeled through the leafy shade of Central Park. Corseted and bustled ladies, sheathed in black silks and satins, promenaded along the avenues. Hundreds of happy, laughing people jostled their way aboard the excursion boats that plied the North and East rivers, as brass bands blared out the hit tune of the day: "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."

The song proved prophetic. Yet there was no hint that Sunday of the tragedy that impended: a withering heat-wave that would blast America's largest, most densely populated

city and snuff out with its hot breath the lives of thousands.

On Monday, those going to work felt a noticeable change in the weather. The day was long and hot, and sunset brought little relief. Entire families sought the night air in near-by parks, on rooftops and fire escapes.

On Tuesday, the mercury reached 90 degrees. This was of little concern, for the Weather Bureau predicted thunderstorms and cooler weather. The promised rain did not materialize, however. Instead, the news was that blistering heat covered the eastern half of the country—St. Louis 98 degrees, Chicago 96, Providence 90. In New York the mercury boiled up to 94 on Wednesday, and the humidity remained

Condensed from New York

excessively high. A few wispy cirrus clouds appeared at sunrise on Thursday, but they soon faded into a blazing sky.

By 3 p.m. on Friday the temperature had reached 97. Clouds rolled in, and gusts of wind signalled the start of a downpour. But it lasted only an hour. When the rain ceased, pavements dried in minutes and the air of the city was like the steam room of a Turkish bath.

An exodus began that clogged every means of transport. By Saturday morning a stream of horse-trams, hansom cabs and bicycles converged on South Ferry, the terminus for all surface and elevated transport lines.

Fleeing New Yorkers jammed on to ferryboats and white paddle-wheel steamers. The sun slanted through the glass roof of the shiny new Grand Central Station. Jammed with people, it seemed a giant cauldron. The puffing steam locomotives, alive with fire, added to the unbearable heat.

Long queues formed on Sunday morning at the Hebrew Institute on East Broadway, where the new roof garden offered iced water free and cold milk at one cent a glass. Coney Island and Manhattan Beach were jammed, but there was little relief even at the sea-side, unless bathers stayed immersed in the surf. As the red ball of the sun slowly descended that evening, the flood of humanity reversed itself, bringing hundreds of thousands of New Yorkers back

to the city for another exhausting, sleepless night.

Monday, August 10, marked the seventh day of searing heat. Yet efforts were made to carry on business as usual. Work gangs laboured apathetically at Grant's Tomb on Riverside Drive and at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. New Yorkers gained little solace from the fact that they were not alone in the withering heat. In New Jersey and Pennsylvania, mills began to shut down, work in quarries and on farms was suspended.

Now the strain began to tell. Nerves snapped, discomfort gave way to delirium. Dr. Samuel Grubbs, a young houseman in St. John's Episcopal Hospital, Brooklyn, who later became Medical Director of the U.S. Public Health Service, observing the spreading disaster, kept invaluable records. In many cases, he noted, there seemed to be a breakdown of the body's heat-regulating mechanism. "This would come suddenly, usually after many oppressive days," he observed. "It was as if repeated blows finally smashed a delicate instrument: the nervous system refused to work and let body temperatures go skyrocketing to 110 degrees or more, heights unheard of in fevers caused by disease organisms."

Behaviour took strange turns. Isaac Tobor was fished out of the East River dead. He had told friends he was going to jump in to cool off. He had never learnt to swim. On

the corner of Bleeker and MacDougal streets, police were hurriedly summoned to stop a knife fight which erupted when one man jokingly asked another if the weather was hot enough for him.

Animals were affected, too. From many parts of the city came reports of dogs driven wild by the heat. Some horse owners refused to allow their suffering animals to work, but the horsetrams, hansom cabs and delivery wagons were necessary to maintain the life of the city and they attempted to carry on. After a number of horses collapsed, the Second Avenue Horsecar Company issued orders to work their beasts no more than half a day.

At the New York Hygeia Ice Company, the city's largest manufacturer of ice, the 210 tons of machine-made ice per day fell far short of the demand. Additional tons of ice were hauled into the city from storage plants along the Hudson and as far north as Maine.

By noon on Tuesday, August 11, the thermometer in City Hall Plaza, where the hot air blasted off the pavement, was registering 112 degrees. Newspapers named it "Death Pass" when the tenth victim was struck down in the same spot.

On this Tuesday, all death records were broken. Of the 386 deaths, 181 were a direct result of sunstroke. At the mortuary, the two clerks toiling over burial permits were confronted by an endless line of corpses. Funerals were delayed because the four

coroner's doctors were unable to keep pace with the mounting number of fatalities.

As the eighth day of blistering heat drew to a close, there was still no relief in sight. Throughout the city, bathhouses were kept open at night. In the steaming tenement districts, sanitation men flooded the streets and fire hydrants were turned on to provide showers.

Working hours began to be drastically altered. Businesses shut down between noon and 3 p.m. Rudyard Kipling, stopping in New York on a lecture tour, told sweltering reporters, "You have to pick spots in India to find more oppressive weather." He himself was equipped for it in his loose-fitting tropical suit, and he could not help noting the dark, confining clothes of most New Yorkers.

As the heat-wave bore on, the death-rate approached that of a cholera epidemic. Victims of heatstroke deluged the city's hospitals, where doctors, nurses and medical students worked round the clock. The superintendent of Roosevelt Hospital requested that every available conveyance, including wheelbarrows, be used for ambulance service. Bellevue Hospital opened an emergency depot. Dr. Grubbs wrote that "if the incoming patient's temperature was over 104, off came his clothes and he was immersed in a cold bath. An orderly rubbed his body with a rough towel while a nurse placed cold cloths on his head.

"No two victims behaved alike; some were limp and unconscious, others seemed to be fighting drunk. One big ironworker walked in without assistance; his temperature was 110. He sank down into the icy-cold water and groaned, 'My, but that's a grand feeling this hot day,' and went on talking calmly until he drifted into a coma."

Doctors moved from tub to tub, watching pulse and temperature, at times giving an injection when a failing heart needed quick stimulation. At St. Vincent's Hospital, the acting house surgeon collapsed and died. At St. John's, orders were issued to the staff: six hours of work, then an hour in bed with ice packs.

The appalling effect of the heat was now fully evident. The bloated bodies of horses lay about grotesquely on nearly every street in the city. The task of removing the carcasses became insurmountable as the toll of dead animals passed 2,000. In desperation, Superintendent Roberts issued orders to deodorize and disinfect the animal bodies every six hours. But the task was too great, and a sickening stench enveloped the city.

There was little panic; instead, a dull lethargy settled over city residents. The drama of a policeman

taking aim at a mad dog or floundering horse evoked little response from passers-by. It was as if the daily fiery blasts of heat had numbed all feelings.

At last, on the night of August 13, after ten days of hell, came the turning point. Overcast clouds blanketing the city thickened and lowered. The damp north-east wind quickened in gusts.

At 2.45 a.m. a few raindrops fell from leaden skies, and then rain drummed on the rooftops. A cool moist breeze swept across the fevered city into open windows, and New Yorkers slept the sleep of the drugged. Relief had come!

For many it arrived too late. Within the next 48 hours an additional 71 fatalities were recorded among those too far gone to recover.

There have been many hot spells since 1896 and there will be more. But nowhere in North America, since that dread year, have there been so many deaths due to heat. Diet and dress have changed. The very environment has been altered by air conditioning.

Discomfort there may be, but it is not likely that another 3,000 people will die during a heat-wave—in New York, or in any other city. People have learnt better how to live with their weather.

Dawn Chorus

A LAWYER in Hitchin, Hertfordshire, referring to complaints about a local coke dump, told the court: "It is the only place in England where people are awakened by the sparrows coughing." —UPI

Mother and Her Secret

BY AL CAPP

*Author of the
comic strip "Li'l Abner"*

YOU HEAR a lot about kids fooling their mothers, but you hardly ever hear of a mother fooling her kids. Well, I knew one who did. Mine. But in the end we found out the truth about her.

We grew up during the Depression. Now kids today may not know what that means. The Depression meant no shoes, no meat and barely enough shelter—with a fighting chance that the whole family would be evicted into the street. That was the Depression. And it was harder still because my father left us.

Well, all through those grim years my mother managed to keep her four children fed, sheltered, clothed and at school. Her hair turned white before she was 35. She was cheerful enough, but her eyes had a sort of haunted look. She never had any pretty clothes or good times.

When we four kids grew up, we all did well enough to pool a fairly handsome sum to send Mum each week, so that whatever years she had left from about 50 on would be different from the years before. But we were all a bit disappointed in Mum's new life. She didn't move into a new home; she said she was perfectly comfortable in the old one. She didn't hire any help to take her off her feet; she said she liked doing

THE READER'S DIGEST

housework. She didn't buy any pretty clothes. She kept delaying the holidays to the sea or abroad that we planned for her—until we gave up planning. Still, that weekly cheque came in, and, as we four worked it out, since she didn't spend more than a fraction of it each week she must have saved a considerable amount by the time she died, some 20 years later.

Well, when we went through her papers we found out that Mum was broke! Those cheques had been spent the instant they arrived. On what? As soon as we kids were off her back, Mum had secretly arranged with a refugee organization

to send her four war orphans from Europe. She'd set them up in a home near hers, and for 20 years she'd educated them, seen them through sickness and teenage problems, and, in two cases, into marriage.

She never told us about the four new kids. I guess she wasn't sure we'd approve of her going through the whole mess all over again. I'm not sure we would have, either.

You see, it isn't easy for kids who've grown up seeing their mothers wear themselves out for half their lives to bring them up, to understand that motherhood is a sort of incurable condition.



Played Out

ON COURTESY calls to foreign ports, the ships' bands in Britain's Royal Navy must be prepared to play the local national anthem. Some years ago, the Navy discovered that its only version of the national anthem of the Sultanate of Muscat was a B-flat clarinet score. The Foreign Office was duly asked to obtain a complete score and, after some months, sent this report from their man in Muscat. .

"The Sultanate has not possessed a band since 1937. None of the Sultan's subjects can read music, which the majority regard as sinful. Fortunately I have been able to obtain, and now enclose, a gramophone record that has, on one side, a rendering by a British military band of 'The Salutation and March to His Highness the Sultan.' A resident of long standing says that the music reminds him of a tune once played by the band of the now disbanded Muscat Infantry, and known at the time to members of His Majesty's forces as 'Gawd Strike the Sultan Blind.'

"I am informed by the acting Minister of Foreign Affairs that there are now no occasions on which 'The Salutation' is officially played."

—Charles Roetter, *The Diplomatic Art* (Sidgwick & Jackson, London)

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THE BERLIN WALL

Five Years of Failure

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

FOR FIVE lacerating years the people of Berlin have been living with the Wall. They have learnt to live with it, but they are not—either East Berliners or West Berliners—learning to accept it.

Berliners resent and hate the Wall. They see it as the symbol and proof of communist brutality and of fear and futility.

At Christmas 1963, the Wall was temporarily opened for the first time to permit family visits. This has been repeated seven times, and nearly five million visits to relatives have taken place.

"These encounters," a Berliner explained, "proved what did not require proof: that the people of this city, despite the violent division of their home, have not become East Berliners and West Berliners, but have remained simply Berliners.

The hatred stirred up by the East Zone leaders has not split them."

It is now obvious to everybody that the East Zone regime, with Soviet approval, built the Wall to block the people living under its rule from escaping the communist yoke. Some 17 million are now imprisoned behind this hideous barricade.

Even in the Central Committee of the East German Communist Party no one believes that it was erected "as protection against provocations from the West."

From 1948 to August 13, 1961, before the Wall was put up, about 2.7 million people escaped to freedom. They couldn't vote for a government of their choosing, so they voted with their legs. They fled.

What has happened since? "Flight from the Republic" is a

Condensed from New York Herald Tribune

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crime under Soviet Zone law. The regime has made it punishable by long imprisonment.

And the bosses have sought by many devices to make the Wall impenetrable. Since it first went up, they have added 236 pillboxes and bunkers, 203 observation towers, 63 searchlights, 43 loudspeakers and 241 dog barricades.

But so great is the impulse for freedom that the flight continues at awful risk. In the last five years, some 25,000 East Germans, including 460 in uniform, have dared to

risk their lives to escape. They have fled over the Wall, under the Wall, across minefields. They have fled through a river on the border, in dark and in daylight through the rifle fire of the border guards, out of high windows by ropes, on foot, on motor scooters, tractors, lorries, trains.

And now the communists are "beautifying" the zonal border! They are clearing land, planting gardens and have painted their side of the wall white—the better to see and shoot those who seek freedom.



Taking the Waters

SHORTLY after he scored his first literary success, James Barrie was invited to spend a week at the lavish estate of his publisher, where the grouse were plentiful. Barrie, who until that time had lived in poverty, suddenly found himself with a valet. This gentleman's gentleman, an icy autocrat, apparently decided that the author was unclean, for he insisted that Barrie take a bath every morning and evening. The latter, too awed to protest, meekly submitted.

One afternoon, towards the end of the week, Barrie and a fellow guest were strolling on the lawn. "Are you here for the shooting?" the other asked the writer.

"No," replied Barrie, "I'm here for the baths."

—E. E. Edgar

CONSIDER the predicament of a Japanese encountering his first Western bathroom. One guest, disinclined to get into the bath without having washed, lathered himself and, discovering a serviceable substitute for a bucket, drenched himself with many helpings of hot water—this from ingrained habit, while standing on the floor. He finished his bath at leisure, aware of, but unmoved by, the fact that the water did not go down a floor drain but escaped under the closed bathroom door. Meanwhile, his hostess, herself a well brought-up Japanese-American, was standing quietly behind the door mopping up the water as fast as she could.

—Bernard Rudofsky, *The Kimono Mind* (Gollancz, London)

COMMUNICATION TOPICS—9



NOISE

Noise is communication's greatest enemy. Theoretically, if there is no noise, communication would be most simple. Noise impairs the intelligibility of communication in all forms including speech. In communication engineering, "repeaters" spaced at regular intervals regenerate signals to overcome the effects of noise from line, equipment and other sources. For satisfactory speech, noise should be kept down to at least 35 decibels below speech power. In simple terms, this means that the power of noise should not be more than a three-thousandth part of speech power of which the contribution of noise from equipment alone should not be more than a ten-thousandth part. No compromise is allowed and any higher figure would make communication "uncommercial."

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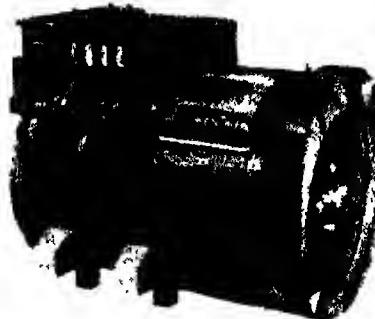
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SYMBOL OF BETTER LIVING

Can We Make Our Children More Intelligent?

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Psychologists have for some years been investigating the relationship between early experience and how we acquire, organize, store, use and communicate information—in short, how we think. Out of their research has emerged a possibility as revolutionary as the release of atomic energy: the release of more of the almost unlimited potential of the human brain. A pioneer investigator in this field is Dr. Joseph McVicker Hunt, professor of psychology at the University of Illinois. Recently, John Kord Lagemann talked to Professor Hunt about the new concept of intelligence that is emerging and the possibilities of bringing up brighter children.

Q Dr. Hunt, do you and your colleagues believe that we can raise the average intelligence level of our population?

A. Yes. I believe that we might raise the average level of intelligence during the next generation or two by about 30 points of I.Q.—provided we reach the children early enough.

Q. Why is it important to reach children early?

A. Because it is during the first four or five years of life that a child's development is most rapid and most subject to modification. During this period a child acquires the abilities

on which his later abilities will be based. Perhaps 20 per cent of those basic abilities are developed before his first birthday, perhaps half before he reaches four.

Q. Before discussing how we can raise intelligence, would you define it?

A. Intelligence is the ability to solve problems, but it is not a simple, unitary faculty. It is a hierarchy of successively learned abilities, the later ones incorporating those acquired earlier. The brain may be conceived as a great information processor, vastly more complex than any man-made computer. Information pours into it through

sound, sight, touch, smell and taste. The brain appears to reduce this vast jumble to coded symbols which can be logically organized to solve problems, achieve goals and carry on a meaningful existence.

So, intelligence can be defined as the techniques that a child acquires for processing information supplied by his senses.

Q. What is new about this concept of intelligence?

A. It contradicts the old idea that intelligence is something fixed at conception, like the individual's sex. A child is endowed not with a ready-made intelligence but only with an intellectual potential. He literally has to learn how to learn, and how well he succeeds depends on the information-processing abilities he acquires through early experience.

Q. Why is early experience so important?

A. We know that animals reared as pets are regularly better problem-solvers than cage-reared animals. Similarly, children brought up in homes where they are played with and exposed to a wide variety of sights and sounds develop more fully than children brought up in institutions where they are deprived of these advantages.

For instance, nearly all family-reared infants sit up by ten months of age and walk before two years. But in an understaffed Tehran orphanage recently studied, 60 per cent of the infants in their second

year were not yet sitting up alone, and 84 per cent in their fourth year were not yet walking.

Probably the effects on intellectual development were just as stunting. In the United States, children brought up in orphanages generally have lower I.Q. scores than orphans in foster homes. Even in adolescence, such children lag behind in ability to pay attention, persist in tasks or grasp abstract ideas.

Q. How can parents help a child to learn how to learn?

A. The majority of middle-class parents are doing quite a lot; the question is really what *more* they can do.

One basic action they can take is to give their infants a wide (but not overwhelming) variety of things to hear, see and handle. These need not be expensive toys. Boxes, pots, pieces of paper and simple household objects of different colours, sizes, shapes and textures—all will give infants sensory impressions from which they can eventually build ideas of volume, form, dimension and number.

Q. Besides an opportunity to use his senses, what else does a child need to develop mentally?

A. Two things mainly. He needs the freedom to try himself out on the world, to walk, climb, jump, manipulate and throw things. He also needs affectionate adults who provide a responsive audience, answer his endless questions, serve as models for imitation, and ask

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CAN WE MAKE OUR CHILDREN MORE INTELLIGENT?

him questions that he must use language to answer.

Q. When does a child start learning to learn?

A. From the day he is born. What he sees at first is largely unrelated to what he hears or touches. He has to learn to co-ordinate his senses and tie them in with his own body movements. Parents can help by giving him plenty of opportunity to look for things he hears—a rattle, for instance—and to reach for things he sees, and to suck the things he grasps.

Take the matter of co-ordinating hand and eye. At first the infant swipes out at an object with closed fist. Gradually the hand comes under visual control, and the infant reaches out for the desired object and grasps it firmly.

In a hospital study, Dr. Burton White, of Harvard, found that babies usually started swiping out with closed fists at a seen object at about 65 days of age and learned to grasp the object at about 145 days. By putting coloured objects within sight above a child's cot and by handling the child more often, Dr. White advanced the appearance of "fisted striking" to about 55 days and mature grasping to 85 days, much earlier than usual for home-reared babies.

Q. How does learning to grasp things advance a baby's intelligence?

A. By mastering the simpler information-processing techniques, he

can go on to learn subtler, more complex techniques. Learning to co-ordinate hand and eye enables him to learn more about things by acting on them.

At first a rattle is real to him only when he looks at it or holds it in his fist. When it goes out of sight or reach, it apparently ceases to exist for him. A great intellectual leap occurs when the baby cries for a rattle which has fallen from the cot. This means that repeated handling has given him a relatively permanent mental image of that rattle. Now he can keep an image of it *in his head*.

Another great leap forward occurs at about 18 months, when the baby begins to apply spoken, word-like labels to those inner images. Language tremendously speeds up his information processing. The number of things he can hold in his hands is limited, but the number he can grasp with words is almost unlimited.

Q. How can parents teach a child to use words?

A. They can't. He must learn for himself. But parents can make it easier for him by talking to him, reading to him, thinking out loud for his benefit, keeping him bathed in the sound of words, making listening to words a delight, even if he is too young to understand them.

Dylan Thomas's father used to read Shakespeare to him when he was only three or four. Young Dylan couldn't follow the plot, but

THE READER'S DIGEST

the music of the language may well have soaked in.

Q. What kind of discipline promotes intelligence?

A. Studies by Professor Alfred Baldwin, of New York University, suggest that children from homes where decisions and their consequences are *discussed* show gains in I.Q. between the ages of four and seven, while children whose parents are either nonchalantly permissive or who arbitrarily demand obedience show losses of I.Q.

The important thing about discipline is whether it encourages or discourages learning the consequences of actions. Discipline that discourages the child from being curious and from using his head to find out the reasons for things hampers his intellectual development. The parent who punishes an infant for his voluntary effort or who says, "Do this because I say so," is really saying, "Don't think." Even before he toddles, an infant should be free to try himself, free to throw things, to see the effects of his efforts on the things he throws.

A child should be encouraged to try to make sense of what he does, to figure out cause and effect. The young child should be free within the limits of safety to explore things, to climb stairs and use simple tools.

Q. How does this stimulate intelligence?

A. Tackling simple problems early in life establishes patterns

against which the child can match more complex problems later on. Each new situation is "something like" a situation he has already mastered.

Professor Harlow and his collaborators, at the University of Wisconsin, have shown that monkeys with repeated experience in solving problems of a given kind acquire "learning sets"—generalized concepts enabling them to solve such problems far more easily than monkeys who lack this experience.

Q. Is there a danger of pushing too hard?

A. If parents make their love conditional on the child's doing what *they* want him to do, a very real danger is present. But parents don't have to worry as long as they provide only the *opportunities* for problem-solving and let the child's motive for learning be that of pleasing himself, not them.

Q. Why do slum children usually lag far behind middle-class children in intellectual development?

A. For the same reason that cage-reared animals lag so far behind animals reared as pets: limited contact with the world around them. The slum child's surroundings are drab, and often the adults in his life are unresponsive. With no one asking questions calling for careful observation, he never learns to observe or to focus his attention. By the time he enters primary school,

FASHION TALK

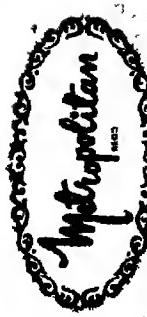
"How on earth do you manage to rush around and be so active and yet remain so neat and trim?"

"Metropolitan, my dear."

"Yes, of course. With my Metropolitan belt, there's no more of that continual tucking in of the shirt and hitching up of the trousers. Not to mention my rather elegant cuff-links and tie-pin and wallet and what-have-you. All from Metropolitan."

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WEAR METROPOLITAN

THE READER'S DIGEST

he lacks the attitudes and skills to succeed.

Q. How can we help deprived youngsters?

A. By reaching them early and exposing them to the stimulation that is missing in their homes. Child development centres and nursery schools starting at about three can also help with toys, music, reading aloud, pictures and so on.

At the University of Illinois, Professor Samuel Kirk gave a group of three- and four-year-old children from a home for the mentally retarded one year of pre-school training. The children gained as much as 20 points in I.Q.

Gains like these represent the difference between unemployability and usefulness, between a futile existence and a good life.

Q. Is there likely to be a limit to human intellectual performance?

A. No one knows yet. Our progeny may well live in a society which has developed an intelligence level as far above ours as our level is above that of our ancestors among medieval peasants. After all, we have the same kind of brains—the same size and structure—that Stone Age man had 30,000 years ago. Any advances that we have made in intellectual development since then have come not through better brains but through better use of them.

Now, for the first time, we have the possibility of teaching a far larger part of our population how to think. For we are discovering that *all* human beings are vastly more improvable than almost anyone had dared to hope.



Not in the Script

EVEN WHEN she was a relative newcomer to Broadway, Gertrude Lawrence was the high priestess of the art of upstaging. Once, playing a scene with a famous American actor, she ate a bunch of violets while he was telling her he loved her.

—Paula Laurence

OPERA SOPRANO Phyllis Curtin has sung the role of Salome all over the world. On one occasion she had no opportunity to rehearse with or even meet the baritone who sang John the Baptist. When the head of John the Baptist was brought in on a silver platter, it was accompanied by the baritone's card, which read: "Madame, it is a pleasure to make your acquaintance."

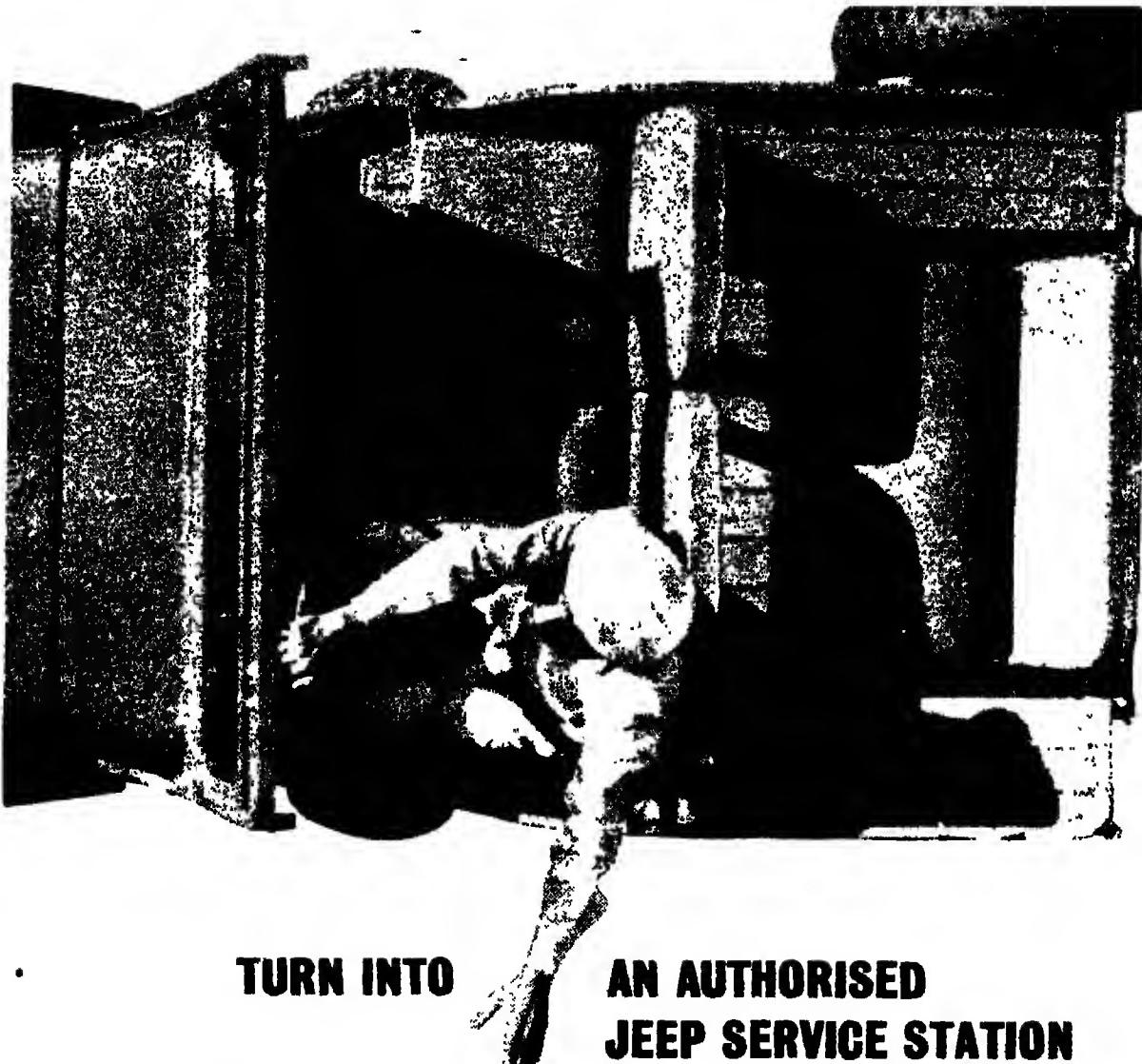
—Douglas Watt



Worldly Wise

"THE WORLD is round. Only one-third of the people of the world are asleep at any given moment. The other two-thirds are awake and probably stirring up mischief somewhere."

—U.S. Secretary of State Dean Rusk

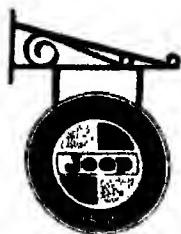


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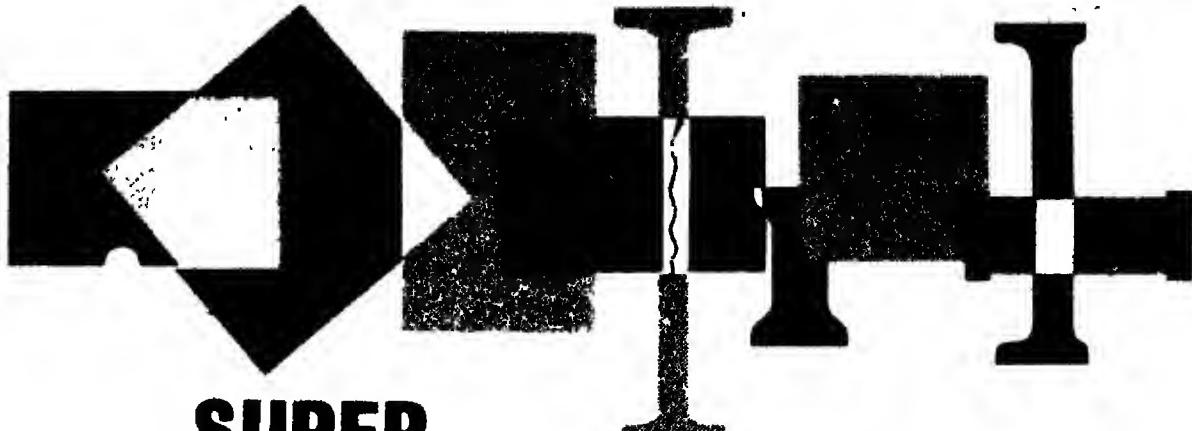
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Technically

By Otis Skinner

How does a woman communicate with mechanics who don't understand what she means by a gizmo?

By CONSTANCE OTIS SKINNER

AMONG THE people who have my admiration are those who know the correct terminology for mechanical devices which are not necessarily up their street. Take, for example, the car owner who, though no expert on engines, can drive into a garage and give the mechanic an accurate diagnosis of what's wrong.

I, who wouldn't know a gasket from a tisket or a tasket, am forced to employ my own limited powers of description when confronted by

an erring engine. Not long ago I was obliged to seek help, not from our local garage, where they know me as a somewhat simple-minded customer and never ask me to explain, but at a busy garage in a small town along the main road on which my engine had started doing peculiar things.

A mechanic approached with the kindly attitude of a doctor ready to



hear the patient's complaints. I smiled and said, "She's misbehaving."

I used the feminine pronoun to give an impression of mechanical knowledge. It would never occur to me to call a car a "she," as though it were an ocean liner or a hurricane, but for some curious reason nearly all men do.



"How 'misbehaving'?" the mechanic asked.

"Well," I explained, "every now

Condensed from Ladies' Home Journal

and then, she sort of goes *bloomp*."

"Bloomp? I see," he said, although it was quite obvious that he didn't.

"It is really more of a *chunk*."

"A chunk? Do you mean you've got a chunk of foreign matter in your manifold?"

"I have no idea," I replied. I also had no idea that I possessed a manifold. It sounded Biblical. I tried to assume the expression of someone who knew all about manifolds.

"Is she missing?" he asked.

"No, she's not missing. It's just that every once in a while there'll be this *flonk* and then she'll shudder."

The mechanic was silent.

"Let me take you for a little drive," I said. "Jump in beside me and I think you'll get what I mean."

Unfortunately, to the mechanic, who was obviously a God-fearing,



happily married man, it must have sounded archly coy, and the idea he got wasn't exactly what I had in mind.

"All I'm asking you to do is listen!" I said impatiently.

With cautious dignity he got in, and I drove down the main street. The car, need I say it, ran with the smooth performance of a Rolls-Royce. I varied the speed, but it

neither bloomed nor chunked nor did it so much as flonk, and never once did it shudder. As a matter of fact, "she" behaved like a perfect lady, which was highly infuriating.

My passenger tersely suggested that we return to the garage. When we got there, he made the further suggestion that I leave the car, do any errands I had in town and come back in an hour. Meanwhile he'd try to locate the trouble. I agreed.

When I returned, the trouble had been located and cured. It seems that what had gone haywire was . . . oh, well, why should anyone want to know? Besides, I wasn't really listening to the explanation.

That's one thing about being a woman: when a man embarks on one of those recitals of scientific enlightenment, we can always put on a listening pose and turn our thoughts to other matters.

I must admit, though, that I could do with a smattering of the technical terms regarding a few more familiar mechanical devices—for instance, a typewriter. Mine is a small portable of foreign make, usually completely reliable. A crisis arose, however, during a recent race to meet a deadline for a magazine piece.

I telephoned our kindly local stationer, who is most obliging about picking up failing typewriters, repairing them and returning them promptly. He'd be pleased to do an emergency job, he said, but it might hurry things up if I

could give him an idea of what specifically was the matter.

"Well," I explained, "when it turns, it doesn't." A prolonged silence from the other end of the line made me think he'd rung off.

"Hallo? Are you there?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes, I'm here." He sounded as though he wasn't quite sure.

"What I mean is, the thing doesn't turn when I turn it, the round thing. You know?"

"The ribbon wheel?"

"No, not a wheel," I said.

There was another silence. I felt I should be more specific. "There's a thing like a miniature clothes wringer. Or, rather, half a clothes wringer . . . and it's supposed to turn. Only I don't actually turn it. Do you understand?"

- "Not exactly." Our stationer is a patient soul.

"You know that whatsit on the side that you have to go like *this* with?" I went into what I thought was a rather brilliant bit of pantomime, and a polite "Hm-mm" came from the other end.

"Then there's this click, or a click-click," I explained, "or even a click-click-click, according to how you've set it. Do you get me?"

Suddenly he must have caught some ray of telephoto transference, for he asked, "Could it be that the armature for the line spacer doesn't turn the platen?"

"Could be," I said co-operatively.

"That's easy," he said and started

off on a technical diagnosis, which I cut short.

"But that's not all! You know those little gizmos at the back?"

"Gizmos?" The stationer sounded stunned.

I hastened to explain. "Those little metal things you move along on a strip that's got notches so that when you press a key, only it's not a working key, everything goes *zing* or *zong* to wherever you want it to stop, and you never have to look."

"You mean the tabulator?"

"I wouldn't be surprised. Something says TAB."

"It won't work?"

"Oh, yes! It works too well." Something resembling a groan came over the line. "I mean it overshoots itself. Sometimes. Perhaps I hit the key too hard . . . or twice. I have shaky hands." And I gave a nervous little laugh.

Doubtless the stationer was thinking that I had more than my hands. He said soothingly that he'd come straight over to pick up the machine and for me not to worry. When he returned it later in the day, he sent it up by the caretaker.

The problem of mechanical terminology is not confined to inability to use the terms; there is the further problem of what to say when they are used *at* you. Most of us have had the experience of being taken on a tour of some highly technical and often highly terrifying place like a factory or a mill or a hydroelectric

THE READER'S DIGEST

plant or that roaring, hissing, clang-ing inferno, the engine room of a ship. A man may like this sort of jaunt, but for the average woman it is torture. What to say, for instance, when the man in charge of the expedition points at various monsters of mechanism and shouts out their names, their functions, their actions? Fortunately the surrounding din usually is such that one's response goes unheeded anyway.

It was a little different on an aircraft in the days when special passengers were asked by the stewardess, at the invitation of the captain, if they'd care to go forward and inspect the flight deck. Very few passengers, myself included, have ever had the nerve to answer that they wouldn't care to at all.

On the infrequent occasions when I have enjoyed this distinction, there

has always arisen that same what-to-say situation. I must confess that my chitchat has not been particularly bright—it has not even been chit-chat. I have bowed deferentially to the captain, waved cheerily at the co-pilot and gaped in wonder at that other officer who with earphones, pencil and a sheet covered in hieroglyphics appears to be working out some advanced variation of the Einstein theory. It is all too awesome for speech.

In this jet age the courtesy visit to the flight deck is no longer practised. I for one find this an excellent ruling. It means that I can remain on duty in my seat (with belt, of course, constantly fastened), and uninterrupted listen to the engines, maintain a sharp lookout for emergency landing fields, and hold the craft aloft by regular breathing and with hunched shoulders.



Foreign Networks

ANNOUNCEMENT on an American television station: "Stay tuned for five minutes of the latest news, followed by a 'Moment of Truth.' "

AFTER the usual funeral music, opening the "Obituary Column of the Air" on a U.S. radio station, the announcer said: "We're sorry to report there were no deaths in the area during the past 24 hours."

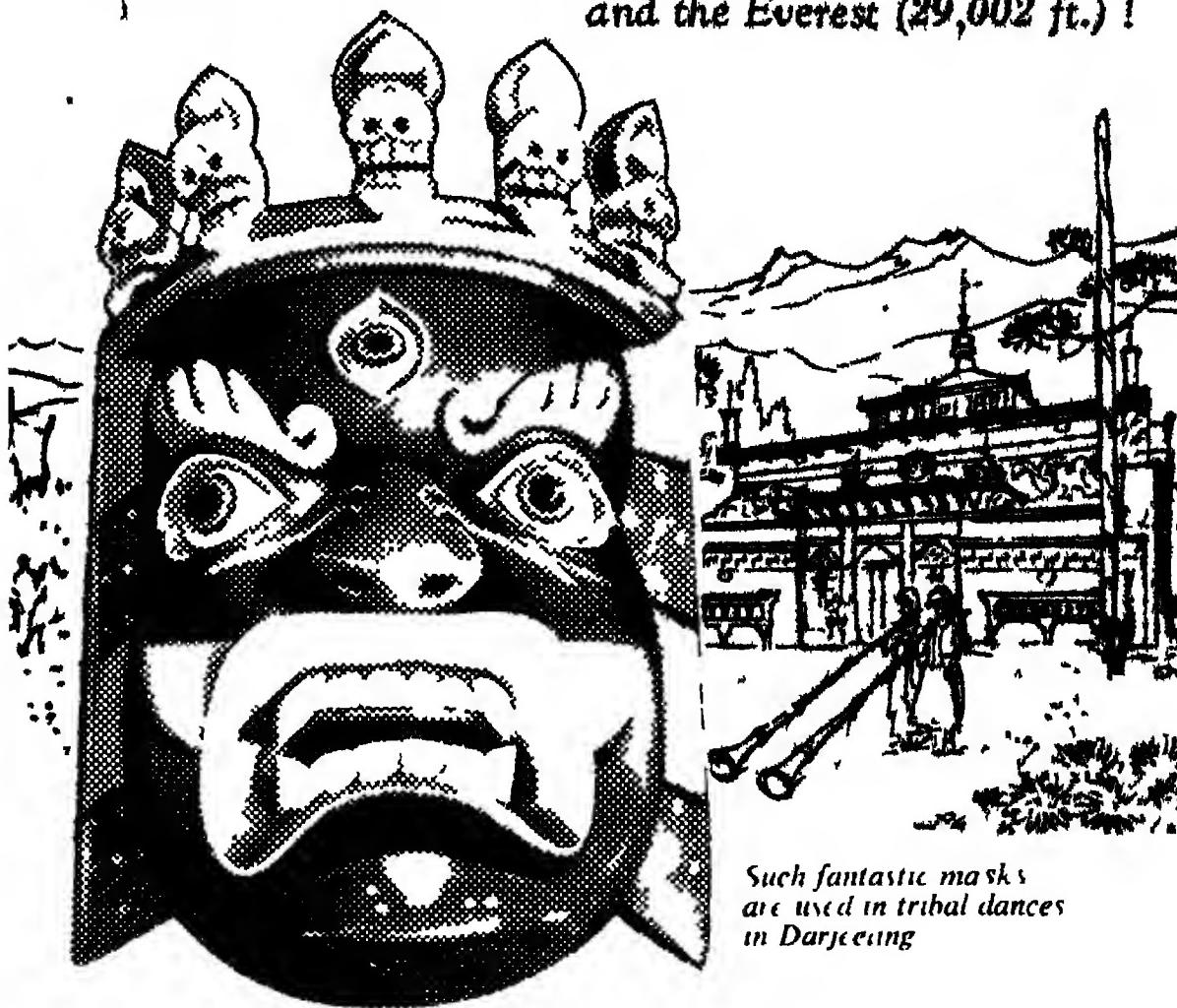
AMERICAN radio newscaster: "We'll have more news for you in just a moment, but *worse* (pardon me, please, I mean *first*) here's a word from our sponsor."

WEATHER REPORT on Station WOW, Omaha: "Three inches of rain have fallen in the last 40 minutes, and in the outskirts of the city even greater amounts have been measured."

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*Saving lives in a burning
plane is a job for
stalwart men in asbestos
suits, not for pretty
24-year-old girls like
Mary Frances Housley*



A Girl Called Frankie

BY MACKINLAY KANTOR

SO THIS is 1966, and it is 15 years since a very brave woman left off living. Her name was Mary Frances Housley. She was an airline stewardess until she relinquished her job (you might say) in 1951.

"Frankie" Housley — friends called her by this nickname — was 24 years old at the time. So, if she were among those present now, she'd be 39. I'd picture her residing today in a fairly new ranch-style house in a suburb, arguing with a 13-year-old daughter who wanted to wear

stretch-pants to a school dance. Or ordering an 11-year-old son to move his model of a lunar vehicle out of the living-room. Or something . . .

Stewardess Housley was five feet three inches tall and weighed about eight stone eight. She had tender brown eyes and a lovely soft mouth. She did all right with her lovely soft brown hair, too.

THE DATE was Sunday, January 14. The plane was a DC-4 of U.S. National Air Lines, taking off

A GIRL CALLED FRANKIE

on the first leg of its journey: Newark, New Jersey, to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The aircraft had been delayed for minor repairs at Newark while air over much of the north-eastern United States thickened with snow and sleet in the early afternoon.

Shortly after 2 p.m., the plane approached the field south of Philadelphia close to the Delaware River. There was a crew of three: pilot and co-pilot, Captain Howell Barwick and Edward Zatarain; and Mary Frances Housley, stewardess. Twenty-five passengers in the cabin looked out at the driving storm. The smiling Miss Housley reassured them, as she had hundreds of others—although in truth Mary Frances had been flying only four months. Some of the passengers were soldiers and sailors; there was a Marine; there were mothers and children.

Visibility was close to minimum. Wet snow plastered the ground. At 2.13 p.m. the wheels touched the runway. The DC-4 thrashed from side to side as Barwick fought to bring his braking action to bear. Off the end of the runway, smashing through a fence, the plane bridged a 30-foot ditch and lurched to a stop with a scream of ripped metal. High-octane fuel began to spew, and the first flames bloomed.

START IN Knoxville, Tennessee, where she was born, on October 12, 1926. I found that there was

always a hill in her life, or a height. While she was still a baby, her family moved to a handsome brick house on a peak of the North Hills area. And in Knoxville, at that time, to live in North Hills was something.

Snapshots show Mary Frances as a chubby child with tousled hair. When she smiled, the smile spread clear across her face. When she grew older, she liked the name Frankie and tried to adopt it, as girls do. She didn't get away with it then.

Later, the family moved to Fountain City, Tennessee, to another hill. Seeking the germ of Frankie's greatness, I drove to Central High School of Fountain City—sure enough, another hill. I didn't know quite how to find out what made her tick. Teachers, boy friends, girl friends—I tried them all.

"Yes, I taught Latin to Mary Frances Housley," Mrs. Pace Moore Johnston told me. "But I have never contented myself with teaching Latin as a language. We examine the economics, the political factors of Rome. Often I have taken my classes to council meetings so that we might learn something by comparison with the structure of an ancient state."

She smiled calmly "Sometimes I have been criticized for this. People have said, 'If you are teaching Latin to young people, you should merely teach Latin.' But on the day when I may not include the wider and

THE READER'S DIGEST

more important studies of humanity in my courses, I will walk out of this classroom."

It would seem that Mrs. Johnston included those studies of humanity. Frankie appeared to have picked up some ideas along that line.

PERHAPS she gained them also from Miss Hassie Gresham, the principal. It was said that Hassie Gresham used to hold her audiences spellbound, as she related incidents from the lives of servicemen who once attended the school. On the wall of the auditorium where she spoke, a marble tablet bore the names of seven Fountain City boys who died in the First World War. Above the list was engraved a paraphrase from John 15:13: "Greater love have no men than this: that they lay down their lives for their friends."

In the quiet of the big bare room you could very nearly hear Miss Gresham's voice. And in searching amid imaginary rows of attentive pupils, it was possible to pick out Mary Frances Housley, her face breaking into vivacity as she smiled at something funny that Miss Gresham said.

So THE record continues. Mary Frances scrambled into momentary disaster in teenage matrimony, and very shortly scrambled out of it. She worked as assistant to a succession of doctors in Jacksonville, Florida. And then—bang—it was

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1950, war began in Korea and her current employer was recalled for duty with the Navy. Several other young doctors for whom she might have gone to work faced the same prospect. That was how it came about that, on September 6, Frankie applied for work as a stewardess. The very next day she was taken on.

Home was a flat in Vernon Terrace, Jacksonville, which she shared with a pretty, grey-eyed girl named Peggy Egerton, another fledgeling stewardess.

. . . *Life*, said Peggy. *How she loved it!* People. Life and people, every waking moment.

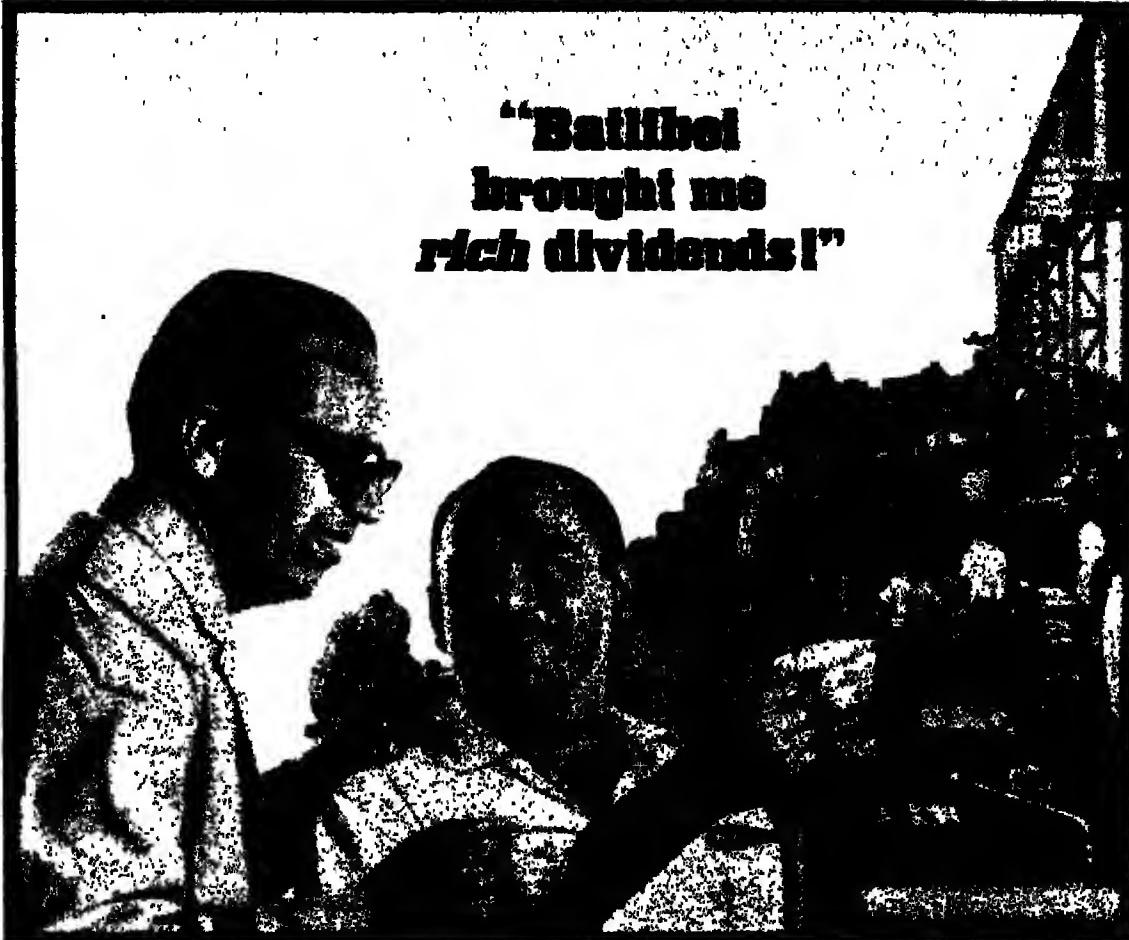
"Oh, I'm in love," Frankie would cry, coming in at heaven knew what hour. "Peggy, wake up! I've got to tell you all about it. He's the most wonderful man! I'm in love!"

EDDIE GEORGE told me about her when we were having dinner. Eddie had been a bomber pilot in the war.

"One night I rang Frankie and asked her for a date, but she already had one. I was tired and irritable. I'd been struggling with the tax return for my tobacconist shop, and just couldn't cope with it. I had to send it in the next day, but I had got stuck.

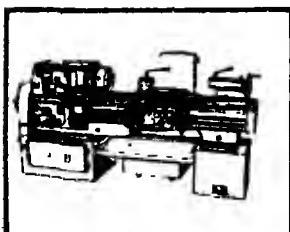
"I came into this place, sat down, looked round—and there was Frankie. She left her party and came over to me right away. 'Eddie, have you finished the tax?' she asked. I told her it was too much for me;

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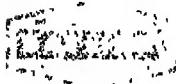
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THE READER'S DIGEST

I'd have to send it in late. 'But you can't,' she said. 'You're supposed to have that done by tomorrow!' I said, 'To hell with it,' and she went back to her party. Next minute here she was by my side again. 'Come on, Eddie. We're going over to your place to work on the tax. Now come along.' It took almost all night for us to work it out."

"Was she in love with you, Eddie?"

"Not me especially. She just loved people."

ON Saturday, January 13, Frankie phoned Peggy Egerton from the place at Jacksonville airport where stewardesses checked in for their flights.

"... Darnedest luck," Frankie lamented. "I've got to work, so no double date tonight. Some girls were ill, and there was a muddle."

"Where are you going, Frankie?"

"Oh, up to Newark. I'll be back in Jacksonville on Monday." They discussed a future double date, and Frankie's laughter jingled through the telephone.

Thus she set off on her last trip north. She flew on to Philadelphia on Sunday, January 14, and she went into the flames.

SHE FORCED open the door of the cabin. It was an eight-foot drop to the sleety ground outside. Had she willed, Frankie could have taken that drop then and there, and no one would ever have blamed her.

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But there were passengers, and one woman was screaming, and the children were wailing.

People were twisted in their seats. Some of the safety belts seemed jammed from impact. Flames swathed nearer. Frankie hauled a dazed passenger to the door and shoved him into space. Another. The next was a woman; her coat was on fire. Frankie got her out.

People heard the stewardess's voice. "Just be calm," she said. "Take it easy, and everybody will get out. There's nothing to worry about."

Frankie went back into the cabin 11 times.

Ten passengers she released, and dragged to the miraculous coolness of the hatch opening. The pretty enamel on her nails suffered as her fingers clawed at metal fastenings of the safety belts.

A woman tells it—a woman who found herself hauled through seething space, and realized that the door was before her, and then wrenched loose from her saviour's hands. "No," the woman cried. "You go first!"

Frankie looked at her wide-eyed. "I've still got some passengers back there!" and the force of her little body shoved the woman out through the door which opened on life itself.

Some of the soldiers and sailors helped, dragging less able people through the hatch, but they were outside now—bruised and cut, most

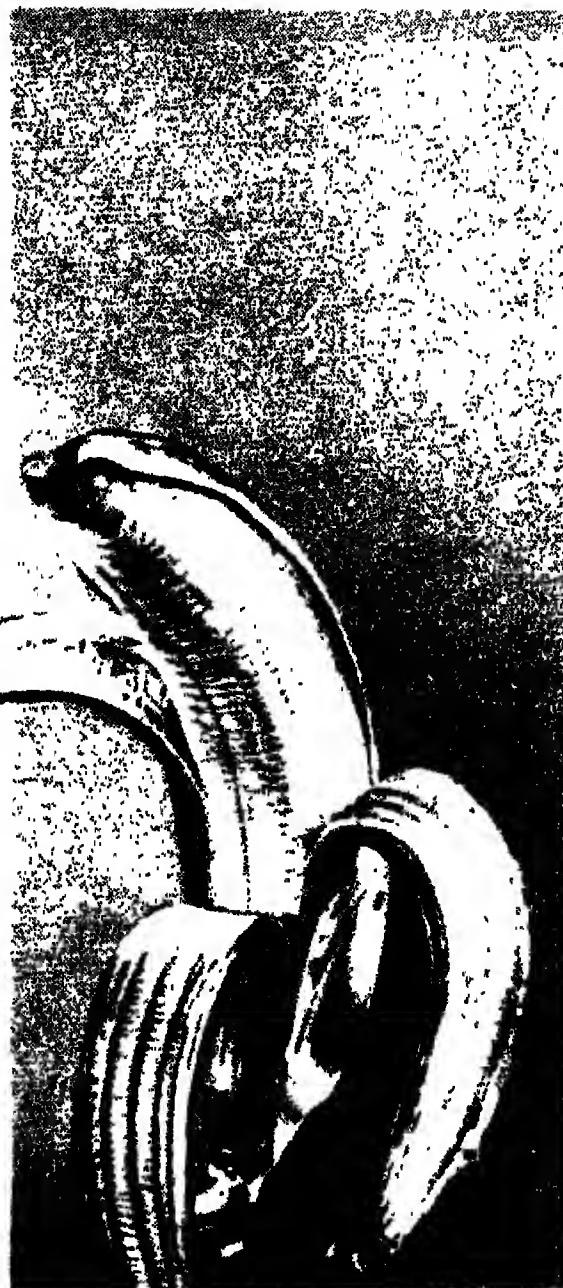
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THE READER'S DIGEST

of them, from the eight-foot fall. It was 90 seconds since the DC-4 came to broken rest across that ditch, and a high-octane-fuel fire doesn't wait for anybody, even the prettiest stewardess you ever wanted to make a date with.

There were still four women tangled in the forward section of the cabin. Frankie plunged into the smoke on her eleventh trip, and there were two babies up there somewhere, and one of them was called Brenda Joyce, and she was four months old. And Brenda Joyce was the one they found in Frankie's arms after the wreckage had cooled.

You go to Fountain City, Tennessee, on a warm, sunny day, and the willows rim a quiet section along North Broadway and wave their pliant fingers at anyone who passes by.

You go through an arch marked "Lynnurst," and birds are thick, and flowers, too. You follow a long drive west, and you come at last, past perils of mocking-birds and roses, to an area where you can stand and see hills on many sides.

Frankie lies on a hill now. Towards the north is the hill where the Central High School looms, and where her principal used to

talk about heroes. Three miles away to the south-east is the house where she spent the first nine years of her life—and that is on a hill also. And away beyond the environs of Fountain City and Knoxville, bigger ridges stand purple. You might imagine that Frankie was up there somewhere, waltzing; she'd always loved to dance.

She could be, too. Could have been running through life with all the verve, perplexity, heartbreak and exultation of any young woman during the nights and days of these past 15 years.

Except that something made her go back into that cabin 11 times, and 11 times was just once too many.

A crashed plane is strictly for the stalwart men in asbestos suits and masks. It is not for the petite little Miss Pretty—not unless she is a Mary Frances Housley. Then she has such love in her heart that no high-octane explosion can ever blast it out.

The fir tree makes a long shadow on her hilltop grave when the sun is now in the west, but morning sun can find her resting place . . . as brave a woman as ever breathed. There she lies.

Always a hill for Frankie.

THREE STONE figures guard the entrance to Christiansborg Palace, the Parliament building in Copenhagen. They represent ear-ache, headache and stomach-ache. "They are here to suggest," a wry Dane explained, "that if you enter politics, you will have all three."

—Marie Fraser in *Indiana Teacher*



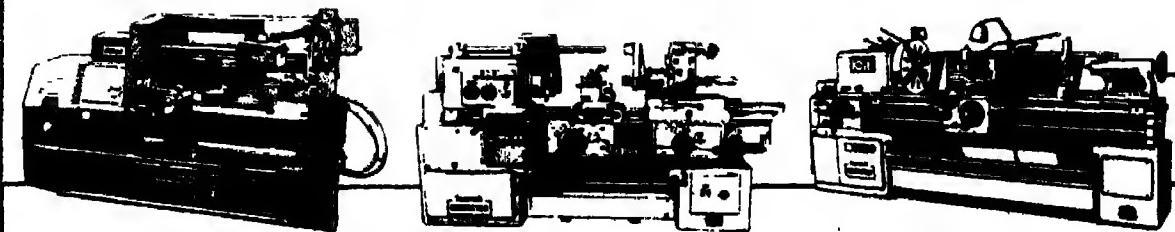
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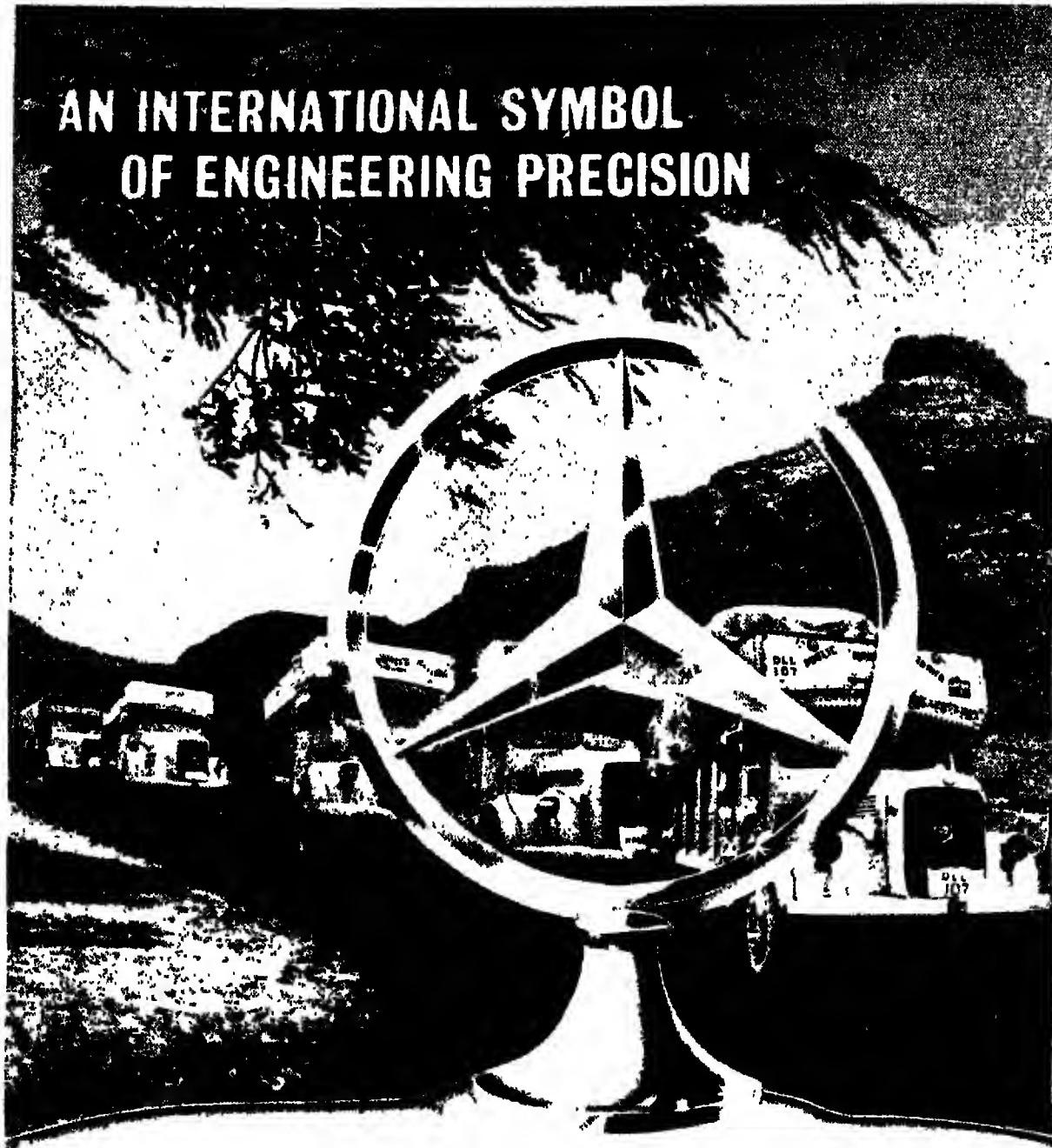
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Humour in Uniform

NAVAL recruits were being questioned about the type of duty they preferred. When his turn came, an 18-year-old, who measured at least six-foot-five in his stockinginged feet, eagerly replied, "I'd like to be on a submarine, sir."

The officer looked up, shook his head and asked quietly, "What would you like to be—the periscope?"

—R. W. S.

OUR FIELD hospital in North Africa was under canvas, and the only place we nursing sisters could have a bath was in an open-air tub surrounded by screens.

One girl was relaxing in the water



when she suddenly realized that she was being watched. A group of mounted riders in the French Camel Corps were peering down at her from

their lofty perches. Hurriedly dressing, she sought out the officer in charge of the unit and complained about his men's behaviour.

"I can assure you, Sister," the Frenchman said soothingly, "that you have no need at all for alarm. Not one of those men can speak English."

—ROMOLA SHOWELL

AIRMEN training with the Royal Air Force Parachute and Jungle-Survival School at Changi, Singapore, are wryly advised: "Try to crash in June, July or August, when there is more edible fruit about."

—PAT ENGLEHART

WHILE SERVING in a remote area of South-East Asia, I wrote to tell my wife about the long evenings, the shortage of books and music, and the abundance of winsome girls. I mused that I might fill the lonely hours learning to play a harmonica, if I had one. By return mail came a harmonica.

When I returned home, I was met at the airport by my wife, who said, "All right, first things first. Let's hear you play that harmonica!"

—B. S.

DURING training exercises in American airborne units, a safety officer is usually required to jump on the drop zone prior to the final decision as to wind conditions. When a colonel performed the function, I noticed that he was designated "wind-control officer." When a captain performed the task, he was called the "turbulence tester." Then came the day that I, a second-lieutenant, was to be the safety officer. I was not surprised to read on the air-operations order that I was called the "wind dummy."

—R. L. PIASECKI

THE READER'S DIGEST

AT OUR naval training camp, the woman physical-education officer was faced with the task of moulding 300 females of varying degrees of lumpiness into sleek-looking servicewomen. During one particularly strenuous workout, she informed us that we must tighten up, forget our girdles and depend on our muscles to hold our tummies in—to which the girl next to me muttered, "And which muscles must we strengthen to hold up our stockings?"

—MARJORIE HERBERT

WHEN I was attached to a Highland regiment in northern Belgium during the war, I became good friends with Johnny Dean, a proud Scot who considered it a great honour to wear the kilt. Whenever someone mentioned that England was at war with Germany, Johnny would hasten to correct the statement, saying that England and Scotland were at war with Germany.

After occupying a small Belgian town from which the enemy had recently withdrawn, we came upon a signpost saying: "To Hell with England." Johnny promptly went over to the sign and added: "And Scotland."

—LIEUTENANT C. G. LYONS

IN ADVANCED jet training, student pilots are confronted with continuous live intercommunication between instructor and pupil. I found I had to break my habit of talking to myself. On a training flight I would continuously criticize my flying out loud: "You're too fast—get back on altitude—watch your headings" and so on. But I broke the habit once and for all when, after a not very successful instrument flight, my instructor wrote:

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Radio Procedures : Below average—student talks to himself.

Flight Procedures : Below average—student doesn't listen to himself.

—F.C.E.

ONE OF my jobs with the British Army in Egypt was to organize concerts. This meant not only getting players and singers together but also finding someone to type out the programmes.

On one occasion we had arranged for a violinist and pianist to play Handel's Sonata in A Major. The orderly-room clerk got the particulars right, but gave them an unusually military spacing :

Sonata in A . . . Major Handel
—IAN PARROTT

A YOUNG midshipman, after nearly completing his first overseas cruise, was given an opportunity to display his capabilities at getting the ship under way. With a rattle of commands, he had the decks buzzing with men, and soon the ship was steaming out of the channel.

His efficiency established a new record for getting a destroyer under way, and he was not surprised when a seaman approached him with a message from the captain. He was rather astonished, though, to find it was a radio message and even more amazed to read :

"My personal congratulations upon completing your under-way preparation exercise according to the book and with amazing speed. In your haste, however, you have overlooked one of the unwritten rules—make sure the captain is aboard before getting under way."

—JOHN McCUALEY

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*When one mind touches another,
honestly and intensely, the human
spirit is lifted and refreshed*

Talk Your Way to Friendship

By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

RECENTLY I went on a bus journey that I had often made before. As usual, each passenger sank into his seat as into an invisible box—and closed the lid. Then, about halfway to my destination, the bus was suddenly filled with the scent of lilac. A pretty girl in the seat behind me had dropped a small vial of perfume. The accident changed the atmosphere in more ways than one. Passengers sat up, turned round and smiled at one another. Soon they were talking with their neighbours.

Before the journey was over I had joined a conversation that began with the younger generation and ranged all the way up to the meaning of life. A shared experience had produced, out of isolated individuals, the miracle of communication!

Today scientists are rediscovering what wise men have known since Plato—that talking to people is not only fun; it's good for you. Psychiatrists encourage the healing interchange of insights between patient and therapist. Marriage guidance counsellors speak of heart-to-heart talks as the basis of marital happiness.

These ideas of communication are all based on the realization that when people talk together honestly and intensely the human spirit is lifted and refreshed. Problems are solved; mental blocks disintegrate. Minds touch each other, and allow themselves to be influenced and changed.

Few of us are so emotionally impoverished that we do not have at least a few such conversations going

Condensed from The Rotarian

—with a wife, a friend, a colleague. Why do these exchanges of ideas seem to nourish our lives? I think it is because man is an incomplete animal—to be real to himself he needs to be real to another. Our minds have to touch to stay alive.

In London shortly after the war, I met a former paratrooper who had been captured by the Germans and put in a windowless prison-camp room. "I expected to lose my mind, and I think I would have—except for the tapping that started one day through the walls," he told me. "I detected a rhythmic pattern; it was the jaunty way drivers sometimes honked their horns. We took turns pounding out the first part, and waiting for the other to answer with the final double beat. The solitude was broken, and I knew we could hold out together. We communicated like this for two weeks until we were freed. The message was always the same: 'Here I am and there you are. We are not alone!'"

Over the years that message has often helped me to understand the nature of genuine human communication. I try to find some way to remind the person I'm speaking to that, "Here I am, there you are. We are not alone." For the magic of communication is that it makes you feel that no human being is a stranger to you. You and the other person meet as fellow wayfarers sharing experiences that make the route ahead less fearful. How can we keep this magic in our lives?

Like electricity, communication sometimes needs a conductor. In our living-room recently, a very shy young man was having a terrible time trying to talk to an equally shy young woman. My wife rummaged through her sewing box and came over with a piece of wool about three feet long.

"Will you please hold this for me?" she said, giving one end to the boy and the other to the girl. Then she disappeared upstairs. When she came down ten minutes later the boy and girl were still holding the wool—and completely absorbed in conversation.

Hook-ups like this are wonderfully effective in sparking off the two-way flow of personal electricity. Holding the same book, playing a duet, dancing, are all variations of the same device. But sensations affect the imagination so vividly that it isn't always necessary to experience them directly. At parties I've noticed that swapping recipes for tasty dishes usually leads to a swapping of ideas. Good talk is always salted and peppered with sensations.

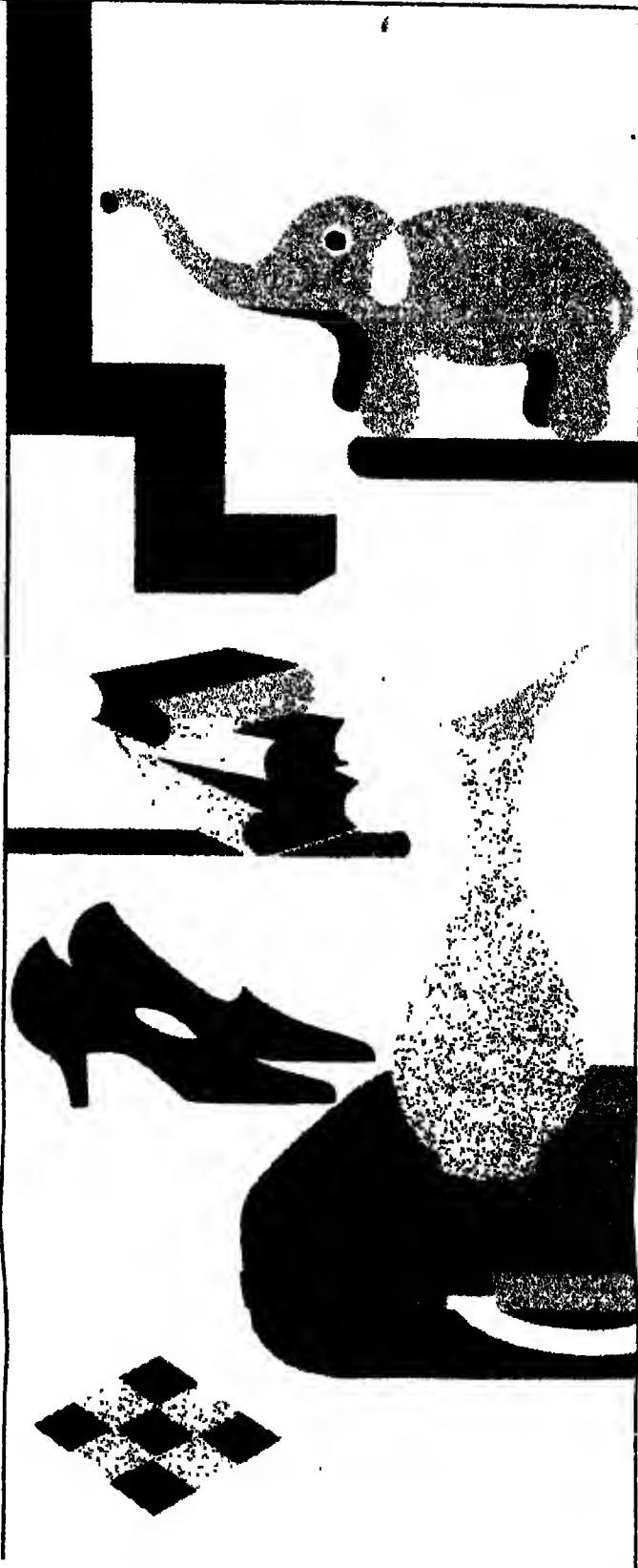
Something shared will spark a conversation. To make it reach dialogue intensity another step is needed: You must address the other speaker as a person rather than as a role. The great philosopher and poet Martin Buber called this "thinking in terms of I-Thou rather than in terms of I-She, I-He or I-It." He meant that to address the other



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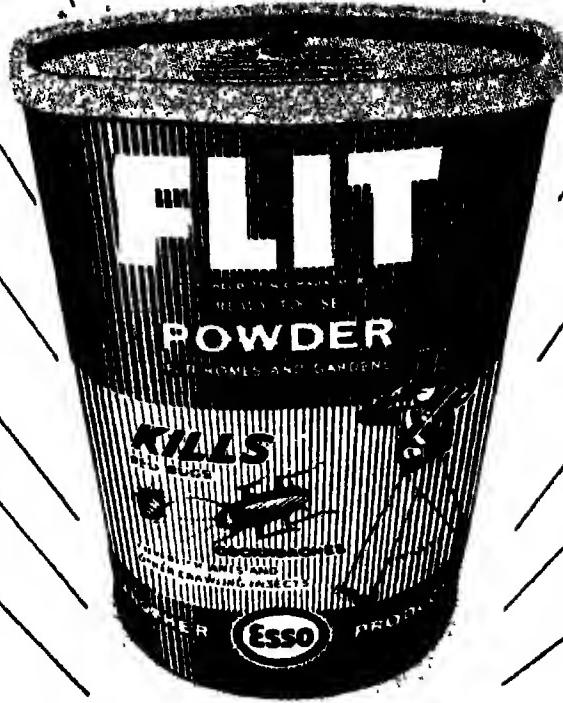
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TALK YOUR WAY TO FRIENDSHIP

human being as a "Thou" (or "You") is to acknowledge him as a person in his own right. It is much more personal, and talk will be much more free. To regard the other speaker as a "He," a "She" or an "It"—as a teacher, a woman or a boss—is to see only his function or his status: talk will be similarly limited. Don't think the other person doesn't sense the difference! A woman knows at once whether a man regards her as an individual—or only as a sexual object.

Recently the appointments manager of a large firm told me: "You don't see only the man who comes in to be interviewed. You see yourself, too, as mirrored in his manner. One candidate reflects you as an authority figure devoid of any individuality but having the power to give or deny him something he wants very much. From another you get an image of yourself that isn't very different from the one you faced when you shaved that morning. You're a person, not a role. You try not to let it matter too much, but you can't help feeling that you like this one more."

The first ground rule in establishing a personal relationship is to keep the talk away from formal status matters, and keep it focused instead on the other as an individual. All of us know certain people who possess unusual sensitivity. They're exciting to work with in business. Their presence at a conference table will start a flow of ideas. When you

meet one at a dinner party, your conversation sparkles.

Their secret is that in a thousand subtle ways they are constantly asking, "How does it feel to be you?" They want to know what you like, what irritates you, what makes you nostalgic. Because they are truly interested in how it feels to be you, you feel that they have reached the "real you." It's like the touch of a magic wand.

In King Arthur's day, according to legend, one way of saying you had a heart-to-heart talk with someone was "I discovered myself unto him." The language is quaint but expressive: For in genuine conversation we discover things about ourselves at the same time that we tell them to the other person. We often speak more honestly than we can think alone, and face realities we dare not face in solitude.

Perhaps that's why we sometimes play it safe with a mere exchange of pleasantries. For the truth is that many of our secret thoughts about ourselves would disintegrate if we exposed them to someone else. It is strange how tenaciously we cling even to belittling ideas about ourselves—until we see how inconsistent they are with the way someone else sees us.

At a dinner party, we were reminiscing about turning points in our lives. One of the guests, a brilliant scientist, revealed that he had grown up with the idea that he was the "useless younger brother." This

THE READER'S DIGEST

way of looking at himself became so ingrained that praise and encouragement made him feel uneasy and even suspicious—until he got a new and more realistic concept of himself from the girl who later became his wife.

"What can she possibly see in me?" he asked. The answer came through that familiar form of communication known as falling in love. The result: deepened self-understanding and perspective.

One reason why some husbands and wives find it hard to keep good communication going between them is the romantic notion that love should abolish all their differences and make them think and feel alike. Consequently their marriage loses excitement and mystery. When this happens it's time to step back and strive, not for "togetherness," but for "otherness."

I was once the week-end guest in France of a couple in their mid-60's who live a solitary country life, depend mainly on each other for company and still converse together with the interest and animation of

old friends catching up after a long absence. When I remarked on this, my host said, "To feel really close to another person one must keep a little distance." In other words, we must avoid the aggressive shaping of one person by the other. How seldom we are aware of the tremendous pressure we put on our wives, husbands, children and friends to be as we want them to be rather than as they are.

When communication exists between two people, it isn't always necessary to spell everything out. During times of stress, my wife and I turn to music. Instead of thrashing out an issue with argument and counter-argument we turn down the lights and listen to a Bach suite or a Beethoven sonata. Listening together makes us more sensitive to each other's mood and feelings; afterwards we've often found that the issue has simply disappeared. It works because our special kind of silence manages to get across the basic message of human communication: "*Here I am, there you are. We are not alone.*"



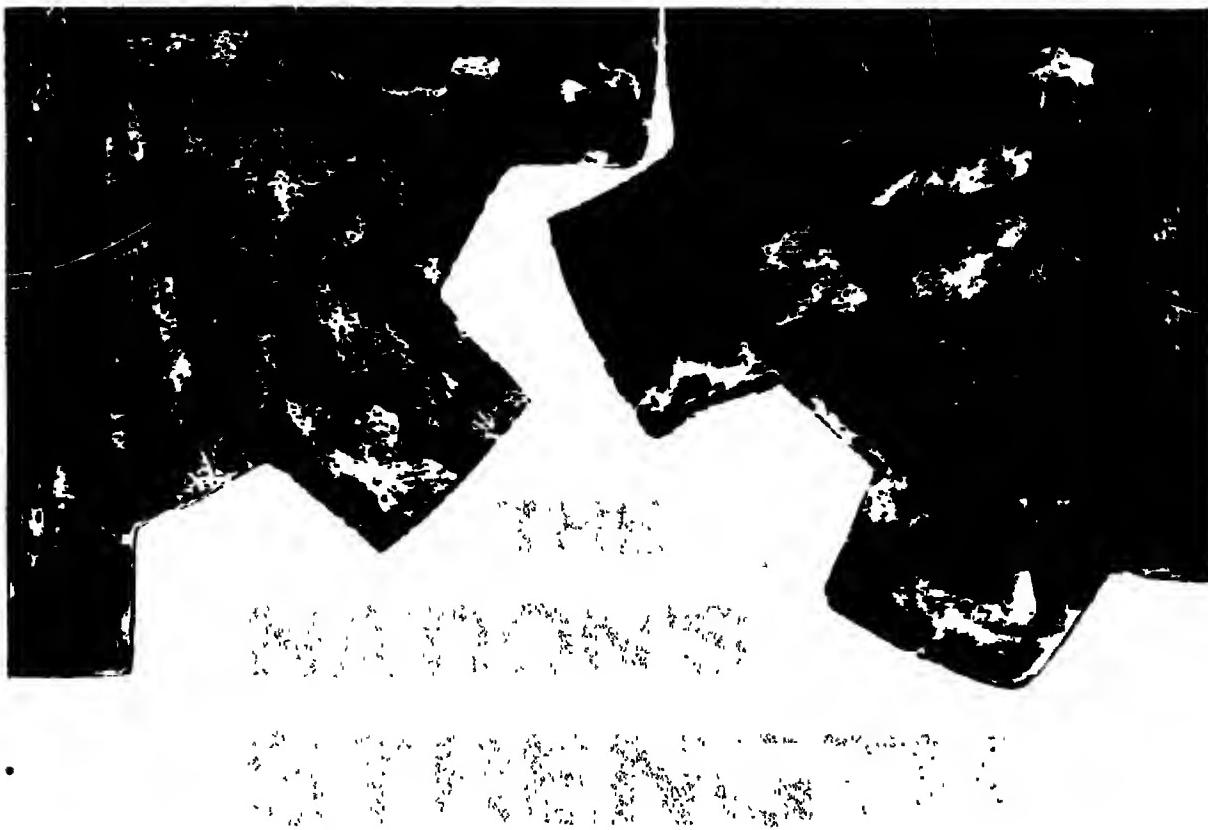
Epilogue

A CRUSTY OLD skinflint in the publishing world decided to retire at the age of 70. He was given the customary dinner and paid high tributes garnished with rhetoric. Associates vied in praise, all made joyous by the prospect of his leaving.

When the time came to respond, the old gentleman got up and said, "I had no idea I was held in such esteem. I shall stay on."

—E. E.

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By MARJORIE CLAYTON

SIR HAROLD GILLIES

My Most Unforgettable Character

WHEN I first met Sir Harold Gillies at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, in the mid-1930's, I was understandably nervous. Then in my 20's, I was a recently qualified nursing sister newly appointed to the operating theatre. Sir Harold, doyen of plastic surgeons, seemed a bit formidable, to say the least.

A slim man in his early 50's with deep-set brown eyes, a strong beak of a nose, and a heavy moustache, he would enter the operating theatre with a slow, slightly stooping walk. He would look round in a puckish, amused way that put us, temporarily, at ease. Then, adjusting a pair of half-lenses over his spectacles, he would get down to work—often the business of making a new face for a patient whose original one had been

ruined by accident or deformity.

Those first operations, while I shakily handed him instruments and sutures, were both a wonder, and an ordeal for me. He would wield his knife in such a reckless but beautifully controlled sweep that the rest of us held our breath at his skill and daring. After he had begun a masterly piece of stitching, his eyes, peering over the top of his glasses, might light on one of the student doctors who were always coming from everywhere to learn from him. "Here, *you* do this," Gillies would say, handing the horrified student the needle. "You'll have to do it yourself one day, you know."

I soon realized, however, that in spite of Gillies' intimidating manner, he was one of the most kindly of men. An operation over, he



would relax and be charming. He even singled me out for attention. "You're doing fine, Sam," he told me one afternoon, using the nickname I had acquired in my student-nursing days.

The Gillies Legend. One day shortly afterwards, as we were cleaning up following an operation, Sir Harold said to me, "My dear, how would you like to help me in private practice? My theatre sister is leaving to get married." Flattered as I was, I wasn't at all sure I wanted to leave my comfortable life at the hospital. I wondered if I could learn all the difficult things I would have to master to become his surgical assistant. "Think it over," he said.

As I pondered my decision, I found myself recalling the many difficulties Sir Harold had overcome

in his own career. Everyone at St. Bartholomew's knew the Gillies legend. When he had arrived in France as a general surgeon at the outbreak of the 1914 war, he had known as little about repairing faces as most other doctors did then. A New Zealander educated at Cambridge University, he had been trained as an ear, nose and throat specialist. But he was appalled by the crudity of the plastic surgery which left facially-mutilated soldiers grotesque for life.

Determined to try to do something better for these tragic victims, he talked the War Office into letting him set up a special ward for the treatment of face and jaw wounds at Cambridge Military Hospital, in Aldershot. There he abandoned the disfiguring practice of mending a hole in the face by merely pulling together the edges of the skin and sewing them up. Instead, he learned to "put back to normal position what is normal," and to bridge the remaining gaps in the face with living bone and tissue from other parts of the body.

Experimenting and improvising as he went along, Gillies did more than any other one man to refine the art of plastic surgery. Such was his skill in reconstructing faces and limbs that, in 1917, Queen's Hospital in Sidcup, Kent, was opened for his work. By the end of the war, Gillies and other army surgeons under his supervision had improved 11,000 maimed men and, in many

cases, made them look almost normal again. Then Gillies and T. P. Kilner became England's first peacetime plastic surgeons. Though recognition of their art was slow in coming, Gillies received a knighthood in 1930 for his pioneering achievements. At that time he was approaching his prime in ability and influence.

In view of his accomplishments, my own fears about facing the new and difficult seemed silly. "I'll be honoured to go with you," I told him.

A Sculptor with His Clay. At the outset, I was dismayed by the nightmarish procession of patients who made their way to Sir Harold's private consulting-rooms at the London Clinic. My depression gave way to elation, however, when I discovered how much he could help these people.

He had the power to inspire instant confidence and new hope. Upon first viewing a hideously marred woman, he would stare at her intently from various angles, like a sculptor envisaging what he would fashion with his clay. Then, suddenly, he would smile and say with conviction, "Why, you're going to be pretty again, my dear."

To win the confidence of a little girl born without a nose, he would take her on to his lap and show her pictures of pretty faces. "If a fairy godmother promised to give you a nose," he would say; "what kind would you ask for? Oh, *that* kind? Well, we'll see what we can do."

What Sir Harold could do approached the miraculous. Mary's case was typical of those that called for many facets of his skill. As a child, Mary had fallen headfirst into a fireplace and suffered horrible burns. When, several years later, she came to Sir Harold, the right side of her face was a mass of livid scar tissue. An ear, an eye and half her nose were missing. Her mouth was twisted into a snarl.

In a series of operations taking several years, Sir Harold brought new skin to Mary's destroyed cheek from her abdomen, in the form of tubes that were conveyed to her face via the wrist. He also brought down part of her forehead to help rebuild her nose, and diverted a bit of hair-bearing tissue from her left temple to provide a new eyebrow. From the featureless mask formed over the ruined areas by the growth of new skin, Sir Harold sculptured a well-shaped nose and mouth and made the artificial right eye look natural. Slowly, a grotesque spectre evolved into a girl of poise and charm with quite a presentable new face.

"To Give Back the Smile." In striving for perfection, Gillies drove himself unbelievably hard. Many a time, after we all thought we had done well on a long, complex operation, he would walk round the patient, studying him from every angle. "No, it isn't quite right," he would decide. "Take out the stitches and we'll start all over again."

Often I saw him stand humbly



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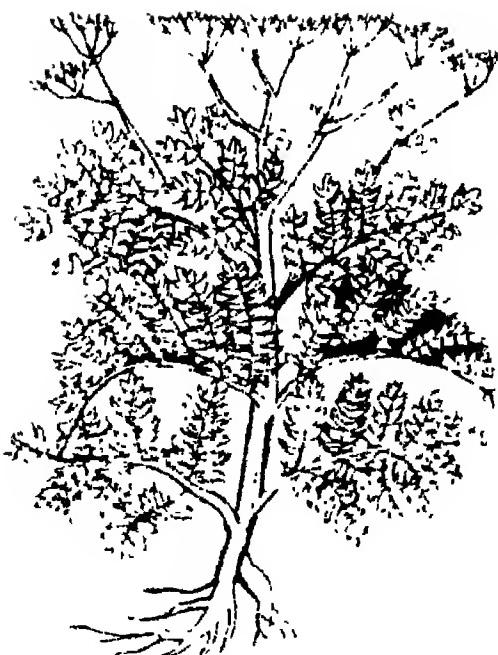
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MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

and anxiously in the background while we watched a patient turn to a mirror for the first view of a new face. As Gillies said, a plastic surgeon's greatest challenge is "not just restoring a face but giving back the obliterated smile." If the patient smiled and turned to us with a quick look of appreciation, it was a great moment for Gillies.

He was eternally seeking a better way. Once, puzzling over the problem of replacing the tip of a woman's nose that had been snapped off by a dog, he was at a loss for an ideal solution. Then one morning, while shaving, he was struck by the likeness between one section of ear-cartilage and the "dome of the nostril." That was the answer! With a piece of the patient's ear-material, he made her an "exciting" new nose-tip.

"Exciting" was Sir Harold's favourite word, and he made life so for everyone around him. One could not help catching his enormous and varied enthusiasms. He was a noted golfer (at one time Britain's tenth-ranking amateur), a brilliant painter (some of his work was exhibited at the Royal Institute Galleries), a well-known fly-fisherman, a motor-car addict, an author; his *Principles and Art of Plastic Surgery*,* finished at the age of 75, is a standard textbook in medical schools.

The Compulsion to Help. Sir Harold was never too busy to be thoughtful in everyday matters.

* With David Millard.

And he could not bear to see a maimed or deformed face without trying to do something about it. One evening when we had taken a taxi from the hospital, he was coughing badly as he paid the driver.

"You need a doctor, guv," said the driver. Sir Harold replied, "I am a doctor."

"Well," said the driver, pointing to his harelip and indicating the cleft palate that made him speak so badly, "I wish a doctor could do something for me."

"I will," said Sir Harold. "Here's the address of my hospital. Just ask for me at the out-patient's desk, and I'll see that you're put right." And he did, without fee, as in so many other such cases.

His heart went out especially to women whose disfigurement caused them unhappiness. It was this sympathy that led Gillies, early in the 1920's, to become a pioneer in cosmetic surgery—the art of "improving" more or less normal features. When other doctors scoffed at this as "beauty surgery," he would shrug and say, "Why not? Every woman has the right to look as attractive as she can. And why not keep her youthful while she is still young enough to enjoy it?"

Gillies' compulsion to help suffering people inspired many revolutionary contributions to surgery. For men whose eyelids had been burned or torn away, he reconstructed new lids that would blink, function normally and look well.

For women factory-workers whose hair had been torn off by machines, he learned to heal their scalps in three weeks. Gillies was among the first to dare to free from their abnormal positions the noses and jawbones of congenitally deformed faces and to rearrange them normally. But even more revolutionary were his innovations in skin-grafting.

Tubed Pedicles. Until the latter part of the 1914 war, most attempts to graft large masses of skin from one part of the body to another had proved unsuccessful. The difficulty was that when one end of a skin graft was attached to the wound, and the other left attached to its original blood supply (the graft's temporary source of nourishment until it could take hold in the new place), the skin-sheet stretching between the two points had a raw underside. This, exposed to the air for weeks or months, invited serious infection.

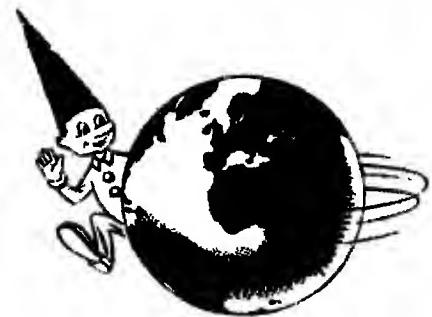
Gillies and a Russian military surgeon named Filatov independently conceived the idea of sewing the skin-graft into the shape of a tube, thus turning inward and protecting the delicate underside. Not only did these "tubed pedicles" reduce pain and infection to a marked degree, but they made it possible to transfer larger masses of skin and tissue over much greater distances than before. The tube-shaped grafts also allowed patients, who previously had had to be confined for months in rigid and

tortuous positions, to move freely about the wards during their long reconstruction periods.

It was largely because of Gillies' leadership that Britain was able to cope so well with the facial mutilations suffered by many of her fighting men in the last war. As chief consultant in plastic surgery to the forces, he quickly organized and taught scores of surgical teams, and established four major receiving centres for the maimed. The effects of incendiary bombing and explosive air crashes were as horrible as anything seen before, but Gillies' art had matured to meet the new challenge.

Gillies never thought of himself as being "the whole show." "We are a team," he would often say to us. "You can't do without me and I can't do without you." Furthermore, he insisted that no one branch of medicine was more important than any other, but that teams of specialists must work together to give a patient many kinds of help. No one did more than he to develop this teamwork concept of medicine, the backbone of our present rehabilitation centres.

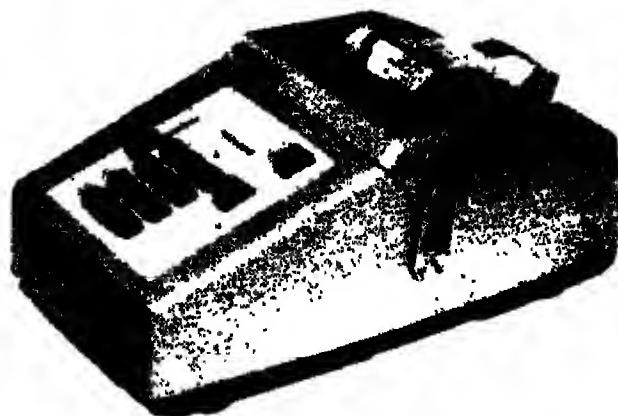
Honours — And Heartbreak. The postwar years brought Sir Harold a harvest of triumphs. The King of Denmark decorated him for his surgical feats on Danish naval officers maimed in a ship explosion. In 1955, the first International Congress of Plastic Surgeons, held in Stockholm, elected him as



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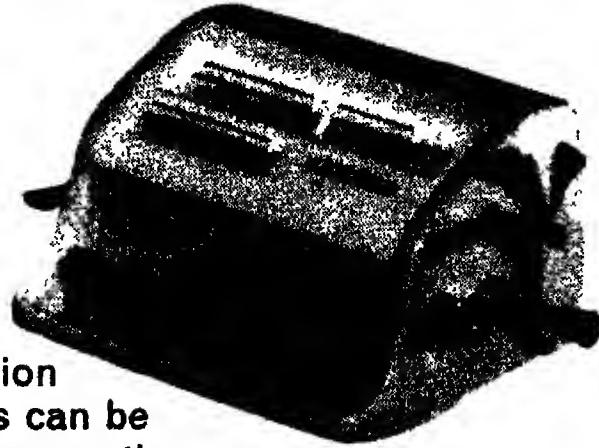
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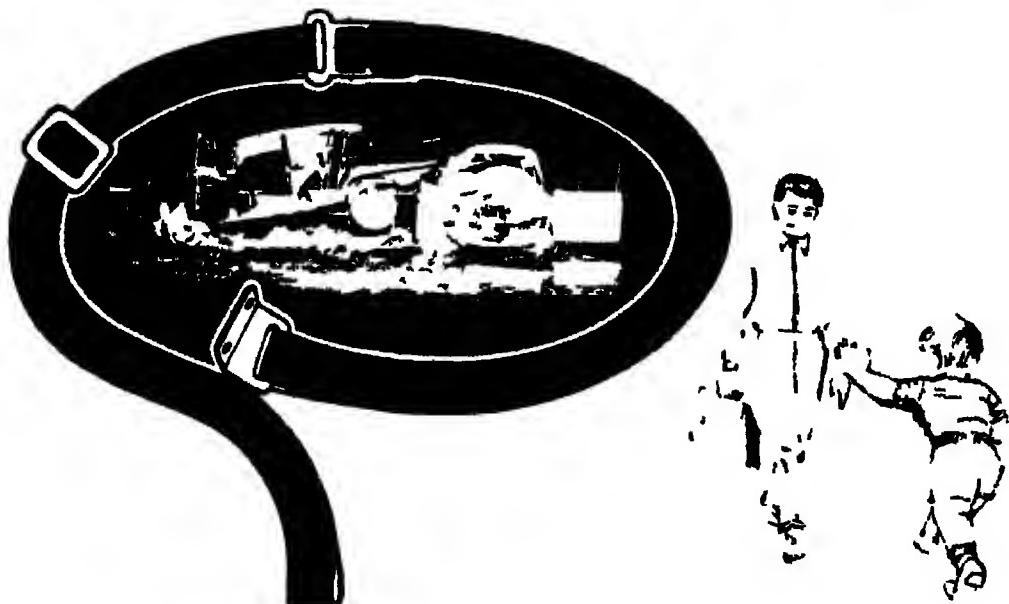
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honorary president. But the pleasure from all this acclaim was spoiled for him at its peak by a great sorrow—the death of his wife.

In 1957, Sir Harold was asked to lecture and operate in India. As his surgical assistant, I was also invited. Following our professional partnership of some 20 years, we decided to make the visit our honeymoon. That November we were married quietly in London.

Even on our holiday in India, he could not stop helping others long enough to relax and rest himself. One evening we were strolling in a fishing village near Bombay when a girl with no nose passed. My husband nudged me and asked, "Did you see that?" My heart sank. I knew what "that" meant: instead of resting, he would begin a series of operations to give the girl a nose. And he did.

Though Sir Harold had officially "retired" from hospital work at 65, he went on operating. In September 1960, after a brief illness, he died quite suddenly, at the age of 78.

It seemed at first as though the



*Sir Harold Gillies and the author
on their wedding day*

mainspring of my life had broken. I wondered how I, or a world that so long had looked to him for help, could get along without him. Then, in a flood of consolation, I remembered that Sir Harold had, after all, achieved his greatest ambition. By his pioneering genius in surgery, by his ability to teach and inspire others, he had prepared hundreds of surgeons to carry on his work. For generations to come, he would continue to guide the hands of plastic surgeons all over the world.



Time Pieces

At THE University of Iowa, U.S. Secretary of Labour Willard Wirtz remarked that speakers at graduation ceremonies "have a good deal in common with grandfather clocks: standing usually some six feet tall, typically ponderous in construction, more traditional than functional, their distinction is largely their noisy communication of essentially commonplace information."

—Time



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Canada: Test of the American Conscience

BY JAMES RESTON AND BRUCE HUTCHISON

On July 1, Canada entered her 100th year as a nation. A prominent member of the Commonwealth, she is at the same time increasingly influenced by her powerful neighbour, the United States. Reader's Digest asked two distinguished journalists to discuss the current Canadian-American situation. This dialogue between Bruce Hutchison, Canadian author, historian and editorial director of the Vancouver Sun, and James Reston, Washington columnist and associate editor of the New York Times, throws a revealing light on the changing character of the two countries, in relation to each other and the world around them.

James Reston: On a recent trip to Canada, Bruce, I was surprised by the widespread apprehension about American economic and cultural influences in your country. Are you really worried about your independence?

Bruce Hutchison: We are indeed. If you were living beside a nation with ten times your population and almost 15 times your economic strength, and if that nation controlled the best part of your economy, wouldn't you be worried? For unique reasons, you are our biggest international problem—a giant neighbour largely unaware of its own strength and its many effects on us. Beyond a friendly indifference, you are also largely unaware of our importance to you or of the true nature of Canada.

Reston: Doesn't it come down to

the fact that we are partners in many ways, but that it is an unequal partnership? You want the economic advantages of living close to this giant, and yet you resent its enormous power and pressure. Do you see any way out of this dilemma?

Hutchison: We can never break out of it unless we become a considerably more substantial nation than we now are. We will, but it will take time—and it will require a change in attitude among Americans. For one thing, you've got to realize that Canada is more important to you than any other single nation on earth, for economic, geographic, military and other reasons. Canada is and will remain an independent nation; perhaps within the lifetime of our children it will be the equal of the great nations of Western Europe. You must realize,

THE READER'S DIGEST

too, that as Canada grows, it will become increasingly difficult for you to deal with us; that Canadians aren't merely an extension of the American people but a different people with a different history and different attitude.

Our relations are the best ever known between two neighbour nations, but they aren't what most Americans or even most Canadians suppose.

After a century of talk about our undefended border, many feel that our relationship is simple and almost automatic. In fact, it grows more complicated all the time—partly because of your deep involvement in the world, and partly because we're a rapidly growing industrial nation greatly dependent on your economy and your policies.

Broadly, I'm saying that if the American people would begin to think of Canada at all, the problem would be on the way to solution.

Reston: You speak of our friendly indifference to Canada. I'd call it a kind of quiet, affectionate regard for a friend we don't see very often. That isn't good enough, I agree, but when you talk about our changing our attitude you have to talk about changing the whole pattern of American communications. My generation of reporters was trained in the police courts; we were trained to report violence, tension, disputes. Not the usual but the *unusual*. We accepted that the wicked are more interesting than the good.

Hutchison: But I wonder if you realize how profound the effects of your indifference can be on us. In 1963 there was a classic case. Without warning, Washington announced on a Thursday that the U.S. was going to put a 15-per-cent tax on capital exports to other countries. So important is U.S. capital to us that it was estimated that by Monday night Canada would be bankrupt! As it happened, the Governor of the Bank of Canada was fishing that week-end at some remote place in Quebec. Ottawa reached him on a grocery-store phone, got a plane and rushed him to Washington.

By Monday morning, Washington had announced that Canada would be exempt from the new tax—which, of course, reflects your goodwill and the friendly understanding that exists between our governments. The point is that your top people simply hadn't realized what this tax would do to Canada. It also shows the danger in our overwhelming dependence on American capital.

Reston: It also reflects the one thing that sets America apart from every other Western country: it has a world policy. It is trying to maintain alliances not only with Canada but with 40 other countries. In short, America has concerns all over the world. Canada, in this case, got caught up in one of them: our concern over a chronic international balance-of-payments deficit. But



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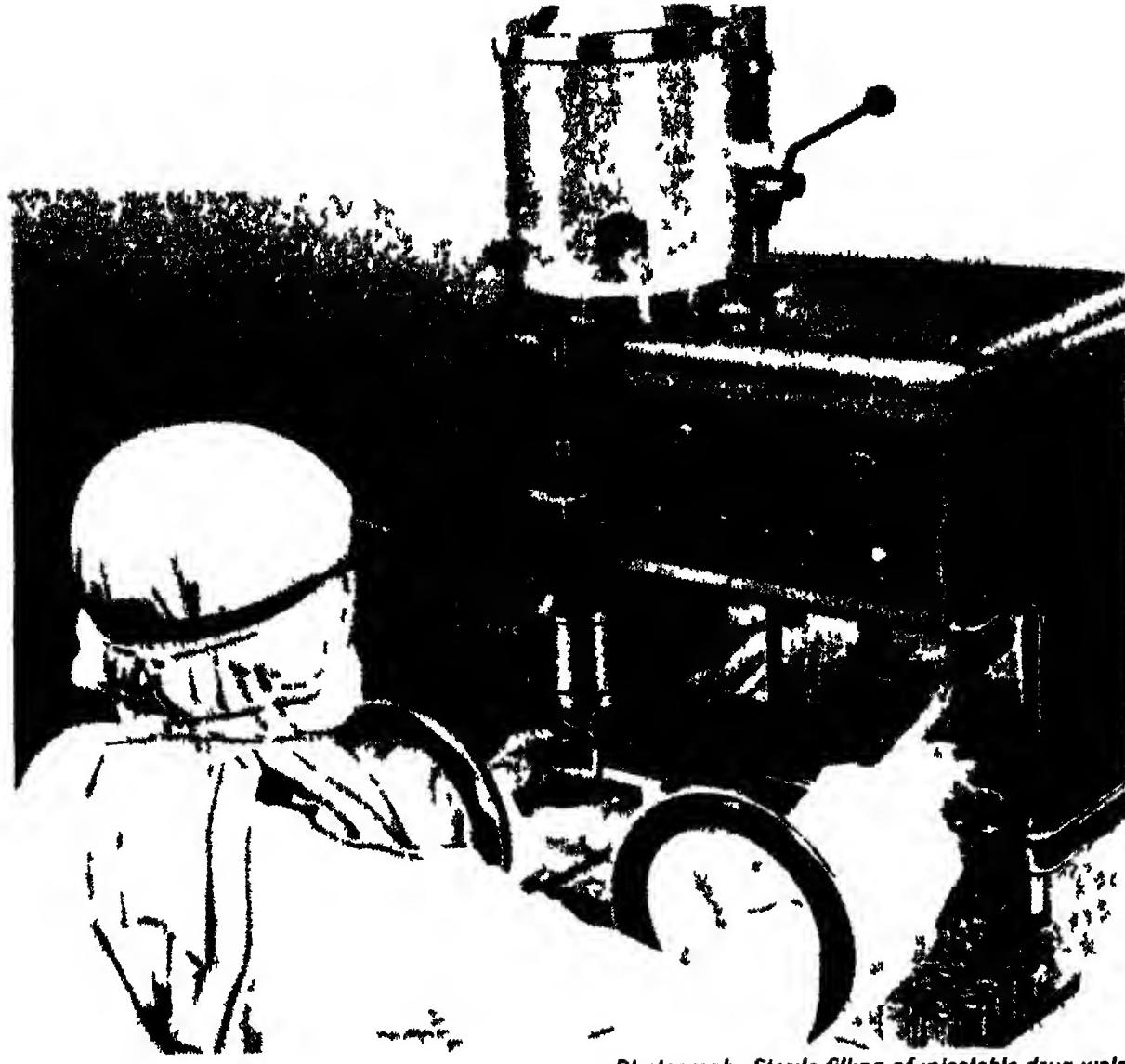
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CANADA: TEST OF THE AMERICAN CONSCIENCE

it also reflects that Washington still hasn't adjusted to its new role.

America is just too big, too young. In my lifetime it has become the leader of a world coalition; but it still thinks like an isolated country. Washington still looks upon itself primarily as the capital of a *nation*, often forgetting that its actions influence countries all over the *world*. Though we've adjusted enormously, all our institutions, all our attitudes still operate as though this were a simple, agrarian society.

Hutchison: The 1963 case illustrates also that there are long-range economic problems. Your international balance-of-payments deficit ran to some Rs. 983 crores in 1965. In the same year Canada had an unfavourable balance close to that figure—with an economy one-fifteenth the size! To a large extent, this deficit comes from the imbalance of trade between us. Your tariffs are geared to buy raw materials from us and to sell us manufactured goods. As a single nation, we are your greatest market. We buy more from you than you do from us, when surely the opposite should be true. There's a massive trade between us, but it's very one-sided. From our standpoint, it's not a square deal.

Reston: With a deficit of that size, how do you keep things in balance?

Hutchison: By immense infusions of U.S. capital—which, in turn, take over more and more of

our industry. This capital now controls 2,500 subsidiary companies in Canada, an enormous part of our economy. When your government lays down policies and laws which in effect tell those Canadian companies what to do, it naturally arouses fears about Canadian sovereignty. So a wave of economic isolationism is developing, and it could become very dangerous.

Reston: That's cause for worry, because everybody can play the isolationist game. America feels like an unrequited lover today. In the past generation the U.S. has involved itself in the greatest experiment in internationalism the world has seen. But it turns out that most of our allies didn't want us to *help* them in the field of security so much as to *replace* them. N.A.T.O., as just one example, is in a mess.

There isn't a place in the world today where the principles of collective security are effectively implemented by our allies. And, because of this, we all find ourselves going back to the old nationalistic techniques.

My nightmare is that if nationalism does rise, particularly as close to home as Canada, the American people will ultimately say, "We've been trying to play God with the world. Let's pull back." This would be a tragedy.

Hutchison: But there's another side to this story. Has it ever occurred to you that, in your relations with the world, the acid test of

THE READER'S DIGEST

the American conscience is Canada? We are the greatest advertisement for your right to moral leadership.

Reston: On that point, do you think that we of this continent can lead the way to a new patriotism? As the world gets more interdependent, you get a more vivid assertion of national or regional feelings. But, at the same time, isn't it possible that patriotism going beyond national borders can be developed?

Hutchison: I'd say that if the coalition involved only our two countries, it would be like marrying a mouse and an elephant. We'd be lost in the power of America. But if it involved, say, a North Atlantic political-economic community, I'd want that. We'd be one of numerous countries involved and have a voice.

Reston: I agree. I hope to see us develop a civilization which takes in both our countries and those from which most of our people have come. Larger loyalties are needed for defence of the ideals that give meaning to our society. Today we're at the beginning of an enormous political struggle to seek some kind of order in Asia. We're going to need a larger patriotism to understand the mind of Asia and to do this job. It's in this sense that I see a role for Canada.

In the past, Canada has been a bridge between the United States and other countries. If we're to move towards this ideal that we both speak of, the United States is going to need desperately the help

of other countries that the world will respect. The role of mediator is a tremendously important one, and if Canada isn't going to play it, I don't know who will.

Hutchison: Canada can and will play that role better if we get a greater understanding among Americans of the difficulties that we face simply in being your neighbour.

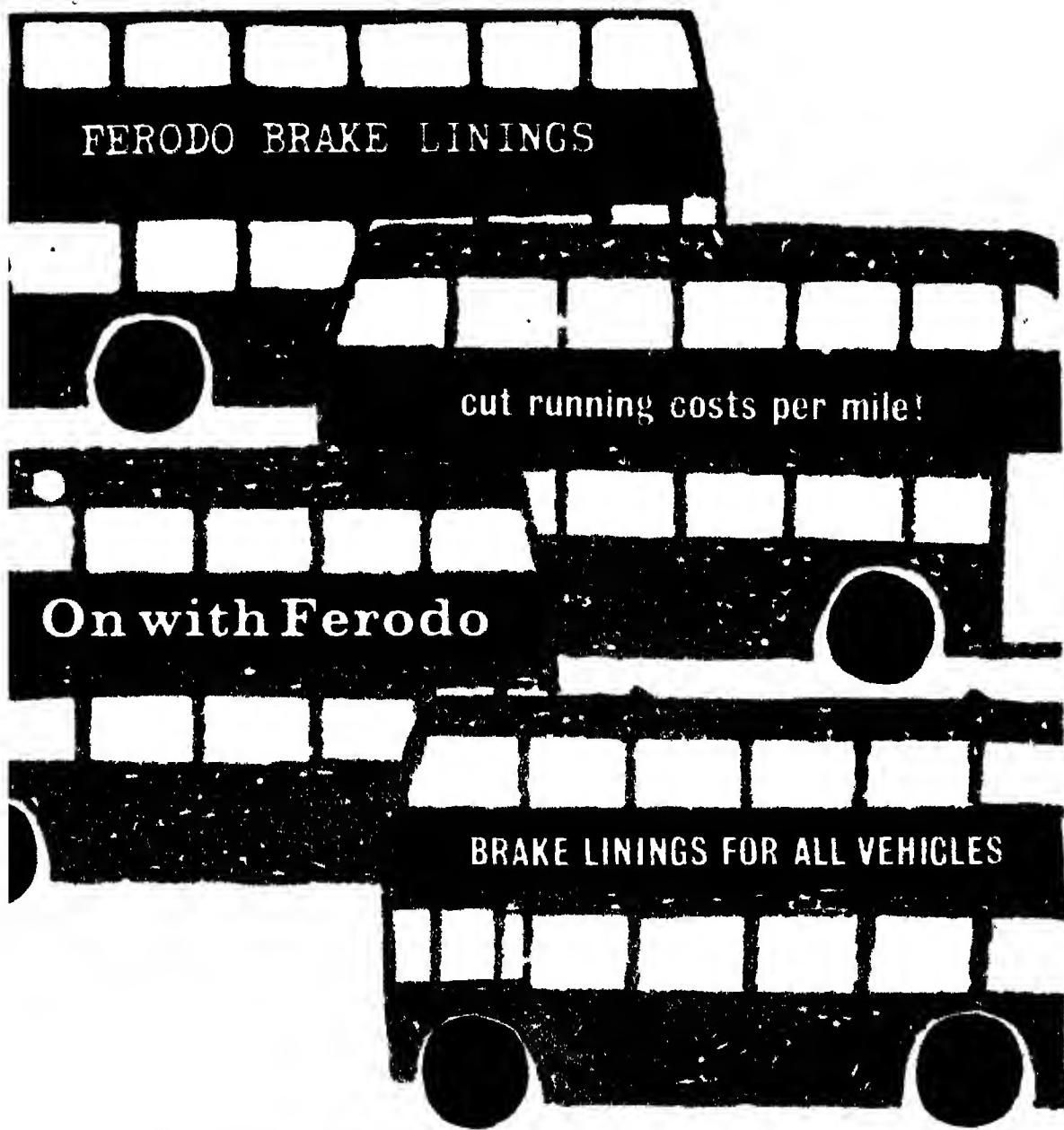
Reston: Let me suggest some things that might help:

1. We should do what we can to remove your feeling that our trade arrangements are unfair.

2. We should see what steps we can take to get to know one another better—say, through a far greater exchange of college students, and through more American teaching of Canadian history.

3. We should seek a more equal exchange of news. You hear all about us. We hear little about you.

The fact is that our relations can no longer be isolated from the tides moving throughout the world. On a recent global trip I found that everywhere governments are running like mad to deal with problems that they didn't create; all are worrying about how to employ exploding populations. These tides are forcing us all to co-operate, in our own self-interest, no matter how nationalistic we may be. We must co-operate with Canada. You must co-operate with us. Both of us must co-operate with an ever-widening circle of countries.



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Television's Global Revolution

By DAVID SARNOFF
Chairman of the Board, Radio Corporation of America

Soon it will be possible to see, hear and talk to anyone, anywhere. A communications expert discusses the promise and pitfalls of these challenging developments

MANKIND is today on the brink of a Communications Revolution that will change the patterns of life as profoundly as did the Industrial Revolution of the nineteenth century.

In the next five to ten years, high-power satellites hovering above the Equator will broadcast television directly to set-owners anywhere in the world, without the rebroadcast at the receiving end required today. Long before the year 2000, man will be able to communicate instantaneously—in sound and sight, in written message and in exchanged computer information—with anyone anywhere.

People in Stockholm, New York or Buenos Aires will be able to order, and receive almost at once,

copies of business agreements, historical documents, photographs and blue-prints from anywhere else on this planet.

Students in any part of the world will be able to "attend classes" by closed-circuit television at Oxford or Harvard, the Sorbonne or Moscow University. "Conference" phone hook-ups will be extended so that scientists, for example, will be able to participate in international discussions, seeing as well as hearing colleagues, without leaving their laboratories. In a crisis, delegates to the United Nations will be able to "meet" at once, discuss issues and vote on them, without flying to New York.

Many people are aware of the separate technical elements involved—

TELEVISION'S GLOBAL REVOLUTION

communications satellites, electronic miniaturization, computers, the amazing light-generating laser which in a single beam will provide almost limitless electronic channels. Some are aware that underwater cables, now transmitting telegraph and voice signals, will in the near future be equipped to carry television, facsimile transmissions and virtually all other electronic traffic as well.

But only specialists as yet realize how these elements will all be combined—and even fewer recognize the far-reaching social, economic and political implications. Forces will be set in motion whose ultimate effects for good or ill are incalculable.

Sky-High Tower. The most significant harbinger of the new communications era has been in orbit since April 9, 1965, when the Early Bird satellite was successfully positioned 22,300 miles above the Equator. Early Bird can pick up and radiate the impulses of television, telephone, computer and facsimile transmissions between North America and Europe. Already millions of people on both sides of the Atlantic have been thrilled by viewing the same television broadcast at the same time.

In surmounting the last great barriers of distance, man-made satellites have opened a new age in human relations. In any physical sense, geographical and political frontiers will cease to exist.

To understand the satellites' victory over space and time, bear in mind that television and high-volume, long-distance telephony travel on extremely high frequencies called microwaves. These waves do not follow the earth's curve but move in a straight line, like light. Consequently, their "reach" is limited by the horizon—20 to 50 miles, depending on the contours of the land.

To send signals longer distances overland, television and telephone normally use a series of relay towers. The higher the tower, the farther it can radiate signals. Early Bird is, in effect, simply another tower—but 22,300 miles high! It can radiate signals across nearly one-third of the earth's surface. Two more such satellites, strategically positioned, would complete a network embracing the entire inhabited world.

The precursors of Early Bird, the two Telstar and two Relay satellites, reached vast areas, but only for limited periods each day—until our ever-rotating planet moved those areas beyond the satellites' line-of-sight. Early Bird eliminated the interruptions because it is "synchronous." That is, it moves round the globe in exactly the same 24-hour period during which the earth makes one rotation. This, for all practical purposes, makes it stationary.

Early Bird is only a forerunner. It will soon be followed by larger, more powerful satellites, accommodating as many as a dozen television

channels and thousands of telephone-voice, facsimile and computer-data channels simultaneously. These satellites will evolve into huge orbit "switch-boards," automatically relaying electronic signals of every kind, from and to any place on earth.

Dangerous Instruments. The most momentous communications advance—replete with opportunity and with danger—will come, I believe, with these high-power satellites able to beam broadcasts directly to any television set. (The standard set will require only minor and inexpensive modification to receive programmes from the skies.) Today, Early Bird needs special ground stations to rebroadcast its television programmes. Control is thus with the receiving station. This local option will be cancelled as soon as foreign television can be received direct, as today short-wave radio programmes are received.

The earlier assumption that only the rich, technically advanced nations could afford communications satellites has been disproved. The costs have been sharply reduced. A single synchronous satellite can now be built and positioned for Rs. 7.5 crores, a three-satellite complex for Rs. 22.5 crores.

About the same time that Early Bird was launched, the Soviet Union began operating its first communications satellite, relaying television across the 4,000 miles between Moscow and Vladivostok. Its

"tower" is also capable of relaying two-way multi-channel telephone and telegraph messages and radio-photos. Unquestionably the Russians will in time set up a worldwide satellite system—and offer its facilities to other countries, on terms determined more by political than by economic considerations. Eventually there may be many such systems.

The appeal of television from far-off sources, ultimately in full colour, will be almost irresistible. Propaganda, subtle or crude, will come excitingly packaged as entertainment, culture, education. Thus, a potential for mutual understanding and sharing of knowledge could boomerang in deepened tensions and hatreds.

The time to head off this palpable threat is now. If we delay even five years in coming to grips with the problem of international regulation, the disorders resulting from lack of it may pass beyond control.

First Contacts. Via global satellites, special instructional programmes on hygiene, literacy and other subjects will be beamed to backward and even primitive regions. Governments and private agencies will make television sets available to isolated populations, where a single set can serve an entire small community.

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see broadcasts simultaneously with viewers in New York, Paris and Moscow. Large countries such as India or Brazil will be able, with one synchronous satellite, to extend television to *all* their citizens.

It is an exciting thought that millions who have never seen a train, a motor-car or telephone may make their first contacts with the wider world through television *via outer space*.

Machine Talk. Few people as yet think of computers or "electronic brains" as a means of communication. Yet they are. And tomorrow the computer's present functions will seem to have been a mere beginning. Through processes akin to human logic, the computer will be able to learn from experience. It will respond to handwriting, images and oral commands—selecting or rejecting one voice, face or symbol among tens of thousands.

Already these extraordinary machines have been linked experimentally across the Atlantic. Computer instructions from the United States have actuated typesetting equipment to produce a newspaper in England. Soon there will be computer networks, linked through satellites and other electronic channels. In time, computers will be able to exchange information tirelessly with one another, and with people, regardless of distance. Automatic translation from the sender's to the receiver's language will come to be part of this development.

In our present "knowledge explosion," the volume of data in every field grows continually, and tends to become unmanageable. To make information instantly available where it is required will be the computer's primary communication job. Electronic libraries will store all human knowledge and documentation as it pours forth from laboratories, universities, research institutes. Ultimately, a person will be able to question a computer on any conceivable subject and receive an answer within seconds—by voice response, photographic reproduction, or on a display screen. Within 25 years we will see nationwide or worldwide information-processing services—analogous to power, water and other public services. Chains of interlinked computers will serve hundreds of thousands of subscribers.

Inherent Risk. The Communications Revolution will have wide-ranging effects on everyday living. Equipped with a compact television transmitter-receiver, you will be able to converse in sound and sight with people anywhere in the world. You will probably have your own personal code number for making and receiving televised phone calls, for obtaining information, credit data and so on.

Businessmen will have instant access to production, quality and market details from data stations positioned throughout the country and around the world. Similar



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THE READER'S DIGEST

systems will operate, on a tremendously larger scale, for government agencies—military, diplomatic, economic. Doctors, feeding a record of symptoms into a computer network, linked to an electronic file of complete, current, worldwide medical data, will receive at once a general diagnosis, - plus suggestions, if desired, for further tests or treatments.

In foreseeing the potentials of the new communications era, however,

prudence and sad experience demand that we never close our eyes to the risk inherent in all major technological breakthroughs. Every significant new scientific capability has imposed a corresponding responsibility upon those who exercise it. Above all, we must not permit the wonder-working machines to blot out or diminish man. There can never be an electronic substitute for a man's private conscience, his sense of justice, compassion and dignity.

Playing the War Game

GOLFERS are known for their dedication to the game, but perhaps the most conclusive evidence of the fact is a document headed "Temporary Rules—1940—The Richmond Golf Club, Sudbrook Park, Petersham, Surrey." It reads :

Players are asked to collect the bomb and shrapnel splinters to save these causing damage to the mowing machines.

In competition, during gunfire or while bombs are falling, players may take cover without penalty for ceasing play.

The positions of known delayed-action bombs are marked by red flags at a reasonably, but not guaranteed, safe distance therefrom.

Shrapnel and/or bomb splinters on the fairways or in bunkers, within a club's length of a ball, may be moved without penalty, and no penalty shall be incurred if a ball is thereby caused to move accidentally.

A ball moved by enemy action may be replaced, or if lost or "destroyed," a ball may be dropped not nearer the hole without penalty.

A player whose stroke is affected by the simultaneous explosion of a bomb may play another ball from the same place. Penalty, one stroke.

—N. M.

* * *

The Last Word

U.S. SUPREME COURT Justice Louis Brandeis, who kept his correspondence to a minimum, often mentioned the impression made on him by a man who wrote : "I regret that I cannot comply with your request. So that you may know that my refusal is final, I give no reasons."

—Dean Acheson, *Morning and Noon*



Salute to Old Blue

BY JEAN GEORGE

He was chief of a bustling tribe of chickadees, and brightened many a day before he went away for good

IN WINTERTIME when the racoon sleeps in the hole of a tree, when the skunk has plugged himself in his burrow with a stopper of leaves, and the beaver is frozen in under the ice, the world of nature seems quiet, deserted. But in the stillness there is activity. Each day at my window—at any window

where there is a bird table—there is an explosion of excitement as a flock of chickadees bursts upon seed and suet.

For years these tidy, approachable acrobats of the bird world meant little to me. Then one day my husband, John, who is a naturalist, announced that he was planning a

Condensed from Down East

seven-year study of the chickadee. I stared at him in amazement. Wasn't everything already known about this commonplace bird? No, he told me; less was known about the chickadee than about almost any other abundant American bird.

I met my first chickadee in person on a December evening on the Vassar College campus in Poughkeepsie, New York, where John was teaching bird ecology. John stepped into our kitchen, placed a small bird in my hand and said, "Hold him while I band his legs."

The bird within my fingers cocked his head and put a blazing eye on me. Although a songbird, like a person, can focus using both eyes together, it sees more detail using them separately; that's why a bird cocks its head. A bird can sit in a tree, scanning the leaves for a caterpillar, the sky above for a hawk, the fence behind for a cat—and all at the same time!

As I held the black-and-white bird I was awe-struck by the intricacies of his beauty. The feathers of the black cap lay like open ferns across the head, white cheek patches shone and the black bib rumpled like tissue paper under my thumb. My finger pressed the heart, which beat so fiercely that it shook the small body—1,000 beats per minute, John told me.

With a puff I parted the feathers behind the eye, and there lay an open hole—the ear. I spoke, but the chickadee did not stir, for the

human voice is usually pitched too low for his hearing.

And then we banded him in the same way that John was banding every other chickadee in the area. I stroked the bird's breast and, as my finger tips caressed him, he stopped struggling and lay still, hypnotized. John slipped a blue plastic band on his right foot, and an aluminium band on his left which read: 48-53487.

I lifted the bird to my cheek, smelt the leafy odour of his feathers and walked to the open window. As I held him into the dusk I felt his lightness and understood how much buoyancy is provided by a bird's hollow bones. Now the cold wind touched him; he awoke from his trance, flipped on to his air-lined wings, and flew lightly off. "Good-night, Old Blue!" I called.

The campus was good chickadee country, with 15 tribes living within the 500-acre study area. The tribes varied in number from five to 15 members, depending on the wisdom and boldness of the leader and, more important, on the food supply. It was the tribe at our house—to which Old Blue belonged—that I cared about most.

John told me that Old Blue's tribe was of average size—ten; it had about 20 acres of the best chickadee land—woods, small gardens and dense thickets. Most of the tribe slept in a near-by wood, came to our bird table when the members first

awakened, went from our house to the beech tree at the generating plant, to the owl woods, across to the literature building, over to the faculty houses and back to our bird table at noon. On very cold days the birds fed in the protected woods, where John often found them resting in bushes, staring silently out at the snow.

The morning after I released Old Blue I arose early to watch my flock, for I was anxious to know where he stood in the hierarchy. Just at day-break, like the burst of a Roman candle, chickadees descended on bushes, trees and vines. Yellow tried to feed first, but when Old Blue quivered his wings at him, he vanished. I thought Old Blue might be boss, until Green called out and my bird flew away. After an hour Old Blue had shown that he was second only to Green.

As December wore on, I came to understand the social world of the chickadee tribe; how some birds dominate others, but how the whole tribe protects each individual. Even a stupid bird can find food if he follows the gang, and a careless one can be warned to hide when a hawk goes overhead.

Late in January something happened to my birds: they permitted more than one at a time on the bird table. John told me they were selecting mates.

All the next day I hung around the window to find out whom Old Blue was courting. Then, late in the

day, I saw him low in a bush, preening and twisting towards Red-Yellow, an aggressive little female. Presently he deserted her and flew down near the power plant, where his beautiful "Hi, sweetie" song purled out. By singing he was establishing his exclusive right to that land; and before March was out, the two birds were inseparable in their own territory.

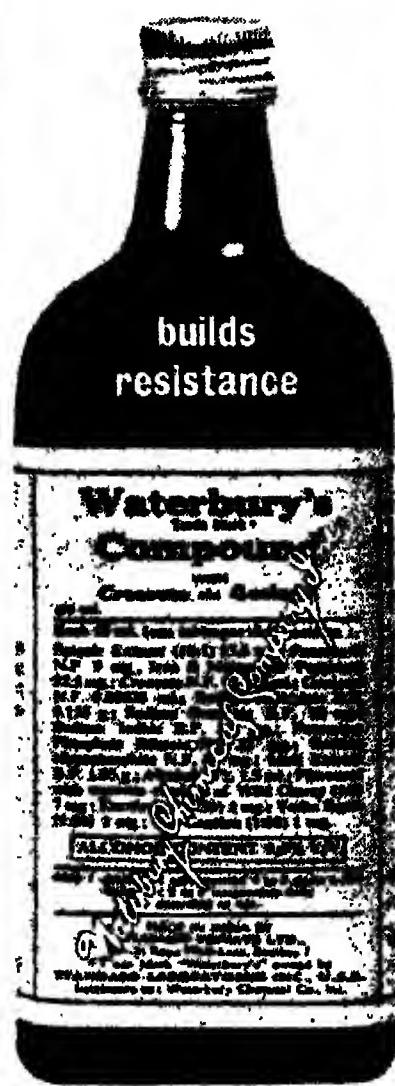
By then the tribe had broken up; some males had gone as far as five miles to find a territory. Every bird now had a mate except two young males. They hung around singing to mated females, were chased by husbands (chickadees are faithful for life), and finally were pushed to a neutral area by the college lake. Here they sang and waited for misadventure to befall a mated male so one of them might fill his vacancy.

A week passed and I did not see Old Blue. Then one day I wandered into his spring territory—four acres within the tribe's 20. By the power plant I heard a fierce hammering, and found Old Blue chopping a hole in a rotten aspen stump. Chips rained down. When Old Blue grew tired and hungry, Red-Yellow worked at the hole. When it was done, it was nine inches deep and lined with roots and hair.

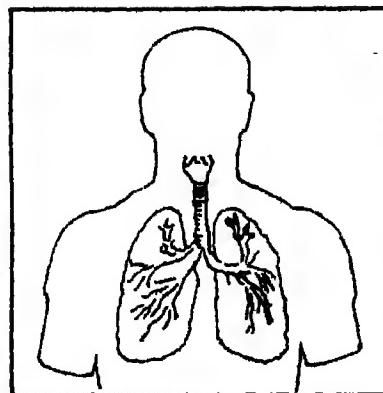
A week later I looked out of the window and saw Old Blue preening his feathers in the hemlock. A quiver above him caught my eye. Red-Yellow sat there as puffed as a dandelion, her drooped wings

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SALUTE TO OLD BLUE

trembling, calling, "Be my mate." Old Blue heard her and answered by shaking his wings. He twisted slowly like a dancer, pointed his beak—and then, lightly as wind, he flew upon her. As he did so, the egg that was descending her oviduct was struck with life.

During the next few hours this fertile egg moved downwards, was encased in albumen and membranes and covered with shell. Early the next morning, Red-Yellow, feeling the pressure of delivery, winged to the aspen cavity and laid the egg. Then she left it and quietly joined Old Blue. On the eighth day, after her eighth egg had been laid, Red-Yellow did not come out, for she had completed her clutch.

Now Red-Yellow covered the eggs with her brood patch, a hot featherless spot on her breast, and stayed with them almost constantly for 13 days and 13 nights. During this long vigil Old Blue sometimes fed her. Often she was in a deep incubation state and difficult to arouse unless she heard Old Blue's nest call, a sound not audible more than ten feet away. This soft song brightened her eyes, made her open her bill. Old Blue poked in the worms.

Since the chickadee starts incubating all the eggs on the same day, they all hatch on the same day. May 9 was bedlam in the hole as shells were removed and baby birds ate their weight in green caterpillars. Many songbirds keep their

nests clean by one of nature's ingenious devices—the faecal sac. These young birds excrete their waste matter into a thin membranous sac, which the parent carries off. That first day I watched Old Blue haul off dozens of these sacs, like a dutiful father disposing of nappies.

After 16 days the young were ready to fledge. I took my seat early.

About 8 a.m. a blowzy youngster wavered in the doorway. The rim of his yellow beak shone like a clown's grin from eye to eye. The beak would soon change colour, for this yellow target is a mark for parents to hit when the young are nesting. The day they are on their own, the yellow disappears.

The bird in the doorway suddenly spread his wings and sped off, alighted on a twig, swung forward, then back, spread his wings and righted himself. Then he screamed for food. The others followed suit.

By August, cats, snakes, owls and hawks had cut down Old Blue's family to three. And by early September Old Blue was alone. Following deep instincts, his children had left him to join other tribes on campus; this prevented inbreeding. Red-Yellow was dead, we knew not how. Then up from the woods, out from the brushlands came young birds to join together in a social winter.

This year the leader was Old Blue. Battles with song and wings and beaks proved it.

Over the following years Old

THE READER'S DIGEST

Blue made a brilliant leader. He led his tribe safely round cats and sparrow hawks, took them to secret food supplies, and into the deepest shelter in sleet and storm. When a neighbouring tribe leader died, Old Blue gathered a group of aggressive males and they flew into the area and claimed it. He expanded the kingdom by almost 20 acres. They were a bold and rich tribe.

Then came the seventh year. Old Blue's return to our bird table that winter astounded us, for never had we heard of a chickadee living so long. He was still in full command when John called me one evening to see him put his tribe to bed. They flew across to the near-by wood, where each sang, then flew off to various tree cavities and hollows. Old Blue was still up when the rest were gone.

He slowly circled a tree, cocked his head to hear the last call of a crotchety nuthatch, buzzed his own "dee, dee, dee, dee," then slipped into a hole in an old apple tree. I visualized him inside his hollow, puffing his feathers and closing his eyes, the lids coming up from the

bottom to the top. The wind blew, it grew darker and colder.

At 3 a.m. a sleet storm struck the valley; trees glassed over, bent and shrieked when the wind hit them. We listened and wondered about the birds in their hollows.

The morning was dark and long, and when at last the birds got up only a few came to our bird table. Old Blue was not among them.

I watched every day for a week, but he did not return. John said he might be out feeding in some area vacated by birds that did not survive that icy night. But neither of us believed it, especially since our tribe was fighting fiercely all day—a sign I recognized as a struggle for leadership.

One morning Orange chased all the other birds from the bird table and ate without challenge. I knew we would never see Old Blue again. I went to the records and looked up Orange. "Grandson of Blue" was scribbled beside his name. My sadness lifted as I realized once again that nature loves to repeat her successes. There would be other "Old Blues" at my window.

Tricky Question

*N*RUSSIAN there are no words for "a" or "the," and Russians speaking English tend to leave them out. A couple of years ago, the late Russian poet David Marshak told me about his first visit to England. He said that when he stepped off the train at Victoria station in London, he said to a passer-by, "Excuse, please, can you tell me what is time?"

"Ah," said the stranger gravely. "My friend, you have posed a deep and imponderable question."

—Eddy Gilmore in *The Listener*

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“Information Please”

BY PAUL VILLIARD

*The voice of this
genie-in-the-telephone
receiver had an
enduring message*



WHEN I WAS quite young my family had one of the first telephones in our district. I remember well the polished oak case fastened to the wall on the lower stair landing. The shiny receiver hung on the side of the box. I even remember the number—105. I was too little to reach the telephone, but used to listen with fascination when my mother talked to it. Once she lifted me up to speak to my father who was away on business. Magic!

Then I discovered that somewhere inside that wonderful device lived an amazing person—her name was “Information Please” and there was nothing she did not know. My mother could ask her for anybody’s number; when our clock ran down, Information Please immediately supplied the correct time.

My first personal experience with this genie-in-the-receiver came one day while my mother was visiting a neighbour. Amusing myself at the tool-bench in the basement, I whacked my finger with a hammer. The pain was terrible, but there didn’t seem to be much use crying because there was no one at home to offer sympathy.

I walked around the house sucking my throbbing finger, eventually arriving at the stairway. The

telephone! Quickly I ran for the stool in the parlour and dragged it to the landing. Climbing up, I unhooked the receiver and held it to my ear. “Information Please,” I said into the mouthpiece just above my head.

A click or two, and a small, clear voice spoke into my ear. “Information.”

“I hurt my *fingerrrr*—” I wailed into the phone. The tears came readily enough, now that I had an audience.

“Isn’t your mother at home?” came the question.

“Nobody’s home but me,” I blubbered.

“Are you bleeding?”

“No,” I replied. “I hit it with the hammer and it hurts.”

“Can you open your icebox?” she asked. I said I could. “Then chip off a little piece of ice and hold it on your finger. That will stop the hurt. Be careful when you use the ice pick,” she admonished. “And don’t cry. You’ll be all right.”

After that, I called Information Please for everything. I asked her for help with my geography and she told me where Philadelphia was, and the Orinoco—the romantic river I was going to explore when I grew up. She helped me with my arithmetic, and she told me that my

THE READER'S DIGEST

pet chipmunk—I had caught him in the park just the day before—would eat fruit and nuts.

And there was the time that Petey, our pet canary, died. I called Information Please and told her the sad story. She listened, then said the usual things grown-ups say to soothe a child. But I was unconsoled: why was it that birds should sing so beautifully and bring joy to whole families, only to end as a heap of feathers, feet up, on the bottom of a cage?

She must have sensed my deep concern, for she said quietly, "Paul, always remember that there are other worlds to sing in."

Somehow I felt better.

Another day I was at the telephone. "Information," said the now familiar voice.

"How do you spell fix?" I asked.

At that instant my sister, who took unholy joy in scaring me, jumped off the stairs at me with a banshee shriek—"Yaaaaaaaaaa!" I fell off the stool, pulling the receiver out of the box by its roots. We were both terrified—Information Please was no longer there, and I was not at all sure that I hadn't hurt her when I pulled the receiver out.

Minutes later there was a man on the porch. "I'm a telephone engineer," he said. "I was working down the street and the operator said there might be some trouble at this number." He reached for the receiver. "What happened?"

I told him.

"Well, we can fix that in a minute or two." He opened the telephone box, exposing a maze of wires and coils, and fiddled for a while with the end of the receiver cord, tightening things with a small screwdriver. He jiggled the hook up and down a few times, then spoke into the phone. "Hi, this is Pete. Everything's under control at 105. The kid's sister scared him and he pulled the cord out of the box."

He hung up, smiled, gave me a pat on the head and walked out of the door.

ALL THIS took place in a small town in the Pacific Northwest. Then, when I was nine years old, we moved across the country to Boston—and I missed my mentor acutely. Information Please belonged in that old wooden box back home, and I somehow never thought of trying the tall, skinny new phone that sat on a small table in the hall.

Yet as I grew into my teens the memories of those childhood conversations never really left me: often in moments of doubt and perplexity I would recall the serene sense of security I had when I knew that I could call Information Please and get the right answer. I appreciated now how very patient, understanding and kind she was to have wasted her time on a little boy.

A few years later, on my way west to college, my plane put down at Seattle. I had about half an hour between plane connexions, and I

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THE READER'S DIGEST

spent 15 minutes or so on the phone with my sister who lived there now, happily mellowed by marriage and motherhood. Then, really without thinking what I was doing, I dialled my hometown operator and said, "Information Please."

Miraculously, I heard again the small, clear voice I knew so well: "Information."

I hadn't planned this, but I heard myself saying, "Could you tell me please, how to spell the word 'fix'?"

There was a long pause. Then came the softly spoken answer. "I guess," said Information Please, "that your finger must have healed by now."

I laughed. "So it's really still you," I said. "I wonder if you have any idea how much you meant to me during all that time . . ."

"I wonder," she replied, "if you know how much you meant to *me*?" I never had any children, and I used to look forward to your calls. Silly, wasn't it?"

It didn't seem silly, but I didn't say so. Instead I told her how often I had thought of her over the years, and I asked if I could call her again when I came back to visit my sister after the first term was ended.

"Please do. Just ask for Sally."

"Good-bye, Sally." It sounded strange for Information Please to have a name. "If I run into any chipmunks, I'll tell them to eat fruit and nuts."

"Do that," she said. "And I expect one of these days you'll be off to the Orinoco. Well, good-bye."

THREE months later I was back again at the Seattle airport. A different voice answered "Information," and I asked for Sally.

"Are you a friend?"

"Yes," I said. "An old friend."

"Then I'm sorry to have to tell you. Sally had only been working part-time in the last few years because she was ill. She died five weeks ago." But before I could hang up, she said, "Wait a minute. Did you say your name was Villiard?"

"Yes."

"Well, Sally left a message for you. She wrote it down."

"What was it?" I asked, almost knowing in advance what it would be.

"Here it is, I'll read it—'Tell him I still say there are other worlds to sing in. He'll know what I mean.'"

I thanked her and hung up. I did know what Sally meant.

Future Infinitive

SOMEONE asked the composer Milhaud, "If you had to go to a desert island, which of your compositions would you take with you?"

"I'd take some blank paper," he replied. "My favourite composition is always the one I will write tomorrow."

- Bernard Gavoty in *Elle*, France

Bargains by the Barrowload



HENRY CHAPMAN

London's popular street market in Portobello Road is a happy hunting ground for thousands of hopeful treasure-seekers

BY JAMES STEWART-GORDON

PORTOBELLO Road market, with its barrows, arcades, alleys and stalls, resembles an oriental bazaar with a Cockney accent, alive with noise, colour, the sound of bargaining and the clatter of foreign voices. Piled in every direction, spilling on to the pavement, are the contents of thousands of cellars and attics. In shop windows, copper and brass kettles and warming-pans gleam goldenly, as though touched by King Midas.

Clocks tick, chime and strike, ancient musical-boxes wheeze out forgotten waltzes. Chairs, tables and chests of drawers are jumbled together with Chinese stone idols and hand-painted plates decorated with loving care by long-dead Victorian ladies.

Moving amid this mass of *memorabilia* and nostalgia are the hopeful customers, each one on the look-out for a bargain—a Rembrandt among the paintings, a Hepplewhite table tucked away in a corner, a rare jewel amid the trays of junk. Oddly enough, sometimes they are lucky.

In recent years one dirt-encrusted painting turned out to be a Rubens, another a Renoir. A string of black beads, bought for 7s. (Rs. 7) for its clasp, was found to be a strand of rare black pearls worth thousands of pounds. A grotesque African head, after cleaning, emerged as one of the finest Benin West Africa bronzes ever discovered.

"V. V. Gogh." And, of course, many sudden wild hopes are quickly dashed. Several years ago, a barrister was idly turning over some canvases when he noticed one that had chalked on the back in spidery script "V. V. Gogh." His heart stopped. V. V. Gogh must be Vincent van Gogh. Putting the painting to one side, he continued pawing through the other pictures, picking out two or three blindly. He asked the prices and then as casually as he could, he added, "By the way, how much is this?" pointing to the V. V. Gogh.

The dealer, busy with another customer, said over his shoulder, "Take the lot for twenty pounds [Rs. 420]." The barrister's heart stopped again—he was just short of that amount in cash. Afraid of losing the picture, he asked the dealer if he would take a cheque. The dealer agreed.

"How shall I make it out?"

The dealer pointed to the sign over his shop. "Just like it says there." The barrister read the sign: V. V. Gogh.

Beyond the Dreams of Avarice. Portobello Road, not far from Notting Hill Gate in London, is more than just a bargain-hunter's paradise. It is a world of its own, with romance, cupidity, villainy, hope and a special vitality. A number of permanent shops are open



throughout the week, but Saturday is the day when life races through its veins. This is the day when some 20,000 potential customers—tourists, antique dealers, American and Canadian store-buyers—pour in from everywhere. Three hundred licensed stallholders stand almost shoulder to shoulder along the crowded road. They pay an application fee of 10s. (Rs. 10) a year for the right to display their goods, and a weekly fee of £1 3s. 6d. (Rs. 24) to the local council.

The craze for antiques in recent years has brought a boom to stallholders far beyond the dreams of realistic avarice—good positions today bring in over £5,000 (Rs. 1 lakh) a year, and there are 85 names on the waiting list. But the customers seldom realize how affluent the pitchmen have become.

One cold day, a woman from Melbourne noticed a stallholder shivering in the raw air. "Oh, you poor man," she said. "Can't you go somewhere to get warm?"

"Oh, yes, lady," he replied. "I've got my Bentley parked round the corner, and it's got a heater in it. But I can't leave the stall."

The Australian woman thought she was being made fun of and stalked off. She was right, of course. The pitchman hadn't got a Bentley round the corner at all. He had a Jaguar.

"Knockers" and "Totters." Unlike most other businesses, acquiring the merchandise to sell is

more difficult than disposing of it at a profit. At the most elementary level, the goods are brought into the market by men called "knockers" and "totters." A knocker is a man who picks out a district and rings every doorbell asking if the householder has anything for sale. He brings whatever he has bought to a section of Portobello Road where makeshift stalls are set up at 8 a.m. on Saturdays. Then stallholders and pitchmen from the more prosperous end of the market descend on the knocker's stall and, amid scenes reminiscent of the Gold Rush, fling out handfuls of coins as they grab up everything in sight to stock their own stalls.

Totters, one step lower on the scale than knockers, are buyers of second-hand clothing ("tots" is old Cockney slang for clothes). They simply walk about telling people that they have a rarity for which they are prepared to commit economic suicide—such self-sacrifice usually taking place at the sight of three shillings (Rs. 3).

As soon as the knockers and totters have disposed of their goods, they hasten to the top of the road to see what they can buy with the proceeds of their early-morning sale to sell to other stallholders later in the day.

The story is told of a knocker who acquired a small but valuable porcelain candlestick for 10s. (Rs. 10). He sold it early in the morning to a stallholder. The stallholder sold

it an hour or two later to another knocker, who sold it to a second stallholder at a substantial increase in price. By 3 p.m., the candlestick had changed hands four times and never left the market.

At 4 p.m., the woman who had sold it to the original knocker arrived on the scene. She saw the candlestick and, forgetting her earlier transaction, announced that she had one like it at home and bought it for £35 (Rs. 735).

Arriving home, she discovered she had bought her own candlestick. In a rage she sold it back the following week to the same knocker who had bought it in the first place.

The English summer is festival time in Portobello Road. Antique hunters from overseas swarm through the market by the thousand. The French look for porcelain. Italians search for Victorian furniture. The Dutch seek silver and jewels. Americans pounce on horse brasses and copper warming-pans. Canadians are clock buyers. Russians flick their eyes suspiciously and Africans just look.

Winter is slower, except on those rare days when London unrolls in brilliant sunshine and the murky air becomes so clear that a Waterford glass decanter on a barrow sparkles 100 yards away like the Crown Jewels. This is the time when Londoners, in the minority at other seasons, flock to market.

Early Barrow Boys. Portobello Road began prosaically enough in

1927 as a once-a-week outdoor market for vegetables. In the beginning, there were no established pitches: sellers lined up their barrows and, at the sound of a policeman's whistle, raced for the choicest site. This was a test not only of speed but of vigilance. As one old-time barrow boy points out, "You had to look pretty sharp or more than likely when you gave your barrow a push the wheels would drop off because some sneaking yobbo had taken the pins out of your axles while you was doing the same to someone else."

Soon a few second-hand clothes dealers appeared in the road with their barrows, and in 1947, because of postwar shortages, they began adding useful household items to their stock. The demand for these increased at such a pace that three years later the second-hand dealers had shouldered the fruit and vegetable sellers right down the road.

Enter Antiques. Then one day news got round that a dealer had bought the contents of a bombed-out house and discovered, amid the pots and pans, a battered piece of furniture which turned out to be a Louis Quinze table, worth about £1,000 (Rs. 21,000). At this point Portobello Road made its debut as an antique market.

As people were attracted by reported bargains, dealers began renting shops along the road. Today there are over 50 permanent shops in the district, and property values have soared. Tumbledown houses



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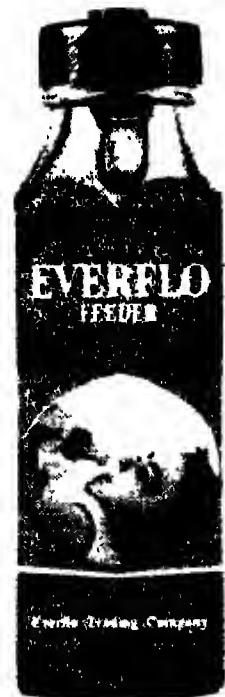
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THE READER'S DIGEST

that can be turned into shopfronts have risen in price from £3,000 (Rs. 63,000) to £10,000 (Rs. 2 lakhs) in the last five years.

The next step in the transformation of Portobello Road began with the arrival of an out-of-work actress who persuaded an antique dealer to let her set up a tray on the pavement where she could sell some of the odds and ends she had collected.

The actress did very well and, although she returned to the stage, her success did not go unmarked. Other theatrical people on tour in the provinces pick up items in local antique shops and come to Portobello Road to sell them. Today half the market sellers are amateurs, ranging from a retired brigadier—who likes the activity and the crowds—to the wife of an oil company executive. There is also a Russian mathematician who walked across the border from Romania, and a peer who specializes in merry-go-round horses and wooden Red Indians.

Extra "Eyes." With people pouring into the market on Saturday, stallholders have to be alert to theft—at the same time making sure that they do not incur the risk of false accusation. Good humour is the answer in most cases. A stallholder, spotting a little old lady slipping a trinket into her glove, is less likely to raise a hue and cry than

to lean over confidentially and whisper, "You've got the locket, lady—you want the chain, too?" It usually works.

Dealers in small objects keep their valuable items in the centre of the stall where they can't be slipped off. They also employ extra "eyes"—generally children who appear to be playing in the narrow alleys but are actually watching everything that goes on.

The bulk of the Portobello Road trade is in "second-hand goods" rather than "antiques." The dividing line between the two is based more on the calendar than on aesthetics. When an item passes its 100th birthday, it becomes an antique. If it is 99 years old, it is merely second-hand and worth much less.

Hideous—but Unique! The distinction is lost on many of the market's casual customers. One dealer recently found himself with a dilapidated monstrosity of a couch. He shoved it out on the pavement and retired inside his shop.

Very soon a woman rushed in and pointed to the couch. "How much do you want for it?" she asked. The dealer told her.

"I know it's hideous," she said, calmly counting out notes. "But I'm absolutely certain that none of my friends has anything like it."

*T*HE excellence of a circle lies in its roundness, not in its bigness.

—Samuel Coley

DOUBLE SUPPLEMENT

“We Are All Animals”

*Inside the terrifying world
of the drug addict*

by James Mills

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Antarctic Discovery

*Hazards and achievements of
a famous polar expedition*

by Richard Evelyn Byrd page 185

DOUBLE SUPPLEMENT

We Are All ANIMALS

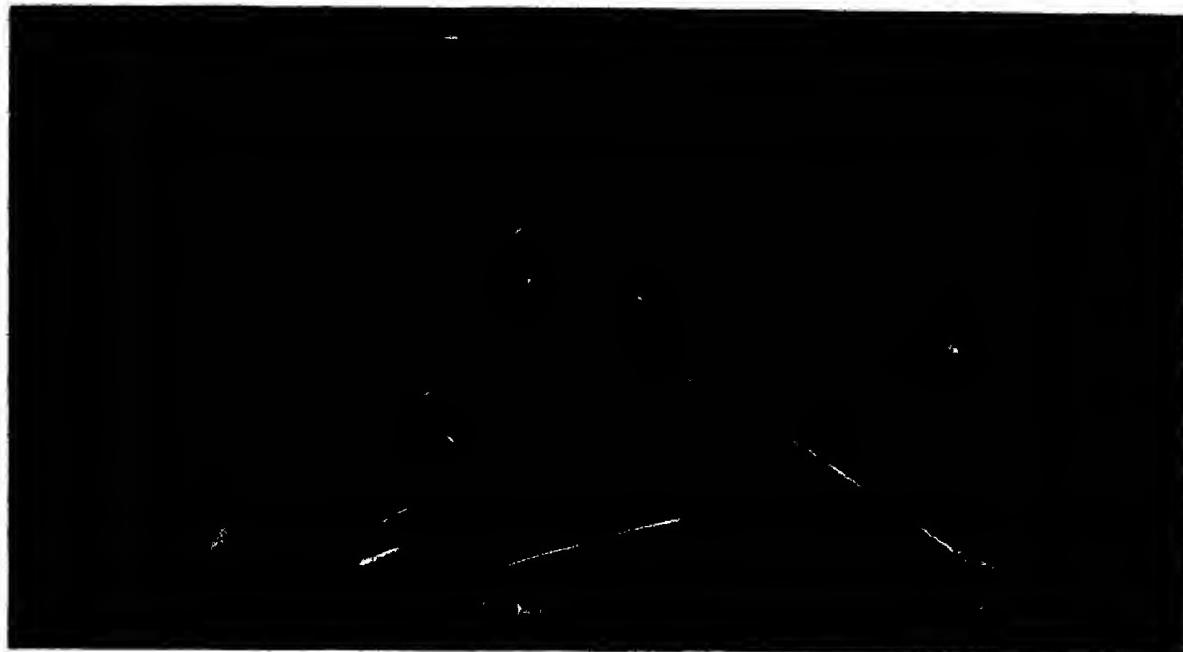
The Chilling Story of the Drug Addict

BY JAMES MILLS

This is what it is like to be a drug addict. Here is the addict's world from the inside—the sleazy hotels, the stealing and prostitution, the cheating and treachery and desperation—where nothing in the world matters but the next "fix."

Author James Mills spent 20 hours a day, seven days a week, for two months with two addicts whose confidence and respect he had won. He examines the addict's personality, the rising tide of addiction, and the steps that must be taken to cope with the scourge.

It is a vivid, tragic story you will not soon forget.



FOUR TIMES a day, John and Karen hole up with heroin. Faces desperate and intent, teeth pulling tight the tourniquet, they squeeze the fluid from the needle in the arm into the bloodstream, and then—peace. This is everything they live for, this is what heroin is all about. With this shot their problems vanish.

No "square"—the drug addict's word for anyone who does not use drugs—can imagine the strength of heroin's hold. The addict will beg for it, walk miles for it, stay up days and nights on end to pursue it, steal from those he has loved for it, risk death for it. Heroin, more than any other drug, leads addicts to squalor and desperation.

To investigate the frightening power heroin holds over its victims, I spent virtually every waking hour

for two months with John and Karen. To outsiders, sometimes, they might seem a pleasant young couple hurrying to a cinema, a supermarket, a classroom, but always they are driven by the drug—he to robbery, she to prostitution, and both to "pushing" heroin to pay for their own supply. The drug urges them to murky streets and ill-lit corners, through shabby rooms and in and out of hospitals and jails.

Every day heroin wins a few new converts to its ranks, and now there are more addicts in America than authorities can successfully count—over 100,000 by some unofficial estimates. Though few are violent, they commit an enormous number of crimes.

The heroin addict is a very busy man. When he wakes in the morning he reaches instantly for

Condensed from Life

his "works"—eyedropper, needle ("spike," he calls it), and bottle top ("cooker"). He empties a little bag of heroin into water in the cooker, heats it with a match to dissolve the drug and injects the mixture. This is his "wake-up," a morning shot to hold off the anxiety and sickness of withdrawal and get him "straight" enough to start the day.

If his habit is costing him 20 dollars a day, and that is not a large habit, he must now start out to steal at least 100 dollars' worth of goods, knowing that a fence will give him only one-fifth of the true value of his loot.

When he has stolen something, he must haggle with his fence over the price. The argument seems interminable to him, for it has now been hours since his wake-up shot and he is getting nervous again, his eyes are watering and he is beginning to feel like a man coming down with a bad dose of flu.

At last he gets the money and begins his search for a "connexion"—someone with heroin for sale. Not just any connexion, but a connexion who deals in good-quality stuff—"dynamite," not "garbage." Once the addict has bought his fix, he is faced with the risky business of getting it to his cooker and into his arm without getting caught and "busted" (arrested). When he has injected the heroin, he can judge immediately the quality of the shot. If it is strong enough, he calms down, the flu feeling leaves—and he

instantly begins looking for money for the next shot.

How the "Junkie" Lives. John and Karen have much in common with other big-city junkies. Karen is 26, John 24. Both had broken the law before they started on heroin—she as a prostitute in the Midwest, he as a thief in New York. Karen is the first in her family to use illegal drugs; but John has two addicted brothers.

Both John and Karen have used many drugs, but they prefer heroin to all the rest just as a gourmet prefers wine to beer. Both have been to jail (he ten times, she twice) and to hospital (he four times, she twice)—and have emerged each time to start their habits again.

John and Karen have been together in New York City for three years. They use the same last name, but have never got round to formal marriage. Karen's earnings as a prostitute support John's habit as well as hers, and he occasionally contributes a little money by breaking into parked taxicabs in which drivers may have left change.

Both John and Karen are at times all but overcome by revulsion for their habit and for the horrifying world it forces them into.

"We are all animals," says Karen, "We are all animals in a world no one knows."

Needle Park. Karen's and John's "world" focuses chiefly on the corner of 71st Street where Broadway pushes through Amsterdam Avenue

on its diagonal slice across Manhattan Island. This is Sherman Square, but to drug addicts it is "Needle Park."

Junkies hang around Needle Park because of its cheap hotels, needed by addict prostitutes; because three streets away, a short walk for a sick junkie, are respectable neighbourhoods which are good for burglary; and because, probably, a long time ago someone started selling dope there and the area just became known as a good place to make a connexion—to "score."

Today much of the heroin in Needle Park comes from a man who lives in a nice apartment in a pleasant district. He buys heroin in "pieces" (ounces), adulterates it with other substances and wraps it, and hands it over on consignment to a handful of pushers—junkies themselves—who sell it for him. The pushers do not really have to push. It is a seller's market with heroin, and the junkies fight their way to any connexion who has good stuff. The image of the sly pusher enticing non-users into trying a free bag of heroin is pure myth.

The amount of payment the junkie pusher gets is the same anywhere in the city. Fifteen three-dollar bags are wrapped together with a rubber band. The pusher buys this package for 25 dollars, sells enough bags to recoup his investment, and uses the rest himself.

From time to time the addict may

voluntarily interrupt his life on the street to enter hospital. His body has achieved such a high tolerance to heroin that he must "shoot" a huge number of bags—not just to get high, but to keep from getting sick. In this case he goes into hospital to withdraw from the drug and get back to the point where just a bag or two will make him high.

The male junkie, when he isn't pushing, almost invariably turns to theft and burglary to support his habit. One of the most expert burglars among Needle Park junkies is John's brother, Bro. Bro is 28, with thick black hair and an intent, quiet face. He was first arrested—for handbag snatching—when he was nine years old. He mainlined (inserted the drug directly into a vein) his first heroin shot when he was 13 and has now done 20 "bits" in jail for a total of nine years, plus two years in the federal narcotics hospital at Lexington, Kentucky.

Shooting Gallery. Bro is married, but his wife does not use drugs and so he spends little time with her, preferring to stick with John and Karen and the other junkies. Often none of them has a hotel room and then they lounge around on the benches in Needle Park or in a near-by café, or just walk the streets. When Karen is working, she may end up with a room for the night and a little sleep.

If Bro cannot find a friend with a room, he walks around all night looking for cars to break into or for

a place to lie down. Often he sleeps in a public bathroom in one of the hotels by the park. Bro jokes about the time Johnny actually moved into a third-floor bathroom in a hotel on Sherman Square. "I went looking for him there," Bro said, "and he even had his laundry strung up."

At one point during the two months I spent with John and Karen, they had a room in a tiny, seedy hotel sandwiched between more respectable hotels on West 72nd Street—in the heart of Needle Park. When a junkie has a hotel room, the word spreads fast. All his friends and their friends stream in, and the place turns into a "shooting gallery."

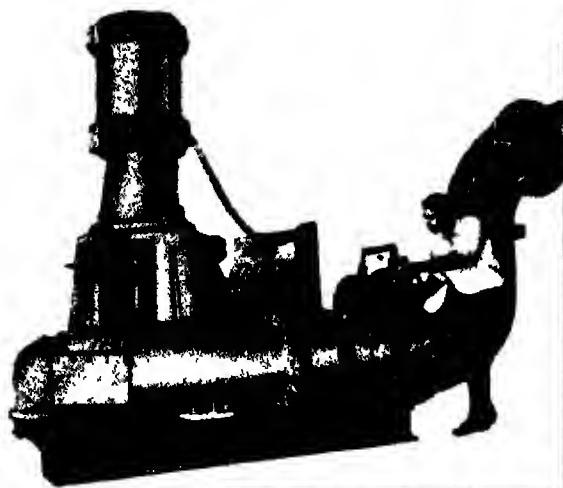
I knocked on the door one night and Johnny let me in. The room was littered with the debris of addiction—bits of toilet-paper and clothing that had been used to wipe blood from arms; glasses half-filled with water tinted red from the cleaning of many needles; scraps of electric-light flex chopped up and separated into thin strands with which to unclog needles; charred metal bottle tops used for cookers.

Everywhere on the floor—strewn so thick you could not see the carpet—were clothing, comics and cigarette ends. Sheets and blankets, cigarette holes burned in them by nodding addicts, had fallen from the bed and lay kicked into corners. Stuffing oozed from a waffle-size burn in the mattress. The smell was of sweat and smoke and heroin.

Karen looked worse than I had ever seen her. Her eyes were widely dilated, partly from heroin withdrawal, partly from enormous doses of barbiturates. She had a date with a pimp in New Jersey, and Johnny and his friends were trying desperately to get her into shape for the trip. Two men held her up. She was nearly unconscious, and her face looked as if make-up had been laid on with a trowel. "Come on, Karen," one of the men pleaded, "you got to make that train. You got to get out there, baby." She mumbled and slouched in her supporters' arms.

Bro dumped the powder from a bag of heroin into a bottle top filled with water. He held a match under the cooker until the white powder dissolved. Then he put the tip of the needle—the same one Karen and the other men had used—into a pea-size wad of cotton wool (used to filter out large impurities that might clog the needle) and drew up the liquid from the bottom of the cooker. Borrowing a belt, he wrapped it round his arm, held the end in his teeth, stuck the needle into a vein and waited for the blood to start backing up into the eye-dropper.

Instead of shooting the fluid in immediately he squeezed in a few drops, let it back up into the eye-dropper again, squeezed in a little more, let it back up, squeezed in more, and continued the in-and-out process until the fluid in the dropper



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was dark red with blood. Then he shot it all in and withdrew the needle. The technique, known as "booting," is believed to prolong the drug's initial effect.

The men who had been holding Karen up sat her down on the bed. She fell back, anaesthetized. She was too far gone to keep her New Jersey date.

The phone rang. Johnny talked on it for a minute and then announced he was leaving to sell a grocer some cases of coffee and packets of women's hair curlers he and a friend had stolen from a truck. The stuff was stacked high in a corner of the room. Around Needle Park it is not uncommon for addicts to steal from one grocer and sell to another, or to steal meat from a supermarket and sell it to a restaurant.

"At one point," Johnny once told me, "Karen and I were robbing every candy store in the area, mostly for cigarettes. We told one candy-store guy that if he bought all our cigarettes we'd leave him alone. We did quite a business for a while."

Johnny loaded three coffee cases into the lift, and I went down with him. In the lobby we sat and talked while he waited for someone to pick them up.

The Symptoms. When police are in a drug neighbourhood they have no difficulty spotting addicts. An experienced narcotics cop, or a long-time addict, can sometimes not only

spot a user in a group of 20 people, but also state with authority what kind of drug he uses, approximately how long it has been since his last fix, and whether or not he is at that moment carrying drugs. Because heroin subdues appetite, the addict is nearly always thin. He has a craving for sweets, and often carries a bottle of soda pop. The backs of his hands are chronically puffed and swollen, from shooting in the veins there.

Waiting for a connexion, the addict is nervous and intent, staring for minutes at a time in the direction from which he expects the pusher to come. Detectives know that when a group of addicts is standing around, talking, waiting, none of them is carrying heroin. But if you watch the group long enough, suddenly it explodes, all the addicts walking off in different directions. The pusher has appeared, and soon, one by one, they will make their roundabout way to him to "cop."

When the heroin addict is high, his pupils are "pinned," constricted, and if he gets a sufficiently powerful shot he goes on a "nod"—his head drooping, eyelids heavy. His mind wanders, he daydreams, and everything he does, he does with maddening slowness. He can take 30 minutes to tie his shoelaces. But he resists admitting that he is on a nod. He is very sleepy, he says, and if he stops talking in mid-sentence, he argues that he is not nodding, only

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trying to phrase the sentence properly.

Once the addict has had his shot and is "straight," he may become admirably, though briefly, industrious, suddenly deciding to polish his shoes, brush his coat, comb his hair—all the while scolding himself bitterly for having slipped so far.

Even the seasons conspire to identify addicts. In winter, waiting to cop, they alone stand around in the snow and slush, apparently aimlessly. In summer, they alone wear long sleeves (to cover their "tracks"—needle marks). Because heroin users nearly always feel cold, they wear heavy sweaters, even in hot weather.

The heroin addict is not usually violent. He wants to get his fix with as few complications as possible, and prefers such non-violent crimes as burglary, theft and prostitution. Also, when male and female addicts gather together, narcotics detectives know better than to suspect sexual activity. Heroin depresses sexual desire.

Nearly all heroin addicts are insecure and childishly immature. Most of them dislike people. When they want something they want it yesterday and they want it effortlessly. Nothing is their fault—their addiction, their degradation, their desperation. A common emotional characteristic is an enormous compulsion to abdicate all responsibility for their own lives. The addict craves to be told what to do. If he

1966

is encouraged to go to hospital by someone he trusts, he will go; but soon, when he finds the hospital not to his liking, he will leave, and then blame the failure not on himself but on the person who urged him to go.

Without a Tear. After I had known John and Karen for a couple of months, I sat down with them individually to talk about some subjects that we had never mentioned. The morning of the conversation with Karen, she was lying on a dirty, bare hotel mattress, relaxing under the effects of a shot taken 30 minutes earlier.

She had just discovered lice crawling on her and had placed one of them on a table by the bed. She stared at it while I connected the tape recorder.

"I can't stand these terrible things," she almost shouted. "I put it on the table there so I can see how tiny it is, and then it doesn't scare me so much."

"When did you first use illegal drugs?"

"I got this awful toothache and Johnny gave me a shot, and it took the pain away, and it also took my fear of drugs away. So I started doing it myself. I liked it. It made me very relaxed, very high. I like the feeling. I like the feeling of *not* feeling. You could hear about your mother dying and you wouldn't even shed a tear."

"Karen, what do you think of junkies in general?"



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THE READER'S DIGEST

"They're pigs. I can't stand them."

"Why not?"

"I'm probably looking in a mirror and I can't stand it. We'll step on one another for a shot if there's no dope. I've seen it. I can't even trust Johnny. I had my wake-up shot three days ago right here on the table. When I got up it was gone, and Johnny was the only one that was straight that morning. And I know Johnny didn't have a wake-up of his own.

"And I'm just as bad. I live from fix to fix. I'll cheat somebody for their money just as fast as look at them. When you can't get stuff and you get sick, you get desperate. Let me tell you what you go through sometimes just trying to cop.

"Let's say it costs me ten dollars to get a fix—two bags. Well, I have my ten dollars. Now, if I can't locate a connexion around Needle Park, I have to go uptown. Last night I went up to 112th Street in Harlem, where the better junk is. Once I'm up there, I walk with a knife opened, like this. That's the way you have to walk up there. O.K. So I ask someone, 'Who's got the best stuff around here?' 'Chico has.'

"While you're walking on this street you know darn well The Man [any policeman] is watching you. You feel it. But you don't care because you're sick. You walk by Chico and say, 'I want two,' and keep walking. Then you turn round

and you come back and you give him the money. Then you come back again and he gives you the two.

"Now if Chico decides to cheat you, Chico's just gonna turn around and walk away. And you're dead. Your ten dollars is gone with the wind. Or maybe you're gonna get the stuff home and find it's bicarbonate of soda.

"Now, after you cop, most of the time you have to walk home because you don't have that much money for a cab. Buses take too long, and you're standing on that corner with stuff on you. So all the time you're walking, you're praying, too. You're saying to yourself, 'Is there a narco [narcotics detective] around that knows my face and is going to call me over?'

"You never know—you're never relaxed until you feel the stuff in you, and even then you know that within four hours you've got to get some more money, and get more stuff again. This is gonna go on and on. And you know that before you go to bed that night you not only have to have your bedtime fix but you have to have your wake-up. So that's 20 dollars right there that you absolutely *must* have. And you have to cop before you go to bed because when you wake up you might be too sick to be able to go out and cop."

Sorry Every Day. "Karen, have you ever been sorry that you went on the stuff?"

"I imagine that I've been sorry

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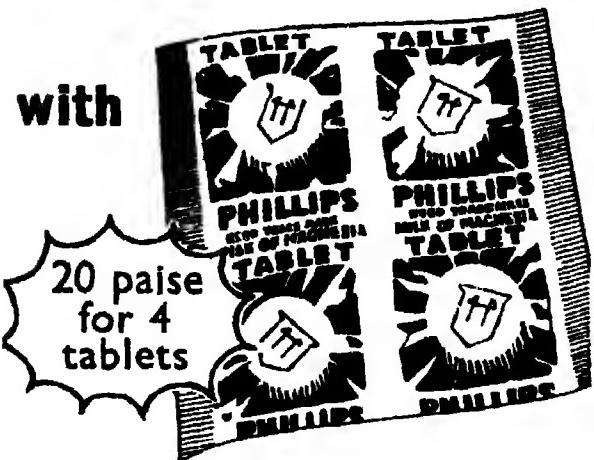
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every day that I've had the habit."

"Why don't you kick and get clean and be square?"

"That's probably what will happen eventually."

"Why don't you do it now? Why didn't you do it a year ago?"

"Johnny didn't want to do it then."

"All right then, why don't you do it now?"

"I might. I just might do that."

"What do you think is going to become of you, Karen?"

"I don't know. I'll probably die—early. It won't be from junk, but it'll be from something connected with junk. Hepatitis or something. I don't care any more. I really don't. Because there's nothing for me. I don't have any reason to quit using."

"Isn't it enough of a reason that you wouldn't be living the kind of life you live now?"

"That means nothing to me."

My conversation with John followed the same pattern. Towards the end, I asked him what he thought would happen to him.

"I don't know what's going to happen to me. But I've had it with drugs. I'm going to stop. And if I can't make the square life, if I find it too rough—which I doubt—the stuff will always be on the corners, the connexions will always be there."

"Johnny, what keeps you around Needle Park?"

"Nothing. I just don't have any

place else to go. That's the whole thing in a nutshell. I could go to my parents upstate. Like, Monday I'm going home. I want to clean up. I want to get a job. I'm ready to take on responsibilities of all kinds that I should be able to—as a man. Instead of using escapes, all kinds of escapes."

"How long has it been, Johnny, since you've had a fix?"

"Two or three hours."

"How long do you think it will be before you get off again?"

"Maybe right after I leave here."

"Then why do you say that you've had it with drugs?"

"Well, after Monday, anyway."

Facing Up to Realities

MONTHS of treatment in hospital may eliminate an addict's physical dependency on the drug, but addiction is an emotional problem as well as a physical one, and no matter how often the addict is physically rehabilitated, his emotional problems have not necessarily been touched. As soon as he is on his own he will almost certainly go looking for another shot. Within a few weeks he will be physically addicted again, sick again, desperate again.

Why does the cycle begin? An addict, as a result of his own deep-seated insecurities, can feel that he has been thrown into life's conflicts without the armour and weapons everybody else has. Heroin allows him to escape this uneven battle. It deadens his desire for wealth,



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strength, success, sex—even for food. With heroin, he needs nothing more. The satisfactions sought so relentlessly by the rest of the world, the addict can have—temporarily—with a five-dollar dose of heroin. So he takes a shot.

But in exchange for these brief periods of artificial bliss, he surrenders everything else. Whenever the addict comes out of a high—and he cannot stay euphoric indefinitely—he faces the agonizing truth that family, home, friends and job are gone, his clothes are dirty, his body is filthy and sick. Shame overwhelms him—and at that moment he wants desperately to stay off drugs. But heroin can handle shame, too. So he takes another shot.

Legalization: A False Approach. Many who argue that the addict's problems are created, not by drugs, but by the attempts to deprive him of them, go on to claim that if every addict could get drugs without resorting to crime, he might straighten up, take the time to sterilize needles, eat occasionally, possibly even work.

The best answer to this argument is to take a backward look. A little over half a century ago narcotics were completely legal in the United States. One in every 400 Americans was addicted to opium in one form or another. (Many were unwittingly hooked by patent medicines containing a derivative of opium.) Then, in 1914, the Harrison Narcotics Act was passed, forbidding

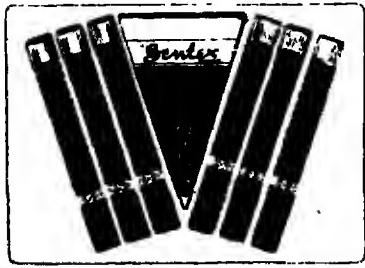
anyone but registered doctors to prescribe cocaine or opiates, and five years later the Supreme Court ruled that professional practice did *not* include handing out narcotics for the sole purpose of satisfying addiction. All over America, doctors cut off the flow of drugs, and addicts by the tens of thousands showed up at local boards of health for help. Government narcotics agents suggested drug-dispensing clinics as an answer, and some 44 were set up by local authorities.

On the whole, the clinics appeared to have had no other purpose than to save addicts from exploitation by pushers. But there was a fatal flaw in this seemingly enlightened programme. Given an unlimited supply of heroin, few—if any—addicts level off at a stable dose; an addict receiving a prescribed amount from a clinic or doctor soon demands more. To get it, he returns to the illegal pusher—and he is back where he started. After three years most of the clinics closed down, largely on the advice of the medical profession.

But why limit the addict's dose at all? Why not give him all he wants? It is not done, first, because society—especially the medical profession—feels a responsibility to cure the sick, not just to abandon them to their sickness. Second, if narcotics were legally available to everyone without prescription, addiction would spread. A study by doctors at the federal narcotics hospital at

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Lexington, Kentucky, indicates that in his lifetime the average addict introduces four non-users to heroin. If addicts could get drugs legally, cheaply and in unlimited quantity, they would hardly be less inclined to share them with non-users than they are today.

The British Myth. But what of the "British system" of dispensing drugs to addicts? Over a period of years ill-informed commentators have created the impression that in Britain the addict is invariably treated as a sick person; that all addicts may obtain their needed drugs simply by visiting a chemist and displaying their registration cards. Some observers have argued

that this "system" has reduced the British narcotics problem to practically nothing.

Actually, the British and U.S. narcotics laws differ significantly only in administration. British addicts do not have registration cards and cannot get drugs from a chemist without a doctor's prescription—though prescriptions are more easily obtained than in America.

Further, journalists and researchers report that the problem in Britain is far more acute than official statistics of known addicts indicate, that there are perhaps four times the number. Many of these addicts get their drugs from illegal pushers. On the whole their lives

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appear hardly less distressing than the life of the typical American big-city junkie.

Legal Loopholes. If opening the narcotics gate completely is not the answer to the problem, what about really locking it shut? You cannot have drug addicts if you do not have drugs. The addict, deprived permanently of his supply, would perhaps have more than ordinary trouble handling problems of everyday life. But most authorities concede he would be decidedly better off than he is on heroin.

Is the American Government doing its part to keep the gate locked? On the whole, police work aimed at the non-using pusher—the

pusher who is in business only for the high profit—is efficient and productive. However, getting a pusher into court is not getting him into jail. To have a case against a pusher, the police must have evidence; but in recent years the U.S. Supreme Court has broadened its interpretation of the laws, dictating with such zeal how evidence may be seized that at times seizure has seemed all but impossible to frustrated law-enforcement officers.

For example: a detective watching the home of a suspected heroin wholesaler sees him emerge with a brief-case. On the pavement he meets another man, known to be a pusher. They enter a parked car, sit

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for a moment, and, as the detective approaches, he sees the pusher hand the suspected wholesaler a fat manila envelope. The detective opens the car door, flips open the brief-case and finds it filled with pure heroin—worth at the addict level Rs. 18 lakhs. The envelope is filled with cash. He arrests both men. Later, in court, both men would probably be freed. Recent Supreme Court decisions indicate that the detective's knowledge of the suspects' background would not legally justify his opening the brief-case.

Moreover, since New York's courts overflow with unsettled cases, judges and District Attorneys frequently agree to reduce felony charges to misdemeanours to help clear the calendars. Pushers may end up happily pleading guilty to minor charges like mere possession and getting a six-month sentence—sometimes less than their addicted customers receive for being caught with a hypodermic needle.

In New York City, a pusher stands an excellent chance of amassing a considerable fortune—up to Rs. 7,500 a day—without ever seeing the inside of a jail. Or if he is convicted, and it is his first offence, he may get away with about three years in jail. Thus, the pusher ends up earning more money for *his* crime than most bank robbers, counterfeiters or kidnappers, whose sentences range from 20 years to the electric chair. Such staggering profits, and the low risk of prison.

are constant frustration to police.

Will stricter penalties against dope pushers work? The results can be seen in Ohio. In 1955 the percentage of drug addicts in Ohio's big cities was almost as high as New York's. Then the state imposed a mandatory 20- to 40-year sentence for a first offence of selling drugs, and the courts backed the prosecutors with strict interpretation of the law's intent. The number of important violations plummeted 80 per cent in eight years. The decline was so sharp that the Federal Narcotics Bureau reduced its agents in Ohio from 20 to three.

Attacking the Source. More than 80 per cent of the heroin reaching New York City comes from Turkey. Turkish peasants are allowed to grow opium legally as long as they sell all of it to the government, which then sells it to legal pharmaceutical manufacturers. But Turkish police reckon that half their country's 200,000 opium farmers manage to sell a few extra pounds to black marketeers—for about Rs. 240 a pound, or double what the government pays. If the farmer is caught, the penalty is usually no more than a fine. The U.S. Federal Narcotics Bureau estimates that six to eight per cent of Turkey's 340-ton yearly opium output enters illegal channels, a considerable quantity of which ends up in the veins of U.S. heroin addicts.

In recent years the Turks have tried to improve control of opium



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"WE ARE ALL ANIMALS"

production in their country—but they have hardly dented the total traffic. Stopping the flow at the source remains, in the words of the U.S. Public Health Service, "the most readily available means of preventing narcotic drug addiction." But the U.S. State Department argues that encouraging producing countries to stop the flow is not its job. "The State Department is not the proper agency to push controls," says a spokesman. "The problem is being handled in the United Nations. If the public puts up enough of a clamour, changes will be made."

And what does the U.N. think can reduce the drug traffic? It echoes the State Department: "Public opinion."

All right. Opium production is not sufficiently controlled; heroin pushers operate under the umbrella of the courts; and legalizing drugs won't help matters. Then what is being done to cope with the victims of these shortcomings—the addicts themselves?

Most drug users, when arrested, do not want to take advantage of the opportunities they are offered for hospital treatment. So most authorities agree that, if the addict is to be successfully treated, long-term care must be forced on him. They argue that a typhoid-fever victim who does not want to go to hospital is required to go—for his own sake and for the sake of the community. Why not the addict?

But the addict who sincerely wants to break his habit needs more than hospital treatment. He needs close, intensive assistance when he gets out. Few, if any, knowledgeable authorities suggest that after-care as it exists today is anything but inadequate. The addict emerging from hospital or jail still carries with him his child's need for training, support and encouragement.

For ten years, Dr. Warren Jurgensen, a top psychiatrist at the Lexington, Kentucky, federal narcotics hospital, has watched patients stay off drugs for very long periods while in hospital, only to return to them within hours after they are discharged. Very few Lexington patients—probably less than ten per cent—stay off drugs when they get home. The doctors there would seem to have ample reason for feeling that they are fighting a losing battle.

But they do not. They are bolstered by one intriguing and extraordinary fact: nearly half America's addicts are in their 20's, and only 11 per cent are over 40. What happens to an addict when he begins to age? Evidently, as he grows older, he also matures. His compulsion to avoid the desperate, degraded life of addiction overpowers his compulsion to use drugs.

Still, the problem of addiction abounds with unmet needs. The public, the government and the medical profession—with few exceptions—have not begun to grasp

THE READER'S DIGEST

the broad realities of drug addiction, let alone tackle them.

What strong, specific steps could be taken to control addiction?

The U.S. State Department, without passing the buck to the United Nations, could press Turkey to force its peasant farmers to stop diverting opium to black marketeers.

In New York the courts could stop bending over backwards to protect the legal rights of drug traffickers, and realize that the addict needs protection, too—that only stiff jail sentences will force drug dealers to abandon their lucrative crime.

Legislators could face the need for laws that will force addicts to undergo treatment.

The government could set up adequate aftercare facilities to help addicts stay off drugs when they emerge from jails or hospitals.

Research into addiction—into both its social and organic aspects—could be increased and accelerated.

And doctors could accept their responsibility to treat the addict, instead of using the law as an excuse to ignore him.

All these things *could* be done. But they are not. THE END

Ways of the World

IN MAY 1945 the first Allied convoys rolled into Denmark. Five years of occupation had ended, and the Danes were free. They left their ploughs, locked up their shops, poured into the streets, streamed into the countryside. Their happiness was summed up by a sign in one Copenhagen shop window : "Closed for Joy."

—D.W.A.

ROMANTIC young men in Kyoto, Japan, who are interested in an outing on near-by Lake Biwa, can hire a rowing-boat complete with pretty girl. A notice on the landing stage reads : "Enjoy yourself as if you and your companion were a couple in love." Informed sources warn, however, that the girls are trained to throw troublemakers into the water. —*Shukan Bunshun*

LOOKING out of the window of his television studio in Cleveland, Ohio, a news cameraman noticed a car going slowly past parked vehicles in the street below. Grabbing his camera, he shot pictures of a man getting out of the cruising car, forcing open the window of a parked car, and driving it away. The film, televised that night on a programme called "Eyewitness News," led to the quick apprehension of both drivers. —C. A. B.

IN A LAUNDERETTE near where the ocean liners berth in New York's Hudson River, it's not unusual to see a sailor doing his washing. Recently, however, one of them pulled all sorts of feminine things from his sack and stuffed them into the washer. The girl attendant giggled and asked what it was all about. "Oh, it's like this," he said in a Cockney accent. "It's me wife's things. She likes to brag to the neighbours that she has to send the wash 3,000 miles to have it done right." —N. M.

BOOK SUPPLEMENT

Antarctic Discovery

**from the book by
RICHARD EVELYN BYRD**



This is Admiral Byrd's absorbing chronicle of his expedition in 1934 to the Antarctic settlement of Little America, which he had founded in 1928. While Byrd himself voluntarily endured a six-month solitary watch at an advance base, his men carried on their scientific work and everyday life against the unreal background of the endless Polar night.

Sharing with courage and humour their often inhuman conditions—the treacherous ice, the blizzard, the unrelenting cold—they carved out for themselves an existence in this wasteland of the world at once so pitiless and so breathtakingly beautiful

THE REDISCOVERY of Little America was an affecting experience for those of us who had wintered there in 1929. When the Second Byrd Antarctic Expedition eventually reached it on January 17, 1934, a crystal quiet lay over the camp; the snow surface was smooth as satinwood.

After digging a hole through one of the old tunnels we entered the Administration Building, 14 feet below the surface. By the light of a match I found a fruit-jar lamp, half full of paraffin. The wick burned, and as the glow strengthened the shadows fell back.

It wouldn't be right to say that the place looked as if we had left it only yesterday. The roof had sagged under the crushing weight of ice. A film of ice lay over the walls. Torn parkas and dirty underwear were scattered about. I was a trifle ashamed that we had left that mess

behind us, but glad we could do our own house cleaning.

While we were standing there the telephone rang. I'm not joking; it actually rang. If Haile Selassie had crawled out from under one of the bunks, we couldn't have been more taken aback. Nobody moved for a second.

Then we heard Petersen laugh. He had found the telephone and pressed the buzzer. Next he idly flipped a switch and the most amazing thing of all happened. The lights went on. Not brightly—just a dim, faint glow in the bulbs, but undeniably they burned.

On the stove were cooking pans full of frozen food. There was coal in the scuttle. A fire was made, the food was warmed, and found to be as good as the day we left, four years before. The seal and whale meat and beef in the tunnel were perfectly preserved.

ANTARCTIC DISCOVERY

Soon, in the teeth of blizzards and cold, Little America was being rebuilt and expanded into one of the most remarkable cities on the face of the earth—a city in a glittering white vacuum, which would boast of electric light and power, a complete broadcasting plant, a well-equipped aviation service enlisting four planes and skilled personnel, various machine shops, four tractors, nearly 150 dogs, a first-class meteorological station, a scientific staff and laboratory equipped to delve into 22 branches of science, a dairy plant with four head of cattle, adequate medical facilities, a well-stocked galley, library, a meteor observatory, even a cinema.

With 56 men we were the largest party ever to winter in the Antarctic; and we put so many parties in the field that we had to make a wall map to keep track of their movements.

While supplies were still being unloaded at the Bay of Whales, we made our first formal broadcast from the Antarctic Continent. As I watched the mysterious preparations, I thought how, 22 years before, Scott and his whole party had silently died of hunger while his base party, just 160 miles away, awaited his homecoming; and here we were casually making ready to tell of our prosaic doings to a vast audience in the United States.

In succeeding days, with all the supplies from our two ships finally unloaded, the work of advancing

them on the ice far enough to be safe from the ever-encroaching sea relentlessly continued. We were driven on by the thought of the ice crumbling behind our backs, and fatigue-lined faces, eyes reddened by sleeplessness, hoarse voices and frost-bitten checks eloquently bespoke the galling ordeal.

The tractors soon ripped the trail to pieces. On the ridge crests the treads ground down to solid blue ice; the troughs were morasses of soft, deep snow. For two whole days all dog transport had to be suspended until cold weather hardened the trail. Innumerable cracks and crevasses opened which had to be filled with snow packed down, to let the dog teams and tractors through.

The game was not without its thrills. Healey's team of seven dogs disappeared entirely before his eyes; he thought he was bewitched until he saw them wrangling in their harness in a 50-foot abyss over which he had driven almost hourly on ice that seemed as solid as a rock.

Such incidents became commonplace. Roofed crevasses which were strong enough to accommodate dog teams broke through under the tractors, and the drivers drove with one hand on the wheel, the other on the safety lanyard on the door, and their hearts in their mouths. There were many breakthroughs. With no warning whatever the car would sag sharply, and from underneath would well up the awesome sound

of tons of snow streaming into incalculable depths.

"It's a funny experience," said June, one of the drivers, "the same sickening sag you get when a plane hits an air pocket. You're driving along, thinking everything's all right, then all of a sudden there's a *b-rump*, then a loud *whroom* as tons of snow slide down a cliff: and you feel her tipping and sliding backwards as the treads grab for traction. If you have speed in reserve you're all right."

Meanwhile, the sea was creeping into our front garden as huge sections of shore ice kept sheering off. I began to fear that Little America itself was in jeopardy, for it was a house built on a raft—a potential iceberg. Cracks entirely encircled us; and ever so lightly the lips of these fractures rose and fell with the ocean swell. As a precaution we established an emergency cache of supplies on the high barrier a mile south-east of Little America. This cache was called Retreat Camp.

Early on the Sunday morning of March 4 my cabin was jarred by a series of light shocks. Soon the camp watchman came up with the news that the cracks were widening in all directions. I decided to submit the facts to all hands, as their safety was involved. The whole of Little America might break off and drift helplessly out to sea.

But in a two-hour discussion in the Mess Hall, we all agreed that, though the risk was real enough,

the evacuation of Little America would wreck the autumn operations. If evacuation had to be done at a minute's notice, the expedition would have sufficient emergency stores to survive in tolerable fashion at Retreat Camp. Thus, with an incalculable threat wavering like the sword of Damocles over our heads, we went about our daily tasks.

Emergency Surgery

But the night watches of March 14 saw a situation evolve that drove everything else into the background.

I had repaired to my shack after supper. Sterrett rapped on the door. When he came in, his face was grave. Pelter, he said, was ill, quite ill. He had been in bed for several days, but hadn't wanted to stir up a fuss just over a "bellyache." "Dr. Potaka should examine him," Sterrett said. "I think it's appendicitis."

It was, and Dr. Potaka resolved to operate at once. Pelter, very pale and very weak, was boosted up the shaft of the Old Mess Hall; with Sterrett supporting him, he walked to the radio shack, which was cleaner and more comfortable than the other buildings.

Since his arrival at Little America a fortnight before, Dr. Potaka had had no time to unpack his instruments. Much of his medical equipment was buried under five feet of drift. His surgical instruments, still unboxed, lay under a small mountain of things in the vestibule. Among these things the doctor was

pawing, when suddenly his pressure lamp went out. As he started to fill it from a fuel drum, the stream of petrol suddenly ignited in his face and, startled, he dropped the lamp. In a moment the narrow vestibule was choked with smoke, and a pool of burning oil eddied round the boxes, setting them on fire—the crate of surgical instruments among them.

Fire and appendectomy are just about the most unhealthy things that can happen in the Antarctic; but when they occur simultaneously, and when fire threatens to destroy the only tools you have to operate on a poor devil waiting to go on the table, you have a situation needing no description.

Thanks to the spontaneous action of the men in the Administration Building, the skylights were kicked in from above, and fire extinguishers passed to the men below. Von der Wall, a grotesque figure in his gas mask, dropped down the hatch to save the surgical instruments, the charred box of which was hoisted to the surface. The blaze was quickly extinguished.

Even then Dr. Potaka was nearly at his wit's end. The sterile sutures were missing. He hurriedly broke open innumerable boxes which the men brought in from his smoking cache before he found them. *A table? What shall we do for an operating table?* Somebody remembered a table which Tinglof was building in the Science Building: it

had no top, but stretchers could be laid across it. *Where are the stretchers? Get Corey: he's the only person who knows where anything is.* Corey knew: in the medical cache under six feet of snow. Quickly they were excavated and thawed out over the galley stove. *Lights! What are you going to do for lights?* In his quiet way Dyer got a 1,000-watt lamp and ran a line across the ceiling over the operating table. *But suppose the generators conk out in the middle of the operation! How about light then?* Bailey said he would stand by in the power shack, with three generators running simultaneously, ready to switch the instant one spluttered. *How are you going to keep the room warm during the operation? You can't have an open coal fire with all this ether. It's 20° below. This room's going to cool off fast the moment you douse the fire!* Plug the cracks, then seal the ventilators; get a good hot fire burning until the room temperature is up around 80; then rake the ashes and carry them out.

At last matters were in hand, and at five minutes past midnight the anaesthetic was administered. I shall not quickly forget the scene—the narrow room with its rude bunks, the drifted skylights overhead, and the first pale aurora dimly seen through them, and Potaka, Sterrett and Perkins crisp in sterile white caps, gloves and gowns. The small room was terribly crowded: Dr. Potaka was backed against the stove,

and once, when he turned swiftly, he just escaped falling over it.

The operation seemed to last for ever; in the end, Potaka had to do most of the important details that trained assistants usually perform for surgeons. Before it was over we were all exhausted and shivering, too, because the temperature in the shack had steadily dropped. Then the fire was started and Pelter was gently transferred to the bunk, still unconscious. The next day Pelter was very weak, but Potaka was pleased by the way he pulled through it.

Advance Weather Base

IT SEEMS to me that this is the right place to tell how the idea of the unusual Advance Weather Base was born, and what scientific purpose it was expected to serve. To the ordinary person, who can see little or no worth in polar expeditions, at least an investigation of weather seems to possess some practical merit.

Most of us have a dim, school-bookish understanding of the theory of simple circulation: an air current flowing over the earth from the Poles to the Equator, a return current moving Poleward above it. And as a consequence of various expeditions more people are beginning to realize that the great polar ice caps play a dominant role in maintaining the movements of air on which depend the climates of the world. Antarctic meteorology is of especial interest in connexion with

the development of long-range forecasting.

Hence it isn't a passion for martyrdom that impels a meteorologist to expose himself to 100 degrees of frost, with one eye glued to an excruciatingly cold theodolite, while he tries to follow the capricious ascent of a pilot balloon, lit by a candle, which is bobbing up through the winter darkness. What he's looking for is data—data which will give us a clearer understanding of the mysterious processes that create the "cold waves" and "polar fronts" which exert such a profound influence in the weather of lower latitudes.

I had determined to establish a well-equipped meteorological station 400 miles south in the interior, in the heart of the weather-breeder, and have it occupied during the winter night. But disheartening conditions made this distance impossible. Eventually the Advance Weather Base was established 100 miles south of Little America.

We were not able to advance sufficient supplies to staff this meteorological outpost with three men. The alternative was either two men or one man. After gravely considering the choice for a long time, it seemed to me that to man the base with two men was impractical. Remember, this outpost was to be sunk in the crust of the Ross Ice Barrier; and, as we gauged the risks then, whoever went out there had to be reconciled to isolation for at least

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seven months no matter what came to pass. Four of these months would be in complete darkness, under the most unfavourable conditions that life contrives anywhere on earth.

Two men, jammed together at arm's length in a tiny shack in this strange environment, living by the dim light of a lantern in a state of perpetual congestion, staring at each other for seven months; hardly able to take a step without coming into collision; unable to express a thought without running athwart the other man's prejudices; small things taking on a monstrous significance! What man's nerves could stand the irritation? Could it possibly work out?

I was determined not to assume the responsibility for creating such a situation. Hence, it seemed definitely up to me to go alone. I could not—and would not—ask another man to go. And the truth of the matter is I really wanted to go; and, when we took off for the Advance Base, I was keenly looking forward to the experience for its own sake.

Winter Preparations *

DIRECTLY after Admiral Byrd was established at Advance Base, the 55 men at Little America turned to the still formidable task of holing in for the winter. It was a grim prospect. Here was April upon us, the sun to

* *Antarctic Discovery* contains several chapters—from which the balance of this condensation comes—describing events at Little America while Admiral Byrd was absent, and signed with the initials of Charles J. V. Murphy, in charge of publicity for the expedition.

depart in a fortnight, and the three planes and all the tractors and dogs were still on the surface; 100 tons of coal, petrol, food and various general stores were still a mile distant; 200 seals had to be hauled from the Bay caches; one radio antenna and four telephone poles were still to be raised; a whole system of tunnels to be mined.

While unloading the ships in February we could still work outside in nothing more than a light shirt, trousers, underwear, shoes and a single pair of socks. But now in April the sun was dying; the cold came in and settled like a dead weight; the blizzards became more venomous; and a lurid, Hollywood orange moon, swollen by refraction, shoved its bulk out of the Ross Sea. And it was strange still to be working then; an unfathomable uneasiness permeated the camp.

The sun departed gradually. Lower and lower its bright wheel rolled along the north-western horizon; more delicate and exquisite became the colours. The high cirrus clouds took on the extravagant opulence of tropical plants: yellows, gold, greens, pinks, blues of a delicacy and novelty past describing.

So the day dies and the night pours in, profound and vast, wheeling its lavish constellations and spreading the fluttering ballet of the aurora. It is an exciting thing to watch, this transition, if you don't mind the cold too much. The spell

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of those hours never leaves you.

Meanwhile we carried on an endless struggle with the drift, which is the curse of a polar camp. Like a fiendish, malignant enemy it paralyses every effort. Propelled by high winds, it moves down with the rush of a mountain river, a smothering confusion. The boxes of stores, the planes, even all Little America itself, became heaps of hard-packed drift in which we prodded with the persistency, if not the passion, of archaeologists. Even at the end of May, with the sun more than a month below the horizon, men were still sounding the hard depths with 12-foot brass rods, in search of machine-shop equipment.

Through cone-shaped mounds of drift Commander Noville and Supply Officer Corey, early in April, launched the connecting tunnels which in time unified Little America's underground existence. The tunnels were walled with boxed stores and roofed with waterproof paper laid across chicken wire and supported by wooden slats. When the system was completed, it would have been possible for the expedition to work and live entirely underground during the winter night.

The Long Winter

NOW THAT I look back on it, the four months of darkness weren't so bad. Sometimes life was exceedingly



BENSONS/ARTISTS

trying; certainly it was cold and bleak and impoverished, and once in a while you were driven to say and do things you wouldn't have done if there were more scope to existence. But the honest apprehensions which caused the inclusion of a dozen strait-jackets among the properties of the first expedition were ludicrously unfounded.

No doubt the strain of the winter night was more intense in the past, when exploring parties were smaller, comforts scarcer, and there wasn't opportunity to take up the slack by overhauling tractors and planes and preparing for half a dozen major journeys. With us, all winter long there was a whine of

drills in the machine shops, the click of Bailey's radio key, the smell of blubber from the seal cutting house, where Russell, Paine and Stancliff were manufacturing dog pemmican, a litter of rations being packed on the Mess Hall tables, the busy hum of Miller's sewing machine, and calls for volunteers for this job or that—secure the tarpaulin over the big plane, carry petrol for the lighting plant, clean out the snow melter, or shore up a caving tunnel.

In general Little America reached its emotional zenith promptly at 6.15 every morning when the sleepy and shivering messmen, reporting for duty in the galley, found the fire out, the snow melter frozen, the

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dishwater used up, and the sink stacked with dirty dishes flipped there by midnight diners. From the second-in-command down we took turn about at mess duty; so every morning there was a fresh diapason of dismay and indignation from the galley.

It really took a great deal to shake Little America out of its rutted unconcern. Though Petersen each day copied and distributed news flimsies from the world radio Press, I remember only two instances wherein the news excited comment at the mess tables—Bruno Hauptmann's arrest and the assassination of Premier Dollfuss of Austria. Otherwise, nothing outside our own private concerns seemed to strike very deep, or be very important.

Dogs *versus* Tractors

ONE ENDLESS source of diversion was the incessant debate over the matter of Dogs *v.* Tractors. The autumn expeditions had seen the first contest between the old and the new, between steel and the finely strung heart and sinew of the Eskimo husky. And in the first telling test, the dog came out second best. But the dog drivers were very, very sceptical, and over the mess tables there raged a controversy which outlasted the winter night.

The tractor drivers referred to Captain Innes-Taylor's young men as "dog catchers"; and the latter twitted the tractor corps as "limousine explorers." Passionately

defending a heritage which they thought was being despoiled by machinery, the dog drivers proclaimed that the tractors, with their greasy droppings, were corrupting the traditions of polar sledging—which only excited from the tractor corps the retort that times were changing and that the "horseless carriage has come to stay in Antarctica."

Very fond was Captain Innes-Taylor of the story of how one night the tractors passed him when he and his half-frozen dog drivers, out on a field journey, were trying to spoon some food past their chattering teeth. The *beep-beep-beep* of a tractor horn suddenly smote the silence. The sledgers got to the tent flap just in time to see the red-and-black cars flash by in a cloud of drift.

"You have my word for it, gentlemen," the Captain swore, "those bloated daredevils were lolling on cushioned seats, chewing gum and eating chocolate like so many millionaires on a tour. Stop? Hell, those fellows went by with their noses stuck up in the air as if they were passing a family of peasants having a humble dinner in their miserable hovel!"

Beneath this banter there was a vein of hard truth. Perhaps that was why the shafts stung; both sides were right, and each knew it. The two forms of transport each had hardships and problems peculiar to itself; for punishment there was little to choose between them.



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On one hand, the sledging parties contended with the same unfriendly circumstances that have always gone hand-in-hand with sledging: bone-searing cold and physical hardships; the endless labour of pitching and breaking camp; fighting swaying sledges over razor-backed snow ridges; ice-filled sleeping bags and ski boots that must be kneaded and pounded before they can be put on; the agony of beating into super-cooled head-winds and trying to hold steady on a compass course while the dogs cringe belly-down and persistently veer away from the wind; and the scuffling of blizzards over quaking tents and the sudden torrent of snow bursting through a running rent in the cloth.

On the other hand, the tractor drivers had to meet conditions for which there was no prior experience or counsel: the misery of handling petrol and metal in temperatures that shrivelled the flesh; sucking and blowing the frozen condensation out of petrol lines; playing blow torches over frozen carburettors and radiators; the exasperating hours of waiting for blow torches to loosen the oil and grease in the crankcase and transmission, which congealed to the viscosity of rubber the moment the ignition switches were cut; the continual parting of towlines and the tipping of heavily loaded sledges; and the agony of making small, delicate adjustments with bare hands in remote parts of the engines,

with cold robbing the hands of feeling and drift stinging the eyes. And the torture, finally, of sitting hour after hour in the freezing cars, unable to get circulation back into limbs numb with cold.

Cold and blizzards were levelling factors and both tractors and dogs had their heels of Achilles.

Winter Night

THE Antarctic winter has a queer replenishment and dignity of its own. Nowhere on earth will you see anything lovelier than the Ross Ice Barrier by moonlight. Here you felt the beauty and repose of the night, its immensity and movement, whole armies of stars and wheeling constellations, and the tidal movements of the aurora, now lying like a pale ocean river of light through the zenith, now bursting into insane displays, becoming searchlights, puckering and flying curtains, groping rays.

And you could glance up from the wastes of the Barrier and see taking shape, in misty showers of ice crystals, the magical refraction phenomena of the moon—haloes, paraselenae (moon dogs) and, rarest of all, the corona, with the moon a polished ancient silver coin framed between concentric rings of colour, pale blues and greens and smoking reds.

When you look upon such things there comes surging an awareness of the dignity of the earth, of the unaccountable importance of being alive,

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ANTARCTIC DISCOVERY

and the thought comes out of nowhere that unhappiness rises not so much from lacking as from having too much. And you imagine the end of the world will probably look like that, and the last men retreating from the cliffs will look out upon some such horizon, with all things at last in equilibrium, the winds quiet, the sea frozen, the sky composed, and the earth in glacial quietude.

Or so you fancy. Then along comes a walloping blizzard and knocks such night dreaming into a cocked hat. In an Antarctic blizzard the peace is shattered as by a vast concussion; the world becomes a vindictive, brooding extravagance of plunging wind and foaming breakers of drift. It is as if the Barrier were disintegrating and flying to leeward.

The blizzard has a queer taut sound, like the drumming of a mountain river in spring. And above and through it come rhythmic overtones, the creak and rattle of stovepipes, the hiss of snow melting against hot metal, the clack of the wind-driven generator atop the radio towers.

The sounds fill and dull the ears until one ceases to hear them. But in the night, sometimes, something indefinable, like the lifting of a pressure, will awaken you out of a shallow sleep. Then you recognize it for what it is: the creeping, rustling quiet of great cold—ah, the wind has stopped.

It was pleasant enough inside. Indeed, one of the peculiar pleasures of a blizzard was its vigorous reminder of the snugness and security of the shacks. All that ridiculous uproar and violence, just a few feet above your head; and below, the quiet currents of a deep pool. But God help you if such a storm catches you away from camp, or even walking topside.

In a blizzard, you can become utterly, hopelessly lost on a path you've travelled times past numbering, and darkness gives it a terrifying power for panic. In a smother of wind and drift you flounder blindly, gasping for the air sucked out of the lungs. You bump against a familiar pole, stumble over a familiar box or pile of rubbish, but they seem utterly strange and disconnected from the pattern in which you're trying to place them.

Coming from the Old Mess Hall in a 50-mile blizzard, "Ike" Schlossbach groped for half an hour over Little America before he finally tumbled, having no idea where he was, into the tunnel entrance above Dog Town. In the same blow Ronne headed overland for the galley. The wind soon twisted him round. Scared to death, shivering, trembling and talking to himself, he had given himself up for lost when he blundered, with a gratefulness he couldn't express, into the skis grouped round a tunnel hatch. Sometimes the wind reached a velocity of over 100 miles an hour.

Once a tractor party, camped on

the trail, was caught in such a hurricane. When the storm struck, Von der Wall was asleep in the tractor; June, Petersen and Rawson were in the cook tent, which had been pitched in the tractor's lee. Von der Wall tells the story :

I woke up when the hurricane hit. The tractor had a 10 degree list, and she was shaking and rising, like a small ship in a heavy sea. I decided I'd try to reach the other fellows. I took just one step out of the lee, when something hit me and down I went. Drift filled my mouth: I seemed to be smothered and choking, but I didn't dare get to my feet, knowing I'd be blown off the plateau. But I had to go somewhere, so I started crawling, flat on my belly. After two or three feet my hands hit the treads; I felt my way aft and finally got to the door. The wind pounded the tractor all night.

It was 11 hours before the others could reach Von der Wall, ten feet away.

As for cold, it was more tolerable than one might think. Some men were out every day of the winter, except when drift was too severe; we had some grand skiing parties down on the Bay of Whales even on the coldest and darkest days. On the three occasions the temperature crossed minus 71 degrees, at least half a dozen men were out skiing several hours. As a matter of fact, there was real joy in being out in such air. It had an exciting taste to it; when you drew a breath it

seemed to hit the back of the head, and nose and throat tingled with the feel of it.

The tolerable quality of great cold—I mean in the low sixties—is that it almost invariably occurs when the air is utterly quiet. Sometimes, when there is the barest breath of wind you can hear the breath freezing as it floats to leeward, a strange uncanny sound, like the explosion of tiny Chinese firecrackers. Of course you get nipped often enough. Most of the skiers had scabrous, frostbite sores on cheeks and hands, which in the dim light of the shacks looked like incipient leprosy. But you accepted frostbite in the natural order of things; it was as inevitable as sunburn in the summer, if considerably more annoying.

It was unnecessary to wear an excessive amount of clothing. This fact was most vexing to the cameramen, who were evidently under strict orders from Hollywood to photograph the explorer *in furs*. Furs were used only during flights when men had no opportunity to exercise, or in camp on the trail, or, finally, whenever the cameramen were able to muster a battalion for some special scene of hardship. In most cases the hardship came from wearing the furs. They're frightfully hot if you move around at all; worse than that, there lingers for days a singularly musty odour.

In the clear cold winter we could see and hear for miles. Sounds carried with tinkling clarity. The clang

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of a hammer, even a loud shout, carried unbelievable distances. The swish of distant skis on hard snow was startlingly loud. And often out of the darkness would float the round sounds of the pressure working — mysterious creakings and groanings, distant muffled sounds, and sudden crashings and tumbling noises as unseen blocks let go.

But the strangest noises of all were those of the seals under 15 feet of ice—the thud of heads blundering against obstructions in the depths, the scrape of bodies, half-strangled gurglings, pipings, and a trill that was almost birdlike.

The winter night is by no means a period of unmitigated cold. In fact,

we were almost embarrassed in May and June by the onset of what the meteorologists referred to as a "heat wave." For 16 days in a row the temperature reached zero or higher.

Polar Routine

IN THE slow river of darkness life flowed pretty much by routine. Reveille was at seven o'clock. At noon we had a light lunch consisting of pea soup (or pea soup), salami, corned beef, the hash left over from breakfast, sardines every other day, coffee or cocoa, and occasionally a dessert, almost always canned fruit. Supper was the heavy meal of the day—a soup, a meat course, two or three dehydrated vegetables, fresh



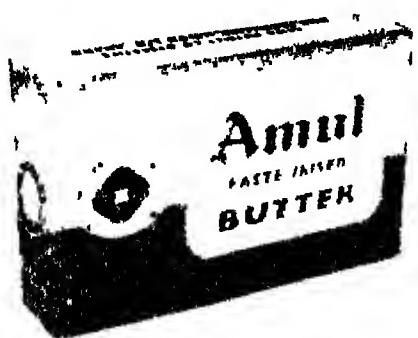
bread, a dessert, and coffee. By the middle of the winter night, with six months still to go on the ice, we were practically out of beef. But there were ample amounts of salt horse, ham, pig's knuckles, mutton and seal meat. Every once in a while we had chicken on Sunday, until the dogs got loose one night, broke into the meat cache and practically cleaned out the poultry.

Three times a week, commencing at seven o'clock, we'd have film shows. They were an extraordinary mixture of good and bad, but many men missed not one, not even the fifth or sixth showing.

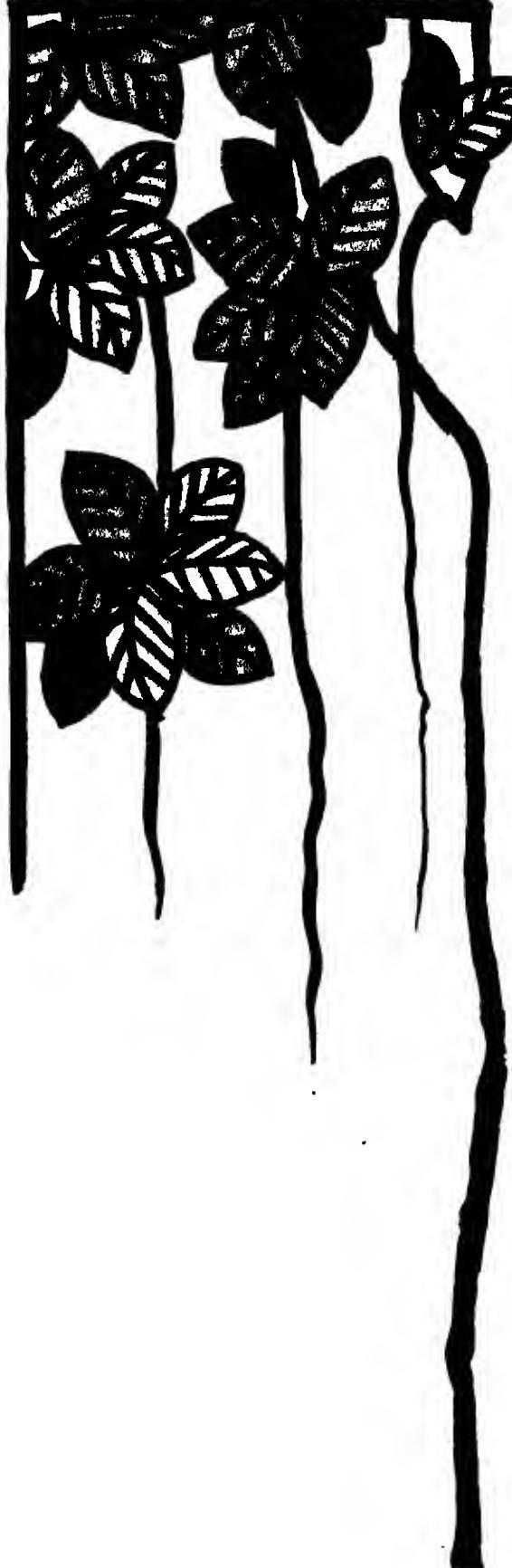
The films at Little America had certain aspects not found elsewhere,

some of which quite took your breath away. If you happened to be returning from a ski trip down to the Bay of Whales, cold as the devil and your mind at peace, it was rather startling to hear, rising in waves of agitation through the Mess Hall ventilators, a woman's voice, ". . . don't, Zebulon, please . . . not now!"

The curfew was ten o'clock. All electric lights out then, no more coal on the fire. The hour was fixed more by the need of saving coal than anything else. Most of the men had small bunk lights, run from torch batteries or paraffin, which made it possible to read after the main lights went out. But when the fire died the



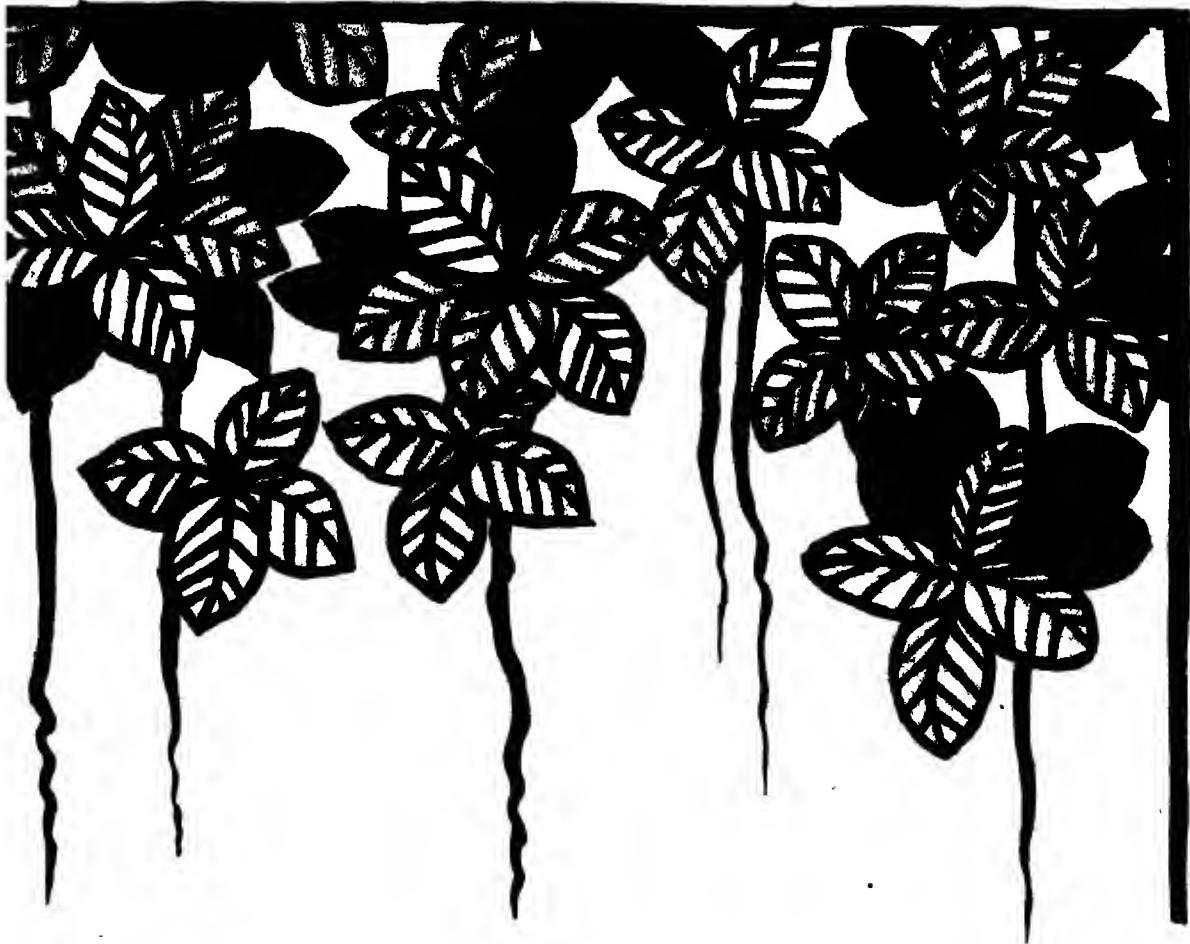
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air chilled quickly. Hands would get cold, breath would begin to freeze, and one by one the bunk lights would wink out. From overhead, as the roof cooled, would come strange sharp cracklings and, carrying on the still air, the taut reports of the ice contracting in the Bay of Whales.

The ghastliest ordeal of all was getting up in the morning. At night when we turned in, the doors were always opened into the tunnels; this made for circulation of the air, but the shack temperature would drop to as low as minus 25 degrees. The washing water in the buckets froze, boots got hard as iron, clothing drying on the lines over the stove became stiff with ice, a coating of rime gathered on the sleeping bags where the breath fell.

Though orders called for all hands out at reveille, no real attempt was ever made to enforce it. As a matter of fact, discipline in such matters was never rigid. Few orders were given and there was no harsh holding to the line. In this respect, I suppose, we differed most strikingly from the polar camp of tradition. Little America was mostly a group of individuals, each with a pretty fair idea of his job, working informally and each more or less to his taste towards the common end. Perhaps no other system could have survived the variety of temperaments sealed in the caves of Little America.

The pertinacity with which most

of the scientists carried on throughout the winter night was amazing. To find a peaceful and quiet place for work was a real problem. Privacy in the ordinary meaning of the term did not exist.

I remember one day checking off the extraordinary confusion of enterprises under way at one time in the Science Hall: Cox, the carpenter, operating a power saw; the gramophone going full blast. Bramhall and Dr. Potaka playing chess in one corner with three meddlers giving counsel; a noisy rift in the lute in another corner where a tractor driver and dog driver were contending over trail matters; Morgan calling hopelessly into a five-metre radio telephone for Black, who was half a mile away with the seismic sounding equipment; Blackburn washing his underwear in an iron bucket, and falling over it; Perkins and Boyd tinkering with a device for photographing microscopic specimens the biologist had just brought up out of the frozen depths of the Bay of Whales; Sterrett snoozing peacefully with his feet on the desk; Innes-Taylor, with half a dozen consultants, sewing up a dog slashed in a Dog Town squabble; and Walter Lewisohn crashing in with a 100 lb. sack of coal for the stove.

Above everything else the winter night was a period of preparation for spring enterprises. We scraped the war chest bare to outfit the trail parties. In spite of all the planning many shortages developed. The



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most serious was fuel for the tractors. To save petrol all electric light bulbs not absolutely necessary were eliminated; we were put on a diet of ten-watt bulbs, awful things for close work, mere misty glows in darkness.

At the fag end there developed a shortage of plywood needed for trail boxes and for housing radio equipment. In our profligate way we had used the stuff for all sorts of private projects. Now the carpenters were raiding the shacks for any good piece fit for their purposes. Still I scarcely realized how acute the needs were until the day I saw Von der Wall and Demas sneak through the radio shack with a piece of wood

which I was horrified to identify as the only door to our only toilet. An hour later it was being nailed into the sides of tractor No. 3.

Drama at Advance Base

AT THE Advance Base everything seemed to be going nicely. From the day Admiral Byrd commenced his isolation there on March 28 we were in frequent radio communication with him, and occasionally the officers of the camp discussed various aspects of the field operations with him.

Towards the end of June Dr. Poulter considered using No. 1 tractor as a rolling meteor observatory, taking it 30 or 40 miles south for

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synchronous observations with the main observatory at Little America. Then he awakened to the possibility of pushing through to Advance Base, which would give him a longer base line for calculating the paths and altitudes of meteors and, at the same time, a more congenial shelter than the tractor.

The trip was set for mid-July. Mindful, however, of Admiral Byrd's explicit orders that under no conditions should an attempt be made to reach him so long as the darkness held, Poulter took the meteor project up with him by radio. Admiral Byrd briefly replied that if Poulter thought the project essential, he was willing to approve.

However, he recommended withholding final decision until a test run gave a line not only on the tractor's performance, but also on how readily the trail flags planted in March could be followed.

At that time, we know now, he was at the end of his tether—dying from the effects of the poisonous fumes cast off by the stove and petrol generator, scarcely able to walk, existing on half-frozen foods he was too ill to prepare properly.

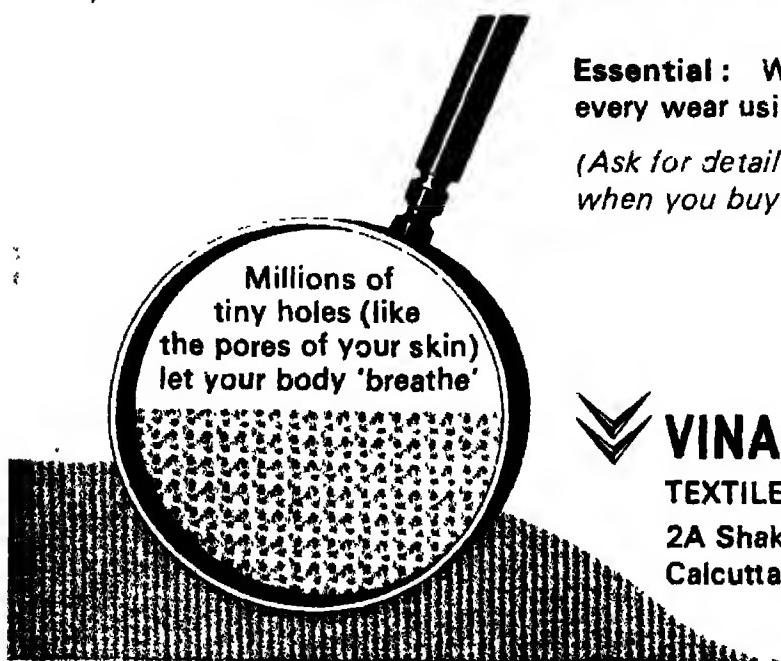
July must have been an unspeakable ordeal for him. Fighting off an infinite weakness, though despairing of ever recovering, he was keeping up his observations. The mild weather of June crumpled under a

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fresh onslaught of cold. Twenty-five times during July the thermometer crossed minus 50; four times it passed minus 70; once it stood at minus 80. And this man at Advance Base, too helpless to do anything about it, watched the drift wash up over the roof of the shack, assailing his only exit.

In the wisdom that comes after the event, light falls upon things that once were meaningless. Weeks later we were to feel cold shivers when we saw how everything added up, how undiscerning we had been.

On July 5 Admiral Byrd's radio signals for the first time failed to come in. The following day, our radio operator, Dyer, re-established contact. As he spelt out the code on the typewriter, Dyer remarked that the Admiral was using his hand-cranked generator. "I can tell by the sound. It's unmistakable."

Admiral Byrd explained that his main set was "shot." It must have been a frightful blow. In his weakened condition, cranking the emergency hand set called for strength it was almost impossible to muster. He collapsed after signing off that day, his diary shows.

Then, though we called twice a day, we failed to contact him again until July 15. On that day Dyer, switching hopefully to the receiver, was just in time to catch Advance Base in the middle of a message:

"... above all tractors must be absolutely certain not to lose trail or run out of fuel . . . and (take) no

chances with lives of men . . ." And Admiral Byrd signed off, as always, with an "O.K. cheerio."

On the 20th, at 2.30 in the afternoon, No. 1 tractor started south, a grotesque, misshapen monstrosity drooling great plumes of vapour from the exhaust.

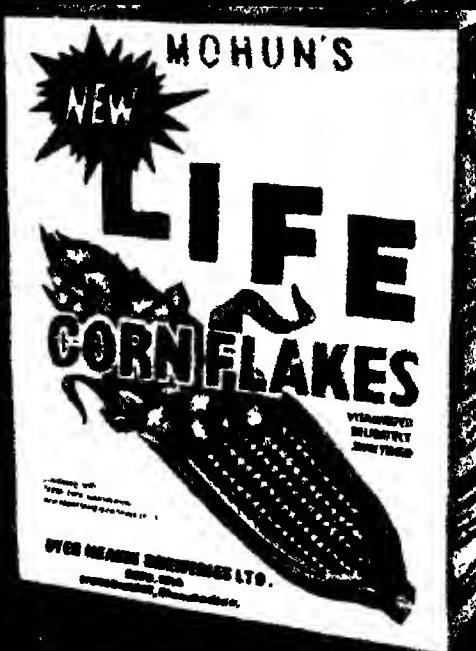
Through radio's sorcery Little America followed the car southward into the polar night. At 12.30 a.m. on the third day, Dyer intercepted a message that Waite, radio operator on the tractor, was broadcasting "blind" to Admiral Byrd:

"We are at 50-Mile Depot unable to locate trail around crevassed area in six hours. Apparently snowed under . . . Many flags completely covered. Think it inadvisable to proceed through crevassed area without more light. Poulter."

Thus ended the first attempt to reach Admiral Byrd. Had these men guessed the suffering that lay south of them, when they sat in the freezing cabin over bowls of stew and debated whether to hold to the letter of Admiral Byrd's instructions or make a run for it, taking a chance on the darkness and crevasses, the car would never have turned back to Little America.

Admiral Byrd had not heard the foregoing message and his last certain news was that the car was outward bound. As the hours dragged into days and the northern horizon yielded no sign of its coming, the fear possessed him that either the crew had met with disaster or

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He was still trying to get through. His diary said:

Can't keep up these blind broadcasts much longer . . . I've tried cranking the radio set with my feet, when my arms give out, but it wasn't made for the feet and I can't keep it from jumping around. Worst of all, I can't seem to repair the receiver . . . I'm afraid that if I don't keep the beacons alight at the stated hours they may never find the shack . . .

To the Rescue

MEANWHILE fear was creeping through Little America that the leader was in distress. The silence itself was suspect, and the simple explanation that Admiral Byrd was having trouble with his radio set didn't entirely account for it. After he became dependent upon the hand-cranked generator, Dyer remarked how slow and ragged his sending was.

The messages filtered through in groups of three or four words. In between he would spell out "wait." When asked about these pauses Admiral Byrd explained he had a "bad arm" which made it difficult to crank.

Early in August, one of Admiral Byrd's messages came in badly garbled. Asked to repeat, he commenced again. Then abruptly the code thinned out and faded.

Dyer fidgeted nervously at the dials, but nothing came through.

"Are you ill? Are you hurt?"

The tired answer drifted out of the south, spelled out with infinite slowness: "Please don't ask me crank any more. I'm O.K."

At that instant the fears and intuitions of July were confirmed. And at 11.30 on the morning of August 8, No. 3 tractor, with a crew of three, left to make a run of it to Advance Base. Poulter was in charge. The temperature was minus 44 degrees, and the sky utterly dark.

For three days Little America didn't draw a happy breath.

In spite of poor visibility Poulter made 30 miles the first morning. In the early evening of the 9th they fetched up at 50-Mile Depot. At 7.45 on the morning of the 10th our radio brought news. They had picked up the flags of the old trail, but . . . "generators going haywire, ignition failing every few minutes. Been going since 8 a.m. yesterday." By the afternoon of the 10th they were at 81 miles. The generator burned out, the brushes on the spare were badly worn; they were whittling tiny blocks of wood to hold them in place.

Waite told Dyer their hands and faces were freezing every few minutes. Fagged out, too. "Eating and going right through," Poulter reported.

Then we lost contact with them. Advance Base was also silent. Slumped over his key at Little America, Dyer kept calling, calling, calling. As he turned the dial the whole world piped up—London,

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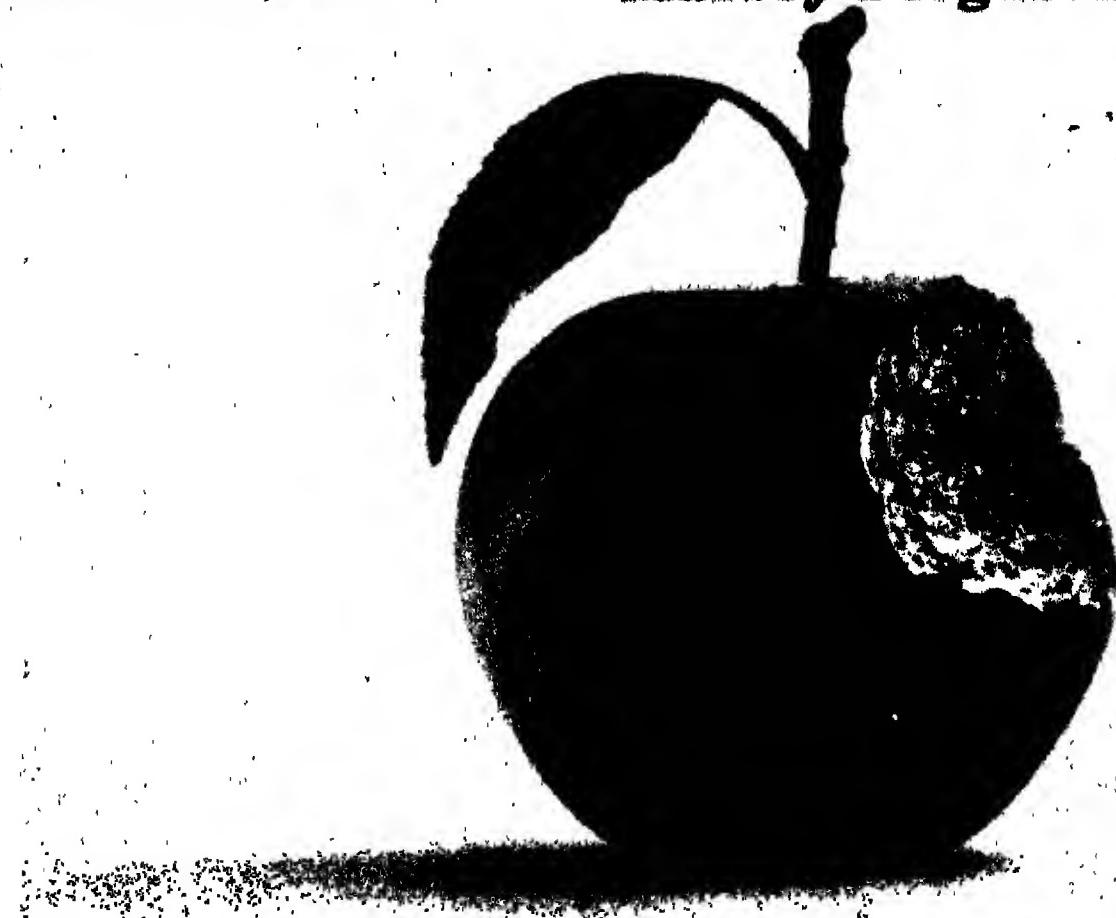
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New York, San Francisco, ships at sea, aircraft reporting to ground stations. But from the south—nothing.

Midnight came, went by; the flame went out under the primus stove and the coffee froze in the pot.

"Try Advance Base, John," somebody suggested. "They may have reached there."

"Here's the tractor, at last!" Dyer said. He wheeled to the typewriter. Words hurried across the message blank: "Heard you calling me on REB's receiver. Will go back to shack to finish sending. Confidential. Found him weak from fumes. Waite."

Ten minutes went by.

"For God's sake," somebody snapped at Dyer, "tell Poulter we want to know how Byrd is."

The answer floated back: "Pretty weak now, but think he will pull through."

Safe at Last

LATER ON we learned what had happened. Shortly after the tractor pushed on from 81 miles south, Poulter, sitting atop the cab, had seen the blue light of a magnesium flare well up in the south. Two hours of what seemed to be creeping progress, though they were making five knots; then a winking light showed up at the port bow. Just before midnight, a livid burst of flame split the darkness as they topped the last rise.

The searchlight picked up a man

in furs walking slowly towards the tractor. "Come on down, fellows. I have a bowl of hot soup for you."

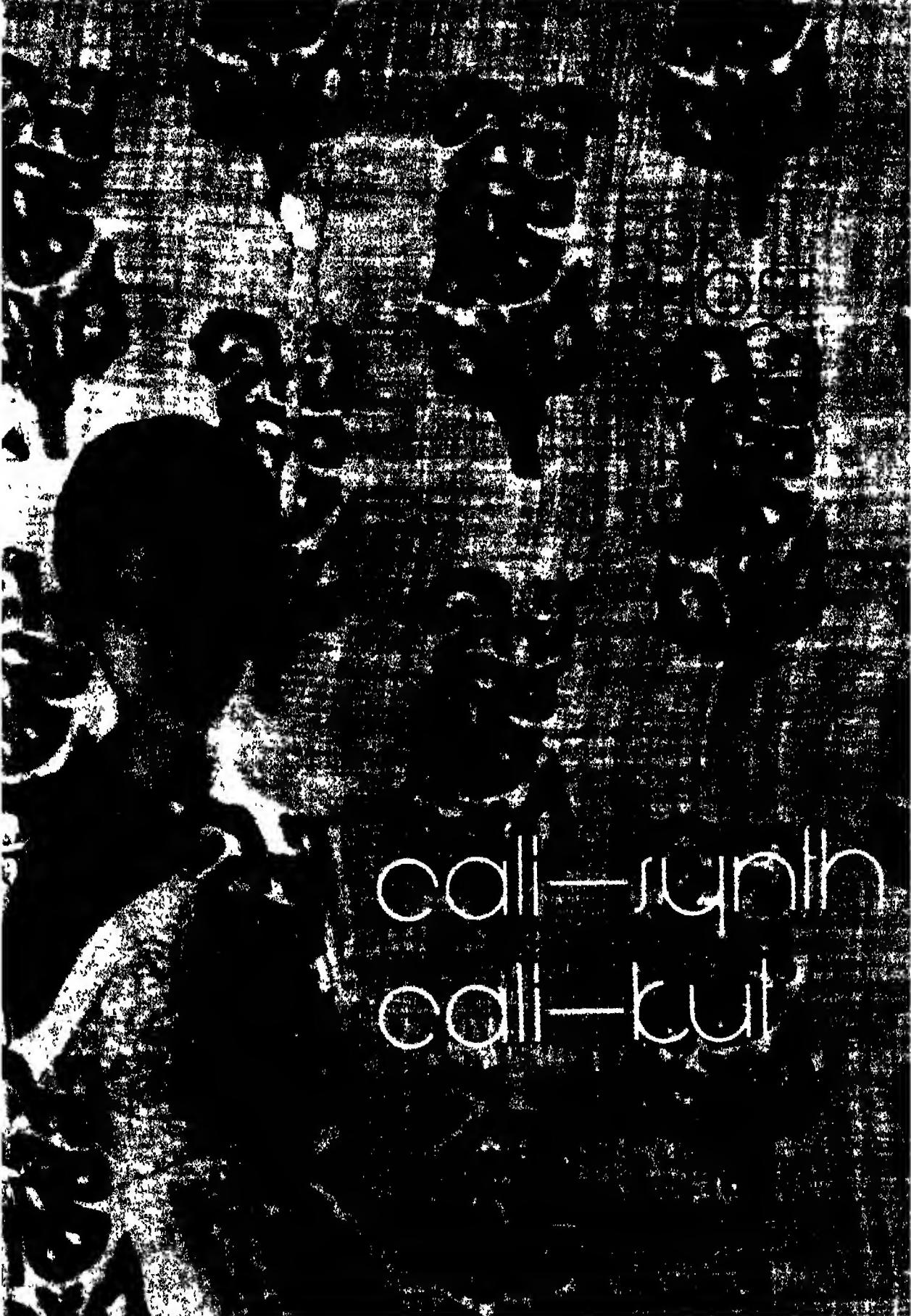
And still later we elicited the rest of Admiral Byrd's experiences: the gradual poisoning from the fumes of the stove; the almost fatal blow on May 31 when the gas from the petrol-driven generator running in the tunnel felled him; the ghastly struggle to live through the cold and darkness of June and July and finally into August.

The pattern at last had come together. The blossoming clue was a man's sense of dignity, honour and responsibility. Through the chilling realization of what might have happened during the two and a half months Admiral Byrd lay ill at Advance Base welled up happiness that it had finally worked out all right.

"The meteorological records are complete," Poulter advised by radio. From him, a scientist, it was the highest compliment he could frame. They would all remain, he said, at Advance Base until Admiral Byrd was well enough to travel.

How long would that be? He didn't know. At least a month, anyhow. But it was October 12 before Bowlin took off in the plane *Pilgrim* for Advance Base. Shortly after one o'clock Waite flashed word from the base that the plane had taken off for the return to Little America, that Admiral Byrd and Poulter were aboard. An hour later the plane grew in the sky and we went forward to meet it.

THE END



call-sunth
call-cut



September 1951

Readers' Digest

BY RAYMOND
MERRILL PARKER LUMIS

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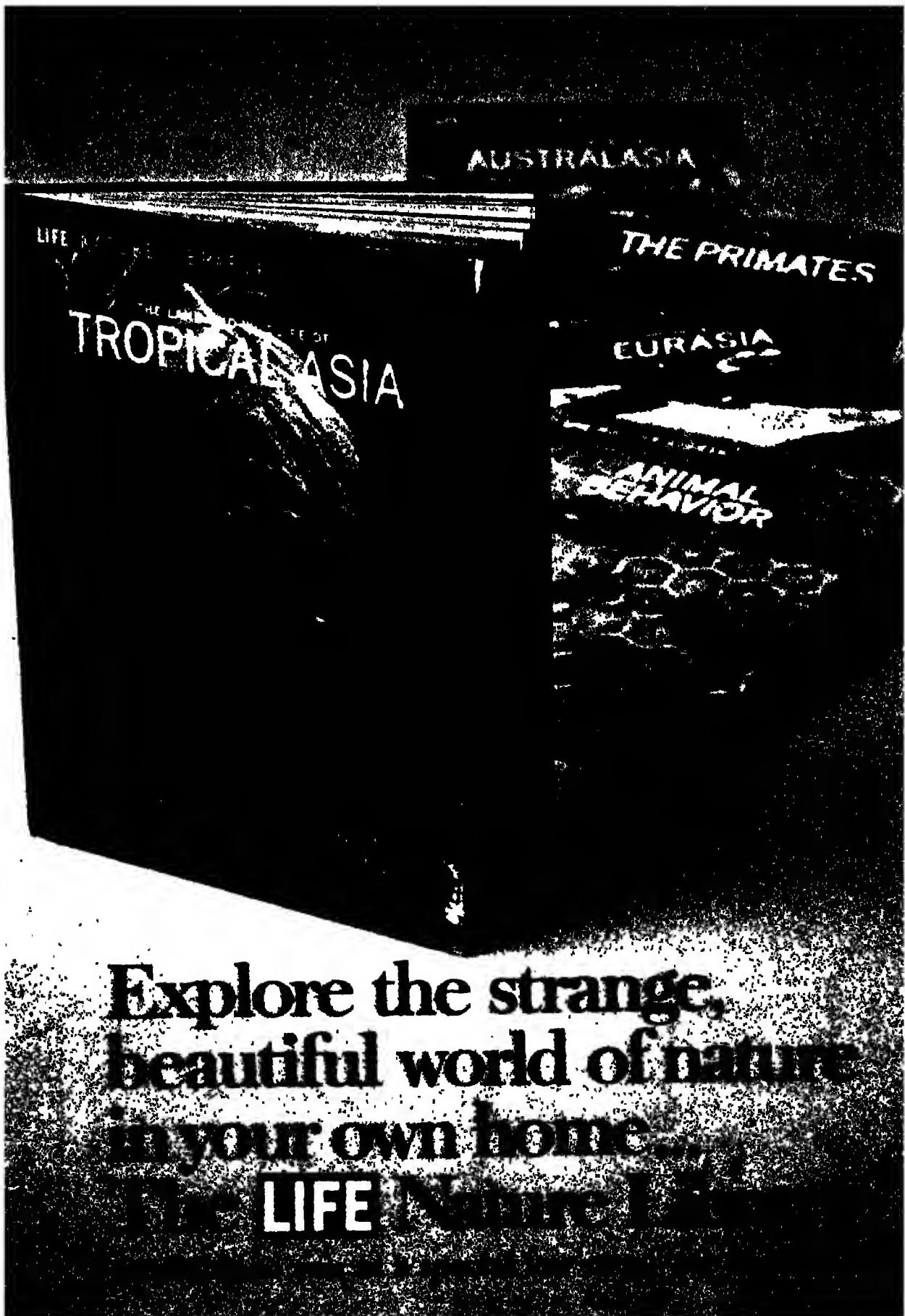


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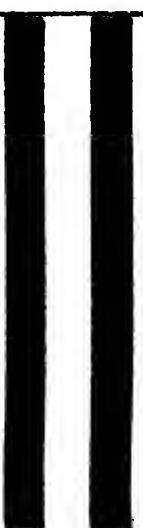
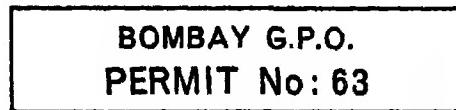
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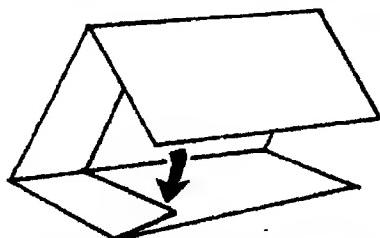
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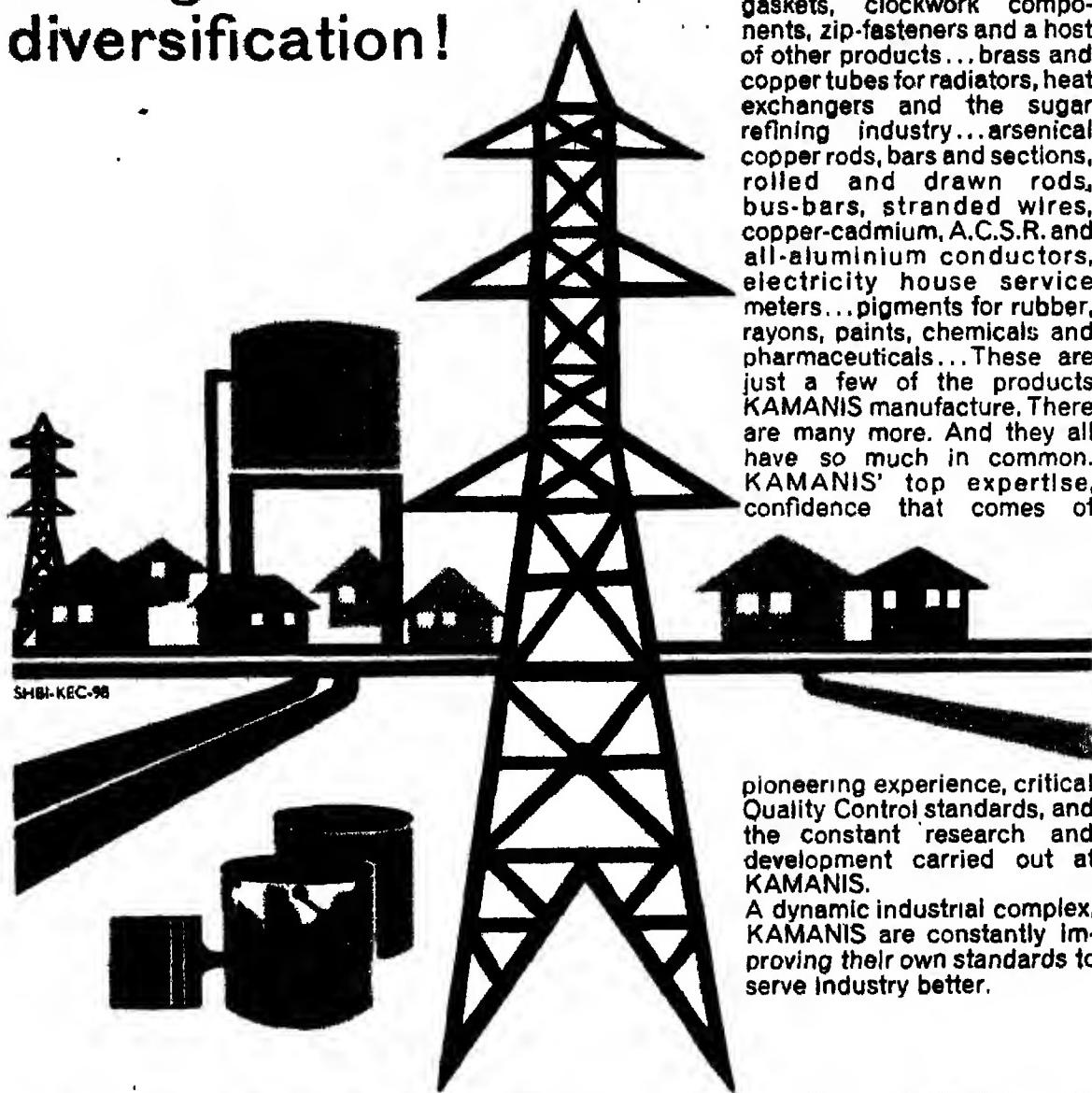
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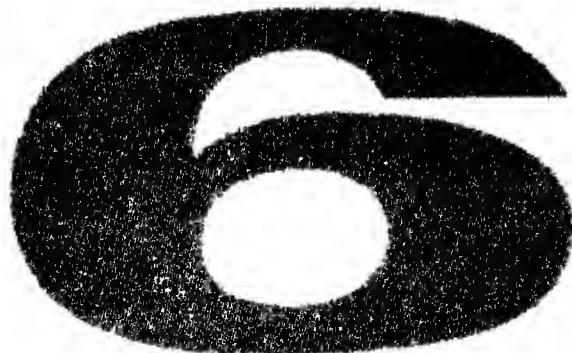
By PETER FUNK

IN EVERYDAY speech we slip easily into comfortable word ruts; to stay out of them requires constant effort. In the test below, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 18.

- (1) **galvanize** (găl' vă niz')—A: to force. B: render powerful. *C: startle into action. D: propel forward.
- (2) **inexorable** (in ēk' so ră b'l)—A: formidable. B: inexcusable. C: cruel. *D: relentless.
- (3) **niggardly** (nig' erd li)—A: stingy. B: mercenary. C: frugal. D: bootish.
- (4) **tractable**—A: fertile. *B: manageable. C: unbending. D: understandable.
- (5) **odious**—A: hateful. B: oppressive. C: wicked. D: having a penetrating odour.
- (6) **incomparable** (in kōm' pa ră b'l)—A: irrelevant. B: dissimilar. C: hard to understand. D: unequalled.
- (7) **resplendent**—A: gaudy. *B: shining brilliantly. C: conspicuous. D: noisy.
- (8) **exemplary** (ēg zĕm' plă rī)—A: worthy of imitation. B: plainly expressed. C: true to type. D: unusual.
- (9) **impregnable** (im prĕg' nă b'l)—A: stubborn. B: *unconquerable. C: incapable of being fertilized. D: sturdy.
- (10) **chivalrous** (shiv' āl rūs)—A: sophisticated. B: affectedly nice. C: well-bred. *D: gallant.
- (11) **amiable**—A: *polite. B: hardy. C: friendly. D: popular.
- (12) **profusion**—A: *abundance. B: disorder. C: scattering. D: exuberance.
- (13) **dauntless**—A: impractical. B: self-assertive. C: unconcerned. *D: fearless.
- (14) **ecstatic**—A: bewildered. B: animated. *C: enraptured. D: under a spell.
- (15) **gusto**—A: excitement. *B: keen enjoyment. C: sense of humour. D: rowdiness.
- (16) **junta**—A: administrative council. B: ecclesiastical order. C: emblem of servitude. D: military conspiracy.
- (17) **obstinate**—A: unintelligent. *B: unyielding. C: depressed. D: aggressive.
- (18) **sublime**—A: enchanting. B: eternal. *C: exalted. D: lovely.
- (19) **irresolute**—A: dissipated. B: not responsible. C: decisive. D: undetermined.
- (20) **empathy**—A: lack of interest. B: strong dislike. C: sympathetic understanding. D: fatigue.

(Now turn to page 18)

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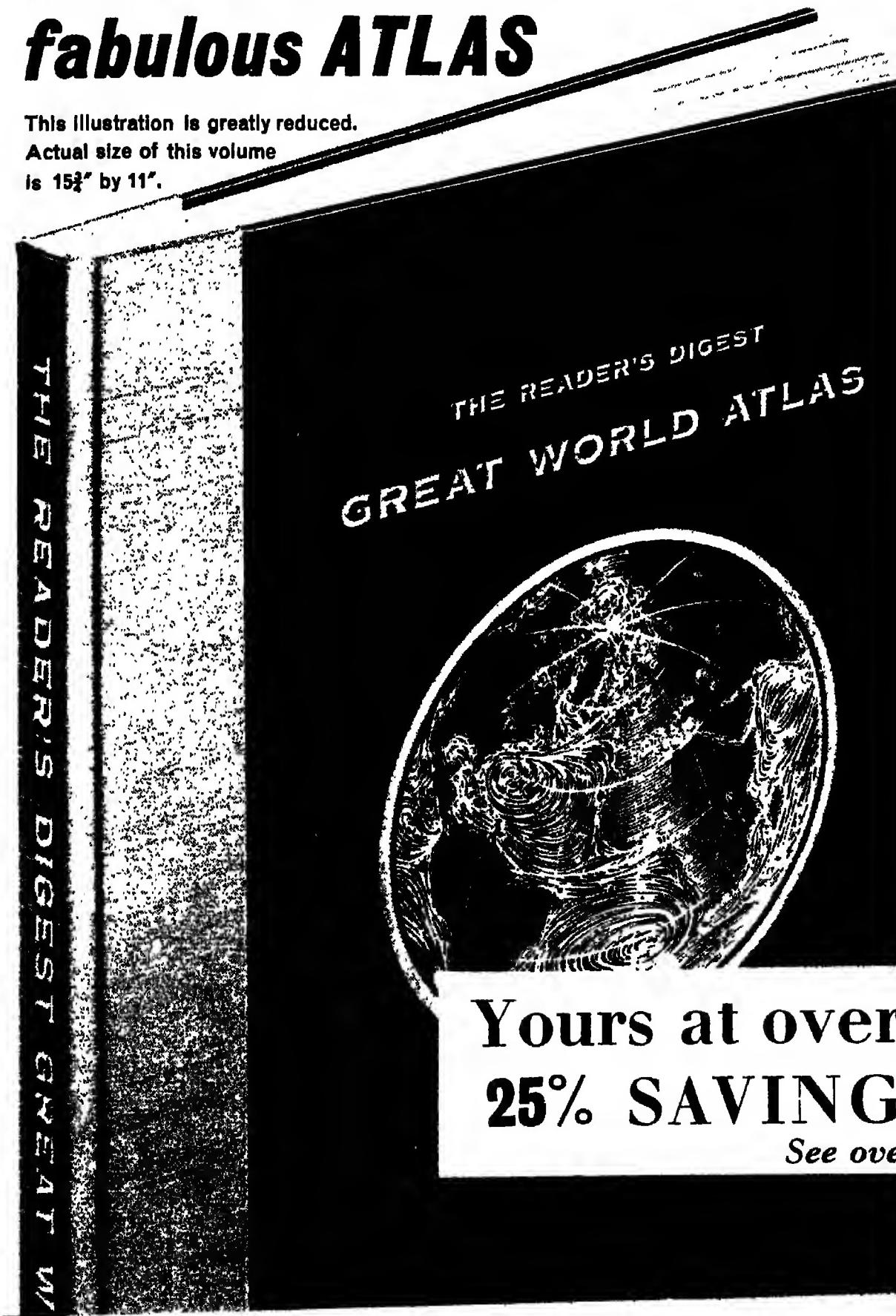
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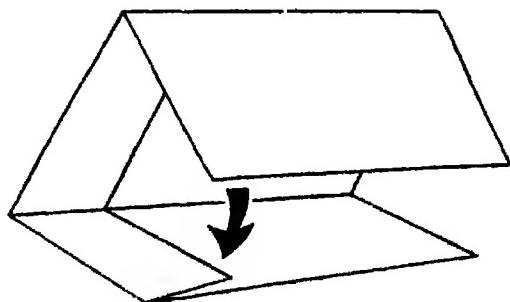
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•It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

Answers to the quiz on page 11

- (1) **galvanize**—C: To startle into action; stimulate or excite as if by an electric charge; also, to coat iron or steel with zinc. After Italian physician and physicist Luigi Galvani.
- (2) **inexorable**—D: Relentless; as, the *inexorable* passage of time. Latin *inxorabilis*, “not to be moved by entreaty.”
- (3) **niggardly**—A: Stingy; miserly; as, a *niggardly* person.
- (4) **tractable**—B: Manageable; docile; easily handled; as, a *tractable* horse. Latin *tractabilis*, “compliant.”
- (5) **odious**—A: Hateful; disagreeable; offensive; disgusting; as, an *odious* task. Latin *odium*, “hatred.”
- (6) **incomparable**—D: Unequalled; beyond comparison; matchless; as, a woman of *incomparable* beauty. Latin *incomparabilis*.
- (7) **resplendent**—B: Shining brilliantly; lustrous; radiant; splendid; as, *resplendent* in colourful uniforms. Latin *resplendens*.
- (8) **exemplary**—A: Worthy of imitation; serving as a model or pattern; as, *exemplary* conduct; also, serving as a warning; monitory; as, *exemplary* punishment. Latin *exemplaris*, from *exemplum*, “example.”
- (9) **impregnable**—B: Unconquerable; capable of resisting attack; as, an *impregnable* position. Old French *imprenable*, “untakable.”
- (10) **chivalrous**—D: Gallant; courteous; considerate; brave and generous; as, *chivalrous* ideals. Old French *chevalier*, “knight.”
- (11) **amiable**—C: Friendly; pleasing in personality; kindly; as, an *amiable* group. Latin *amicabilis*, “friendly.”
- (12) **profusion**—A: Abundance; bountiful or lavish supply; as, a *profusion* of talents. Latin *profundere*, “to pour forth.”
- (13) **dauntless**—D: Fearless, bold; intrepid; valiant; as, *dauntless* determination. Latin *domitare*, “to tame.”
- (14) **ecstatic**—C: Enraptured; delighted; thrilled; as, an *ecstatic* audience. Greek *ekstatikos*, “astonished with.”
- (15) **gusto**—B: Keen enjoyment; enthusiastic appreciation, marked by zest and relish; as, to tell a story with *gusto*. Latin *gustare*, “to taste, enjoy.”
- (16) **junta**—A: Administrative or legislative council or committee; faction; as, to rule by military *junta*. Spanish, from Latin *jungere*, “to join.”
- (17) **obstinate**—B: Unyielding; stubborn; mulish; unreasonably persistent; as, an *obstinate* juror. Latin *obstinatus*, from *obstinare*, “to be resolved.”
- (18) **sublime**—C: Exalted; inspiring awe; majestic; as, *sublime* truths, scenery, courage. Latin *sublimis*, “raised, lifted up.”
- (19) **irresolute**—D: Undetermined; undecided; wavering; uncertain how to act or proceed. Latin *in-*, “not,” and *resolvere*, “to resolve.”
- (20) **empathy**—C: Sympathetic understanding; capacity to sense and participate in another’s feelings or thoughts.

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18-16 correct	good
15-13 correct	fair



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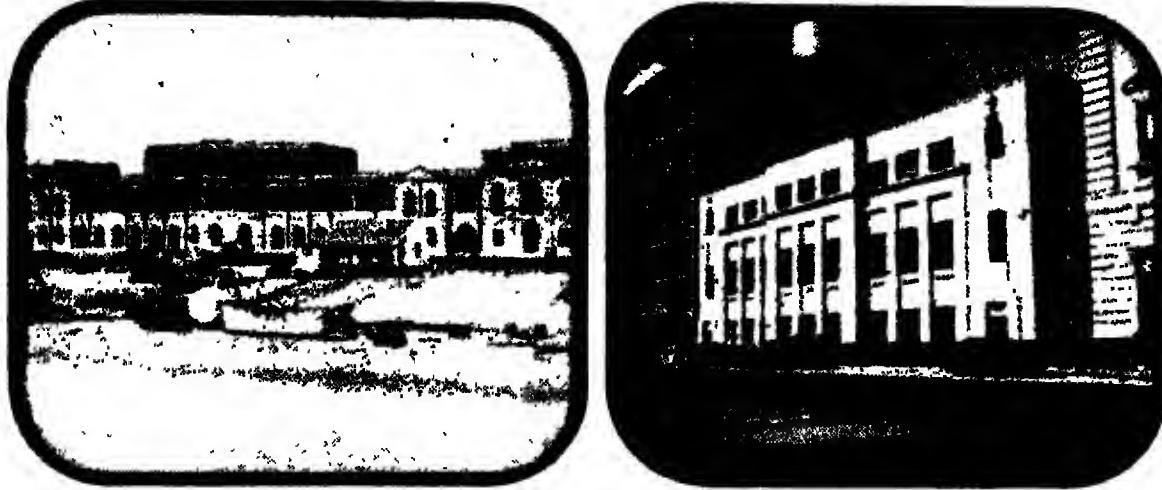
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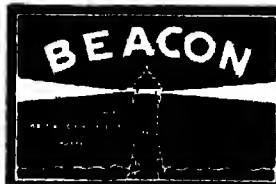


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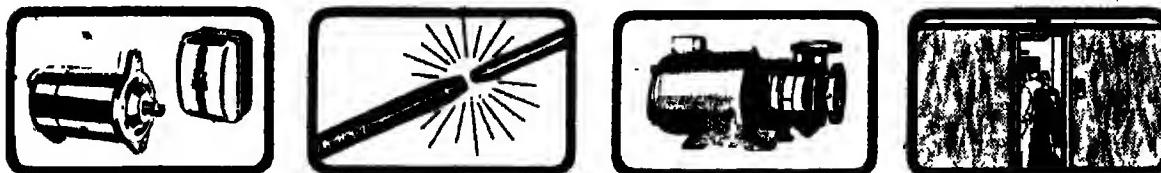
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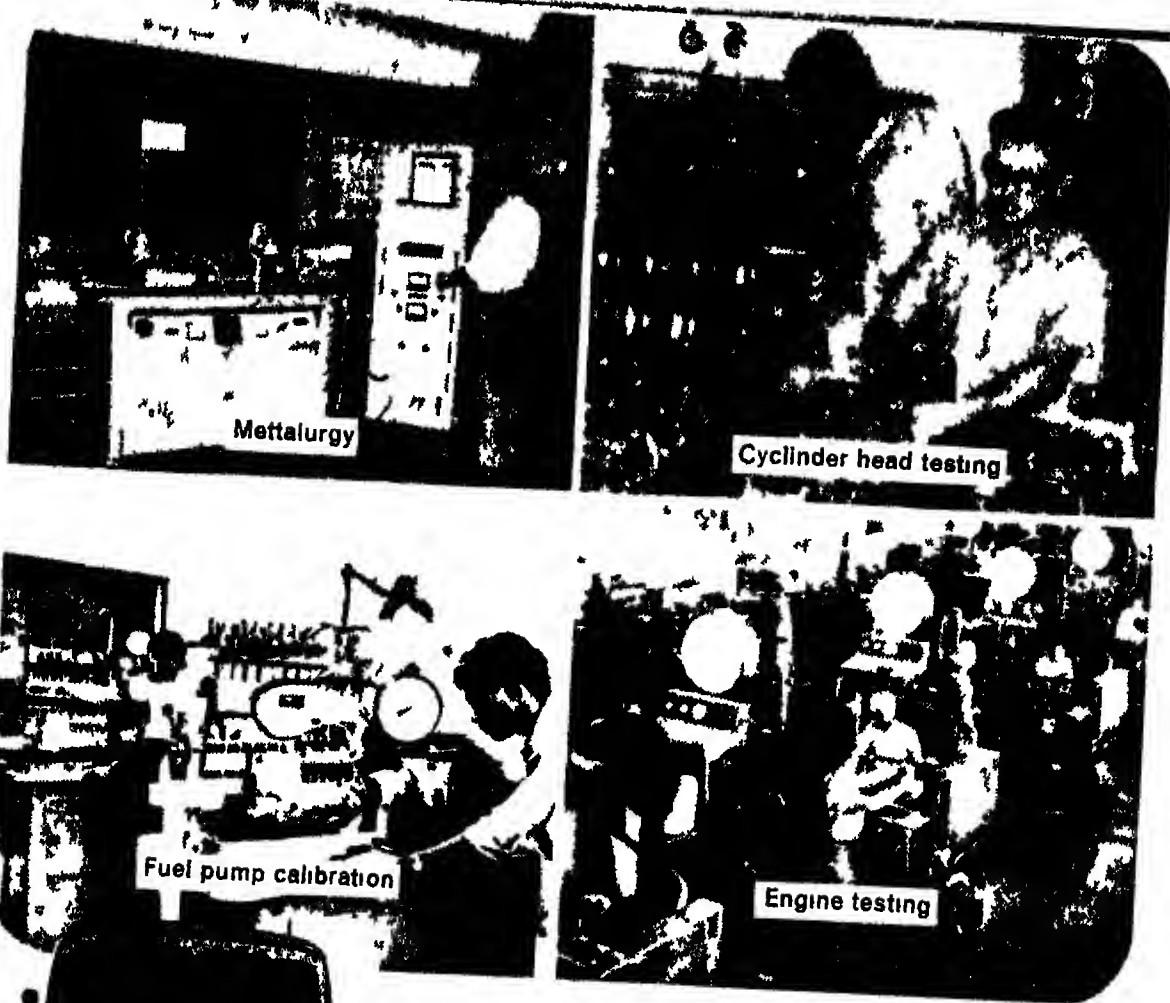
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Personal Glimpses

EUGENE ORMANDY, music director of the Philadelphia Orchestra, commits musical scores to memory, which in his case is a kind of built-in microfilm system that now encompasses more than a thousand compositions. Ormandy says he developed his powers of total recall as a child in Budapest. His father was a dentist who was determined that his son should be a great violinist.

So while Father drilled away on patients' teeth in the front room, he kept an ear cocked to be sure that Son was grinding away on his violin at the back. "I hit on the idea of memorizing the music," explains Ormandy, "so that I could read novels as I practised. It came easy, and has been ever since."

—*Time*

HARRY BLACKSTONE, the magician who died recently, and Dunninger, the mind reader, were close friends.

One evening, when they were getting dressed to attend a formal dinner, Blackstone couldn't find his white tie. Dunninger tossed him a black one. "I can't wear a black tie with tails!" cried the exasperated Blackstone.

"If you're such a great magician," said Dunninger smugly, "you should

be able to change it to a white one."

"And if you're such a great mind reader," retorted Blackstone, "you should be able to tell me where I left the white one."

—Bruce West

BYRON NELSON suggested that Danny Kaye enter a golf tournament for amateur twosomes.

Kaye, who sometimes goes round in the 70's, replied that he'd be too self-conscious. Nelson said that surely 500 people couldn't make Kaye uneasy.

"As an entertainer," Kaye answered, "I have appeared before 50,000 people without being nervous. But there I knew what I was doing."

Months later, Kaye appeared in a theatre. In the audience were Nelson and other top golf pros. Kaye introduced them, brought them on stage and invited them to sing. They all froze. "See," Kaye said to Nelson. "Now you're on my golf course."

—Leonard Lyons in *Golf Digest*

THE SUBJECT of cities came up in a speech that poet Robert Frost made at the University of Detroit. "I count cities as trophies of my life," said Frost, "especially if I've slept in them and walked in them—alone. These big cities give me confidence. They hold the continent down."

—*The National Observer*

DAVID SARNOFF, RCA board chairman, has always faced tough competition. "I'm grateful to my enemies," I once heard him say. "They can help me. In the long-range movement towards progress, a kick in the pants sends you farther along than does a friendly hand."

—Leonard Lyons



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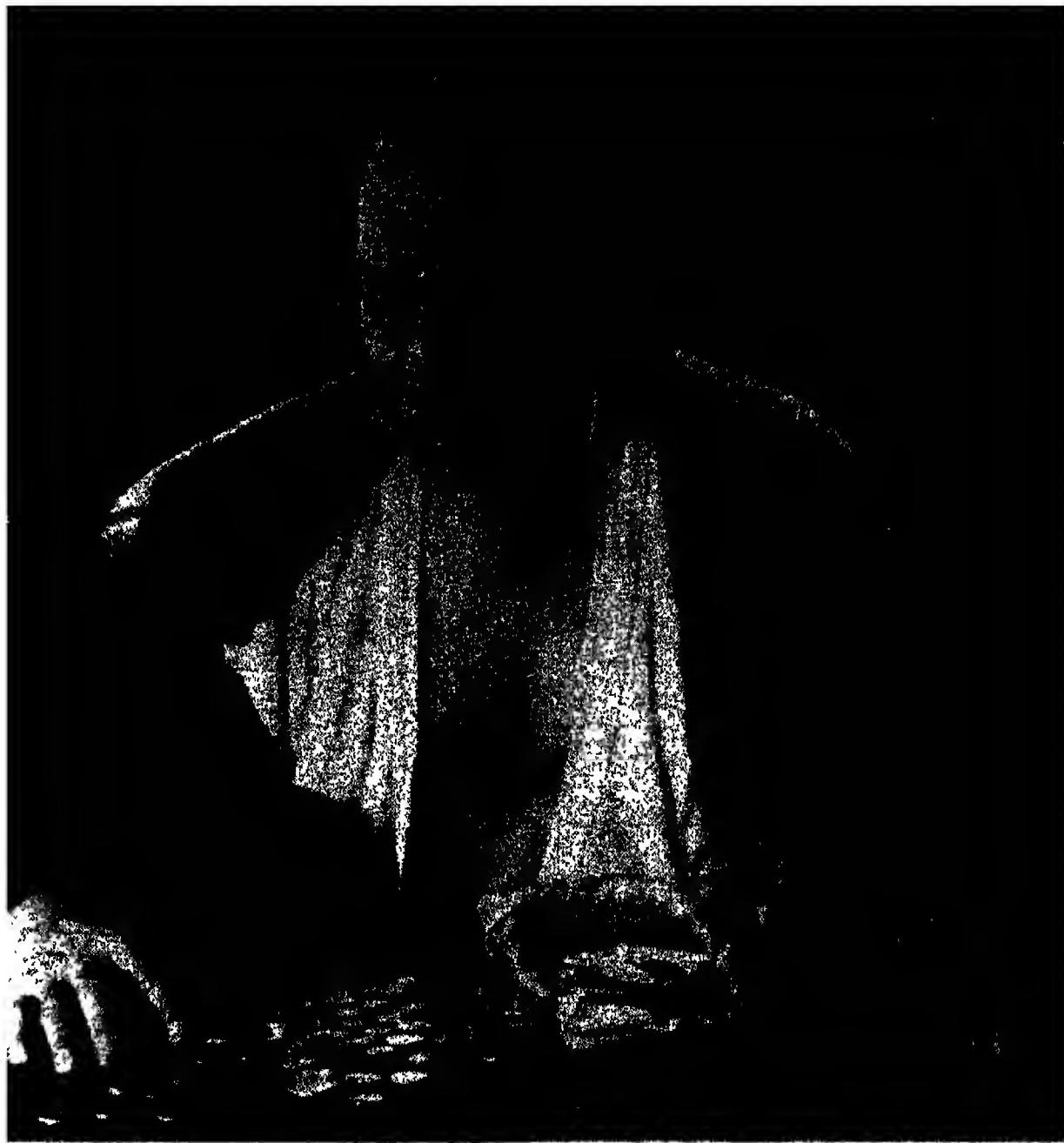
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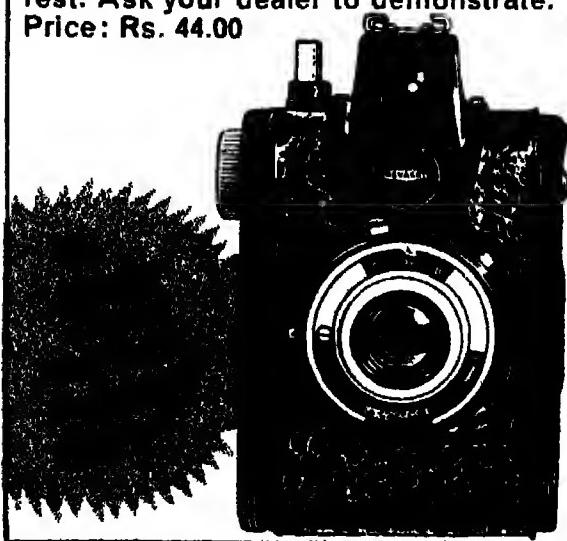
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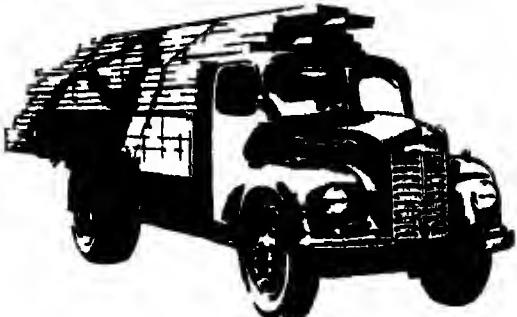
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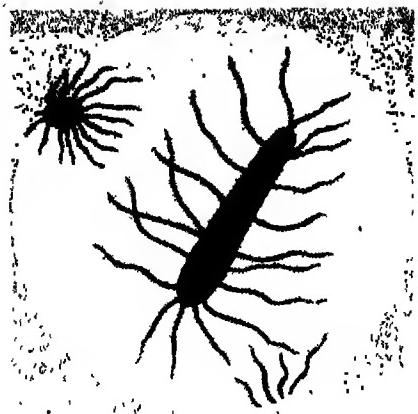
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THE GARDENER OF CHILANGA

He has turned an African wasteland into paradise, his own failure into success

By REG SHAY

ON A quiet, dusky evening, 14 years ago, a man stood alone at the edge of a parched river in Northern Rhodesia—and had a dream. Like most dreams, it was indistinct; he could not have put it into words. But as he stood there in the gathering darkness, leaning slightly into the dry wind that moaned down from the surrounding hills, he saw colourful gardens rising from the cracked earth, heard the sound of bubbling water and imagined the cries of stately peacocks and the laughter of children.

Today, as a result of that dream, 40 of the world's most uninviting acres have been transformed into a fantastic oasis of colour and beauty. Known in the local dialect simply as Munda Wanga ("My Garden"), this lush paradise has become the pride and chief showplace of the newly-independent nation of Zambia. Each year more than 10,000 visitors are lured into its cool gardens and along its winding pathways; they linger beside sparkling green pools and sun-drenched waterfalls, cross meandering streams on exquisite bridges, and pass on

through a seemingly unending series of artfully designed terraces and bowers.

Admired by horticultural experts throughout the world, Munda Wanga contains 2,538 varieties of plant life, six out of ten of them growing in Zambia for the first time. And although they come from such divergent climates as those of Britain, the United States, Russia, Chile, Australia, Israel, China—and 33 other countries—they all flourish in the soil of Munda Wanga.

But the most amazing thing about this modern-day Eden is that it was conceived and constructed, stone by stone, plant by plant, almost entirely by the mind and muscle of one man. Ralph Sander still supervises everything that goes on in Munda Wanga. At 56, he shows few signs of the back-breaking years he has devoted to his dream. Stockily built, with steel-grey hair and keen blue eyes, he takes an almost childish delight in every addition to his garden, in every new bloom. Quite obviously, Ralph Sander is a man who has found his niche in life.

Things were not always so. Although he had been born into a famous English horticultural family, Sanders of St. Albans and Bruges, and was himself a member of the Royal Horticultural Society, Ralph Sander's life had been a humiliating series of failures. In 1951, when he became a government game ranger at Chilanga, near the

present site of Munda Wanga, he was penniless and bore the marks of a man who had reached the end of a long, downhill road. But here, in this remote and primitive outpost, the vague ambition that had been turning over in his mind began to take definite shape.

Nucleus of a Dream. Shortly after his arrival, Sander startled his superiors by asking permission to move to a derelict shanty on the banks of the near-by Musombangombe River. His request was granted and, more important, he was given rights to five acres of adjoining river land—acres that were to become the nucleus of Munda Wanga. The hut itself had no water except for what leaked through the roof, no electricity, no sanitary facilities. His nearest—and most persistent—neighbours were the hordes of mosquitoes that rose up from the river. But for Ralph Sander his new home had one immense advantage; he was alone, and free. The land was his to use as he saw fit.

For a long while, people paid little attention to the strange man down by the river. To the few who stopped to watch him clearing the thick bush and shifting topsoil barrowload by barrowload, he would explain, "I'm building a botanical garden."

It was a simple statement of fact; but the plans that had jelled in Ralph Sander's mind were not simple at all. He had decided to

build a vast garden—indeed a series of gardens, with pools and streams, terraces and arbours. It would be a place of beauty and wonder, a place to refresh the soul and quicken the mind—the most beautiful garden in Africa. He did not stop to worry about the remoteness of Chilanga or the dryness of his land; nor did he pause to fret about his shortage of tools or helpers.

He knew that the land, in spite of appearances, held promise—he had discovered four magnificent wild fig trees, growing green and lush. And there was the river: its water could work miracles.

And so he began, working in the hour between sunrise and 7.30, when he had to report for his regular job; working later, after closing time, on into the night. One moonless night, working by the narrow beam from his headlamp, Sander was bitten on the leg by a deadly night-adder. With typical calm, he returned to his hut and opened the wound with a razor. When he felt that sufficient blood had been let to wash out the poison, he covered the wound with permanganate of potash and went back to work. Soon after, his leg swelled dangerously and Sander was taken to hospital in a critical condition. When the doctor scolded him for not seeking immediate help, he explained simply that he had not wanted to leave his garden untended.

This devotion was to stand him in good stead, for even with three



Ralph Sander, with his ten-year-old boxer bitch Sukie, standing beneath one of the beautiful creeper-covered arbours of Munda Wanga

part-time African helpers the unrewarding task of clearing and landscaping stretched out, morning and evening, for six years until the land assumed the contours he was after. With this battle over, he turned to another front.

For years he had unsuccessfully badgered officials for the leasehold title to an additional 12 acres of adjoining land on both sides of the river. Now, he concentrated the full force of his persistent personality on the stubborn officials—and won. He got the land, and was finally allowed to buy outright his now-renovated cabin.

Munda Wanga Comes to Life. Sander next turned his powers of persuasion on a local building society. By convincing the society of the future value of Munda Wanga, he was able to borrow Rs. 84,000 and to set about expanding his garden. Working with the help of five Africans, he built his first bridge across the river, a narrow, ornamental span of Chinese design, rock by rock, correcting mistakes as he went along. He laid out 17 terraces, each fitting naturally into the landscaped earth, each a key addition to the master plan.

In 1958 he added a second bridge, of wrought iron, and matched it with a delicate wrought-iron summerhouse nestled against the far bank of the river. He began to lay out extensive lawns and, with the coming of the rainy season, to transplant local trees and shrubs.

At last Munda Wanga was coming to life.

When water later grew critically scarce, he sought permission to pump a supply directly from the river. Nothing doing, said the bureaucrats. If river water was to be used, it would have to be drawn by hand, bucket by bucket. Sander experienced a rare moment of despair. His beautiful plants were withering, and he hadn't enough hands or buckets to quench their thirst. He knew that all previous attempts to tap the local water table had been fruitless, yet now he had no alternative. He persuaded a driller to come out to Munda Wanga for one last try.

The man proved to be something of a prophet. "Don't worry," he said, "we'll find water." They did. On the fifth day of drilling, at 96 feet, they hit a gushing underground stream that surged up out of the drill hole and over the land.

Suddenly the master of Munda Wanga had more water than he knew what to do with. He took the six months of leave he had accumulated over the years and built a 40,000-gallon reservoir. This done, he established a system of streams and waterfalls, and later converted the reservoir into a mammoth swimming pool by patiently lining it with blue tiles. Today the pool is a favourite spot at Munda Wanga—a sparkling oasis where footsore visitors can cool off in comfort.

By now the pace of construction,

once so painstakingly slow, had reached fever pitch. As each addition was completed, a new one was begun: an office appeared, then greenhouses and outbuildings, finally the ultimate luxury of a telephone and electric power. To keep his younger visitors happy, Sander dug a children's pool near the big one, and launched a boat for them on the river.

In his early days at Chilanga, Sander had established a wildlife orphanage for young animals that wandered into the garden. Now this became a formal zoo, with reed buck, duikers, pangolins, bush babies, guinea fowl, rabbits and tortoises.

An aviary was added, and soon Munda Wanga rang with the rau-
cous cries of Java sparrows, weaver
birds, budgerigars, harlequin quail,
green pigeons, tambourine doves,

teal and rosy-faced love-birds. Peacocks, magnificent in their regal plumage, roamed the garden at will, adding one more touch to a growing riot of colour.

To keep Munda Wanga going Sander has spent almost all his salary, cashed in his life assurance, commuted his pension and sold most of his personal possessions. In 1961, when the financial situation threatened to collapse, he fought still another successful battle with the government.

Because he was a civil servant, officials had long insisted that he should not be allowed to charge admission to his garden. Now, aware of Munda Wanga's importance as a tourist attraction, they relented: an admission price of Rs. 2.5 could be charged for adults, Rs. 1.5 for children. It wasn't much, but it ensured for Munda Wanga a



*Visitors admiring
a lily pool in the
gardens at Chilanga*

future that was growing brighter by the day.

By 1964, with nine helpers now on his staff, Sander had added five lily ponds, eight new fountains, two waterfalls and countless sheltered arbours, each furnished with delicate, hand-wrought garden chairs and tables. The original five acres had gradually expanded to 40, and the four wild fig trees that had held such promise were now surrounded by a collection of over 50,000 trees, shrubs, climbers and plants—the most extensive in Africa. The collection includes some 202 different species of trees, 50 varieties of succulents, 30 shades of orchids and 51 varieties of climber and creeper, in addition to numerous types of aquatic plants, ornamental grasses, bromeliads, roses and shrubs.

Desert Rose. When the waters of the new Kariba Dam were gradually flooding the Gwembe Valley, Sander spent his fortnight's leave there searching for plants which might become extinct—and came back with a specimen of the rare desert rose, which might otherwise have been lost to the country for ever. To make sure the large-rooted plant would survive in its new environment, he dug up a ton of the rock-hard soil in which he had found it.

Today many of the prize plants in Munda Wanga are the gifts of former visitors whose enthusiasm for Ralph Sander's unique achievement did not die. One corner of the

garden is graced by the only stand of Malacca cane in Zambia—a gift from an estate in the Eastern Transvaal. In another corner, yellow California poppies nod bravely in the gentle breezes—the gift of an admirer living in America. One friend brought him a three-foot cactus he had discovered in a rubbish dump at the Durban Botanical Gardens.

Along a tiny pathway down by the river, a hedgelike tree daisy pokes its white-and-yellow flowers up through the surrounding greenery. This beautiful plant reached Munda Wanga by sheer chance. A Zambian woman, holidaying in Singapore, bought a fragile vase and wrapped it for protection in the dry stalks of an apparently dead plant growing outside her hotel window. Back in Zambia the stalks sprouted—and a friend sent a shoot to Sander.

International Bedfellows. The list of such acquisitions is endless—and it covers nearly every region of the world. Somehow, with a rare combination of skill, patience and tender care, Sander has been able to keep them all alive and thriving—to the amazement of the experts. When several feather-duster trees arrived from the rain forests of Brazil, botanists assured him that they could not possibly grow in the dry heat of Munda Wanga. Sander planted them anyway, and when they began to wither he came up with a remarkable diagnosis: severe sunburn. Tenderly he coated their

trunks with petroleum jelly—and the trees survived.

Such care has worked many miracles. One can find in Munda Wanga a pepper tree from South Africa's drought-stricken Karoo casting its shadow over a Flamboyant Poinciana from humid Madagascar; an oil palm from the hot, humid rain forests of West Africa growing within yards of a maidenhair tree from the colder regions of China; a pine tree from the cold plateau of Mexico looming above a Canary Islands palm.

Admiring these "international bedfellows," local botanist George Morze says: "Plants seem to like Munda Wanga no matter what they are or where they come from. If a particular plant won't grow in one spot, Ralph moves it to another; if it won't grow there, he moves it again. Sometimes I think the plants grow simply to please him."

Experts from all over the world have expressed similar amazement

over Munda Wanga. Erhard Lorenze, Honorary Danish Consul to Zambia and an enthusiastic amateur gardener, perhaps gets closest to its essential quality. "Normally," he says, "a botanical garden is a boring place where plants have been set about with skill. But Munda Wanga reflects a great personality. Ralph Sander has had a wonderful fling—and the whole place oozes his enjoyment. There is a spirit about his garden which vitalizes, a love of life which gives it value for the ordinary man as well as for the connoisseur."

For the Gardener of Chilanga the dream that began so long ago is by no means over. Now his fondest wish is to see the Government take over Munda Wanga, perhaps as an addition to the growing University of Zambia in near-by Lusaka.

Should the garden thus become a national asset, says Sander, "I would feel for the first time in my life that I was no longer the failure of the family."



Blithe Spirits

A COUNTRY minister posted this notice on his church door: "Brother Smith departed for Heaven at 4.30 a.m."

The next day he found written below: "Heaven, 9 a.m. Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."

—Illustrated Weekly of India

A FEW days after the death of André Gide, fellow writer François Mauriac received the following telegram: "There is no hell. You can go on a spree. Inform Claudel. André Gide." —Julian Green, *Diary 1928-1957*

Since the polygraph was developed more than 40 years ago, it has often been a useful weapon in the war on crime. But in the United States, where almost anyone is free to buy and operate this ingenious machine, it is proving more a curse than a blessing

Invasion by Lie Detector

BY JAMES POLING

AN ILLINOIS tobacconist-shop assistant, with a six-year record of honest employment, recently refused as a matter of principle to take a lie-detector test.

Charged with ringing up one dollar less than the full amount of a



sale, she indignantly insisted that if indeed it had happened, it had been by mistake. She was sacked for refusing to take the test.

• Following a theft, a Texas company gave each of its employees a lie-detector examination; although an 18-year-old boy's test was labelled

INVASION BY LIE DETECTOR

"inconclusive," he was summarily dismissed as a "shady customer."

• A shoe shop on the U.S. east coast that gives its workers periodic lie-detector examinations "to keep them honest" tested a saleswoman who had just lost her only child. Because her reactions were not "normal" she was told to go.

Incidents like these, occurring with increasing frequency all over the United States, are causing civil-rights guardians, legislators, scientists and jurists to take a hard look at the role of the lie detector in the lives of Americans. Granting the real contribution that this electronic device can make in certain criminal and security investigations, they are asking: Should the lie detector, inadequately developed and often used by ill-trained operators, be allowed to determine whether a person gets—and keeps—his job?

"Love Your Wife?" Thousands of employees and prospective employees are now required to submit to trial by lie detector. More than 150 private lie-detector agencies operate in the United States—and business is booming. Last year, Truth Verifications, Inc., in Dallas, Texas, ran 35,000 tests as against 26,000 in 1964. The Burns International Detective Agency, which provides investigation and security services for private individuals and companies, says that it has quadrupled its lie-detector work in the last four years. "Some places," a Burns man says, "you can't get a

job sweeping floors without taking a test."

The use of the lie detector raises a basic constitutional question in America's free society. The U.S. Constitution says that no one may be compelled to bear witness against himself. Yet every lie-detector test is basically a "fourth degree" for extracting self-incriminating information.

Examiners evade this by getting a subject to sign a consent form. Thus employers insist that the tests are taken voluntarily—but when you have to sign a waiver to get or hold a job, the word "voluntary" becomes meaningless.

Once a waiver is signed, many interrogators feel free to pry into any aspect of the individual's personal affairs and private beliefs. And though responsible firms limit their questions to the job-seeker's work record, questions such as the following are being asked increasingly often: Are you a union sympathizer? Are you withholding any derogatory information about yourself? Are you in debt? Do you love your wife?

Electrodes and Rubber Cuffs. The lie detector—technically referred to as a polygraph—operates on the premise that a liar betrays his guilt through perceptible physical reactions. Two electrodes attached to the subject's hand measure the increased flow of electric current through the skin as sweating increases; a corrugated rubber tube

encircling the chest measures *respiration* changes; an inflated rubber cuff wrapped around the upper arm measures *blood pressure* and *pulse* fluctuations. Ups and downs in the various rates, as each question is asked, are recorded by pens on moving graph paper. (Hence the name *polygraph*—Greek for “many writings.”)

The device was developed in the 1920's by Leonarde Keeler and John Larson, two young psychologists in the Berkeley, California, police force, and subsequently refined by Keeler when he became head of Northwestern University's Crime Detection Laboratory in 1936. Still in use today, Keeler's virtually unchanged machine was subjected to its first comprehensive public scrutiny last year by a Congressional investigation headed by Congressman John Moss.

The Moss committee began its lie-detector investigations at about the time a controversy arose in Washington over the Defence Department's letting of contracts to build the TFX, a fighter plane of revolutionary design.

When a TFX document embarrassing to the Department was leaked to the Press, Defence officials reportedly planned to unmask the culprit by giving lie-detector tests to 120 government employees—including the Secretaries of the Navy and Air Force and the Deputy Secretary of Defence. The projected polygraphy, dropped when President

Kennedy intervened, helped to convince legislators that Congress should investigate federal use of the lie detector.

The committee found that most U.S. federal agencies have a better grasp of the ethics and legality of polygraphy than does the American business world.

Even so, the investigators seriously considered recommending a total ban on the use of the polygraph by the U.S. Government. Only after listening to secret evidence from three federal agencies that cannot afford to take *any* chances—the CIA, the National Security Agency (an organization handling U.S. military intelligence and top secret communications) and the Department of Defence—did the committee decide to recommend that its use be continued—but only in cases involving national security and major crime.

What It Can—And Cannot—Do. The polygraph has many triumphs to its credit. In 1964, for example, a sensitive federal agency found through clues uncovered by lie-detector tests that seven job applicants, who had successfully passed all other security checks, were former Communist Party members. Last November, a New Yorker under indictment for murder was released after two days of intensive polygraph tests helped to establish his innocence. After several cashiers had been dismissed from a Chicago bank for constant shortages, the

bank president became suspicious and requested that all employees be tested by polygraph. Tests indicated the innocence of everybody except an auditor, who admitted that he had stolen 22,000 dollars, then sacked the cashiers to cover the thefts.

But the polygraph has also had many failures. It found two employees of the NSA worthy of access to highly classified material. Both men defected to Moscow. Following a large theft from the offices of a well-known mid-western company, it "cleared" two employees who later confessed to the robbery. It was largely responsible three years ago for the indictment in Idaho of an airman for the murder of a neighbour and her son. Months later, police authorities discovered that an itinerant labourer was the actual murderer.

What accounts for these discrepancies? The polygraph's commercial promoters claim that the device is 95 per cent accurate. But the Moss committee did not find scientific evidence to support such claims. In general, scientists have found it no more than 70 to 80 per cent accurate, with the Office of U.S. Naval Intelligence stating that "an accuracy of 70 per cent is considered the optimum." FBI director J. Edgar Hoover says flatly that the polygraph "is not precise enough to permit absolute judgement of guilt or non-guilt."

The truth is that many stimuli

can inspire markings on the graph paper similar to those associated with lying. You can, for instance, produce a suspicious profile if you are afraid that your word will not be accepted, if you are angry at having to take the test or fearful that you may lose your job because of it. Questions dealing with sexual matters are likely to "contaminate" your tests. A brow-beating examiner can send an innocent man's blood pressure soaring. Any number of ailments and organic conditions, from respiratory disorders and extreme fatigue to drunkenness and ordinary toothache, can change the readings. In a 1962 study for the U.S. Air Force, a psychologist discovered that the device could sometimes be "jammed" by conjuring up unpleasant daydreams or by muscle flexing.

Moreover, as Congressman Moss points out, the polygraph is out-of-date compared to the sophisticated instruments used in medical-research laboratories that measure up to 19 different physiological reactions to emotional stimuli. Scientists believe that some of them—eye dilation and stomach churning, for instance—may be better suited to diagnosing falsehood than those the polygraph measures.

Unqualified? Improperly Trained? Of further importance is the matter of *interpretation* of polygraph markings. A sociology professor says the lie detector "requires at least as much interpretation as

tests performed by clinical psychologists or various medical specialists." Relatively few polygraph examiners have the background required to make this difficult judgement. Even one of the lie detector's supporters, Northwestern University's law professor Fred Inbau, says that a substantial number of the country's examiners are "unqualified and improperly trained."

Moreover, polygraph operators in the United States are hardly policed at all. Only four states—Illinois, New Mexico, Kentucky and Texas—have licensing laws, and even in these states there is no regulation of the licensed operator's conduct. Outside these four states, anyone with 1,300 dollars can buy a polygraph, complete with instruction book, and open up for business.

There is, for example, an "expert" who earned his living by analysing character from handwriting before he purchased a polygraph. Now he boasts of having taught lie detection to "about 40 chiefs of police and sheriffs." There is also a restaurateur-turned-polygrapher who started by borrowing a polygraph from a friend to track down pilferage in his restaurant. Today he screens job applicants for some 100 clients.

The Real Issue. Even if there were a great improvement in polygraphs and their operators, the fundamental question would remain: Is the use of the instrument to invade the privacy of the job seeker ethically justified? Every scientist who testified before the Moss committee supported the position taken by a psychologist who called the instrument's use as a condition of employment "unwarranted and degrading."

How, then, can the polygraph's invasion of privacy be stopped where its use is unwarranted?

1. Ban the use of the lie detector in personal screening or as a condition of employment. Outside national security matters, the polygraph should be restricted to pre-trial use in criminal cases, and then only where there are reasonable grounds for suspicion.

2. Eliminate as many of the present device's technical imperfections as possible. Common sense and elementary justice call for a polygraph as accurate as science can make it.

3. Demand strict licensing laws to control an examiner's qualifications.

When these goals have been met, the lie detector will play its proper role in a democracy.



Strike a Chord

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM once said: "It is quite untrue that the English people don't appreciate music. They may not understand it but they absolutely love the noise it makes."

When Parents Should Disregard the Experts

In bringing up children, there are times to throw away the rule-book and trust your own judgement

BY KAY BELANGER

PARENTS today generally try a lot harder than my parents did—or yours no doubt—to be good mothers and fathers. They have to, because a whole child-centred culture keeps reminding them of their responsibilities. Many modern parents, wanting to do a better job with their children, turn for guidance to the psychiatrists, psychologists, educators, writers—the whole range of child-rearing experts. But these experts, unfortunately, don't always agree with one another. Thus, no matter what mothers and fathers do, it's sure to be wrong by at least one set of standards. No wonder so many parents feel lost.

Since I'm a social worker and spend hours each day giving advice to parents who have problems with their children, people consider me

one of the "experts." But I'm a mother and a perplexed parent, too.

I'm trying to avoid the worst mistakes, trying not to be what I call a "do-nothing parent" or a "do-too-much parent." And I think that I'm finding my way. While I appreciate any guidance I can get, I have no intention of substituting expert advice for my own judgement, although I do hope that my judgement will be sharpened if I give some attention to the views of the experts.

The first order of business, of course, is to *understand* these views. Take the principle of "permissiveness," for example. The true meaning of the verb "to permit" is "to authorize" or "to give formal consent." It does not mean "to do nothing," yet that is the way

Condensed from Redbook

some parents have interpreted it.

Such parents have convinced themselves that they must never ask their children to do anything unpleasant; that children should grow up completely unrepressed, free to pursue any purpose that pleases them. Filled with fond "progressive" hopes that a sympathetic hands-off policy will produce a happy, well-adjusted child, these parents curb their natural exasperation as they wait for little David to grow into self-responsibility. Sometimes he does—but usually not until life has dealt him a few nasty knocks, which ought to have come his way much sooner when they wouldn't have hurt so much.

The reverse side of the coin is the do-too-much parent. I know a father who rewarded his son at the completion of each school year. One year it was a small toy, the next a football, then a bicycle. In due course, the loving bribe to go on to university was a sports car.

Result? A pleasant boy who never gave his parents any trouble—but who is giving his new, frantic wife plenty of it. Every time he mows the lawn or takes out the rubbish he expects to get credit for it. If his wife says a word of mild criticism, she's nagging. He is always changing jobs. Rewards for him are too long in coming; when they come, they are always too small. He has never learnt that the most important reward for doing any job well—including tedious but necessary

chores—is a personal sense of accomplishment and an increased sense of personal worth.

Particularly susceptible to the experts are the parents who want their children to make up for their own deficiencies; who want their children, no matter how ill-qualified, to have a university education because the parents never had this advantage; who want their children to be thin because they were fat and suffered for it; who want their children to be athletic because they were weedy types themselves.

In this group are the mothers who push their daughters into unwanted careers because they themselves can't stand housework; the fathers who want their sons to be doctors or lawyers because they've spent their lives taking other people's orders and hated every minute of it; the parents whose social aspirations were frustrated so they must send John to that private school they really cannot afford.

Parents like these turn to the experts for directions, as a woman looks at a recipe for exact instructions on how to bake a cake or a man turns to a manual to learn how to repair a broken machine. But a child isn't something to be made or something to be repaired. A child isn't a product or a machine—a child is a seed. You can't tell a seed how fast or how tall you want it to grow, or what colour flowers it should produce. But if you want help so that your seed can grow into

the hardest and the most beautiful flower it is capable of becoming, you *can* turn to experts for sound advice on ways of feeding it, what temperature it requires and how to protect it against disease.

But expert advice, however helpful, is no substitute for your own basic standards and instincts as guides in bringing up your children. A social-worker friend of mine who attempted to bring up her first child by the book—as I did—said once while gloomily contemplating her offspring, “Perhaps we ought to be allowed to throw the first one away.” Then she looked at my child, who was behaving even worse than hers, and repeated the remark. Fortunately, each of us threw away the book instead of the child, and the situation improved considerably.

Not long ago I got a notice summoning me to a meeting at which a panel of experts were to discuss the subject of child discipline. Are things as bad as that? Must we ask experts about discipline? And why *discipline*, for heaven’s sake? For a change, why don’t we ask them to help us understand what it really means to love and cherish our children and how we can be sure they really know that they are loved and cherished?

I am thinking now of parents whose teenage daughter stayed out recently until four o’clock in the morning. Her mother paced the floor and so did her father, but

neither of them took any action. After all, they assured themselves, they had always trusted their child to behave in a mature fashion, encouraging her from a very early age to make her own choices and decisions. And, even though it was 4 a.m., ought not they to give their daughter the right to decide for herself how to behave?

I know what would have happened to me if I had stayed out until that hour when I was a teenager. My mother would have phoned up everybody she knew or didn’t know, being desperately tactful and ashamed about it, and quite convinced, without breathing it to a soul, that I had been abducted by white slavers, since no nice boy would keep a decent girl out until that hour.

All this time my father would have been barking garbled orders, and my mother would have got so upset she would have tottered off to bed in tears. My father would have met me on quivering return with a face like thunder, and any explanation I might have managed to dream up (or even if it happened to be true) would have been furiously blown away in the cyclone of his rage, and I would have been confined to barracks, allowance-less, for a month. “*For a month, do you hear? Not another word out of you!*”

I would sulk for a while, then give this up as unproductive. In spite of how ill-used I felt, I must

THE READER'S DIGEST

admit I knew where I stood with my parents. Good heavens, if they could raise such a hullabaloo, I must be a very significant person.

There are times these days when I envy my father's righteousness and certainty. I envy his untutored ability to get angry and then to relax when his children were safe and he felt in control again.

Another thing I envy is my mother's confidence in his decisions. She probably had her doubts about their soundness now and then, but she kept those doubts where they belonged—away from children. Together my parents presented a solid, united front, a bulwark against disasters of all kinds. And so, although we children may often have been mismanaged, misunderstood and overdisciplined, we knew at least one thing: an attempt was being made to care for and protect us.

Nowadays, we parents are afraid of almost everything we do with our children. We are afraid to roar and carry on, even when this is the one thing that might make us all feel better—including our children, who might like to know what's what once in a while. We are afraid to say no to our own child because

some other child's "modern" parents have said yes to the same demand.

We are afraid to discipline, no matter how mildly or infrequently, because experts on family life have said that with successful, progressive parents, discipline is unnecessary. We are afraid of flat statements of right and wrong, of making it plain that certain things are done or not done by *good* boys and girls. We shy away from the words "nice" and "good" as if they were subversive because they used to be our parents' overworked and boring standbys.

But before our children can deal with uncertainty—and surely they must learn to do so in this anxious, muddled world of ours—it seems to me that they must first have at least a few hard certainties to hang on to. I say that these certainties can provide a haven, even when they involve what seem to be rigid and wrongheaded parental pronouncements of good and bad, right and wrong, niceness and not-niceness—whether or not child-care experts agree.

After all, as the old farmer once said, "How can you jump off, if you ain't got nothin' to stand on in the first place?"



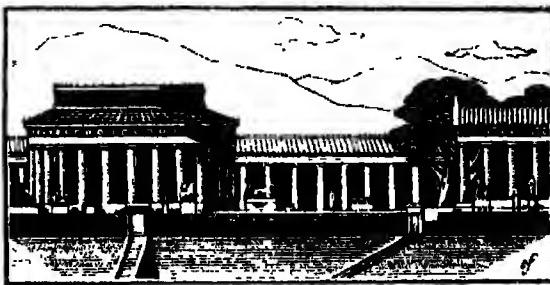
Avoiding the Rush

IN PARIS I was hurrying across a street, trying to avoid being hit by the cars, which seemed oblivious to all traffic rules. Another visitor, watching my efforts, called out: "Don't run! If you do, they'll chase you." —C. S. P.

MILESTONES IN MEDICINE

By DR. HOWARD HAGGARD

WHEN, in 293 B.C., the Roman gods seemed powerless to control a serious infectious disease which had broken out, a messenger was sent to the Greeks to borrow one of their gods, and for him the temple of Asculapius was erected. At first, sick people came to the



temple for religious reasons, but the Emperor Claudius, who reigned from A.D. 41 to 54, turned the temple into a place of refuge for poor people who were ill. The temple became a sort of crude hospital.

As the Roman Empire extended over wider territory, other hospitals were erected at convenient places. With the rise of Christianity, Fabiola created her hospital where free care was given as a Christian duty. These early hospitals were usually rough buildings with straw

on the floor for beds. Patients with all sorts of illnesses were mingled together.

QUARANTINE: A.D. 1348
GUY DE CHAULIAC, famous surgeon of the Middle Ages, writes concerning the Black Death: "Many were in doubt about the cause of the great mortality. In some places they thought the Jews poisoned the world: and so killed them. In others it was the poor deformed people who were responsible: and they drove them out. They kept guards in the cities and villages, permitting the entry of no one who was not well known . . ."

This is the first use of quarantine—in 1348. In 1383 travellers in ships suspected of infection were held for 40 days in the harbour of Marseilles before they were allowed to land. Quarantine means 40. We still use the name, although the time of isolation now varies with the disease.

SURGERY: 1500
SURGERY was long considered inferior to medical practice and was left to barbers, executioners, bath-house keepers and strolling fakers;

the physician of the sixteenth century, dressed in his long robe, disdained to touch the wounded man. With his cane he pointed to the place where the barber should cut. Surgeons staunched the flow of blood with red-hot irons which made a painful wound, slow to heal.

Compassion led the gentle Paré (1536) to use pieces of twine, ligatures, to tie shut the ends of the bleeding vessels. A multitude of ingenious operations, artificial eyes,

improved artificial arms and legs, massage, and implanted teeth, are some of the things Paré gave to surgery.

Nowhere is his character more clearly seen than in his words: "I dressed his wounds; God healed him."

Anatomy: 1541

IN THE second century the Roman physician, Galen, left what purported to be descriptions of the human anatomy, and for 1,400 years his word was accepted as authentic.

In 1541, Vesalius of Padua discovered that Galen had not dissected human beings, but only animals. Vesalius determined to describe for the first time true human anatomy. With an artist at his side to draw pictures, he dissected, wrote, described.

A year and a half of feverish

activity — conducting his dissections on bodies obtained secretly, some from the gallows outside the city—and his great anatomy was ready for the press. It had 663 pages and more than 300 woodcuts. But he had dared to turn against Galen. The scholarly physicians, the teachers of anatomy railed at him. He was ostracized. In indignation he burned his manuscript. When he was dead, men began timidly to look around to see if by chance he was right. They found that he was.

Thermometer: 1582

SANCTORIUS was the first physician to measure body temperature. His thermometer was a long, twisted tube with a bulb nearly as large as an egg at the top; the open end at the bottom was placed in water.

The patient held the bulb in his mouth; the air in it, becoming warm, expanded and escaped through the water. When no more air leaked out, the bulb was taken from the mouth; on cooling, the air contracted and water rose in the tube. The height to which it rose was a measure of the patient's temperature.

Sanctorius also took the pulse. He did not use a watch, for, though watches had been invented in 1510, they still in 1600 had no second or even minute hand. He used a



pendulum and varied the length until the rate of the pendulum corresponded with that of the pulse. The rate of the pulse was recorded as a measurement of pendulum length.

The Blood: 1628

UNTIL the seventeenth century, every physician had held Galen's view concerning the blood. The liver, according to Galen, was the centre of the blood system, where food was mysteriously changed to "natural spirits." He thought of the heart as a churn and a furnace, stirring and heating the blood, while the lungs were fans to cool it again.

William Harvey, the seventeenth-century English physician, tied a cord round a man's forearm, tight enough to shut off the flow of blood in the veins but not in the arteries. With each beat of the heart, blood flowed into the arm, the veins distended, the arm became swollen. Clearly the experiment showed that the blood flowed from the heart through the arteries but did not flow back through them.

In 1628 Harvey published his book about the circulation of the blood—one of the great landmarks of medicine.

Microscope: 1661

UNDER the lens of the microscope perfected by Galileo, the Italian



physician, Malpighi, in 1661 found minute blood vessels connecting the arteries and veins, a thing Harvey could not discern without the lens. But not until the nineteenth century was it fully known that blood is merely a vehicle, carrying oxygen and food and waste materials from one part of the system to another.

Stethoscope: 1819

IN AUSCULTATION the doctor listens to the sounds from the lungs and heart. The gentle "swish" of air as it passes through the tiny bronchial tubes may be altered in disease; the regular "lub-dub" of the normal heart beat may be blurred with murmurs.

Laënnec, in 1819, saw great possibilities in auscultation and also found great difficulties in it. Some patients were so fat that the faint sounds from the chest were lost. He had a fat patient suffering from heart trouble, and not a sound could he get.

One day, watching children play on a wood pile, he saw one child put his ear to the end of a long beam; another went to the opposite end and tapped on the wood. The signal travelled through the beam. There Laënnec saw an answer to his problem.

He hastened to the hospital, took a paper-covered book, rolled it into a cylinder and to the amazement of the onlookers put one end of the crude instrument against the patient's chest and applied his ear to

the other. To his joy he heard the heart sounds clearly. Soon he was making little wooden "trumpets" on a lathe, and the stethoscope was on its way to its modern form.

Anaesthetics: 1846

IN AMERICA, William Morton, a dentist, had experimented with ether on himself, on the family dog, and had used it with success during the extraction of a tooth. He asked Dr. Warren of the Massachusetts General Hospital for permission to administer ether during a major operation. The request was granted.

At the appointed time, when the surgeon, the patient, the strong men to hold him down in his struggles and the incredulous spectators were all ready, Morton administered the ether. In a few minutes the patient slept. With the completion of the operation, Dr. Warren turned to the spectators: "Gentlemen, this is no humbug," he said.

Antiseptics: 1860

JOSEPH LISTER, a young surgeon in Glasgow in 1860, turned his attention to infection in wounds. He operated skilfully, cared for his patients, yet more than half of them died from blood poisoning.

Reading of Pasteur's discovery that wines deteriorated due to the growth of



bacteria, he saw a similarity between putrefaction of wine and the infection of wounds. So he washed his instruments in carbolic acid; he dipped his hands in it, he sprayed a mist of it into the room. He found that clean wounds heal quickly. Surgical cleanliness or antisepsis—later asepsis—became the dominant idea of surgery.

X-ray: 1895

THE X-RAY was discovered in 1895 by the German physicist, Röntgen. Working in his darkened laboratory he happened to cover his Crookes tube with black paper to exclude light, then he turned on the electrical discharge. No visible light appeared, but the coated paper glowed with a ghostly light.

He picked up the paper and turned its coated surface away from the tube. It continued to glow. He held his hand in front of it and saw what no man had ever seen before—the shadow of the bones of his hand. The invisible rays were found to affect photographic film. It was possible to take pictures of bone and structures beneath the surface of the skin.

Inaccurate news of the discovery leaked out. It was believed that it could be used anywhere, at any time. An English merchant promptly advertised X-ray proof clothes for modest ladies. Doctors, however, were quick to sense the true possibilities of the X-ray, and it has become a most valuable method of diagnosis.

THE CIRCLE ROUND YOUR WORLD

By ROY PEARSON

*He drew a circle that shut me out—
Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.
But Love and I had the wit to win:
We drew a circle that took him in!*

—Edwin Markham

SO MUCH of life is spent in keeping other people out of it. Private rooms and houses, private clubs and offices, private roads and beaches—with all of them the point is the same: “This isn’t your property. It’s mine. Keep out!”

Of course, in one sense, a circle that shuts the world out is needed by everyone. We all need places of refuge. We are all porcupines, and our quills are less troublesome if there is a little space around us.

But there is another sense in which the size of a human being can be measured by the circles he draws to take the world in. A few people are too small to draw a circle larger than themselves. Most go a little further and include their families. Still others draw the line at the edges of their own social group or political party, their own race and colour,

their own religion or nation. The people are too few who have the bigness of interest and compassion to draw a circle large enough for all.

The smaller the circle, the smaller the man. A strong man is not afraid of people different from himself, and a wise man welcomes them. If he knows nothing else, he knows that human beings have nowhere to live except the earth and that unless we want to die together we must learn to live together. But the wise man probably knows, too, that when he draws a circle to shut out his brother he does less damage to his brother than he does to himself. He puts himself in solitary confinement, and he locks the door from the inside. He denies himself the riches of other men’s experience. He starves his own mind, hardens his own heart.

When a wise man names his brothers, he draws no circle smaller than the first one drawn on earth. In the beginning, God gave the world its shape. He made it round.

Condensed from This Week Magazine

DEATH DRIVES ON SOFT TYRES

Little-known facts about the hazards of under-inflation

BY PAUL KEARNEY AND JOHN ENNIS

RECENTLY, a motorist was seriously injured and his passenger killed when their car mounted a kerb and struck a tree at 50 miles an hour. Police investigations showed that, when the driver swerved to avoid a car shooting out from a side turning, the severe strain on his nearside tyres—both of which were under-inflated—threw the car into its fatal skid.

Under-inflation and neglecting to check tyre pressures are almost universal failings of motorists. Even though compressed air is available free, the average motorist could hardly be more frugal if it cost Rs. 10 a puff.

Some drivers think that the chief function of tyres is to provide a soft ride. Tyres do far more than that: they are an integral part of the car's braking and steering systems, and of the transmission of power from engine to road. Under-inflation not only affects the performance of

these systems; it can rapidly weaken the tyre to a point where it is ruined and becomes unsafe. Persistent under-inflation considerably shortens tyre life and places passengers in danger.

A tyre on a moving car does not keep its circular shape but flattens, where it comes in contact with the road, to give a "footprint" about the size of a number nine shoe. The tread and sidewalls bend, or flex, to support the car's weight. As the wheel turns, the "footprint" area changes, so your tyres, as you drive, are constantly flexing and twisting.

With the inner friction of rubber, cord fabric and wire, this flexing creates heat—and so does the tread's friction against the road. The heavier the car's load, or the softer the tyres, or the faster you drive, the more the tyres flex and the hotter they get. Heat eventually reduces the tyre's strength and durability. If allowed to build up excessively,

DEATH DRIVES ON SOFT TYRES

it may cause the tyre to disintegrate.

Long journeys in hot weather present a danger: the rise in air and road temperatures increases the rate at which tyres wear. When under-inflated tyres that have stood up to normal town driving are subjected to long runs at sustained high speeds, they can generate enough heat to boil water. On blistering road surfaces, their temperature may approach the vulcanizing point of rubber!

To find out how hard your tyres should be, consult the owner's handbook for your car. The manufacturer of one popular British car specifies a pressure of 22 lb. per square inch for standard front and rear tyres, but adds this advice: "When driving at high speeds—for example, 80 to 90 m.p.h. on a long journey—increase both front and rear tyre pressures by four pounds."

The handbook for a medium-size estate car recommends 24 lb. front and rear when four people are on board; but, if the car is loaded to its full capacity of over 3,300 lb., it suggests an extra six pounds for the rear tyres.

Unless otherwise specified, recommended pressures are always for "cold" tyres—those that have been standing for at least three hours or have run no more than a mile. That is the best time to check and inflate them.

For high speeds or heavier loads, particularly if your car is several years old, it is wise to add four or

six pounds more than the manual prescribes for normal use. A six-pound increase in pressure will, at 70 m.p.h., lower a tyre's running temperature by about ten degrees C. But keep within the recommended limits. Over-inflation can cause excessive wear in the centre of the tread and increase the chance of breaks in the tyre's fabric.

One piece of bad advice heard time and again, sometimes even from garage men, is: "If you're driving fast over a long distance, your pressure will increase: so start your journey with less."

Car manufacturers and tyre companies agree that this is a fallacy. Ignore it. Admittedly, on a long, fast run, you will build up as much as ten pounds extra pressure. But if you start with soft tyres, they will flex even more, as well as building up an excess of heat and as much or more extra pressure. And while reasonable pressure is no danger, heat is.

Even worse than starting out on soft tyres is "bleeding"—letting air out—during the day's driving. While this temporarily reduces the pressure, it repeats the cycle of flexing and pressure-increase and further weakens the tyre.

Increased pressures not only save tyres but give better steering, better control. Inflation is such a vital factor in car handling that competition drivers pay it almost religious attention.

Paddy Hopkirk, 1964 winner of

the Monte Carlo Rally, puts as much as 36 lb. in the tyres of his Mini Cooper S: to suit varying road conditions, he may change both tyres and pressures as many as five times during a rally. At Silverstone, Northamptonshire, last year, during practice for the British Grand Prix, John Surtees drove lap after lap, frequently changing his tyre pressures until he could sense that they were exactly right. In 1964, at Lake Eyre in South Australia, Donald Campbell used specially-designed tyres inflated to more than 100 lb. during his record-breaking runs of over 400 m.p.h.

One situation in which under-inflation can be murderous, even at moderate speeds, is driving round a bend. Few drivers realize how much a tyre can "heel over" in cornering. The Dunlop Rubber Company made high-speed films of tyres cornering a 100-foot radius bend—equivalent to the curve of the average roundabout—at 30 m.p.h.

The films showed that, with 15 lb.

of pressure, the offside front tyre rolled so far under the rim that nearly half the side wall touched the road surface. At eight pounds, the roll-under was severe enough to cause the rim almost to touch the road. If the rim does touch, the car may turn turtle. This soft-tyre roll-under seriously affects a car's steering, and may explain why so many drivers lose control on corners.

Other tests have shown that the best cornering performance is obtained at 36 lb. pressure. This would give too hard a ride for most people. But it supports the case for somewhat higher pressures than those usually recommended by car manufacturers.

Today's high-performance cars and roads combine to make the problems of inflation and tyre condition more critical than ever before. So, when planning your next long journey, consider buying a tyre pressure gauge. It will not cost you very much; used with intelligence, it may save your life.

Cashing In

A WOULD-BE hold-up man pointed a gun at a cashier in a large store, but dropped the weapon and fled when he realized the cashier had been able to reach the burglar alarm. In a few minutes the place was swarming with police officers. Seeing them all, the store manager immediately put out this message over the loudspeaker system: "Special sale now in progress for police officers only!"

—M. B.

WHEN a pigeon built its nest over the front entrance of a new bank, they capitalized on it by putting on the door a notice which said: "Even a Pigeon Chooses This Bank for Her Nest Egg."

—N.C.E.

*With a little
planning, your
family can
make Saturday . . .*

The Weariest Night of the Week

By JOYCE LUBOLD

EVERY TIME I read one of those articles that explain how we can all look forward to a four-day working week and a three-day week-end, I have to go and lie down with a cold cloth on my head. Because, as far as our family is concerned, the ordinary two-day week-end is as much as we can stand.

The seeds of disaster are planted on Friday night. Our family *loves* Friday night. There is a charming, relaxed air, a delayed bedtime, a "We've got all day Saturday to worry about that" mood. And it is in this state of euphoria that we begin to plan our Saturday.



"First, I'm going to mow the lawn and get the flower beds dug," my husband announces, sketching in a good two days' work. "Then tomorrow *afternoon* we can just laze about."

"Let's have a picnic," the ten-year-old suggests eagerly.

"Why not?" I say gaily. "I'll fry some chicken, then skim through the house, and be all ready when Daddy finishes in the garden."

"Bike," says the six-year-old suddenly. She is a girl of few but forceful words. "My bike's broke."

"Oh, that's right," I say easily to my beloved. "Jean's bike has a

broken wheel. I told her you'd mend it."

"Of course," my husband says exuberantly, swinging Jean up over his head. We all laugh fondly. We do a lot of laughing on Friday nights. Then we kiss the children good night, and my husband and I take a relaxed walk round the garden.

In the general atmosphere of love and joy, I dare to bring up the garage problem. Again. "If we could just get rid of some of that stuff in the garage, we could put the car in there and it would start better." My husband, bless his Friday-night calm, agrees. "Won't take long," he says judiciously. "I can probably whip it into shape in an hour or so while you pack the picnic."

Now: "Have you washed my khaki trousers yet?" he asks. "I'll need them tomorrow."

"They're washed, but they need ironing. I'll dampen them now, so they'll be just right by the morning."

While I am at it I decide I might just as well dampen *all* the ironing and get that basket empty for once. Whereupon I go enthusiastically ahead, dampening down enough laundry to keep a professional presser on his feet for a full ten-hour day.

By this time all reason has fled from me: I am delighted to see that this week we are honestly *planning* our Saturday. I say as much to my

husband. He yawns widely and agrees. "It just takes a little system. I'm really going to sleep tonight. I need it."

"You do need some extra rest," I say tenderly. "Let's not rush too hard tomorrow. You might plan to have a little nap in the afternoon."

THE THING I find so hard to believe is that we make plans like this *every Friday night*. And the thing I find so hard to endure is that we face the same kind of disaster *every Saturday*.

CONFUSION coils round our heads before the morning properly arrives, for we have never clearly settled the question of what time to get up. The children feel, very simply, that not a single daylight hour should be wasted. The adults point out quietly to each other and loudly to the children that Saturday morning is the *only* morning we can sleep late. The children have found a clever solution to this stalemate: they bring me breakfast in bed. I am always disarmed by this gesture; since breakfast in bed is, to me, the ultimate luxury.

But my husband, who considers any kind of eating in bed an abomination, wakes sharply at the first crunch of toast, springs up, and goes muttering into the bathroom.

I drink my juice and am swallowing my cooler than lukewarm coffee when my husband emerges in his pants. I am reminded of the khaki

trousers I promised him. "I'll do them right away," I say gaily. Clad in my nightgown and a fine sifting of toast crumbs, I go to the kitchen.

My first moment of real misgiving assails me when I see the pile of dampened laundry sprawling over the top of the basket. But I fight to keep cheerful, telling myself I'll do the ironing while I'm cooking the picnic chicken. Briskly, I start the trouser job.

The children appear, chattering loudly of their need for breakfast. I ask them to get out their own cereal, and for a time all you can hear is the hiss of the iron and the crackling of cornflakes as they drop on the kitchen floor.

Mark you, any other morning I would be dressed by now, breakfast cooking, husband immaculate in his office clothes, children clean and scrubbed. But Saturday is supposed to be special, so nine o'clock finds me in bare feet, clumping wincingly over the cereal.

11 A.M. I am pleased to find that I am dressed and have "skimmed through" two rooms. I discover that the cornflakes have spread into the living-room.

11.30 A.M. The children are back asking, "How about the picnic, Mum? Are we ready to go yet?"

I smile fondly and say, falsely, "Pretty soon." Outside, my husband is cursing steadily and quietly at the lawn mower, which has as yet refused to start. "Daddy and I still

have a few jobs to do. Why not go out and help your father?"

It's a dirty trick, but I really *have* to do something about this kitchen —my feet stick to the floor. It seems silly, though, to clean the kitchen before I fry the chicken. So I get that started, planning to let the chicken brown while I vacuum up the cornflakes.

The phone rings about then. It is one of the Sunday-school teachers, explaining at really unnecessary length why she can't be on hand tomorrow and suggesting possible substitutes who would *love* to do it. I call two or three, listen as they explain at unnecessary length how glad they are to be asked and how sorry they can't help out this time. Eventually, one laconic woman says, bless her heart, "I'll be there." That's when I notice the burning smell.

I scrape out the frying pan (I'll just eat those nice black pieces myself), and put some more chicken in. About then, the children come in again, with four or five friends, to say they are *starving*. Well, actually it is lunchtime, so why not have a supper picnic and get lunch out of the way now. So I make 17 peanut-butter sandwiches and mix three jugs of lemonade. In a wave of sound and motion, the children eat and disappear again.

1 P.M. My husband, with part of the lawn finished, comes in for a snack and looks round pleasantly. "Lord! This kitchen is in a mess,"

he says. My mouth is full of peanut-butter-sandwich crusts, and the brilliant riposte I try for comes out as a threatening "*Gra-g-gh.*" My husband, recognizing what he calls my "Saturday nerves," leaves quickly.

2 P.M. I have finished "skimming through" the house. Not counting the living-room, of course, since at the last count there were nine children in there playing a card game the rules of which they did not seem to be in complete agreement upon.

2.30 P.M. My husband and I, having dug one small flower bed, stand looking into the garage. "Well, I'd like to get that mess cleaned up today, but there's the bike to mend," he says heavily.

"I'll help," I hear myself saying.

3.30 P.M. The dustbin and two large cardboard boxes are by now overflowing, and I can see my husband only dimly through the dust as he sweeps. But I can hear him clearly. He's swearing rhythmically to himself. I tiptoe away. I really think he'll be happier by himself, and the dampened ironing was already beginning to smell a little mildewed at lunchtime.

4.30 P.M. I try a few bends, to get feeling back into my legs. I throw the rest of the ironing into the washing machine, and serve cold drinks all round in an effort to still the little voices asking about the picnic.

"Daddy isn't quite ready," I say steadily. I go to the garage and find that a sack of fertilizer which he

was apparently trying to hoist up to the rafters has burst quite thoroughly all over the clear portion of the floor. I leave quickly. I know he wants to be alone.

5.30 P.M. My husband appears silently in the kitchen, his clothes, face and hands all the same grey-brown colour, except for two little alarming patches of red that burn threateningly through the stoniness of his face. The children gather round, saying that it's time we packed for the picnic. Their father groans.

"Tell you what," I say, with faltering gaiety. "How about having it here in our own garden? It'll be fun."

The children, bless their understanding hearts, agree, and in no time at all we are sitting amid a half-mown lawn, near an undug flower bed and munching burned chicken.

It is getting dark now, and I can feel deep weariness climbing up the back of my legs. Then my husband speaks: "Well, the garage is done."

"Yes, and half the ironing."

For reasons that some might find hard to understand, we laugh.

"Next Saturday, let's make a really sensible plan," he says. "Not bite off more than we can chew."

"We could have a really lazy day," I say dreamily. "Just do a couple of little things and then take it easy."

And that is how it will be, *next* Saturday.

Vietnam: The Case for Staying

A forthright declaration from the U.S. Vice-President

BY HUBERT HUMPHREY

SOME PEOPLE say that we Americans should not be in Vietnam, that we should not have intervened. Well, listen to these words of John Stuart Mill, the great nineteenth-century English philosopher and economist:

"The doctrine of non-intervention, to be a great principle of morality, must be accepted by all governments. The despots must consent to be bound by it as well as the free states. Unless they do, the profession comes but to this: that the wrong side may help the wrong, but the right must not help the right."

Here is a clear statement of why Americans are in Vietnam. It is not of our own volition, but by request, by treaty, by obligation and by commitment.

If the doctrine of non-intervention had been applied in Greece after the war, that country would be controlled by the communists today. If the British had applied it in Malaya, the same thing would have happened there. In both cases, but for timely outside aid, militant and

determined communist minorities would have seized and held power. In both cases, subsequent elections proved that the communists were indeed a minority—and a small one at that.

And, I might add, if South Korea had been left alone in the face of communist aggression from the North, there would be no South Korea today.

History should have taught us by now that communists are dedicated to seeking power in whatever way they can get it. If they succeed in seizing power by force in one country, they will be tempted to try it in others. Indeed, "Liberation Fronts" have already been set up for both Thailand and Malaysia.

Then I've heard that the struggle for Vietnam is a civil war. The National Liberation Front (the members of it are the Vietcong) is exactly what it says it is—a front. That is the only honest word in its title. It is not national. It liberates no one. It is a front for Ho Chi Minh from Hanoi. And he says so.

I hear it said that the government

*Adapted from an address at the Annual Luncheon Meeting of the Associated Press
in New York, on April 25, 1966*

in Saigon is weak. This is true. And then I hear people say, "How can you expect us to do anything with all the unrest, the demonstrations?" Well, there is disorder. And understandably so.

But I would rather have the disorder of a vital, vigorous people such as the South Vietnamese than the silence of a people who have been subdued by communism as in Hanoi. I'd rather by a long shot.

There is a struggle for power in South Vietnam today, and this disturbs us all. But put it in perspective. That struggle indicates how well the military operation has gone. A year ago there was no struggle for power because a year ago it was very doubtful that there would be any South Vietnam. Today all the world knows there will be a South Vietnam. And the power groups within South Vietnam are now positioning themselves to see who is going to run the country. They know that the United States has brought in vast amounts of manpower and resources, that they are not going to lose.

So when the Buddhists, the Catholics, the students, the labour people and the peasants ask themselves, "What kind of government will we have? What kind of constitution?" this is not a sign of weakness. It is indeed the best evidence that considerable progress has been made in defeating the enemy.

There are two things upon which all these groups agree: They do not

want the communists to control them. And they do not want us to abandon them. What is more, not one leader of any group in South Vietnam has yet defected to Hanoi or to the National Liberation Front. Not one. A remarkable record, I must say.

Meanwhile, during the past year and a half, 800,000 refugees from Vietcong-held areas have come to government-controlled territory in South Vietnam. Why? Because they did not want to live under communism.

The United States is being watched. We Americans are being watched very carefully by the whole world to see whether or not, in this period of our affluence and power, at this time when certain communist nations seem to be less irritating than before, we have our old will. The free nations of the world need to know that we have the vision and the endurance to fulfil the American commitment. And those who threaten their neighbours need to know that we take our commitments seriously, that we will resist aggression, and that we will stay and see it through in Vietnam.

But they should also know that we bear no consumptive hate against their people, that we have no design on their sovereignty. We look only towards the day when all nations may choose to live in harmony—when they may together turn their energies to building a better life for their peoples.

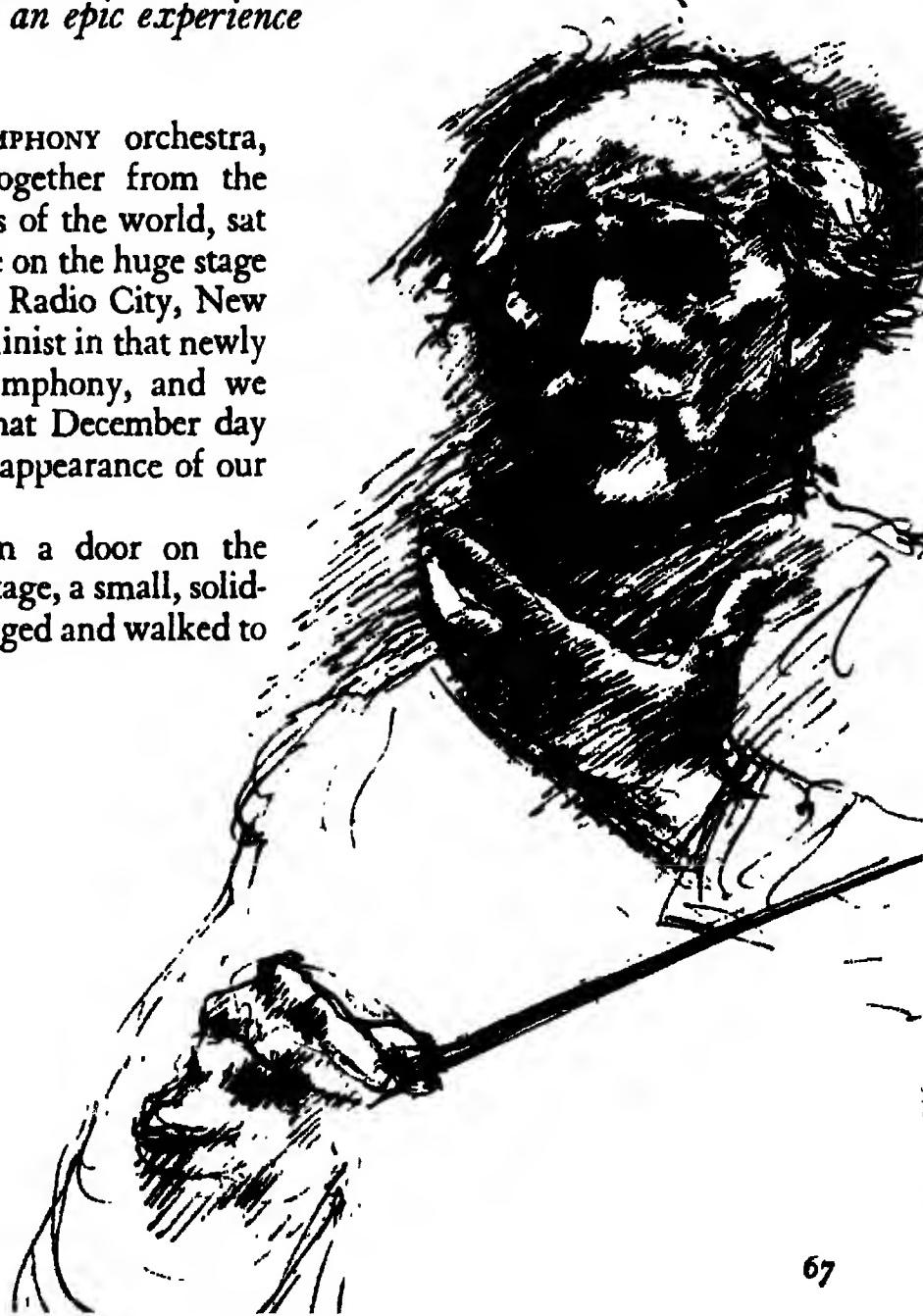
TOSCANINI, MAGIC MAESTRO

BY SAMUEL ANTEK

He was an almost unbelievable combination of saint and demon—but to play under “the world’s greatest conductor” was an epic experience

A GREAT SYMPHONY orchestra, brought together from the far corners of the world, sat in tingling silence on the huge stage of Studio 8-H in Radio City, New York. I was a violinist in that newly formed NBC Symphony, and we were awaiting, that December day in 1937, the first appearance of our conductor.

Suddenly, from a door on the right side of the stage, a small, solidly built man emerged and walked to



the rostrum. Our first impression was of crowning white hair and an impassive, square, high-cheekboned, moustached face. He was dressed in a black alpaca jacket with a clerical collar, formal striped trousers and pointed, slipperlike shoes. He gestured a faint greeting with both arms, then, in a rough, hoarse voice, called out, "Brahms!"

He looked at us piercingly for a moment, then raised his arms. In one smashing stroke, the baton came down. Thus began my first rehearsal with Arturo Toscanini, "the world's greatest conductor."

That morning, with each heart-pounding timpani stroke in the opening bars of Brahms' First Symphony, our 70-year-old conductor's baton beat became more powerfully insistent. As we in the violin section struck our bows against our strings, I sensed, more than heard, the magnificent new sounds around me. Was this the same music we had played so often before? With what a new, fierce joy we played!

"*Cantate! Sostenete!*" he belled as the music reached its first great climax. "Sing! Sustain!" This was the first time Toscanini's battle cry was flung at us, and for 17 years we lived by those words.

Toscanini often said, "Any *asino* can conduct, but to make music is *difficile*." He was always St. George fighting the dragon guarding the musical treasure. What a sense of excitement and discovery each rehearsal brought, as the "Old Man"

found in a long-familiar work a note, an accent, a nuance hitherto unnoticed or glossed over by routine or carelessness! Under his baton, time-wearied, shopworn pieces regained their original lustre and shone anew. "Routine—the death of music!" Toscanini would wail.

I cannot recall him ever making a gesture that was purely mechanical and not closely identified in mood or movement with the expression of the musical phrase as he felt it. He conducted the music, not the orchestra.

For a very hushed effect, he would bring the tip of the index finger of his left hand to his lips as though saying, "Sh! Sh!" For even greater expressiveness, he brought his left hand over his heart and indicated an undulating motion, as though playing a wide cello *vibrato*. "Play with your hearts, not your instruments!"

When the music became particularly poignant, as at the end of the Funeral March of Beethoven's *Eroica*, he would crouch slightly, lean towards us, and indicate with his baton the merest suggestion of a still precise, flowing beat. "Weeping—weeping!" he would cry out.

Toscanini never spoke matter-of-factly. Excitement and dramatic expressiveness filled his phrases. I could feel each member of the orchestra straining every ounce of technique to attain the sound and mood the Maestro wanted. Always when we played with him, the

sound that emerged differed as completely from what we had formerly played as does refined gold from the original ore. We would nod to one another, beaming with satisfaction and almost disbelief.

There were two Toscaninis: the conductor at rehearsals and the conductor at concerts. At rehearsals, he would shout, bellow and sing. At concerts he seemed to freeze. I often had the impression that he wished he were invisible so as not to come between the audience and the music.

He never smiled at a concert. Sometimes, if a particular passage fell apart, he would shake his head as if saying, "Well, we failed!"

At other times, if a player or a section did something especially displeasing, his head would rock balefully as though to say, "Wait till I get my hands on you!" And if a player made a wrong entrance or played indifferently (at least in Toscanini's opinion), Toscanini would actually shake a clenched fist at the hapless wretch.

No conductor more grudgingly accepted recognition from audience and orchestra alike. Many times, at rehearsals, men would spontaneously break into applause when a particular phrase shone with unusual brilliance. Toscanini never acknowledged these compliments. "No! Is not me!" he would say almost angrily. "Is in the music, just before your eyes."

Few, if any, conductors knew

scores as Toscanini did, or even approached his genius for laying bare the flesh and bones of an orchestra's effort. Unerringly, he could put his finger on just where and how a passage had been muddied. "You know," he would say, stopping suddenly, "you play—I hear something—but is nothing—is a big *pasticcio* [mess]. Come, we study." Each line would be gone over separately. When all was put together, so delicate, well-timed and sensitive was the balance, that every note spoke. "Everything so clear I can touch it!"

One of Toscanini's most enigmatic qualities was the almost unbelievable combination of saint and demon. As he stood on the rostrum at rehearsals, he looked the personification of a venerable saint. His face was transfigured with a spiritual light as he worked on a passage of surpassing beauty. Then, suddenly, like a thunderbolt, the saint would flee and the demon lash out at the orchestra in language to rival that of a stevedore.

Toscanini had one favourite Italian curse that he used without much provocation. He would hurl it with particular relish at a fellow Italian, saying, "You are Italian. Good! I don't have to explain!" Once, however, when he started to use this epithet, he caught himself and put his hand over his mouth. Several women were in the hall. He made a grimace, glared at the player and shouted, "Hmmmmph! You

The Incredible Maestro

WHEN the NBC Symphony was about to be formed, David Sarnoff, chairman of the board of NBC, gave one directive: "Do not engage any players from existing orchestras because that would only weaken other orchestras." The people in charge, headed by Artur Rodzinski, himself a fine conductor, managed to get together a superb orchestra—all except the first clarinettist.

When Toscanini was about to arrive from Italy to take over the orchestra, Sarnoff was asked how the problem should be handled. Should Toscanini be left to find out for himself? Should they tell him frankly? Sarnoff said, "Let's tell him." His associates said, "You tell him." Accordingly, a delegation went down to meet the boat.

In his stateroom Toscanini greeted Sarnoff and said, "That's a fine orchestra you got together—very fine, all except the first clarinettist." Sarnoff was taken aback. "Maestro, how did you find out?" he asked. "I have been listening on a little shortwave radio I had in Milan," said Toscanini, "and I could tell." Yes, he could hear it on a little radio in Milan.

Toscanini then said, "Take me to the studios." There the orchestra was rehearsing and a special dressing-room was waiting for him. He sent for the clarinettist, who arrived in such a state of mind as you can easily imagine. Toscanini said to him, "You are a good clarinet player, but there are certain things that you do wrong." Then he began to work with him. The upshot was that the clarinettist stayed with the orchestra for 17 years and became one of the world's best.

—George Marek

know what I want to call you,
but ——"

The rehearsal went on, until the mistake was repeated. Now Toscanini bellowed, "Zuccone! I tried to control myself, but you won't let me. You are a ——" Out came the epithet in fullest glory. He glared triumphantly at the player. A moment later he was his angelic self again. If any other conductor had spoken to an orchestra the way Toscanini did, he would have been

brought up before the musicians' union on charges of "misbehaviour"!

In 1950 the NBC Symphony went on tour, giving concerts throughout the United States. We saw great snowcapped mountains, vast deserts and exciting cities. But, as the tour progressed, we realized that the greatest wonder of all was on the train with us—our incredible 83-year-old Maestro. His zest and enthusiasm astounded us all. Once,

in Sun Valley, I came upon him at ten o'clock in the morning, stretched out full-length on the lawn of the hotel, drinking a toast in champagne to the beautiful mountains!

In Atlanta, an incident occurred that illustrated his almost mystical attitude towards music. As we entered the huge auditorium that morning, we were greeted by the sound of hammering. In the centre of the auditorium workmen were busy erecting a ring for the prize-fights that were to take place that night.

Our concert was to be played the following night. All the noise stopped when Toscanini came to the stand and during the brief rehearsal. But, as Toscanini stepped off the rostrum, the workmen reappeared and a foreman walked past the Maestro with his hat on. Toscanini stopped abruptly.

With a flick of his baton he knocked off the foreman's hat. "*Ignorante!* Take off the hat! Is a church here!" The man, dumb with amazement, looked round at the prizefighting ring and stared at the Old Man in perplexed terror. "Yes! *Ignorante!*" rasped the Old Man. "Where is music is a church! Off with the hat, *stupido!*"

As a conductor, Toscanini stood like a colossus astride the musical horizon. For me, his principal genius lay in his capacity to transform music-making into an epic experience.

Those who had the proud privilege of playing with him until the NBC Symphony was disbanded in 1954 felt that we had undergone a spiritual regeneration. Making music became the very noblest of professions and aspirations.

This was the miracle of Toscanini.



Gospel Truth

OUR VICAR'S sermon one Sunday concerned the relationship between fact and faith. "That you are sitting before me in this church," he said, "is a fact. That I am standing, speaking to you from this pulpit, is a fact. But it is only faith that makes me believe anyone is listening." —S. A. B.

THE REVEREND Dr. Roy DeLamotte, chaplain at Paine College, Augusta, Georgia, preached the shortest sermon in the college's 80-year-old history. His topic was, "What Does Christ Answer When We Ask: 'Lord, What's in Religion for Me?'"

The complete text of his remarks : "Nothing."

Asked how long it had taken him to prepare his message, Dr. DeLamotte replied : "Twenty years." —*New York Times*

A world plagued by growing wastelands of poverty can take hope from this remarkable American achievement in helping poor and backward people to help themselves

"The Phoenix Rises in the West"

III. Anadarko

BY EARL AND ANNE SELBY

SOUTH AND WEST of Oklahoma City the flatlands abruptly crease into folds of red rock. Little creeks appear, cut their way through the bristly terrain; cliffs shoot straight up and the under-brush is stubby and tough.

Oklahomans call this region their badlands. Country like this is usually the home of the poor—in purse and in spirit.

The town of Anadarko, population 6,200, has some badges of rural poverty. Surplus foods are doled out to the needy. With a large American Indian population, the town knows all about the deprivation

that afflicts so many of its people. Yet something remarkable has come about in Anadarko.

Consider the case of a 25-year-old man we shall call Randy. For six years he took whatever jobs he could get. "Never knew how long one'd last," he says. "Month or two in the hayfields, couple of months in a peanut mill. Maybe a season chopping cotton." Home for him, his Red Indian wife and four children was a shack in the hills. His hair grew long, his shoes ragged. Wearing his old felt hat, down-brimmed in the country fashion, he was the picture of poverty, the forgotten man in the

~~THE PRUD DEMONSTRATION AT ANADARKO~~

rush of twentieth-century prosperity.

But then the remarkable thing happened to Randy. He no longer needs the surplus foods from welfare. He is buying his own home and also another house as an investment; the rent from one will go to pay off the mortgage on both. In his words, "I'm putting in a bathroom, I've got my eye on a good used car, and I'm thinking ahead to a little 40- or 50-acre farm in the country . . ."

A First Real Chance. One constantly hears about the hopeless plight of "marginal workers" and the "culturally deprived." Randy's story, however, is proof that the virtues of work, self-respect and honest concern for home and family can be nourished in those who have never held a steady job.

Nor is he alone. Many other local people also got their first real chance in Anadarko's newborn company, the Sequoyah Carpet Mills. Of the first 55 employed, only three had held jobs lasting from one year into another. Their job-application forms are a roll call of failure and frustration: cattle herders with no more cattle to herd, hayfield workers made jobless by the drought. For many there was only the monthly dole of welfare's dehydrated eggs, dried milk and other foods.

We see the same kind of spectacle in big-city slums, but the difference is that the jobless of Anadarko were helped to pull themselves up. And

the results don't square with the usual clichés about the unemployed:

They are said to be lazy. Absenteeism at Sequoyah is less than three-tenths of one per cent.

They are said to be untrainable. Workers at Sequoyah had never even seen a carpet mill; yet they acquired new skills so rapidly that, in a highly competitive industry, their products made more than six million dollars (Rs. 4 crores) in sales the first year.

They are said to lack ambition. Sequoyah's men earned up to four rises the first year.

They are said to be poor money managers. Given their choice of profit-sharing plans, they rejected extra money now in favour of pensions later.

"It Made Me Think." It was a young businessman named Don Greve who founded the Sequoyah mill that gave them their chance. Greve is also a Methodist lay preacher, and he founded Sequoyah because he believes we are our brother's keeper, and the down-and-out can and should be helped.

Greve grew up poor-boy style, in a fatherless home. "We missed meals, and I didn't have the clothes other kids had," he told us. "But my mother wouldn't take a penny in public assistance. I wouldn't either, because she passed on her pride to me."

At ten years of age, Don was helping the caretaker of the school building where he attended classes. By

the time he was 12, he was earning 12 dollars a week in a shop; at 18 he was making 750 dollars a month selling lawn mowers. At 20 he bought a furniture store, and at 27 he owned a group of construction, merchandising and property companies.

For Don Greve that was enough. "My wife and I and our children were living comfortably," he said. "So I decided to take more time to help the church."

He began by touring the Red Indian country with a friend who was doing home-mission work. As a group, Red Indians may be the most hopeless, neglected people in the entire U.S. economy; at one time, 78 per cent of them in the Anadarko area were jobless.

"It made me think," Greve said. "Until then, I suppose I had felt that because I'd been poor, and wasn't poor any longer, anyone could do what he wanted. I felt—and I wasn't alone—that all it took to get a job and make a living was effort. After seeing these Red Indians close to, I wasn't so sure. I saw they'd never had any opportunity. I'd at least had what my mother had taught me—to earn what I needed. Many of these people didn't have anyone teaching that to them."

Greve and his wife, searching for some way to help them, finally settled upon the idea of building a carpet mill. Red Indians, with their keen sight and nimble fingers, could be taught that kind of work. Also,

Greve knew something of the business from his furniture store. And a close friend, Charles Purcell, who was sales manager for a carpet distributor, agreed to join Greve in the project. As production vice-president they recruited Sanford Lee, a former executive in a carpet-manufacturing firm.

Greve estimated that 750,000 dollars would finance the operation, but when he told potential investors that he planned to employ Red Indians and others who had never had a chance for steady work, most "ran from the project like scared rabbits." It took a year, but Greve finally got the money together.

Making It Work. The new company bought a 13-acre site, erected a factory building and spent 350,000 dollars on equipment. The government agreed to finance a manpower-training scheme.

With the new mill a going concern, Sequoyah began planning for expansion, and another training programme was indicated. This time Greve and Lee began their own scheme, and then went to private sources to finance the expansion.

A Plan for "Building Pride." Greve believes emphatically in careful training in manual skills, but he is also certain that this alone isn't enough.

"If a man is to make his opportunity pay off," he says, "there must first be the right attitude towards work." It was made quite clear to

the Sequoyah trainees that the company wanted a dollar's worth of work in return for a dollar's pay. The success of the mill and the continuation of the jobs depended on the wholehearted co-operation of the employees.

Greve calls his plan "building pride." "The man," he said, "who has a good job, a nice home and a car is apt to think he is basically different from the fellow who has little education, is out of work and lives in a shanty. The truth is that both have the same instincts deep down. Both want self-respect, both want to feel they are making a contribution. That's why we have done everything we can to build pride in our employees."

Even before the mill opened, the workers voted to wear uniforms bearing their own names and the name of the company. They bought the uniforms with their own money, through payroll deductions. One Sequoyah employee, whose previous life had been a succession of welfare help, food doles and unemployment compensation, said to us: "I never worked no place before where I had a uniform. When I was at the peanut mill and my own clothes were getting dirty and ragged, I would see other people in good steady jobs wearing uniforms. That did something to me. I knew they were on a payroll all the year round and didn't have to wonder if they'd be working next week."

A Red Indian who had found his

first steady job at Sequoyah, said, "I always had a hard time. I'd be riding a horse or driving a tractor or something, and I'd say to myself, there's got to be something in the world for me somewhere. I used to pray for something like this job at Sequoyah, because then I could take care of my family right."

Sanford Lee grows angry when his employees are called "marginal workers" by the theorists. "Their education may be meagre and their experience limited," he says, "but all this means is that they are below par in opportunity. Given a decent chance, put in the right environment, people like these can be the best asset any company ever had."

The Meaning of Success. In Sequoyah's first year, sales reached the level anticipated for the third. One shift has now expanded to three, and the working force is up to 276. At first the factory car-park was merely an expanse of open ground, with a few cars scattered here and there; now a latecomer must scout diligently for an empty space.

One worker described his pleasure in an act so simple that most of us take it for granted: "I found I could open a charge account at the hardware store." He paused, then added with delighted amazement: "All at once I was like anybody else."

Don Greve tells of an incident at the factory's opening. Among those touring the plant was the family of a Red Indian employee who, until he

THE READER'S DIGEST

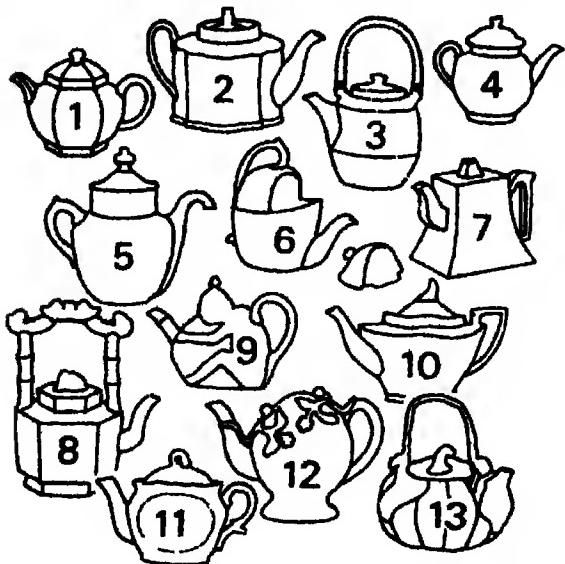
was hired by Sequoyah, had been on the food dole for years. The man's four-year-old son broke away from his mother, darted under one of the guide ropes and pointed at his father, who was standing, tall and spruce in his new uniform, alongside a carpet-drying oven.

"That's my daddy!" he shouted proudly.

"That really put some meaning in what we were trying to do," Greve said. "At four years of age, that boy had learnt one of the most important lessons on this earth—to respect those who work for a living."

THIS MONTH'S COVER

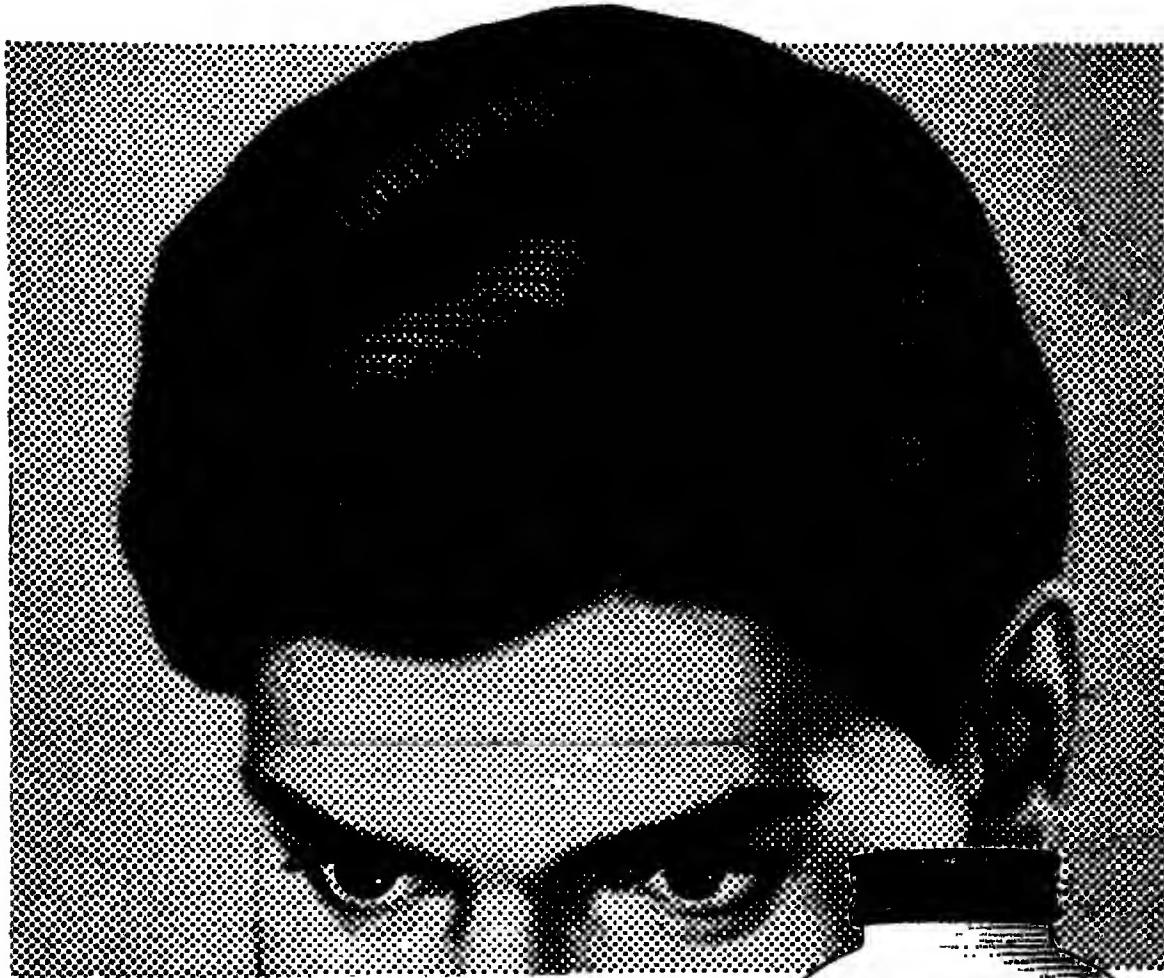
David Pratt's cover painting shows some of the teapots used during the last 300 years.



1. Rare example of the earliest type of English teapot, made in about 1690. This design is based on pots from the Yi-hsing factory, which were imported with China tea.
2. Late eighteenth century teapot made by the New Hall pottery in Staffordshire. Steam escapes through the knob on the lid instead of through the usual vent.
3. Modern English teapot by artist-potter Gerald Makin; the pattern and bamboo handle show an Oriental influence.
4. Bachelor teapot—it held tea for one person. Late eighteenth century, made at the Caughley factory on the River Severn.
5. Victorian pot, patented by Royle in 1866, from which tea flows by piston action operated by the lid. This Doulton example has Willow Pattern decoration.
6. Modern Wedgwood example of the SYP (Simple Yet Perfect) teapot, patented in 1901 by the Earl of Dundonald. Tea leaves are put on the shelf inside, and infused by tilting the pot back to rest on two knobs below the handle. It never became popular.
7. A typical Chinese brown earthenware pot, probably eighteenth century, from the Yi-hsing factory.
8. Eighteenth-century Chinese hexagonal teapot with pagoda-shaped handle and *famille vert* (transparent enamel) decoration in relief.
9. Monkey teapot, one of the rare shapes produced by Minton's of Staffordshire, between 1880 and 1900.
10. Staffordshire teapot made around 1800. Known as Pratt-ware after one of the small non-manufacturing firms which specialized in decorating teapots.
11. Souvenir teapot of Pinner village, near London. Probably made in England, though many of these souvenirs were manufactured between 1900 and 1910 on the Continent.
12. Cadogan trick teapot, a copy of a Chinese wine pot, in the shape of a pomegranate. Probably made in Yorkshire at the Rockingham pottery in the mid-nineteenth century. It has no lid and is filled from the bottom through an internal tube. As spent leaves cannot be extracted, the pot must be filled with tea already infused and strained.
13. Chinese teapot, of unknown date, in the form of a green pepper.

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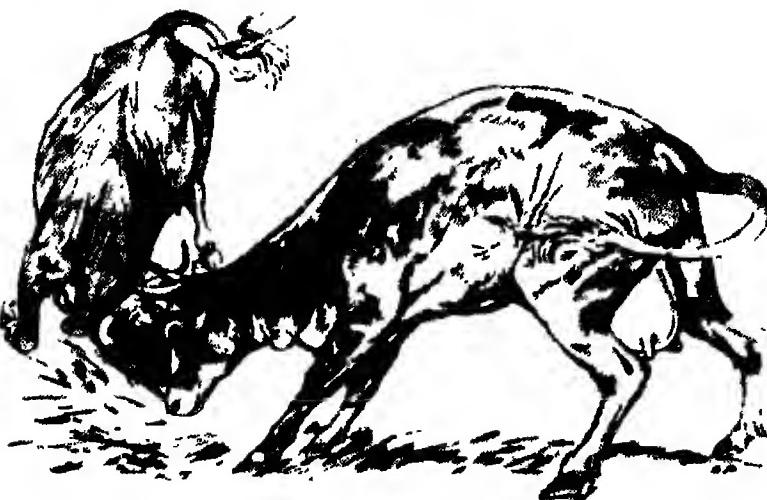
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What Makes Animals Fight?



*Fascinating new research reveals
that conflict has a constructive purpose,
and can be controlled*

BY JEAN GEORGE

ONCE in a Michigan, U.S.A., meadow I watched two cows cracking their heads together with such violence that I winced and asked the farmer why he didn't separate the animals.

"Cow fights," he explained, "make for order and peaceful individuals. The sooner those two decide which is going to be boss cow, the sooner I'll get a bucket of milk from both of them."

In his lifetime with cattle this farmer had seen what science is now establishing: that animal aggression is creative. A tooth-and-claw encounter is a positive adjustment to

an irritating situation, just as sleep is an adjustment to fatigue, eating to hunger.

Since the war, psychologists and biologists have been prying intensively into the stuff that makes a fight. In man this force can be expressed destructively in war and murder, or positively in murals in a Sistine Chapel. The human impulses that make a fight are precisely those that make a masterpiece.

One of the first clues that animal aggression has its constructive uses came to light in 1938, when psychologist C. R. Carpenter shipped several hundred rhesus monkeys from

Condensed from Audubon Magazine

WHAT MAKES ANIMALS FIGHT?

India to Santiago Island, off Puerto Rico, where he released them, in order to study their natural society. When they were set free on the island, they swung into the trees—and fights started. Males battled until a leader emerged. Losers gradually took their positions under him. Now the females turned to the care of their young and to friendly relationships with other females. Once order had been established in the monkeys' society, they showed deeper feelings: travelling groups moved through the trees at a pace to accommodate the old and infirm.

Nearly all lower animals use fighting only to create order. In his study of birds, H. E. Howard, British businessman-ornithologist, found that the springtime song was actually a warning to other birds to stay away and avert a physical battle. Males sang from trees and posts to tell one another where their boundaries lay. Only rarely, when the warning song was ignored, did they clash physically, and then never to the death. More often a song was tussle enough. As the nesting season progressed and each bird became established in its territory with a mate, the loud songs died down.

There have been a number of recent experiments to discover what sparks off a fight. John Paul Scott, a research professor of psychology, discovered in testing mice that one of the primary ingredients of a mouse battle is pain. He needed only to pinch a male mouse gently

on the tail and it turned and slashed its nearest neighbour.

Emotional torches also ignite animal battles. For some animals, conflict may arise over females (although much less often than we have been led to believe), threats to young, and food scarcity. The most frequent battles, however, seem to relate to status and property. Every animal that has territory is aggressive against trespassers.

When status fights have established a hierarchy in a pack, herd or flock, fighting decreases. This can be observed in chickens, among the most pugnacious of all birds. At one experimental laboratory, a group of five hens was tagged alphabetically according to the previously established rank. Then a dish of food, big enough to feed only one bird at a time, was presented to them. All the hens ran towards it—but A stretched her neck, lifted her head feathers and threw up her comb. Whereupon the others stopped short of the dish and let her eat first.

The researcher then removed this strong leader. B stepped up to the tray. Only when all the birds but D and E were removed was there a fight. Wings batted, feet clawed and beaks descended on heads. "Those two fight for status when the others are gone," said the researcher. "They need the dominance of the whole group to keep them from fighting."

Since the dominant animal, often the oldest and heaviest, is important

THE READER'S DIGEST

to peace in some kinds of animal societies, the question of how dominance is achieved was studied by Dr. Scott in his research laboratory. It was found not only that the dominant animal is often a winner but that a winner is made by winning.

Dr. Scott and his co-workers placed two male mice in a small cage, where the animals had no choice but to fight after a tail pinch. The winner was then pitted against a series of weaker opponents until he became so confident that he did not even bother with the warm-up—tail rattling and hair raising—but simply charged and fought as soon as he was put into a cage. Fighters trained in this manner became so aggressive that they would tackle every mouse they encountered, including females and young—something that no normal mouse would do.

Many wild creatures have a psychological zone about them which, once it is entered by an intruder, forces them to make a decision—to fight or flee. Jack Couffer, a Walt Disney wildlife photographer, writes in his book *Song of Wild Laughter* about a bobcat that was confined to a cage so small that the people who came up to it were within the cat's fight-or-flight perimeter. Unable to attack them and yet having no room to retreat, the animal, once a docile house pet, turned viciously neurotic.

This comfort zone is very important in keeping zoo animals

healthy. When tigers and bears retire to that distant peaceable corner, they are actually removing the irritation of their human audience.

The ways in which an animal expresses anger are different in various species. In birds it may be a song. Some frogs will leap heavily upon the back of an intruding frog. An angry ram will lower its head.

Not knowing what animals respond to can sometimes get people into difficult situations with pets. Not long ago my usually docile Newfoundland dog snapped at a three-year-old child. I was perplexed, because the dog is accustomed to children mauling her. Then I noticed that the little girl approached Tonka from the rear and put a firm hand on her shoulder. Tonka instinctively turned aggressively, for unwittingly Patsy was going through the motions of dog aggression. Approaching from the rear, a paw on the shoulder, and a head higher than the other dog's is "bossing" in the canine world. We solved Patsy's problem with a few counteracting suggestions: speak to the dog, let her see who is coming, and pat her gently.

When an animal is stimulated to aggression, blood rushes to its muscles, its heart beats faster, adrenalin flows. Violent action—fighting or running away—brings the body back to normal. But what happens if this body state cannot be worked off?

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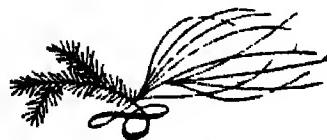
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periods of suppressing aggression often contribute towards such disorders as heart disease, asthma and stomach ulcers, psychologists put animals under the stress of unresolved aggression. A number of mice—males and females—were crowded together in a small cage. Afraid and worried by constant threats, many died of fatigue. Some lost weight. The overcrowding interfered with the milk production of the mothers and therefore subsequent litters were smaller.

Where is all this research into animal aggression taking us? I had an answer recently while walking

along the beach with a psychologist friend. I picked up a clam shell from the sand. "There's a beast that knows no rancour," I said. He gave me a tired glance. "A clam has nothing to fight with," he replied. "Give him a tooth or a hand, and even he will eventually use it. Weapons have a way of being used."

I paused, thinking of the weapons we have. The young scientist tossed my shell into the water. "That's why we are studying the nature of fighting," he said. "If we know what it is, perhaps we can do something about it—before it's too late."



Ways of the World

WITH so many American domestic airlines competing for passengers via airborne entertainment—closed-circuit television, films and stereo—one small airline has countered the trend by boasting : "Blessed silence and privacy."

--B. K.

AT THE Melbourne docks, Customs Inspector Bernard Yeates was showing nine Customs Service recruits round a freighter, indicating how contraband might be hidden. As Yeates removed some insulation from the freezing-room wall, he exposed Rs. 1 lakh's worth of transistor radios.—AP

A CHEMIST's cat in Geneva insists upon spending his days sleeping in the shop window. Taking advantage of the situation, the pharmacist has hung a sign over the cat advertising sleeping pills and other aids for insomnia.

—*La Gazette*, Lausanne

IN A Tanzanian village, an anti-U.S. parade was said to have been led by a brass band which, having been trained by American missionaries, could play only one tune : "The Stars and Stripes Forever." —*Time*



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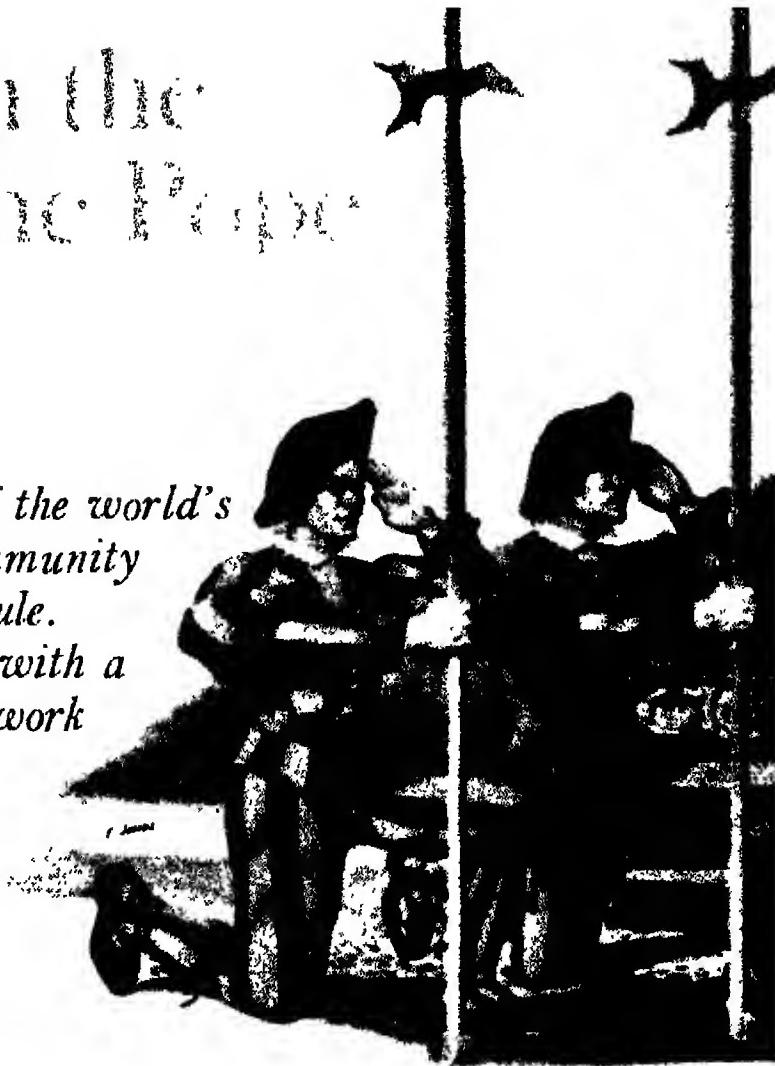
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A Day in the Life of the Pope

By CORRADO PALLEMBERG

The spiritual head of the world's largest Christian community has an arduous schedule.

Pope Paul tackles it with a combination of hard work and serenity



EVERY MORNING of the week, while most of the 2.5 million citizens of the Eternal City are still asleep, a bedside alarm clock sounds in the monastic room of a deceptively frail-looking 69-year-old man. It is 6 a.m.—time for Pope Paul VI to begin his hard day's work.

The man who shoulders responsibility for the largest Christian

community in the world rises from his iron bed, has a shower, then shaves with a safety razor. Because he dislikes being waited on, he dresses himself, usually in a plain, snow-white soutane and a white silk skullcap. He has shortened the soutane, which formerly trailed on the ground, and substituted normal shoes for the traditional embroidered slippers. The reason for the changes: this Pope likes to move at a brisk pace.

Pope Paul's private, 18-room apartment is on the top floor of the

CORRADO PALLEMBERG is Rome correspondent of the London *Sunday Telegraph* and author of two books on the Vatican, *The Making of a Pope* and *Inside the Vatican*.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE POPE



Vatican, on the right side as seen from St. Peter's Square. The apartment is a modern and somewhat Spartan island in a sea of old-fashioned, often overpowering décor. It contains a kitchen with the latest equipment, a dining-room for His Holiness and another for the domestic staff, plus sleeping quarters. All the rooms are either white-washed or painted in cool, light colours. The yellowed and turgid religious paintings, mostly from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, which used to clutter the

walls with their ornate frames, have gone. In their place are a few paintings, sculptures and drawings by contemporary artists. Commenting on his preference for the modern, Pope Paul has remarked: "My predecessor Julius II also favoured contemporary artists. One of them happened to be Raphael."

Six people besides the Pope live in the suite of rooms: his two secretaries (Monsignor Pasquale Macchi and Monsignor Bruno Bossi, both in their 40's), and four elderly nuns, who do the cooking, cleaning and all other household chores. The nuns also look after the Pope's private wardrobe, but his more elaborate garments, worn only for religious functions, are kept in the Sacristy and brought up to him, when occasion arises, by an Augustinian monk. Franco Ghezzi, a broad-shouldered layman in his early 30's, is the Pope's valet and lives in the Vatican but not in the Pope's apartment. He waits at table, drives the Pope's car and acts as self-appointed bodyguard when the Pope leaves the Vatican—which he does frequently to visit slums, prisons or hospitals.

The Morning. At 7 a.m. the Pope leaves his bedroom to say Mass in his chapel. This is the only place in his private apartment in which the Pope has indulged in luxury. Architect Dandolo Bellini has reduced the chapel's size and covered it with varieties of precious marble. He has also lowered the ceiling with a

THE READER'S DIGEST

stained-glass *plafond* which gives a mystical light. The most notable decorations are a huge crucifix and a contemporary sculpture of the Last Supper.

Here the Pope is served in turn by one of the secretaries or by his valet. The Mass is also attended by those nuns who are not busy with domestic chores. The Pope then attends a second Mass said by one of the secretaries. He and his secretaries end the morning devotions by reciting the breviary.

At 8.30 Pope Paul and the secretaries sit down together for breakfast of coffee, bread, butter and jam. A pile of newspapers of all political persuasions has been placed in front of him. He allows no one to touch them before he does, lest a subordinate attempt to hide from him upsetting news. Pope Paul wants to know everything that is being said about the Roman Catholic Church and about his policies. He skims expertly through the newspapers, handing them one by one to the secretaries, sometimes with a brief comment. Later in the morning, he will also read a résumé of the world Press prepared by prelates of the State Secretariat.

About 9 a.m., the Pope takes the lift down to the floor below, where his official working day begins. There is no protocol here, in contrast with the rest of the Vatican where, when the Pope passes by, Swiss Guards, in yellow, orange and dark blue striped uniforms,

ceremoniously present their anachronistic halberds, while Noble Guards, descendants of the once proud Roman aristocracy, snap to attention and salute. On special occasions, dozens of other functionaries, whose titles and regalia date back several centuries, mill about in colourful array.

With the Pope's approval, the walls in this part of the Vatican have been stripped of the traditional red damask and heavily framed pictures, and covered instead in plain velvets of pale green, light grey and faded gold. The effect is one of cool simplicity. The Pope's library, where he receives visitors, and the corridors that lead to it, have been turned into an exquisite museum in which a few carefully chosen works of art are dramatically illuminated. These range from a classic painting of St. Peter by Raphael to a modern bronze statue of Pope John XXIII by Lello Scorzelli. For the first time in living memory, plants adorn the Papal suite. An ancient Roman altar has become a stand for indoor evergreens. Other plants fill an early Christian sarcophagus.

The Pope spends the first half hour at his desk in the library going through his papers. Then the stream of visitors starts. The first is usually the Secretary of State, Amleto Cardinal Cicognani. The Cardinal, 83, is consulted on all important matters, but because of his age finds it difficult to keep up with the intense work pace set by Pope Paul. The

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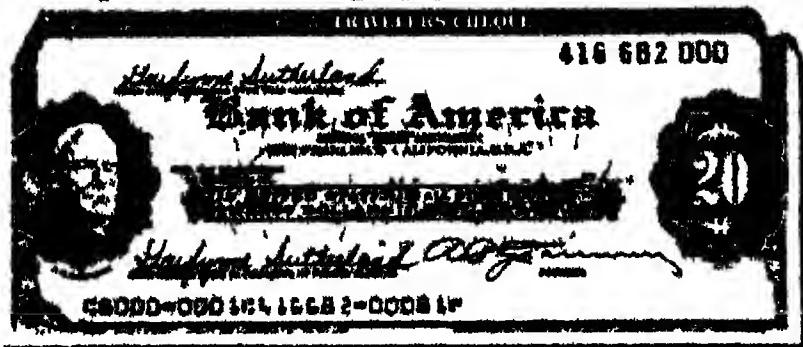
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A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE POPE

Pope, therefore, acts to a great extent as his own State Secretary.

After this conference, the Pope receives his other visitors one by one, sometimes as many as 15 or 20 in one morning: Curia cardinals who report and seek advice on the affairs of the congregations they head; cardinals and bishops from abroad who come to discuss the problems of their dioceses; royalty, heads of state, diplomats, heads of religious orders, lay Catholic leaders, assorted V.I.P.'s. It is usually a colourful procession: churchmen in their scarlet robes, Eastern patriarchs with cylindrical headgear and flowing beards, ambassadors in full diplomatic uniform, women in black veils or mantillas, dignitaries wearing tailcoats and decorations.

Pope Paul speaks not only Italian but English, French, German, Spanish and Latin with impeccable grammar and syntax. He has also learnt to pronounce a few short phrases of welcome to visitors in Portuguese, Dutch, Danish, Swedish and Russian.

The visitors find Pope Paul an attentive and considerate listener. He has a great knack for drawing people out, for making them express their innermost feelings without committing himself. But when dealing with church officials he always goes straight to the point, often surprises them by his detailed knowledge of their problems.

Between 1 and 1.30 an official of the State Secretariat brings the mail

to the Pope. Among other documents, this consists of classified, cabled messages from Vatican diplomatic representatives abroad—the 38 Nuncios, 12 Internuncios and Pronuncios, and 16 Apostolic Delegates, plus other special envoys—on urgent matters which require secrecy. These have been decoded during the morning.

Lunchtime. Because of the Pope's patience in listening to other people's problems, the morning talks usually last longer than scheduled. Hence lunch, planned for 1.30, is often postponed until two or later. By now the good nuns in the kitchen are used to the delay.

As far as the Pope is concerned, the time of eating does not make much difference, for his midday meal is frugal. He eats a bowl of broth with rice or fine pasta in it, a thin slice of veal or chicken breast or fish, vegetables or salad, fruit and a glass of wine.

Pope Pius XII ate all his meals in solitude, and John XXIII often invited old friends to his table. Pope Paul, who shares all his meals with his two secretaries, quite often has extra guests. Occasionally present is his elder brother, Ludovico Montini, a lawyer and outstanding political figure. Once a year, shortly before Christmas, the whole Montini clan comes in from Milan and from Brescia, the Pope's home town, to attend a hand-kissing reception.

Afternoon. The Pope chats briefly with his secretaries after lunch,

then takes a rest. On rising, he drinks a cup of strong black coffee and goes to the chapel to recite Vespers with Monsignor Macchi and Monsignor Bossi. The three form a kind of small religious community and perform all their devotions in common.

In the afternoon, the Pope devotes himself mostly to paper work in his study, which resembles the office of an efficient business executive: Swedish furniture in light wood, steel filing cabinets, bookshelves, a telephone, dictaphone and typewriter.

In an adjoining room are a radio, television set and stereophonic record-player. At his desk he approves, with a neat handwritten note of thanks, the files prepared for him by the State Secretariat (having worked for 30 years in the Secretariat, he knows what encouragement from the Pope can mean), or adds comments and further instructions.

The tone of relations between the present Pope and his assistants is somewhere between the awe that Pius inspired and the familiarity that John encouraged. Pope Paul never loses patience, never raises his voice. Nevertheless he succeeds in keeping those who work directly under him keyed up to the high standards of hard work and efficiency that he sets. One of his collaborators once confided: "Now and then I make a slip. But he doesn't say a word. He just looks at me with eyes filled with sorrow.

90

This is far more effective than if he told me harshly what a fool I had made of myself."

Pope Paul manages to see a number of people each afternoon. But unlike his morning conferences, which are official, these interviews are private, and few are reported in the official Vatican bulletin. It is now that the Pope has informal meetings with theologians, publishers, labour leaders, social workers, experts on Iron Curtain or African affairs, business leaders. During these confidential interviews he acquires the wealth of data with which he often surprises high Church officials who confer with him on ensuing days.

Dinner and Relaxation. At 8.30 p.m., the Pope and his secretaries watch the news on television and then have dinner. The Pope's meal is even more frugal than lunch: fruit juice, a soft-boiled egg, bread, a cooked apple, no wine. He is convinced that a lifetime of light eating is the secret of his ability, at 69, to work such long hours. Indeed, since he became Pope in 1963, he has been in excellent health. Journalists who accompanied him on his trips to Palestine, India and New York were amazed at his stamina.

Even so, Dr. Mario Fontana, the Pope's physician, often urges him to take more exercise. In the beginning of his pontificate, His Holiness went frequently for a brisk walk in the Vatican gardens. But he was disturbed by all the trouble and fuss



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THE READER'S DIGEST

that his brief sorties caused: the Swiss Guards and the Papal Gendarmes had to be alerted, the traffic in the Vatican City State was interrupted, and occasional visitors were asked to leave the gardens. In the end, he dropped the habit altogether. To allow the Pope to get more fresh air and some exercise, part of the roof of the Vatican Palace above his apartments has now been turned into a garden.

After dinner the Pope chats briefly with the secretaries or reads magazines. Occasionally he watches a film, taken by Monsignor Bossi. When the Pope travels abroad or takes part in solemn ceremonies, Monsignor Bossi often films the events, usually in colour. The Pope enjoys these little documentaries. He likes to tell the secretary that he has chosen the wrong career and should be a film director instead.

Usually the Pope retires to his office in the evening to read, study or listen to classical music—Bach,

Beethoven, Palestrina. Books and records are his only hobbies. His reading interests range widely, with preference given to books on theology, philosophy, religion, history, sociology and art. He also has a passion for encyclopedias and dictionaries. At 10.45 p.m. he interrupts his work and goes to the chapel to recite the night prayers with his secretaries. The secretaries then go to bed—but the Pope returns to his desk.

Solitary Light. If you happen to take a stroll in St. Peter's Square around midnight, you will find the Vatican Palace engulfed in darkness, except for one solitary light showing from a top-floor window—the second from the right. You will then know that the Pope is still in his office reading, making notes, working on a speech, writing letters, listening to music. The light may burn until 1 or 1.30 a.m. Only when it goes out will the busy day of Pope Paul have come to an end.



Hitting the Headlines

ON New York *World-Telegram* and *The Sun* story of a strike in New York's garment district : "GARMENT AREA BUTTONED UP."

ON Washington *Post* story about a trusty who departed from prison while mopping floors : "CLEAN GETAWAY."

ON Garden City, New York, *Newsday* story about a Russian cosmetics institute : "MOSCOW COSMETIC CLINIC GIVES A LIFT TO RED FACES."

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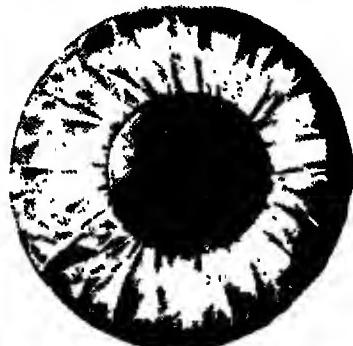
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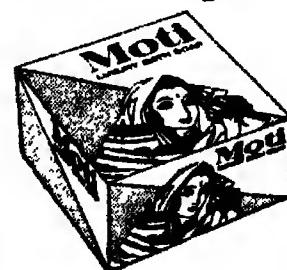
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Humour in Uniform

DURING a terrorist bombing of a French restaurant near Tan Son Nhut Air Base in Saigon, one of the victims remarked as he was being given first aid, "This place has good chow, but the acoustics are terrible!" —A. L. E.

IT WAS after the second battle of Ypres in the First World War that women went into war factories. My platoon corporal told me that his mother had "gone into munitions." Standing together in the trenches, the corporal and I watched a British six-inch howitzer convert a farmhouse into dust; the shells passed just over us. Suddenly we heard the gun fire, but no shell went over; it dropped just behind our trench and failed to explode. The corporal turned and said, "That must be one of Mother's!"

—G. B. GILL

LIEUTENANT Bill Hatton recalls with fondness a day when everything was going wrong on the U.S. aircraft carrier *Independence*. A supply ship was alongside to replenish ammunition. The lines were over, but the carrier wasn't ready. The starboard elevator, used to receive the bombs, had not come down from the deck, and when it did come down, it still had an aeroplane on it. There were planes in

the way on the hangar deck. "It couldn't have been much worse," Bill says. "But then an old chief petty officer came up to me, patted me on the back and said, 'You know, sir, if I were an officer, I think I'd go down to my cabin and fall on my sword!'"

—ROBERT PEARMAN

AT A tense moment in the Desert War, General Montgomery concluded a briefing to his staff with the exhortation: "Remember, gentlemen, God is



on our side." There was a moment's respectful silence. Then a junior officer was heard to mutter, "In support, sir, or under command?" —LEWIS VARDEN

WHILE working on a missile, which is stored underground in a silo, I dropped a spanner from the top of the silo to the bottom, 160 feet below. I wasn't very concerned, because I thought no one was down there. But I found another airman at the bottom with an arc welder, working on the deck plates. I retrieved the spanner, which had just missed him, and apologized. No sooner did I get back to the top than I dropped it again. This time, when I reached the bottom, the airman wasn't there, but my spanner was—neatly arc-welded to the steel deck plates.

—ERIC MEISLAHN

THE READER'S DIGEST

OUR COMMANDING officer was approaching the ship when he was stopped by a very attractive young woman. We were too far away to hear what was said, but presently the skipper touched his hat to her and came aboard. He quietly surveyed us for a moment. Then, in a patient voice, he asked, "Will the man who really runs this ship and whose name is James something-or-other step forward? He has a visitor."

—ROBERT SHELLEY

THE CHILDREN of an air force pilot take turns saying grace before meals. Recently, when one of the children ended his blessing with the traditional "Amen," he turned to his sister and asked, "What does amen mean?"

"Amen," answered the well-brought-up air force daughter, "is the same as saying, 'Over and out.' "

—GEORGE FUERMANN

OFFICER candidates being interviewed for leadership ability were asked, "Assume that you are in charge of 12 men attacking the enemy under fire. One of the group, Private Smedley, turns and runs past you towards the rear. The other men hesitate in their advance, look at him and at you. What should you do?"

The best answer: "Shout, 'Smedley, hurry back with the ammunition!'"

—E. BROOKS

DURING the invasion scares of 1940, I took my turn "guarding" the local bus depot with an ancient unloaded rifle on my shoulder. One evening, when the September invasion scare was at its height, my superior officer, a bus inspector in civilian life, who

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lived 15 minutes' walk from the depot, saw me settled on guard duty and said, "Keep your eyes open tonight. This could be it. If you need any ammunition, you know where I live."

—FRED HARRISON

AT A Royal Naval barracks the ratings were being given their injections prior to going overseas. One cheerful Scottish lad, having received his series of injections, asked for a glass of water. "What's the matter, mate?" asked the sick-berth attendant. "Do you feel faint?"

"No," replied Jock. "I just want to see if I'm still watertight."

—W. G. BARRETT

I ASKED my father, an infantryman at Bastogne during the winter of 1944-45, if he was going to see the film *Battle of the Bulge*. "No," he replied. "I saw the play."

—C. E. SNYDER

AS AN instructor I got on the subject of re-enlistment and asked, "What will you be looking for as soon as you re-enlist, Airman Smith?"

After a little thought, he replied, "A psychiatrist, sir."

—DANIEL TOOLEY

WORKING in a passport office has prepared me for just about everything except a recent experience with an attractive blonde. The young lady came to my window with an application and a picture of herself in uniform. Since she was no longer in the services, I told her, "We'll have to have a picture of you out of uniform."

She looked puzzled, but the following day she returned and blushingly showed me a very fetching snapshot of herself—completely nude.

—B. J. STARR

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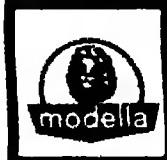
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"*Tulip Fields at Sassenheim, near Haarlem*," by Monet

Looked at with an artist's vision,
the world around us is a revelation

More Than Meets the Eye

BY LEO ROSTEN

THE PROCESS we call seeing, which we all take for granted, is unbelievably complicated. We see not "what is there" but what we have been taught to see there—not what is "real" but what we have been

conditioned to think of as real. The human eye is a lens that only *receives* images; these images are referred to the brain, where they must be patterned and given meaning. And meaning is a convention

that stems from our education and our expectations. What we call "reality" is not much more than those perceptions that pass through the filters of our conditioning. We see things as *we* are, not as they are.

Does this idea seem preposterous? The brilliant art authority E. H. Gombrich reminds us that ancient artists used to draw eyelashes on the lower lids of horses. There are no lashes on the lower eyelids of horses. Still, the artists "saw" them there—because they were accustomed to seeing lashes on men's lower lids.

But perhaps you believe in a reality, an absoluteness of things visible to anyone and everyone alike. Perhaps you are thinking, "But, reality is simple enough. Just press the trigger of a camera—and *that* will record exactly 'what is there!'"

To test that, suppose you take a

"*Still Life with Basket of Apples*," by Cézanne



ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO

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camera and set out to photograph a house. Consider the decisions you will make—consciously or unconsciously. From what distance shall the house be photographed? Then, at what angle? How high? How low? All these depend, of course, on what kind of picture you want. If the house is seen from a low angle, that will emphasize its height. If seen from a hill looking down, it will look different.

"Just straight on," you say? Very well. Is the sycamore to the left to be included? The azalea on the right? The ridge beyond? Will you include the rail fence there, the rock here, the curving path? Each position, each view gives a different impression or atmosphere.

And all this is but the beginning. What kind of film will you use? Different films give different effects.

Consider the light. Shall it come from the left, the right, overhead, from behind? How much light do you want?

You can choose the time of day in which to shoot; you can use reflectors to diminish shadows, or floodlights to highlight a feature. You can manipulate light



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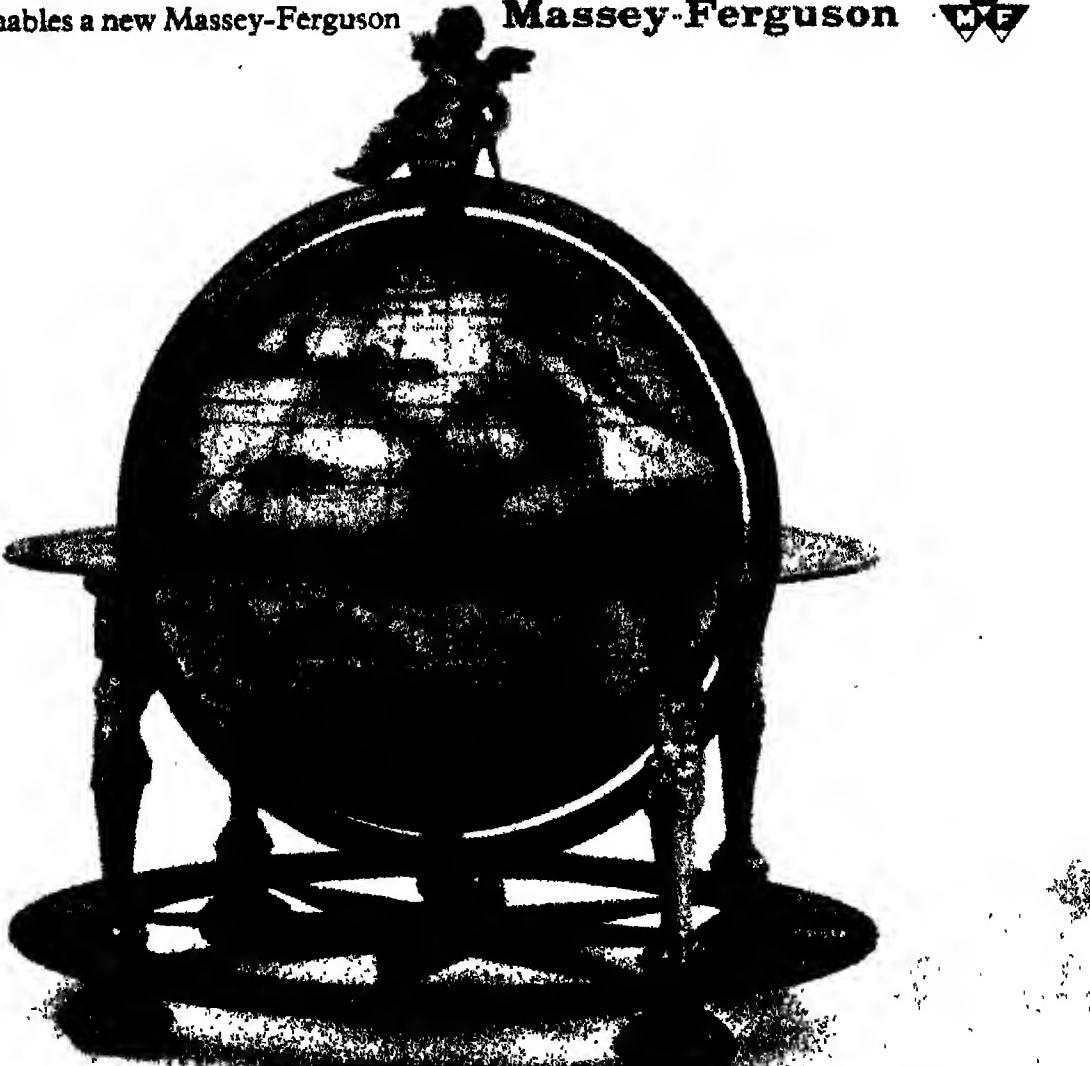
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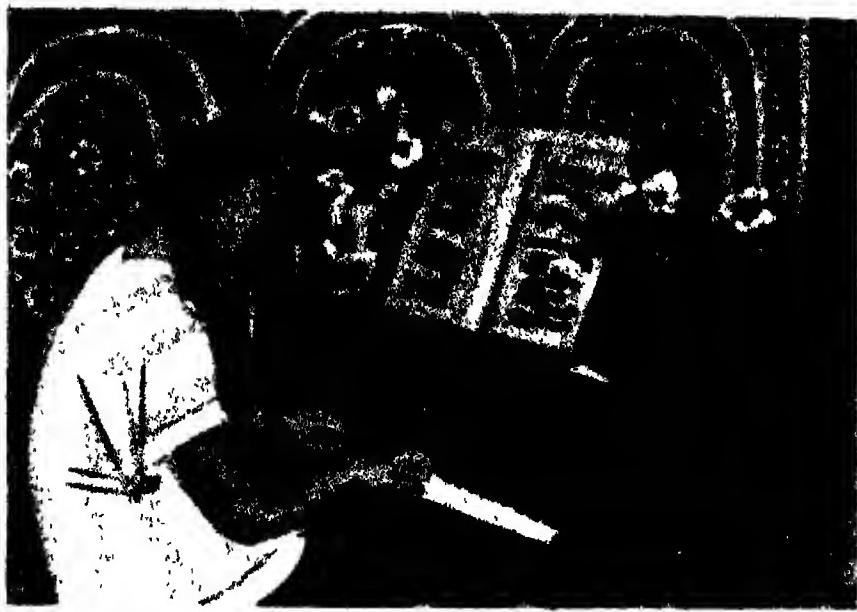
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

by varying the opening of your lens. You can also . . . but perhaps this is enough. The fact is that no two photographers take precisely the same picture of an identical subject—even if they were to try—because there are different emotions and mentalities behind the lenses.

If what we have said here is true of photography, consider now how much more powerfully it applies to painting. It is the great, revolutionary role of the artist to liberate us from the bonds of the familiar. An artist can draw what no camera can photograph—the images in a man's mind.

The artist gives us new eyes, eyes with which we can see aspects of reality we did not dream were there. They *were* not, in fact, there—until the artist created them out of his vision, his active transformation of reality. A Japanese master was once asked, "What is the most difficult part of a picture?" He answered, "The part that is to be left out."

We see a hillside or a bowl of fruit differently from the way our ancestors did, because Cézanne showed us how they looked to him, and in



"Young Woman at the Piano," by Matisse

doing so taught us a whole new way of seeing them. We see a meadow, a cathedral, a river in cascades of light and colour that our predecessors did not perceive, because Monet liberated our eyes. Each artist imparts his own vision to alter ours, and so we now find beauty where previous generations did not dream it lay concealed—or uncreated.

We can only marvel at the endless richness of art, the miraculous singularity of an artist's vision, the astounding variety of ways there are of seeing the world around us.

The moral to all this is perhaps best found in an anecdote. A woman who "knew what she liked in art" was visiting Matisse's studio. She studied the painting on his easel for a while, then said, "You have made the arm on that girl much too long." To which Matisse made this shattering rejoinder: "Madame, that is not a girl; it is a *picture*."

Two delicious marmalades by Kissan



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Dessert Sandwiches: Between two slices of bread, put a rounded teaspoonful of marmalade. Prepare according to directions in toasted Sandwich maker.

Marmalade Topping: Top the marmalade on Monaco Biscuits, Ice Cream, Fruit Salad, Fruit Cocktail or anything you fancy.

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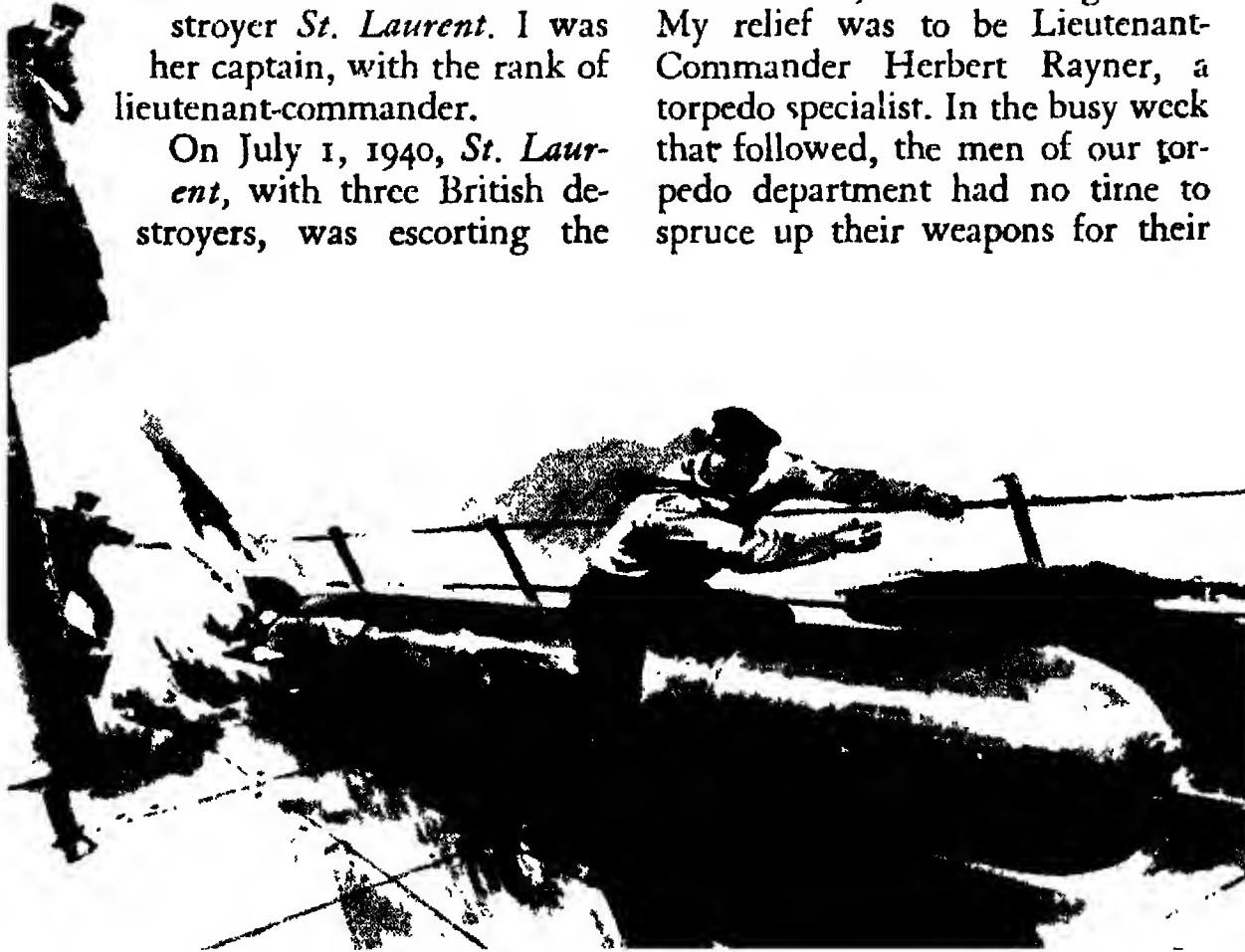
My Ride on a Torpedo

By VICE-ADMIRAL HARRY DEWOLF, C.B.E., D.S.O., D.S.C.
Chief of Staff, Royal Canadian Navy (Retd.)

WHEN I retired after 40-odd years in the Royal Canadian Navy, a reporter commenting on my service career wrote that I had once ridden a torpedo like a cowboy around the deck of a destroyer. The story arose from an incident aboard the Canadian destroyer *St. Laurent*. I was her captain, with the rank of lieutenant-commander.

On July 1, 1940, *St. Laurent*, with three British destroyers, was escorting the

battleship H.M.S. *Nelson* towards the United Kingdom. That day, as was customary in both the British and Canadian navies, the semi-annual promotion list was broadcast. I was promoted to commander and ordered to report at Halifax, Nova Scotia, for new assignment. My relief was to be Lieutenant-Commander Herbert Rayner, a torpedo specialist. In the busy week that followed, the men of our torpedo department had no time to spruce up their weapons for their



THE READER'S DIGEST

newcoming skipper's inspection. And who could suspect that when they did, one lad in an excess of zeal would let loose a torpedo against the ship itself?

Early on July 2, *St. Laurent* was detached on a successful search for survivors from a liner torpedoed that morning west of Ireland. We landed 859 survivors at Greenock, on the west coast of Scotland, and were then ordered to Rosyth, a naval base on the east coast.

On a fine Sunday afternoon, in company with another Canadian destroyer, H.M.C.S. *Skeena*, we were steaming up the west coast en route to Rosyth by way of the Minches and Pentland Firth. *Skeena* followed on our starboard quarter, about 300 yards away. Sailing north inside the Western Isles, in somewhat protected waters, we were relatively safe from the enemy.

The torpedomen on watch were cleaning, polishing and painting the torpedo tubes. All tubes were loaded, but they had safety devices to prevent accidental firing, one being a simple hand-operated latch.

A battery of four tubes is normally trained fore and aft, and is pivoted outboard before a torpedo is aimed and fired. An explosive charge then catapults the greased, 24-foot-long, ton-and-a-half steel "fish" out of its tube and safely clear of the launching ship's side. The torpedo's engine starts as the missile makes this leap.

At the tail two counter-rotating

propellers, powered by fuel and compressed air at 200 atmospheres of pressure, drive the deadly thing towards its target at speeds up to 45 knots. As the nose courses through the water, its dormant 600-pound warhead of TNT is alerted by a device called a "pistol." The rushing sea water spins a four-bladed propeller down a threaded stem inside the nose to unwind a safety device. Now the torpedo is armed and will explode at the slightest contact with any of the four blades.

It was on such a carefully designed infernal machine, at 18.05 hours that July afternoon, that a young seaman-torpedoman, intent only on his painting and finding the firing lever in his way, lifted the safety catch and pulled back the firing lever. The lad's brush never reached its mark. With an explosive *WHOOMP!* the torpedo leaped free.

I was in my sea cabin on the starboard side of the bridge when I was aroused by a terrific clatter. I rushed out, looked aft, and was greeted by an unusual sight. A torpedo was loose on the steel deck, and its propellers were beating a noisy tattoo as it bumped along.

Since the torpedo had been fired towards the stern, its first rush down the deck tore loose some heavy ammunition boxes and carried away the starboard ladder (a substantial, rigidly mounted, plated-steel staircase). It mounted the three-inch-gun platform to butt an anti-aircraft



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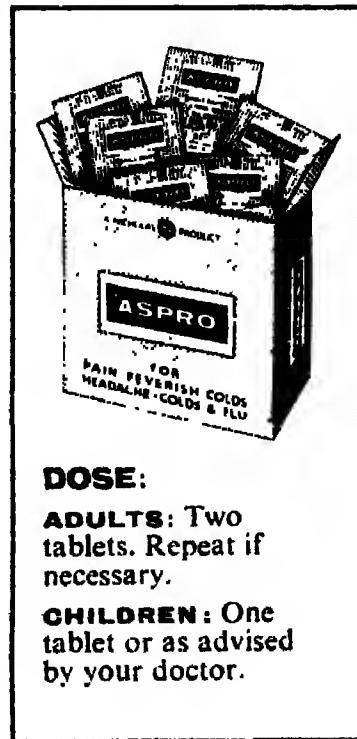
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gun a glancing blow, then crashed into the after superstructure head on. From there it rebounded to the starboard side of the deck. When I first sighted the frenzied machine from the bridge, it was charging the superstructure for the second time. It had not yet become armed—but it might at any moment.

A glance showed me *Skeena* off our starboard quarter. I ordered a message: I HAVE A TORPEDO LOOSE ON MY STARBOARD DECK. *Skeena* immediately switched over smartly to our port quarter, keeping on the lee side of *St. Laurent* and its problem. She might well be needed by survivors.

Another sight greeted me: a stream of sailors racing forward, on the opposite side of the ship, at top speed. They were heading sensibly for the forecastle—as far forward as they could get. But a torpedo that could crush a battleship's hull as if it were a beer-can made any spot on *St. Laurent* unattractive.

I made for the scene of action astern, although I had no idea what I might do when I got there. Fortunately, the torpedo gunner's mate, Chief Petty Officer Sam Ridge, a man who did know what to do, arrived at the same time. *St. Laurent* had only a gentle roll on, or we could have done nothing. The torpedo, its propeller blades clawing madly for purchase on the overlapping, riveted-steel deck plates, was rolling with each motion of the ship. It would lurch forward with each heave of the deck; then, as the

deck came level, the torpedo would stop, like a bull in the ring, undecided in which direction to make its next charge. When it rolled against the guardrails, we advanced and held it there momentarily by bracing our legs against its flank and holding on to the top guardrail. Ridge ran to get a key to turn off the compressed air that was driving the propellers.

St. Laurent's next roll was sufficient to make the torpedo roll away from the guardrail. At this point, I straddled it, and grabbed hold of the guardrail. The deadly 24-foot cylinder, though only 21 inches in diameter, seemed broader than a horse's back to me. It was covered with a preservative grease, and as slippery as the greased pole we boys used to try to ride during summer regattas back home in Nova Scotia.

Now I could feel the propeller blades rattling on the steel deck start to drive it forward. As the torpedo advanced, I resisted as much as I could, while going forward hand over hand along the guardrail with my legs locked on the cylinder. Unless I kept my place astride, the propellers could make mincemeat of one end of me—and free the mechanical beast to blow up a good destroyer. These antics, no doubt, led to the story of "riding the torpedo."

After Ridge returned with the key, he and the torpedo gunner, R. L. Ellis, who had arrived at the scene, were able to wrestle the torpedo steady until we could turn off



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the air. Once the noise of the propellers was stopped, the situation became a bit less tense, more help arrived, and the torpedo was lashed in place against the guardrails.

Now the curious began to gather. The crash against the after deck-house had pushed the torpedo's pistol back into the warhead, and so damaged the whole front end that it could not be safely touched. We were able to remove the warhead from the torpedo, but even so the warhead and its pistol remained a touchy problem, a quarter of a ton of sensitive explosive.

There was no help readily available at the dockside when we arrived in Rosyth next day. I went straight to local headquarters to report for orders and also to note that I had a damaged torpedo and wanted a replacement. I received instructions to sail at once with a convoy to its dispersal point in the North Atlantic. My torpedo problem, I was told, would be taken care of by another department!

When I returned to the ship, I found that my crew had managed to hoist the torpedo and the damaged warhead on to the jetty without dockyard help. I reported by signal, briefly, how the torpedo had

been damaged and where it had been left, and so to sea with the convoy.

On my return to the United Kingdom—fortunately not to Rosyth, but to Liverpool—I was met by Lieutenant-Commander Rayner, who took over the ship. I was safely back in Canada by the time the very angry Rosyth dockyard authorities caught up with *St. Laurent*, which had left them holding such an awkward baby.

I had in the meantime written a full report of the incident to Commander-in-Chief, Western Approaches. In this report I suggested that a court of inquiry would be unnecessary, because there was nothing to be learned. The young torpedoman freely admitted what he had done and that was that.

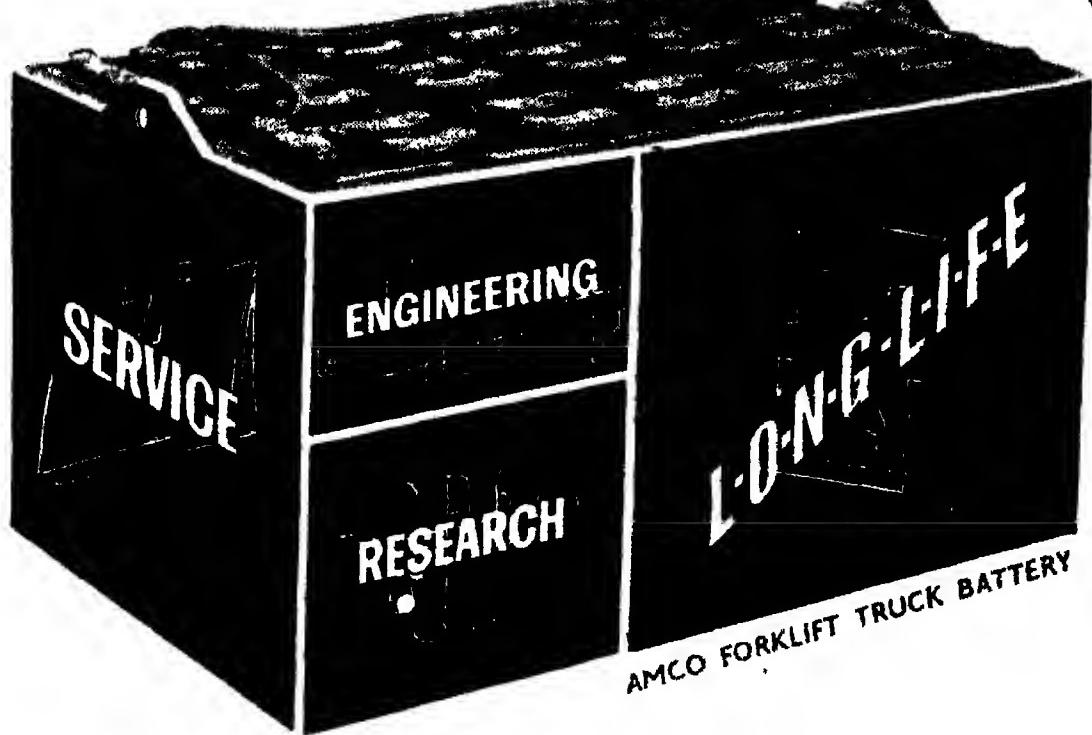
The Rosyth dockyard was understandably put out, because nobody wanted to touch the damaged warhead, let alone move it. Lieutenant-Commander Rayner was able to fend off their furious enquiries by referring to my written report, which answered everything except what to do with the remains. In the end, we learned, they secured it to a ground mine, and laid it in a North Sea minefield.



A Dotty Idea

LORD Randolph Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the 1880's, spoke for the common man when, introducing his budget to the British Parliament, he referred to decimal points as "those damned dots."

—John Franklin Carter, *Power and Persuasion*



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Alaska's Adventure Highway

*Take the 1,523-mile road
north from British Columbia
for an unforgettable
motoring experience*

BY LAWRENCE ELLIOTT

D RIVING NORTH on the Alaska Highway last summer, my wife and I stopped at a roadhouse to get petrol. After chatting about the condition of the road, the proprietor said, "Mind dropping a case of engine oil at the next Texaco station? I hear he's running short."

"Be glad to," I said. "Where's the Texaco place?"

"Just up the road, on your right. About 670 miles."

All along the 1,523-mile length of the Alaska Highway, from Dawson Creek in British Columbia to the end of the line at Fairbanks, Alaska, lodgekeepers and highway-maintenance crews are linked by this same small-town sense of helpfulness. Lorry and bus drivers, touring school teachers, rotating army families—all are apt to be pressed into service as couriers on this longest and toughest Main Street in the world. A name and milepost number are all the address that is needed to speed a message—or a side of moose meat—to its destination "just up the road."

For all Alaska Highway dwellers are neighbours, drawn together by the loneliness of the empty land. They will travel 500 miles to one another's parties, making a once-a-year visit sustain a community spirit that cannot be broken by the winding miles or the solitude of blizzard-driven winters or the unimaginable immensity of wilderness.

Though only 400 miles of the

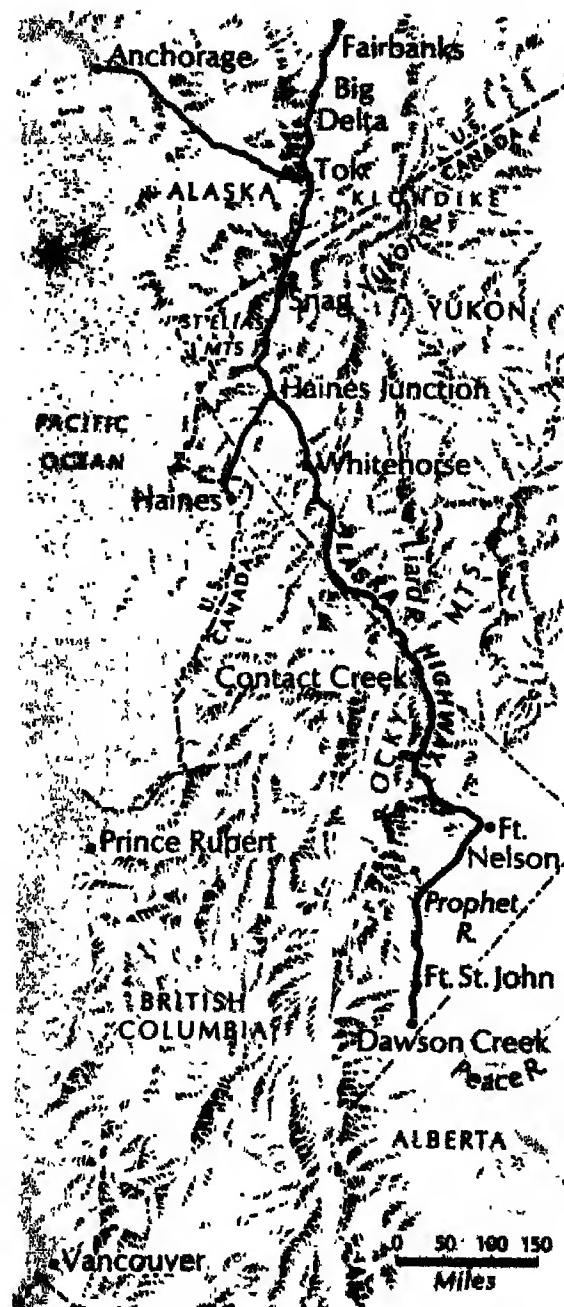
ALASKA'S ADVENTURE HIGHWAY

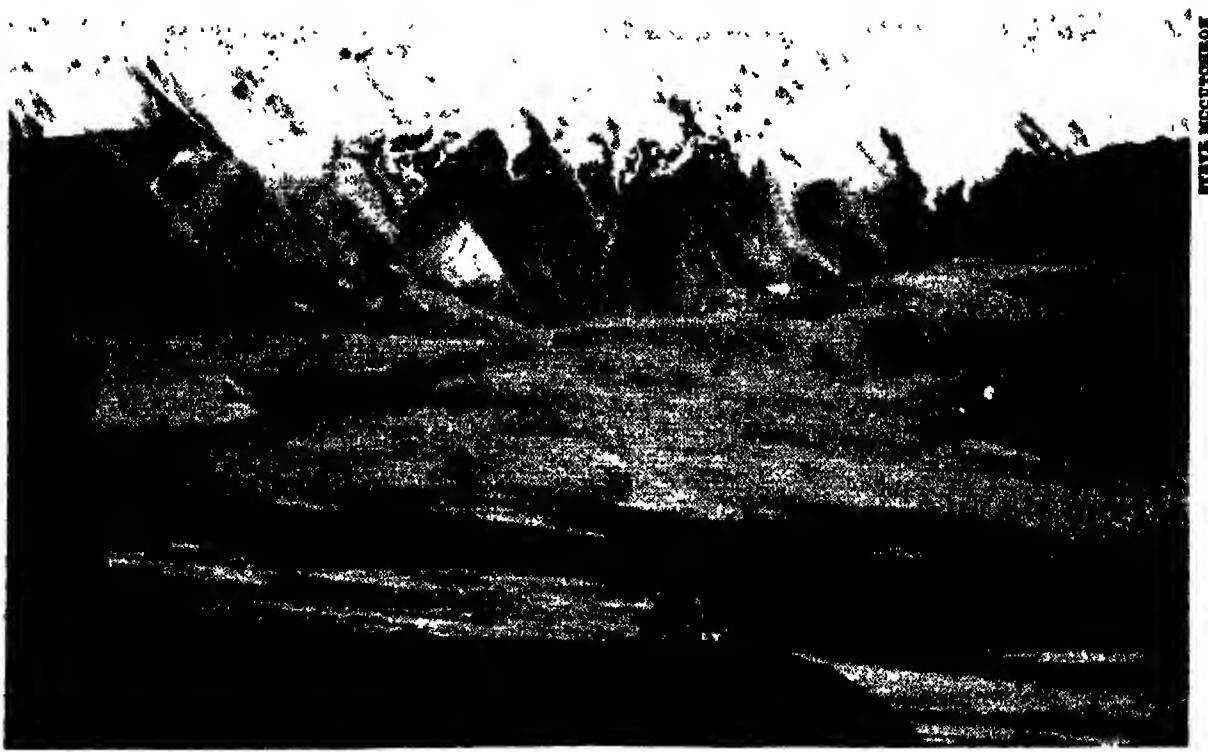
Highway are paved—the Alaskan section and the 84-mile stretch out of Dawson Creek—its full length has been traversed by hikers, motorcyclists, a Ferris wheel, a 150-trailer caravan, and all manner of cars. Now nearly 25 years old, the Highway is still North America's adventure road. It carries you round the continent's mightiest mountains, across great river systems—the Yukon, Peace and Liard—and past an astonishing array of wildlife. A black bear throws up his arms like an embarrassed jaywalker and dives for the shoulder of the road. A 1,500-lb. moose dawdles along in front of you, in no rush to make room for human trespassers on what he has come to regard as a private path through his wilderness. Through your car window you can see valiant silver salmon choke a mile-wide river as they fight their way upstream to spawn and die.

Now there is change in the wind. A study recently completed for the Canadian Government suggests that a paved Highway would result in great economic gain for the North country. Though not imminent—the costs would be staggering—a paving programme is probably inevitable. When it comes, the adventure road will be buried under asphalt, and civilization will have caught up with another "last frontier."

Before the road was built, dreamers had been advocating a land route to Alaska for 50 years—and for 50

years "realists" had held that it could not be done. Then came the war. Confronted with the possibility of a naval blockade of U.S. North Pacific ports, President Roosevelt decided that the road *had* to be put through. A regiment of army engineers suddenly appeared





FRANK MCCORMACK

The caribou is no stranger to the motorist who drives to Alaska

at the tiny settlement of Dawson Creek in British Columbia, and another began toppling trees south of Big Delta, Alaska. A trapper, fresh in from a winter in the bush, took one look at all the soldiers and said, "What the hell's going on here? You'd think there was a war on!"

The soldiers were equally nonplussed by their new environment. In the winter cold, bulldozer blades snapped. In summer, the ground turned to jelly, and muskeg swamps swallowed culverts, tractors and even mile-long sections of newly-laid road. Mosquitoes were of such prodigious size that in one camp, so the story goes, the men shot them down with pistols.

Pushing north and south, the

engineers and Canadian construction workers crossed shifting moraine gravels, areas of permafrost—permanently frozen soil—and rivers whose course could change by 200 yards during the lunch break.

The builders did not, as once reported, follow the path of a drunken moose; the wild twists and turnings of the route were dictated by the need to get round mountains, bottomless bogs and mile-high hills of ice.

On October 23, 1942, the two working parties met at Mile 588, a place promptly christened Contact Creek. At a cost of nearly Rs. 7 lakhs a mile some 16,000 Canadians and Americans had accomplished a great engineering feat by punching the Alcan Military Highway

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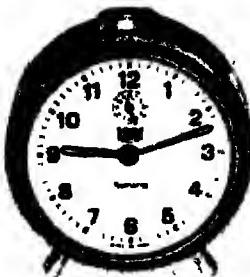
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FOUNTAIN PENS

September

through the wilderness in only eight months and 11 days.

Reward for an Urge. Two years after the war, lodges and service stations were appearing almost every 50 miles along the road, now officially known as the Alaska Highway. Temporary bridges were replaced, the worst curves were straightened, and growing numbers of adventurous tourists were pounding along the gravel every day of the week, winter and summer. But many a man has learnt—the hard way—that prudence remains an essential travelling companion.

Every roadhouse has its favourite tale about the *cheechakos* (novices). For 100 miles up and down the Prophet River they still slap their thighs when they talk about the tourist who came plunging down-hill one black night, brakes screeching as he suddenly bounced aboard a ferry temporarily replacing a washed-out bridge. He was brought to a desperate halt only by the cable wires at the forward end of the craft. The crew waited until he had a grip on his shattered nerves—then told him that six nights out of seven they tied up on the *other* side of the river.

When the roadhouse people say, "So long, see you again," they mean it. Travelling the Highway becomes contagious. Alaskans, "liberated" by their land link to the south, now make the trip "Outside" regularly. And even *cheechakos*, once inspired by the road's rugged magnificence,

are hard put to keep off it. The adventure road is made for those who were born too late to sail uncharted oceans or blaze a trail through the wilderness. It richly rewards the urge to seek out the wonders beyond the next horizon.

After the paved surface ends, the Highway becomes a lonely white thread winding through the green mat of the forest. A plume of brown dust follows your car, and a cloud of it engulfs you with every passing vehicle.

Experienced hands drive with their headlights on in broadest daylight, and with a piece of bright-coloured cloth tied to a fully extended radio aerial, the better to make their presence known in the billowing dust storms thrown up whenever two cars meet.

Because of the summer dust, many drivers prefer the winter road. Up to ten feet of snow has been packed hard and smooth, and the mosquitoes and the dust are gone. But there is no margin for error on the winter road, and it is no place for innocents abroad.

A Highway engineer, whose car skidded on a bend and overturned, calculated that he would be frozen to death in little more than an hour. Knowing that he couldn't afford to pin his hopes on another motorist coming along, he removed his tyre chains, spun them up and around the electric wires overhead and short-circuited the line. At the relay station, the break was pinpointed

the perfect set



Heet
BALL PENS
Creative Unit

THE READER'S DIGEST

and a repair crew arrived at the spot in 45 minutes.

Beyond Fort Nelson the road veers to the west, climbing towards the snows that top the jagged Rockies. There is hardly a guardrail on the Highway. You may be driving along a high, straight section, the forests stretching interminably north and south, when suddenly, exactly 400 feet beyond a warning sign, the Highway wrenches away in a wild left turn. Ahead there is nothing: no road, no forest, only the blue sky and a 1,000-foot drop to treetops below. If you haven't heeded the warning to slow down, you will not make it to Alaska.

Light in the Window. Now the road crosses into the Yukon and swings towards Whitehorse, centre of the great gold rush of 1898. Beyond Whitehorse, you will find no more than a handful of people in any one place—no towns, no communities, only a lodge or roadhouse every 30 or 40 miles. But in these places reside the soul and spirit of the Highway. Here are the valiant couples who pump petrol, cook hamburgers and leave a light burning all night beside a cheery note: "Take any room with the door open. Settle up in the morning."

At Haines Junction you can, if you wish, leave the Highway and drive 159 miles south to Haines, and there catch a car-ferry to Prince Rupert, on the British Columbia coast. For the past four years, Alaska's car ferries, as luxurious and

large as ocean liners, have offered summer service six days a week from Prince Rupert to the towns and villages of south-eastern Alaska, by way of the Inside Passage. This May, a new Canadian vessel inaugurated a service between Vancouver and the Prince Rupert terminal so that visitors to Alaska can now make the entire trip by ferryliner one way and by car the other.

We didn't turn south at Haines Junction. We stayed on the Highway, driving up over the backbone of the St. Elias Mountains, past Snag at Mile 1188 (where a North American record temperature of 81 degrees below zero was once registered).

Crossing into Alaska, we left the Highway at Tok and headed south-west towards Anchorage. Our 55-mile-an-hour speed on the unaccustomed paved surface seemed supersonic. Ahead was a great city with all its amenities—civilization! Then, barely ten miles from the soaring hotels and room service and chic restaurants, we stopped at a diner for coffee. On the next stool sat a thoroughly bemused bread deliveryman, his arm in a sling and his forehead freshly bandaged.

"I never had a chance," he was saying to the waitress. "The thing bounced right out on the road. The truck looks like an accordion."

"What thing?" I asked. "What did you hit?"

"Biggest damn bull moose you ever saw!"



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Why Husbands Don't Talk to Their Wives

BY SAM BLUM

A discussion by a panel of women about the breakdown of communication in married life

THE HEAD of a marriage-guidance service said recently, "The complaint that the husband doesn't talk, just sits back or is withdrawn, is one of the most common problems we're faced with."

One young wife, a member of a panel of women with whom I discussed this problem, summed up her situation: "My husband will bring two radios into the room, so he can listen to cricket on one and racing on the other, and at the same time he'll work at his coin collection. And he'll take in every detail of both commentaries. Yet he can sit at the dinner table and not hear a word I say!"

The question, of course, is: What is she *saying* at the dinner

table? Is it something a human being can stand listening to? In the course of the panel discussion, it came out that it truly was not. This wife was a one-woman grievance committee, and she was always in session. According to a psychoanalyst with whom her case was later discussed, she may have been lucky that her husband was silent. If he had talked, he probably would have told his wife what he thought of her, and that would have been the end of the marriage.

This case was an extreme example. The silence complained about by most wives on the panel grew not out of male anger, but seemingly out of male disinterest. Women's reaction to that kind of silence often appears to be a combination of

Condensed from McCall's

hurt and confusion. Something has changed, but what? And why? Was it something in themselves, or something in the men they married, or something deadening in the institution of marriage itself?

Some of the women had been aware before marriage that communication between husbands and wives can break down, and they had feared this. A mother of two, for example, commenting on her ten-year-old marriage, said, "It's heart-breaking. Before I was married, I used to go out to restaurants and just by looking round the room I could tell who was married and who wasn't. Either the married couples were eating in dead silence, or the woman was gabbling away while the man ate and pretended she wasn't there. I swore that this would never happen to me—but it has."

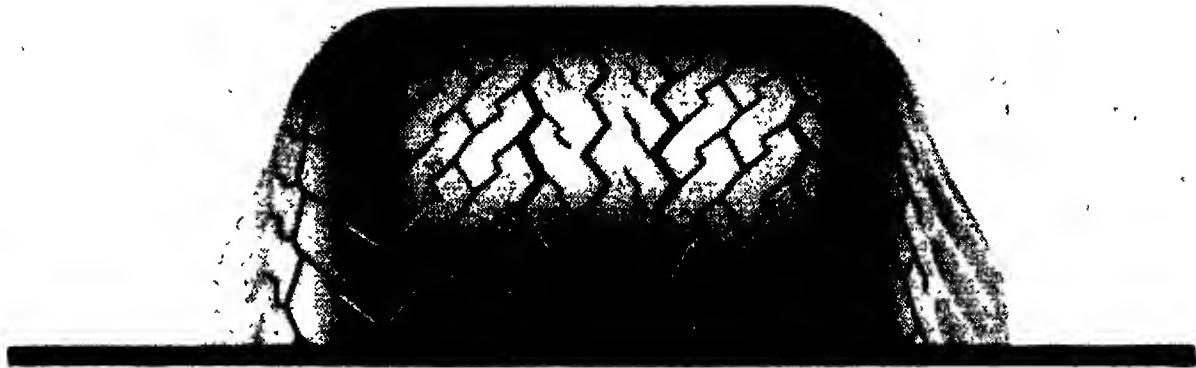
Some women on the panel, who appeared to have considered the matter long and carefully, had come to the conclusion that "talk is only one part of communication. Married couples develop short cuts. They can look at each other and know what the other is thinking. They can feel close to each other without constant reassurance in words."

What gets lost in the short cut is the entertainment value of the longer, slower route. For example, as husbands and wives develop a surer knowledge of each other's likes and dislikes, there is no longer a need to discuss in detail their social

plans for the near future. "Fine" is a good enough answer for "I've invited the Allisons for dinner on Friday night," a number of the women agreed—if a wife knows that her husband is very fond of the Allisons. Only if the idea horrifies him is there true need to discuss it.

Nevertheless, earlier in the marriage the matter probably would have been discussed. New husbands and wives typically work hard at learning and adjusting to each other's attitudes towards friends, dinner parties and how to spend Friday evenings, for they take pleasure in exchanging opinions on almost everything. In time, however, the opinions are all exchanged, and the constant investigation of everyday likes and dislikes perforce ends.

Furthermore, the panel felt that as marriage matures it is normal that certain male and female interests tend to diverge, leaving silence where there once might have been talk. This particularly occurs with the birth of children, when the husband loses interest not so much in his wife as in the precise details of her daily life. This, claimed the women, is because new mothers must generally drop out of the working world and thus lose one important area of conversational contact with their husbands. Simultaneously, they must concentrate on domestic details that interest their husbands less and less. As one woman said, "If I start to talk to him about the pennies I am trying



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to save when doing the shopping, what does he care? He works with thousands of pounds every day."

The lives that most women live, all seemed to agree, are hardly fascinating, and they don't blame their husbands for not taking an enthusiastic interest in how they spend their days. "Even I don't want to talk about babies or cooking. But then, what else is there to tell him?"

Women, therefore, tend to feel torn between a desire to spare their husbands "woman-talk" and the need to assert the fact that they, too, are performing a needed, often difficult function. Said one, "Every so often I look for sympathy. Housework is a bore. I want my husband to show *some* awareness of what it entails. And it's hard for him to know whether I'm *talking* about my day or complaining about it."

If women are not resigned to a silent acceptance of their daily housekeeping triumphs, they are even less willing to spare their husbands the details of bringing up a family. The children are, after all, a joint matter in which one might reasonably expect a father to be as interested as a mother. But the women agreed that many husbands care to hear only good news concerning the children, and, sadly, for long periods that can be no news at all.

All the women agreed that wives miss their half-present husbands most when their children are small. One woman explained: "Closeted

with babies all day, you hear no speech—just babbling. You've got to talk to your husband at night. If you don't, you'll burst."

Surprisingly, the belief that children cement a marriage by presenting parents with an overwhelmingly important common interest appears to be statistically untrue. With the birth of children, serious family arguments begin, conversation decreases, and satisfaction with the marriage itself falls to a relatively low level from which it will not really recover until the children are grown up and out of the house.

What can wives talk about, other than housework and family? A lack of interest in sport, cars and girls instantly eliminates three of the topics that many men enjoy most. Discussion of local affairs, social work and other traditionally feminine extramural activities leaves most husbands cold. Even extraordinary efforts ("I took a course in Chinese art. I thought it would fascinate him, but it bored him out of his mind.") commonly fail unless they are directed specifically at the male preoccupation with making a living.

In the end, however, the main complaint levelled against silent husbands concerned the fact that "men can't express themselves as women can. They don't tell you what they're feeling, so you don't know where you stand." One woman said, "On occasions I've asked my husband, 'Are you happy?' Do you know how he ends



the conversation? 'If I wasn't, I wouldn't be here.'" Another panelist's husband answered that question with, "Oh, good God!"

It may simply be that in the middle years of marriage (a period that the women defined as following the birth of the first child and ending with the last child leaving home) a somewhat deeper silence can be expected from any man. The need for actively courting and winning his wife has ended. And he has turned to a concentration on his specific job, while his wife has turned to hers. If both do their jobs effectively, there is little that *must* be talked about.

Older hands among the women hold out hope to the younger, however. The future, "when the children start to go away from home," will be better. "You come to depend on each other, because there is nobody else to depend on."

Short of growing older, however, the women were in 100-per-cent agreement that "one of the best times for husband-and-wife communication is when they have had a real setback." Every one of the women had experienced this. "Say he loses his job or one of the children is ill. Communication is at its best

at that point," said one woman. "You need each other then." "A good disaster can be marvellous," said another. "Things that are pulling you apart fade into the background."

The facts would appear to be that, in marriage, truly fulfilling and deep communication is rare; but no matter how silent the husband, in true marriage, when that deep communication is needed, it exists. Also, apparently, men go to their homes and turn to their wives in a search for calm, an oasis from a demanding and competitive world. A misplaced sense of personal dignity may keep many husbands from admitting how intensely dependent they are on the permanence of their homes, the love of their wives. But in satisfying marriages most wives are perfectly aware of this need, whether it is put into words or not.

Many of the women spoke of their silent husbands with affection. Others were amused by them. Still others were furious and disappointed in their marriages. All three groups agreed that husbands talk too little, and listen too infrequently—but none of these shortcomings appeared to matter to the women who were convinced they were loved.

Cutting Remark

At the dedication in 1930 of the Coolidge Dam in Arizona, the master of ceremonies was humorist Will Rogers. Arizona had been suffering from extended dry periods, and as Rogers looked out over the sea of grass where San Carlos Lake was supposed to be filling up, he remarked, "If that was my lake, I'd mow it."

—John Young

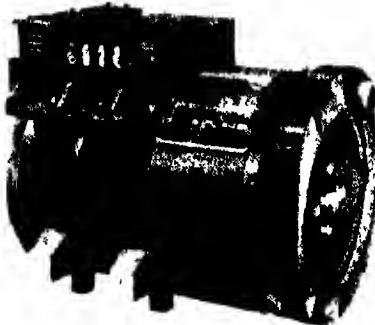
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London's Coffee Parliament

By JORGE MEJÍA SALAZAR

A unique system promises price stability for the world's favourite drink

HERE'S a big stir whenever there's a sharp rise or fall in the price of coffee. This is true both for the consumer countries which drink 320,000 million cups a year and for the 50 Latin American, Asian and African producer nations which between them have made coffee the most valuable single commodity in world trade after petroleum.

In 1955, housewives were angered when coffee prices soared to unheard-of heights—in Britain, for example, they rose by nearly 20 per cent. Then, between 1957 and 1963, green coffee prices dropped to a 14-year low, distressing the 20 million people who depend on this Rs. 12,600 crore industry for their livelihood. Today, however, there are signs that this seesaw is at last being steadied in a way acceptable to grower and housewife alike.

Coffee men, grimly aware that booms in their business quickly become slumps, have turned hopefully to a unique scheme that some

call "economic democracy." Its basic principle, established by the U.N.-sponsored International Coffee Agreement of 1962, is simple: let coffee drinkers and growers settle their price differences by ballot. Representatives of 58 nations now do this through a "world parliament for coffee"—the International Coffee Council—which convenes twice a year at new six-storey headquarters near London's Oxford Street.

In its deliberations the coffee-importing nations and the coffee-exporting nations each hold 1,000 votes. Ballot power is in ratio to trade. Thus the United States, which buys half the world's coffee, has the maximum allowance of 400 votes. Britain's 2.8 per cent merits 38 votes.

The coffee legislators do not actually decide how much grocers will charge, but by controlling supplies they indirectly influence the retail price. For instance, in Britain if the wholesale price for

Adapted from an article in Latin American Report

LONDON'S COFFEE PARLIAMENT

beans falls below 2s. 10d. (Rs. 3) a pound, the I.C.C. reduces the amount of coffee exported by the growers. If the bean price exceeds 3s. 4d. (Rs. 3.5), the Council increases export quotas. The system, while keeping the housewife's coffee bill at about 8s. (Rs. 8) a pound, also gives the growers a fair deal.

The importing countries take an active part in I.C.C. deliberations. In return for this say, they help enforce the export quotas by reporting any country that markets more than its voted allotment. The offender's quota for subsequent quarters is then reduced. Thus the quotas have teeth.

The scheme seems to be working. In 1963, when world supplies of fresh coffee beans were drastically reduced by fire, drought and frost in Brazil, prices jumped. But they never got out of hand—as they did after crop failures in the past—because the I.C.C. promptly relaxed export quotas. Obviously, higher quotas could not produce extra coffee, but they encouraged the marketing of beans that were grown that year or were being kept in storage. Prices levelled off. Now, with production rising again, the coffee legislators are restricting quotas to prevent prices dropping too much.

No one pretends that price-by-ballot can solve every crisis. But something had to be tried. Six Latin

* Brazil, Colombia, El Salvador, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Haiti; Burundi, Ruanda, Ethiopia, Uganda, Ivory Coast.

American and five African countries* depend on coffee for about half their foreign currency. Lack of a stable income from coffee sales disrupts their plans for vital social and economic progress. Between 1957 and 1963 coffee bean prices declined by over Rs. 1 a pound—involving a total revenue loss of Rs. 1,785 crores for Latin America and Rs. 336 crores for Africa.

Loans and grants from the coffee-importing countries helped to make up the loss to the 35 coffee-growing members. But in the long term, aid is no substitute for trade.

Dr. Joao Santos, the organization's Brazilian Executive Director, already claims success in adjusting the balance: "In each of the past two years we have increased the foreign exchange earnings of our exporting members by more than Rs. 420 crores."

Without this foreign exchange, world trade would stagnate. Coffee-growing countries buy some Rs. 840 crores' worth of machinery, cars, aircraft and other products every year from Britain alone. That is why the rich coffee-importing nations may, in their own interest, squeeze the price upwards. If retail prices rise Rs. 9 a pound, that's less than 2p. a cup. Yet for Latin America and Africa it means Rs. 315 crores in scarce foreign currency.

An obvious reason for coffee's troubled history is the difficulty of production. Coffee trees take up to

THE READER'S DIGEST

five years to mature, and even slight variations in sunshine or rainfall can disrupt harvests.

In the past, optimistic growers—Brazil's *fazendeiros*, Spanish America's *cafeteros*—planted heavily when prices rose. Then, five years later, came the inevitable market glut and prices crashed.

For years, Brazil—which used to grow more coffee than the rest of the world put together—sought single-handed to bolster prices. In 1931, for example, when bean prices slipped, she mixed coffee with oil for road surfacing and with molasses for cattle feed. Eventually, she had to destroy her surplus stocks. During the Depression and early war years, Brazil burned or dumped in the sea nearly five million tons of coffee.

For some time after the war, a great upsurge in demand seemed to cure coffee's ills. But, in 1953, when a devastating frost nipped plantations in southern Brazil, prices shot to new heights.

The housewife struck back by using fewer spoonfuls to the pot. Instead of dumping left-over coffee down the sink she reheated it. She also sampled the new "instant" brands made from the cheaper, rougher-flavoured *robusta* beans of Africa's expanding industry.

As prices fell after 1957, the Latin American producers took emergency action by limiting export quotas. By 1960 the Africans had joined them. But it was soon clear

that unless importing nations helped, quota restrictions would fail.

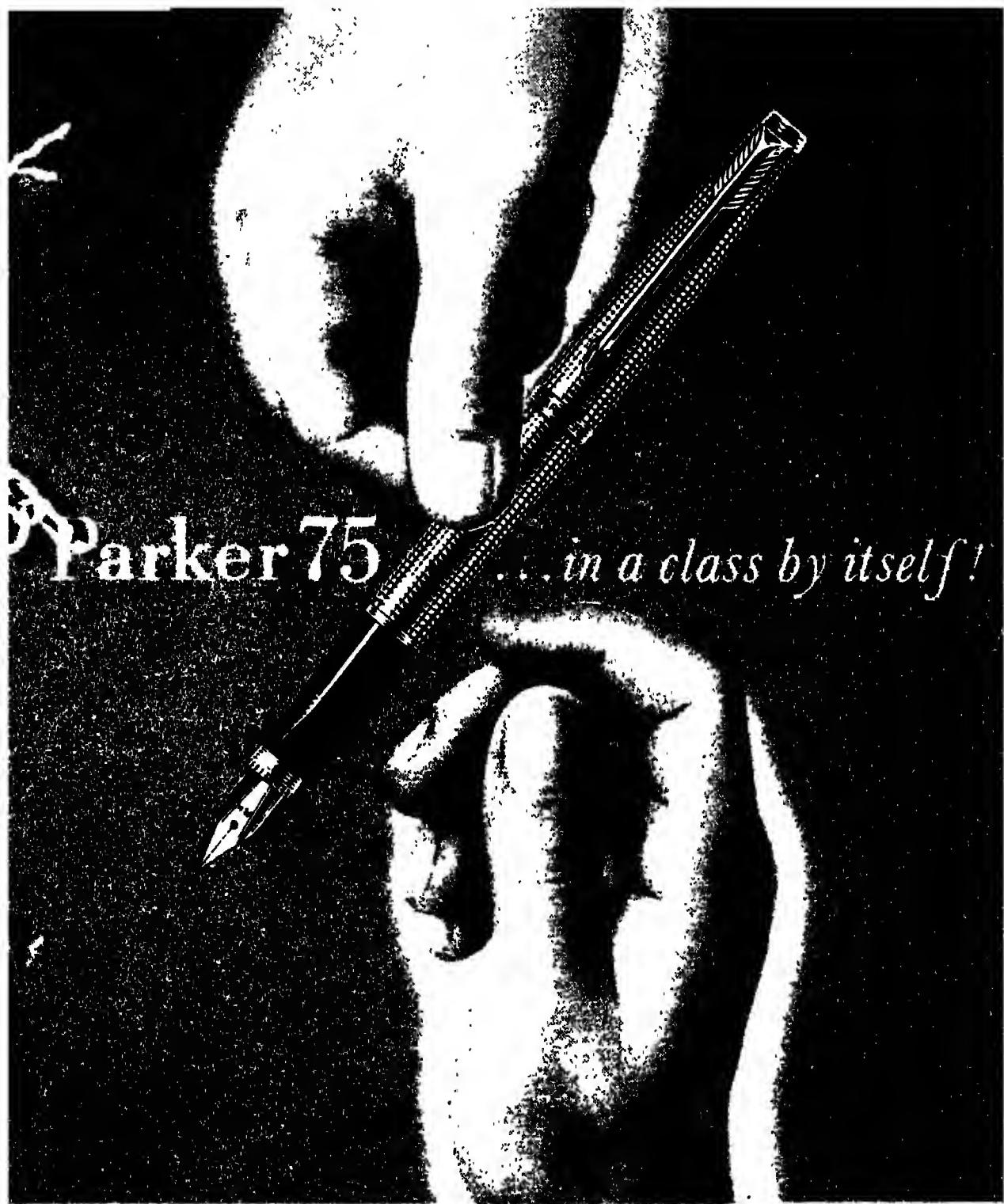
So, for seven exhausting weeks in 1962, the world's coffee men met at U.N. headquarters in New York to discuss their problems.

The results were promising. The biggest achievement was the creation of the International Coffee Council, in which a two-thirds majority of both importing and exporting countries must approve the fixed export quotas. The importers agreed to accept only coffee bearing "certificate of origin" labels, as proof that it entered under export quotas. And the exporters agreed to eliminate crippling coffee surpluses by growing other crops.

Dr. Santos does not minimize the task facing the coffee diplomats: "Our ultimate objective in balancing world production with world consumption will involve some painful—and costly—diversifications."

For example, Brazil is planning the destruction of 2,000 million coffee trees while paying farmers to produce alternative crops. Uganda—the Commonwealth's largest coffee exporter—is siting new light industries near the plantations, thus tempting coffee workers to change jobs.

After years of slavery to King Coffee, who has been sometimes a magnificent monarch, sometimes a cruel tyrant, man may at last have curbed his power.



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The Man Who Wrote His Own Obituary

BY MARK WATERS

Mark Waters, a newspaper reporter, started his last story on January 27. "Run it as my obituary," he said on that day. "Maybe it will help someone." Four days later he made the final corrections in his copy. On the next day, February 1, he died of lung cancer. Here is that last story:

CIGARETTES were the death of me. I became acquainted with my killer when I was about 14 and began stealing several a day from my father's packet.

Inhaling caused some nausea at first, but persistence conquered.

I got odd jobs after school to buy cigarettes, and tried all sorts of unusual brands, such as Melachrinos, Omars and English Ovals.

I felt quite sophisticated, but I can't recall now that I enjoyed smoking them.

In 1928, the coming Depression cast its shadow. With money scarce, my father began counting his cigarettes, so a chum and I took to picking up cigarette-ends off the street.

We toasted the soggy tobacco in an oven, and rolled it into rice-paper cigarettes. They were horrible.

Jobs for youth were nil, so I decided to join the Navy—a mouth removed from the table, and I could send money home.

Now cigarettes were no problem. If you were at sea, they cost very little. I smoked two packets a day, inhaling most of the smoke.

When my 20-year naval career ended, I went to university. After I graduated I got a job on a newspaper.

One night, while walking to my car, I had a slight stroke and staggered to the left. I had been smoking one cigarette after another that

Condensed from Honolulu Star-Bulletin

THE READER'S DIGEST

night, and I felt that that was what caused it.

My wife, Muriel, and I tried to give it up. We lasted eight days.

It wasn't that I got any real pleasure out of smoking. Except for the first cigarette in the morning with my coffee, I never enjoyed it.

My mouth always tasted like a birdcage. Smoking took away my appetite. It brought on emphysema that made it hard to breathe. My chest colds were real dillies.

In June 1965 my stomach began hurting, and I would get up every hour or half-hour during the night to drink milk and smoke a cigarette.

In September 1965 I came down with a horrible cough. I was hoarse, and there was a nasty soreness in my left lung.

I went to my doctor. He listened to my chest and ordered an X-ray.

"You have a lung tumour," he said.

Four days later, the lung surgeon took out a left lobe.

A month later, I was back at work.

I hadn't smoked since the day before my operation. It wasn't hard to stop—for one simple reason. Motivation.

I came along fine, gained ten pounds and really felt good. Then, on January 3, I thought I had caught a cold.

I went to my surgeon, who tapped a quart of burgundy fluid from my left chest cavity.

I went back several times, and my

surgeon said, "The time is drawing closer."

Later, my wife told me he had told her after the operation that I had less than a year to live. But she wouldn't believe it, and she didn't tell me. I find no fault with that.

There are four cell types of lung cancer. The type seems to have a lot to do with its rate of growth. My doctor told me this; he also said that out of every 20 lung-cancer cases, only one survives. The other 19 die.

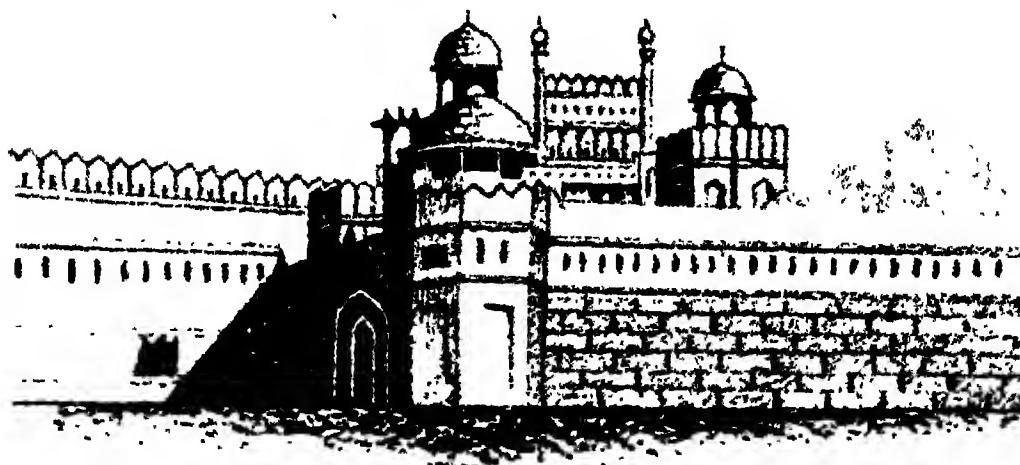
That's the survival rate for lung cancer, taking into consideration all available forms of treatment. There is no 50-50 chance—the figure for other cancers—for this type of cancer.

My doctor has understandable missionary zeal about getting people to give up cigarettes. He says that there's no question of the relationship between cigarette smoking and lung cancer. The statistics are overwhelming. It is estimated that one in every eight males who have been smoking heavily (20 cigarettes or more a day) for 20 years gets lung cancer.

The bad effect of cigarettes doesn't end with lung cancer. Smoking doubles the chances of death from coronary-artery disease, and the chances of dying from emphysema are 12 times greater. Then there's cancer of the mouth, larynx, oesophagus and all the rest, too.

I think doctors get to feeling pretty helpless at times. They keep

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THE READER'S DIGEST

warning people like me, but their warnings go unheeded.

And there's all that cigarette advertising. As my doctor says, "Millions are spent in all forms of advertising to give the public the impression that cigarettes can make up for a number of shortcomings."

Britain and Italy have banned all cigarette advertisements on television. I think that's a step in the right direction because, as the doctor says, the big effort should be to stop youngsters from getting started.

Whether this story will stop anyone from smoking, I don't know. I doubt it. Not a soul I've preached to has given up smoking—not a single, solitary soul.

You always think: "It will happen to the other chap; never to me."

But when you get your lung cancer—God help you. All you need to see is that shadow on your X-ray.

It's a real shocker. There's nothing you can do.

At this point, I'm comfortable. The nurses give me something whenever there's pain.

I'm very short of breath. I can't take five steps without having to sit. The cancer has gone into my liver and I don't know where else.

I don't have a ghost of a chance.
It's too late for me.
It may not be for you.

"THE STORY of an Ex-Smoker," by Dr. Louis Fieser, in the June 1966 Reader's Digest, related the experience of one of the fortunate five per cent of lung-cancer victims. Mark Waters' obituary speaks eloquently for the other 95 per cent. The greatest tragedy of lung cancer is that it is increasing in epidemic proportions—primarily from cigarette smoking.

Revised Versions

Conscience: That small inner voice that gives you the odds.

—Franklin Jones

Dogmatism: Puppyism come to full growth.

—Douglas Jerrold

Experience: A comb given a man when he is bald.

—Irish proverb

Laziness: The habit of resting before fatigue sets in.

—*The Journal of Jules Renard*

Prejudice: Weighing the facts with your thumb on the scales.

—Lee Aikman

Sophistication: The ability to do almost anything without feeling guilty.

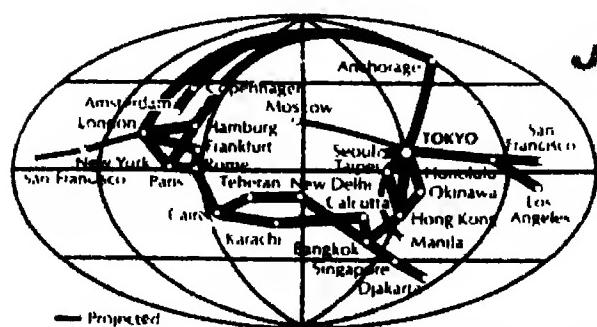
—Earl Wilson

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Although the nuclear age has robbed Britain's Mediterranean stronghold of much of its strategic importance, Gibraltar, with its long and eventful history, remains one of the most spectacular keystones on earth

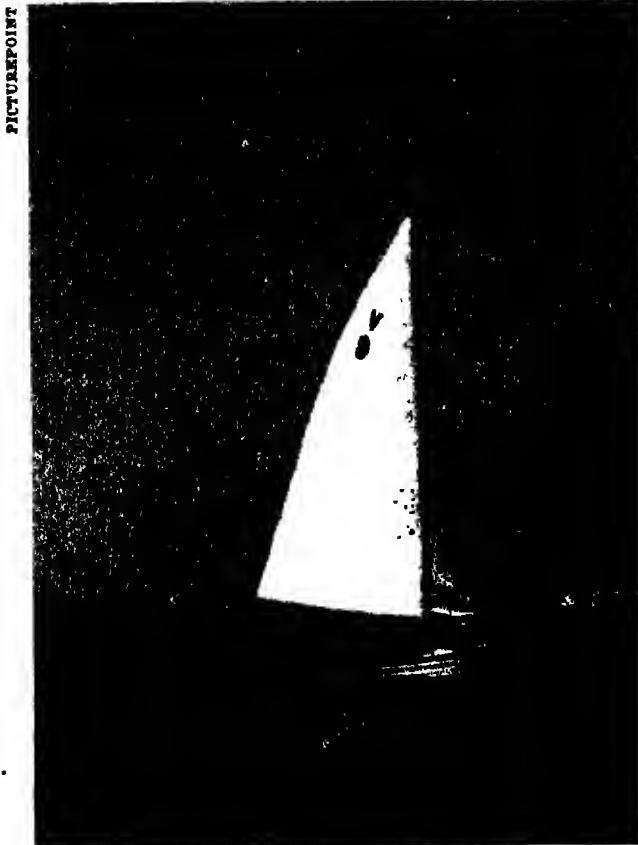
The Rock Through the Ages

BY NOEL MOSTERT

138

GIBRALTAR—the very syllables roll off your tongue with a ring of strength. It is history's symbolic fortress. To the ancients, it was one of the Pillars of Hercules, gateway to the unknown: you passed beyond it only at the risk of angering the gods.

The Rock, it is called, and that is sufficient. There is nothing like it,



either in grandeur or in its incalculable historical associations.

Man has probably occupied it for as long as any other place on earth, first scaling its heights to search for a haven and later to maintain a position of power. Neanderthal man may have entered Europe here, coming up from the drying

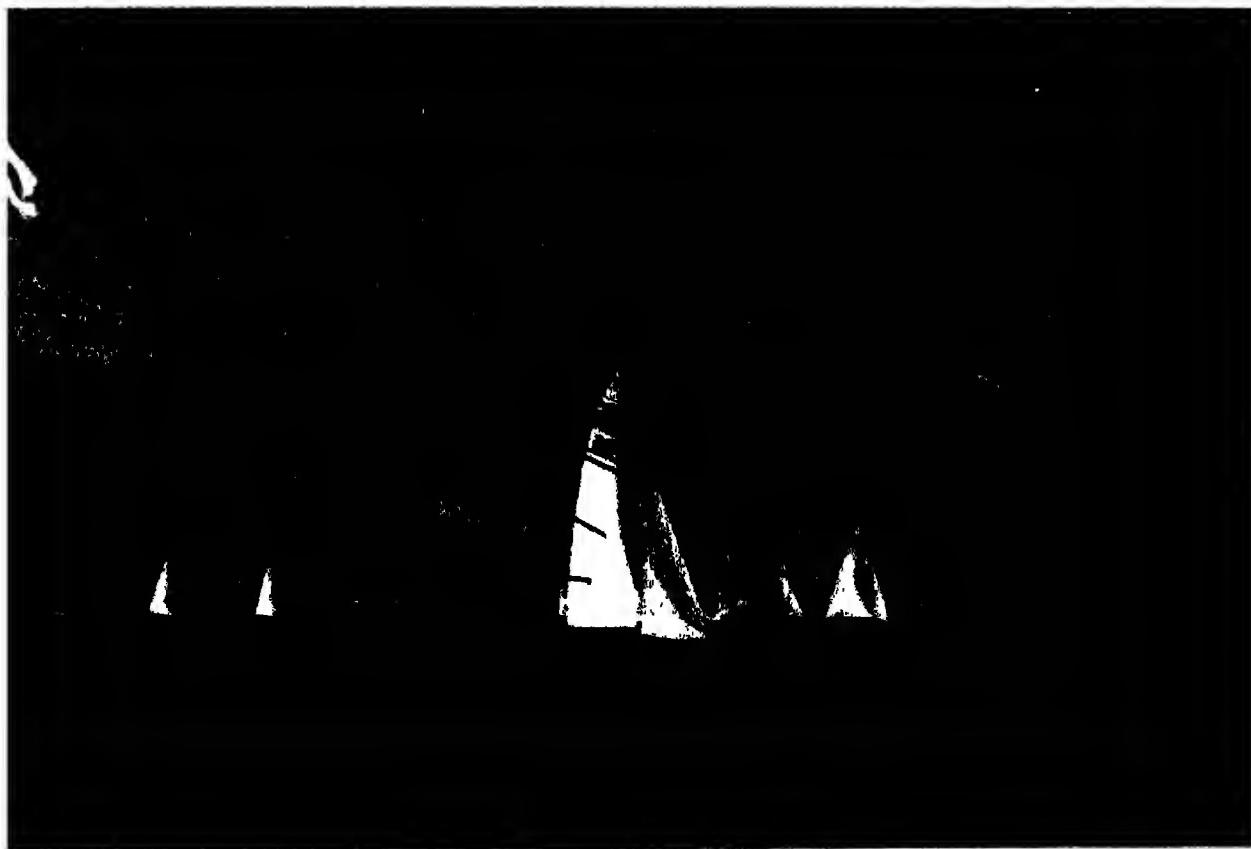
THE ROCK THROUGH THE AGES

Sahara. It has been the home of prehistoric beasts, the site of a temple to Saturn, the private property of a Spanish duke. But through recorded ages it has mainly been a bastion whose air of impregnability made it the most coveted of all military prizes.

Gazing across at the jagged mountains of the African coast—

vastly more difficult to build and maintain, victory in the Second World War much harder to win.

A formidable grey-white mass wrenching itself from the blue Mediterranean and challenging all around it, Gibraltar awes you at once: a cathedral of rock, with the sea surging into great mysterious caverns at its base. The Rock itself



from which some gigantic convulsion once tore it—the Rock guards the world's most strategic waterway: the 15-mile-wide strait separating Europe and Africa. Ships passing between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean must run beneath its towering brow. Without it, the British Empire would have been

is limestone, not granite, as is popularly supposed. The whole colony is barely four miles long, a mile wide, and but for a narrow isthmus joining it to the southern coast of Spain, would be an island.

Instant English. Gibraltar is now the only British colony in Europe, and it is a prosperous one. Young

people ride through the streets in British sports cars or motor scooters. In the Fox and Hounds, a smart tea-time rendezvous, Gibraltarian matrons in expensive tweeds sit gossiping in Spanish about their debutante daughters in London, breaking into instant English at the arrival of

One of the famous Barbary apes; originally brought to Gibraltar during the Moorish occupation, about 40 now live on the Rock. Churchill took a personal interest in their wartime survival, and legend has it that when the apes leave, the British will too



PICTURE POOL



PHEDON

English friends. It is a close, intimate existence with a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland quality. "Hallo, John," a shirt-sleeved shopkeeper calls to a passing government minister who is walking to work, and John shouts back, "*Buenas días,*" waving his airmail copy of *The Times*.

Only the Governor remains aloof, dining every night with the giant iron keys of Gibraltar on the table before him. When there are official guests, the port sergeant brings in the keys on a velvet cushion and reports that the fortress is secure, whereupon everyone relaxes and starts to dine.

The placid, imperturbable presence of the past confronts you immediately on entering Gibraltar,

► *The main street of the town, a tiny settlement between Rock and harbour*

and is one of the quaint and delightful things about the place. In the harbour lie grey men-of-war, where guests are often entertained at sundown under snowy canvas awnings stretched over the quarterdecks. Bugle calls ring out from distant barracks, and senior administrative officials receive you in high, dim rooms shaded by shutters, with purple Bougainvillaea peeping through.

Gibraltar shakes colour at you, and confusing contrasts. The colour is in the flowers and uniforms and

painted houses—"all the queer little streets and pink and blue and yellow houses," James Joyce said of it in *Ulysses*—and it is in the overwhelming sea and sky. The immediate confusion is one of proportion. Above loom the massive flanks of the Rock, while all around cluster the tiny houses and narrow streets of a town that seems built to Lilliputian scale.

At first glance several worlds appear to have left fragments of themselves here in an impossible amalgam. In a jukebox-resonant bar one may see only foreign sailors; yet

PICTUREPOINT



Gibraltar's only road link with the outside world runs along the narrow isthmus into Spain. The airstrip crosses it, extending 900 yards out into Algeciras Bay

THE READER'S DIGEST

the name is the London Bar, and it is decorated with the cap ribbons of every British warship of modern times. All over the Rock clamber the Barbary apes introduced long ago from Morocco.

Along the crowded narrow main street the tiny bazaar-like shops are piled high with French perfumes, Spanish mantillas, Moroccan bags, gold-stitched Indian saris, moonstones, amber, jade and rare pungent tobaccos—together with cheap Italian mats, African carvings and bamboo-handled cutlery from Hong Kong.

This, you feel, is what shopping is meant to be: heaped and profuse, spiced by burning incense tapers and soothed by quiet, cajoling Eastern voices. These are the only shopkeepers in the West who have learnt Russian; more Russian ships call here than at any other port outside the communist world, and the Gibraltarians say they are free spenders—Russians from a fleet of whaling trawlers once spent Rs. 14 lakhs in three days.

Around and above the main street, houses cling to every ledge and crevice of the Rock's north-western face—some even use the face as a wall—and they look as though they could tumble down any moment. Washing flaps like festive kites from clothes lines hundreds of feet above your head. There seems literally not an inch to spare.

Yet half a mile farther along, through one of the ancient gates,

you start climbing into a most spectacular residential area. The Rock face that looked so bare from below is a scented paradise of hanging gardens, shaded lanes and flowering creepers. The air is thick with the scent of mimosa. The houses, with a benevolent air of spaciousness about them, doze among orange trees and palms. A Spanish nursemaid laughs, and the notes are like a sudden, leisurely spin of silver falling down, down into the bay.

Here live the commanders of the British and NATO forces; also the senior administrators, Gibraltar's rich merchants and professional men. Here, too, are the John Macintosh Homes for the aged, perhaps the finest such establishments in existence, in design as well as in situation.

With Tangier in the farthest distance, you can see two continents, two oceans and several mountain ranges, notably Morocco's Rif, which, a darker, deeper blue than the sea, looks like a great rearing tidal wave about to curl and break.

Tarik's Mountain. Gibraltar has been British for 260 years, a relatively short chapter in the long story of the Rock's occupation. Recorded possession began with the Phoenicians and continued with the Greeks, the Carthaginians, and the Romans, who held it for more than 600 years and departed early in the fifth century before the onslaught of the Barbarians. Next came the

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THE ROCK THROUGH THE AGES

momentous landing of the Moors under Tarik-ibn-Zeyad on April 30, 711. This started an 800-year Moorish domination of Spain and nearly led to the conquest of western Europe. The Moors gave Tarik's name to the Rock: Gibraltar is a corruption of *Gebel-Tarik*—Tarik's Mountain.

Tarik was the first to fortify the Rock, building the great fortress-palace whose remains still loom over the town. Six hundred years later the Spaniards first challenged it. After 150 years of intermittent but ferocious warfare, they captured it in 1462 under the Duke of Medina-Sidonia. The Duke claimed the Rock as his own, and there was more fighting until he got his way; he kept it for 34 years before it passed to the Spanish crown.

The British arrived rather casually in 1704 during the War of the Spanish Succession. Admiral Sir George Rooke had failed to make contact with the enemy on account of incompetence and indecision in the Anglo-Dutch fleet, so he took Gibraltar instead. Seventy-five years later, in 1779, Spain made her last attempt to regain Gibraltar by force.

This was the Great Siege, the proudest event in Gibraltar's history. With massive French support, the Spaniards starved and hammered the Rock for more than three and a half years. Britain got supplies in on several occasions, but scurvy raged and troops with fixed bayonets escorted the bread rations.

Towards the end of the siege, British troops fired red-hot cannon balls at a powerful French-Spanish fleet and set it on fire.

Riddling the Rock. The most memorable incident of the siege, however, occurred when the enemy's lines approached so close to the Rock that it was impossible to fire down on them. General Sir George Elliott, the colony's governor, saw that the only place from which to fire was a seemingly inaccessible ledge on the north-east face. "How dare we get there?" he asked despairingly.

"By tunnelling," answered Sergeant-Major Ince of the Corps of Royal Artificers. At that moment were born both the Royal Engineers and the huge tunnel network that now riddles the Rock. The galleries, as the tunnels were called, were a marvellous concept, a promenade cut inside the face of the Rock, pierced at intervals with embrasures for cannon.

Today tourists stroll through them for some of the finest views that Gibraltar offers. But still on the secret list is the incredible tunnel city burrowed during the Second World War.

Worried about another great siege if the Axis powers could muster sufficient naval strength for a blockade and bombardment, Britain in 1940 decided to penetrate the Rock even farther.

Thirty miles of tunnels were blasted—more than the total road



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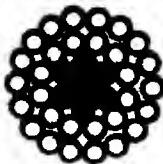
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THE ROCK THROUGH THE AGES

mileage on the surface. In these grottoes were built hospitals, barracks, power stations, ammunition dumps, workshops, communication centres. It was from a command post inside one of these tunnels that General Eisenhower directed the North African landings—probably Gibraltar's last important wartime role, for the nuclear age has diminished the military significance of the Rock.

The Rock in Retirement. The old limestone lion now lies in repose under the glorious southern sun. Instead of placing guns, its inhabitants have built a casino and luxury hotels for tourists. The barbed wire is being snipped from places where civilians were never allowed. The largest of the Rock's caves, a magnificent Gothic-like chamber 70 feet high with its entrance 1,000 feet above sea level, is used as a concert hall.

But a wary eye is still trained on the narrow strip that connects the Rock to the Spanish mainland. Spain has been demanding an end to British tenure, and her blockade of Gibraltar has seriously affected the economy.

"What right has Britain here?" a Spanish student angrily demanded

of me in San Roque, a town five miles from Gibraltar whose residents regard themselves as the rightful inhabitants of the Rock. Rather than swear allegiance to the Crown, many of Gibraltar's original Spanish inhabitants settled here. The archives of the Spanish occupation of the Rock are kept in San Roque. The descendants of the refugees stand ready with their original deeds of property, which they insist they will present to make their legitimate claims when the Rock becomes Spanish again.

But Britain shows no sign of relinquishing Gibraltar. "British we are, British we stay" can be seen scrawled all over the town—by the 25,000 Gibraltarians, who are not Spanish and don't want to be. Many are of Genoese blood mixed with British, Maltese and Spanish, and there are small communities of Hindus and Jews. Marriages between British soldiers and local girls have given a steadily stronger infusion of Anglo-Saxon blood.

One thing is certain: this piece of stone, majestically watching the western entrance to the Mediterranean, will stand for ever, so solid is the Rock of Gibraltar.



Small Wonder

THE NURSE at a Salt Lake City hospital was trying to speak on the intercom to a patient in the children's ward. After receiving no answer from the child, she said, "Jimmy, I know you're there."

A few seconds later a tiny, quavering voice replied, "What do you want, wall?"

—AP



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EM. G. 16

The Short Short Story of the Skirt

BY PHYLLIS LEE LEVIN
Author of "The Wheels of Fashion"

A look at the fashion which is showing a lot of leg

SHE VIEWS the world through the lights and shadows of the fringe that films her eyes. Her skirt is short; she bares more leg (and other places of interest) than at any other time in the history of modern dress. She is the With-It girl, the In girl, and whether we say Yé Yé, or No, No, she is the new girl in fashion.

The fast-shrinking margin of skirt—at this stage it is at least four inches above the knee—may be regarded not only as the dividing line between generations, but as an emblem of protest, or morals and mores in transition.

Was it inevitable that the “non-dress” would arrive? The direction

has been clear for some time. In 1927, anthropologists complained that knee-grazing skirts “nearly reach the limits of decency,” and fretted about the “relaxing of sex morals.” And they thought *they* had troubles!

Yesterday’s flappers are today’s Yé Yé girls. Their dress was pioneered by Courrèges in Paris, and Mary Quant in London. The young who grabbed it have grown up in a world of not-so-cold-wars, tumbled empires, jet flights, space exploration and demonstrations. They recognize no boundaries and feel no standard commitments. Short skirts are a sign, “like spitting in the eye, protesting against

Condensed from The New York Times Magazine

THE READER'S DIGEST

the Establishment and *bourgeois* values," says fashion-photographer Irving Penn.

If the chopped-off skirt is a fashion of protest, it is also fashion that suits an increasingly hedonistic society. "There is a growing appreciation of the sensual," says Dr. Bernard Barber, a professor of sociology. "Not just the pure hedonistic philosophy of eat, drink and be merry, but of anything that delights the eye and the senses. People are less puritanical." Professor Barber isn't greatly worried about the resultant trend towards nudity. "It can't go too far, or it becomes self-defeating," he says. "If everyone were nude, it wouldn't be interesting."

So far, the brief skirt is a fashion for, and of, the young. Whether its acceptance will reach those above 40—or even 35—is the fashion question of the day. Apparently some of the fashion's appeal is rubbing off on the not-so-young. "I sat in a hotel lounge the other day," a middle-aged woman reports, "and suddenly, much against my better judgement, I thought that my longer skirt looked dowdy—as if I'd just come from Bulgaria."

Fashion editors, beauticians, designers and manufacturers indeed predict that the short skirt will make a grand sweep. "It's like anything new," American *Vogue* editor Diana Vreeland says. "People apply the fashion to themselves and they panic." Mrs. Vreeland believes that

women walk better in the short skirts. And "Nobody has bad legs—though there are very few good legs. The point is to stop fussing."

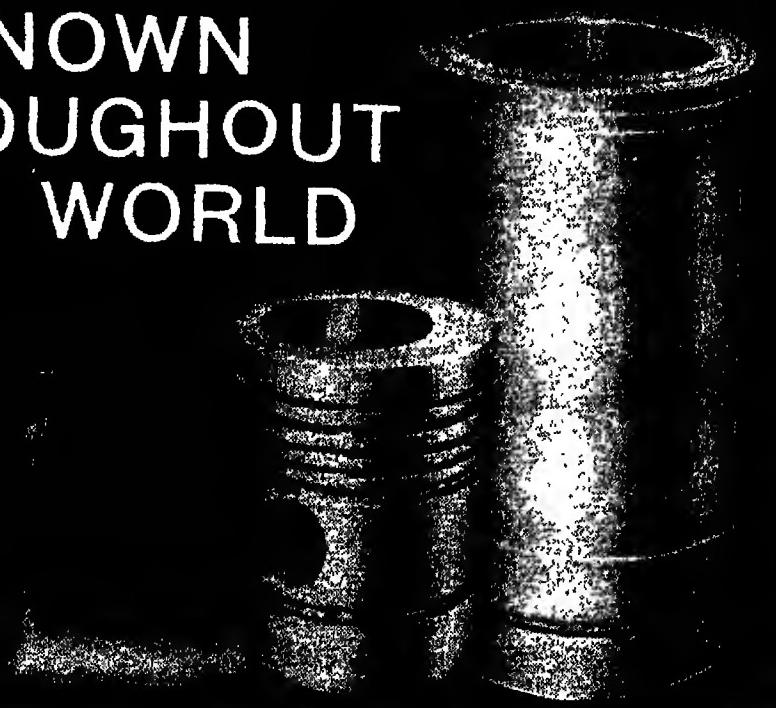
The focus of the controversy about the shorter skirt length is the knee. Some women think that their knees look awful. This elicits no sympathy from the designers. "There was a time," says Norman Norell, a New York designer, "when women wore long sleeves because they said their elbows were ugly. Now they don't give elbows a thought. There's nothing worse about a knee joint. Women will learn to live with knee joints."

There is no doubt that the short short skirt has influenced the economics of fashion. The hosiery industry has risen to the occasion with nylon tights and extra long stockings. The underwear people have chopped off slips, shortened girdles to make suspenders invisible. Shoes have grown flatter. There are new ideas about knee and leg makeup.

Norell speaks for a lot of people when he says he believes in change. "These are crazy times; we are searching for something. Clothes can change, women want to change."

But by swallowing without digesting the contents of fashion magazines, a woman today may end up looking like a clown. Such a creature is a triumph of plastic and synthetic from her hair to her underwear. She wears granny glasses, a wig or switch, dusts her eyelids with

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sequins, pastes on eyelashes, cultivates long fingernails and is a tireless applier of luminescent lipstick. How she has time for her family or her job is apparently not the problem of fashion.

We must treat fashion with humour, blessing those who take it seriously and giving the 17-year-old her rights. The young think it's fun, and an outlet, to experiment with dress, because they feel there are restrictions everywhere *but* in fashion. Can't we be gracious without being imitative? Or dowdy?

One word of comfort about leg exposure comes from the summit—the French edition of *Vogue*. Is the short short skirt for the older woman too? Yes, the magazine answers, because the leg is the last part of the body to age and a woman should show her legs "*si elles sont belles*."

Bien. But a woman of a certain age who, proud of her legs, insists on wearing a mini skirt must be prepared for the disappointment in the eyes of the beholder as they rise from leg to thigh—to face.

Personal Calls

A SMALL boy with a worried voice phoned an art gallery and said he wanted to speak to his sister, who was in one of the drawing classes. The receptionist said it would take some time to find her and suggested he leave his number. "I must speak to her at once," he insisted. "I don't know where she left the baby." —P. C.

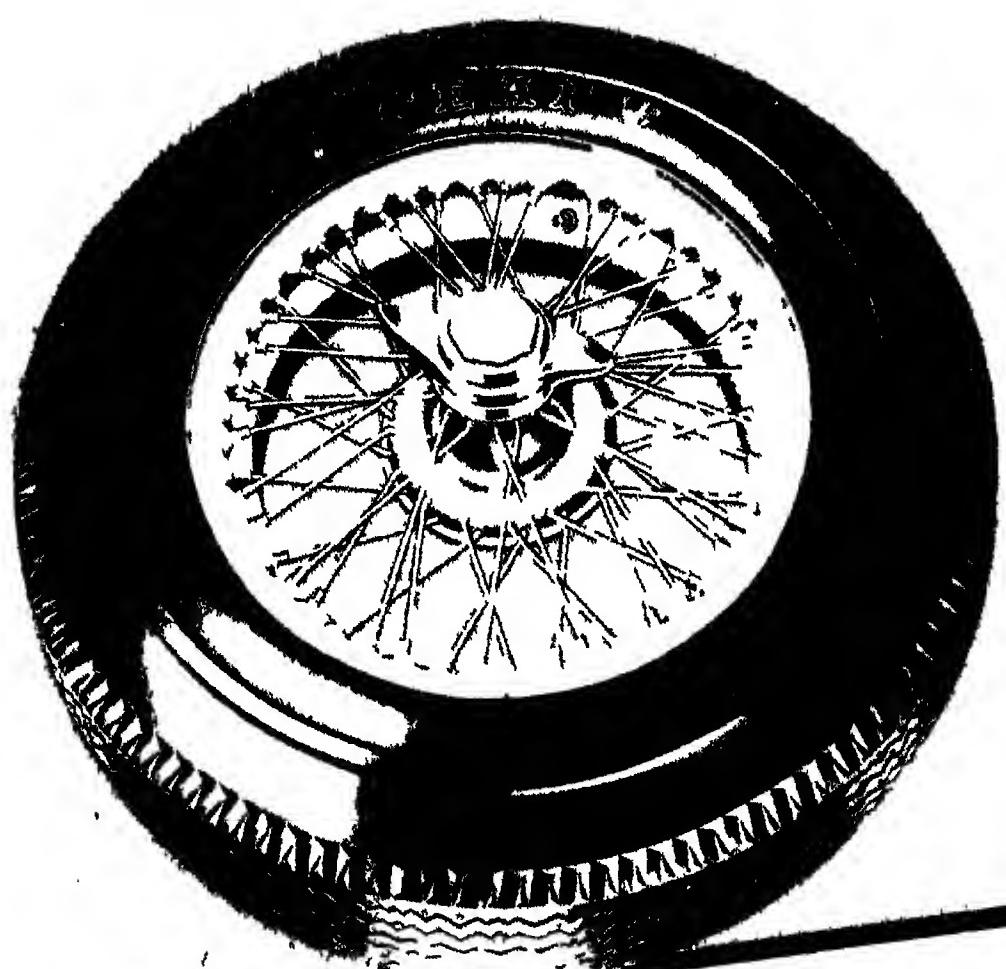
IN A SALES contest at the company where I work, I had just won a free Continental holiday. I phoned my wife and shouted. "Darling, would you like to fly to Paris with me. "Wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I'd *love* it!" There was a brief pause then : "Who is that speaking?" —B. C.

MY MOTHER is well known in her neighbourhood for two things : her strong foreign accent and her roses. At six one morning she phoned my sister but got a wrong number, a sleepy man who growled, "There's no Linda here. Who's that?" Mother, in her heavy accent, said she was afraid to tell him. "Well, it's a good thing I don't know," he roared, "or I'd come over and pull up every rose in your garden!" —R. B.

* * *

Long Service

I ONCE bought some paints in a London art-supply shop which was founded in 1747. When I asked the proprietor if the paints would last "a hundred years or so," he solemnly assured me, "If they don't, we'll replace them." —D. B.



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*In affectionate
remembrance of
an irrepressible
humbug*

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK



WHEN I was six my father settled on an Ontario farm. We were 35 miles from a railway. There were no newspapers. Nobody came and went, for there was nowhere to come and go.

Into this isolation broke my dynamic uncle, Edward Philip Leacock, my father's younger brother. E. P., as everyone called him, had just come back from a year's travel around the Mediterranean. He was about 28 but, bronzed and self-confident, with a square beard like a Plantagenet king, he seemed a more than adult man. His talk was

of Algiers, of the African slave market, of the Golden Horn and the Pyramids. To us who had been living in the wilderness for two years it sounded like the *Arabian Nights*. When we asked, "Uncle Edward, do you know the Prince of Wales?" he answered, "Quite intimately"—with no further explanation. It was an impressive trick he had.

In that year, 1878, there was a general election in Canada. E. P. was soon in it up to the neck. He picked up the history and politics of Upper Canada in a day, and in a week knew everybody in the countryside. In politics E. P. was on the

conservative, aristocratic side, but he was also hail-fellow-well-met with the humblest. E. P. spoke at every meeting. His strong point, however, was personal contact in bar-room treats, which gave full scope to his marvellous talent for flattering and make-believe.

"Well, let me see," he would say to some tattered country specimen beside him, glass in hand, "surely if your name is Framley you must be a relation of my dear old friend, General Sir Charles Framley of the Horse Artillery?"

"Mebbe," the flattered specimen would answer, "I ain't kept track very good of my folks in the old country."

"Dear me! I must tell Sir Charles that I've seen you. He'll be so pleased."

Thus in a fortnight E. P. had conferred honours and distinctions on half the township of Georgina. They lived in a recaptured atmosphere of generals, admirals, and earls. How else could they vote than conservative!

The election was a walk-over.

STEPHEN LEACOCK, described by A. P. Herbert as "the greatest humorist of the age," was born in Hampshire in 1869. He became head of the economics department of Montreal's McGill University and wrote a standard textbook, *Elements of Political Science*. But his world fame came from his humorous books—*Hellements of Hickonomics*, *Literary Lapses*, *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town*, and many others. Leacock's unfinished autobiography, *The Boy I Left Behind Me*, was published in 1946, two years after his death at the age of 74.

E. P. might have stayed to reap the fruits, but Ontario was too small a horizon for him. Manitoba was then just opening up, and nothing would satisfy E. P. but that he and my father should go west. So we had a sale of our farm, with refreshments for all comers, our lean cattle and broken machines fetching less than the price of the whisky. Off to Manitoba went E. P. and my father, leaving us children behind at school.

They hit Winnipeg on the rise of the boom and E. P. rode the crest of the wave. There is a magic appeal in the rush and movement of a boom town—a Carson City of the '60's, a Winnipeg of the '80's. Life is all in the present, all here and now, no past and no outside—just a clatter of hammers and saws, rounds of drinks and rolls of money. Every man seems a remarkable fellow; individuality shines and character blossoms like a rose.

E. P. was in everything and knew everybody, conferring titles and honours up and down Portage Avenue. In six months he had a great fortune, on paper; took a trip east and brought back a charming wife from Toronto; built a large house beside the Red River, filled it with pictures of people he said were his ancestors, and carried on in it a roaring hospitality that never stopped.

He was president of a bank (that never opened); head of a brewery (for brewing the Red River); and

secretary-treasurer of the Winnipeg, Hudson Bay & Arctic Ocean Railway that had a charter authorizing it to build a line to the Arctic Ocean (when it got ready). They had no track, but they printed stationery and passes, and in return E. P. received passes over all North America.

He was elected to the Manitoba legislature; they would have made him prime minister but for the existence of the grand old man of the province, John Norquay. At that, in a short time Norquay ate out of E. P.'s hand.

To aristocracy E. P. added a touch of prestige by always being apparently about to be called away —imperially. If someone said, "Will you be in Winnipeg all winter, Mr. Leacock?" he answered, "It will depend a good deal on what happens in West Africa." Just that; West Africa beat them.

Then the Manitoba boom crashed. Simple people like my father were wiped out in a day. Not so E. P. Doubtless he was left utterly bankrupt, but it made no difference. He used credit instead of cash; he still had his imaginary bank and his railway to the Arctic Ocean. Anyone who called about a bill was told that E. P.'s movements were uncertain and would depend a good deal on what happened in Johannesburg. That held them another six months.

I used to see him when he made his periodic trips east—on passes—to impress his creditors in the west.

He floated on hotel credit, loans and unpaid bills. A banker was his natural victim. E. P.'s method was simple. As he entered the banker's private office he would exclaim, "I say! Do you fish? Surely that's a greenheart casting rod on the wall?" (E. P. knew the names of everything.) In a few minutes the banker, flushed and pleased, was exhibiting the rod and showing trout flies. When E. P. went out he carried 100 dollars with him. There was no security.

He dealt similarly with credit at livery stables and shops. He bought with lavish generosity, never asking a price. He never suggested payment except as an afterthought, just as he was going out. "By the way, please let me have the bill promptly. I may be going away," and, in an aside to me, "Sir Henry Loch has cabled again from West Africa." And so out. They had never seen him before, or since.

When ready to leave a hotel E. P. would call for his bill at the desk and break out into enthusiasm at the reasonableness of it. "Compare that," he would say in his aside to me, "with the Hotel Crillon in Paris! Remind me to mention to Sir John how admirably we've been treated; he's coming here next week." Sir John Macdonald was our prime minister. The hotel-keeper hadn't known he was coming—and he wasn't.

Then came the final touch. "Now let me see . . . 76 dollars . . ." Here

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HAVE CHANGED
BUT
NOT THE TASTE
FOR**



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E. P. fixed his eye firmly on the hotel man. "You give me 24 dollars and then I can remember to send an even hundred." The man's hand trembled. But he gave it.

This does not mean that E. P. was dishonest. To him his bills were merely "deferred." He never made, never even contemplated, a crooked deal in his life. All his grand schemes were as open as sunlight, and as empty.

E. P. knew how to fashion his talk to his audience. I once introduced him to a group of my college friends, to whom academic degrees meant a great deal. Casually E. P. turned to me and said, "Oh, by the way, you'll be glad to know that I've just received my honorary degree from the Vatican—at last!" The "at last" was a knock-out. A degree from the Pope, and overdue at that!

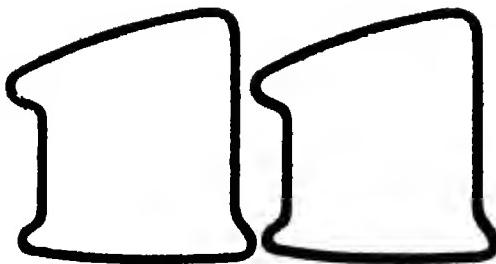
Of course it could not last. Gradually faith weakens, credit crumbles, creditors grow hard and friends turn faces away. Little by little, E. P. sank down. Now a widower, he was a shuffling, half-shabby figure who would have been pathetic except for his indomitable self-belief. Times grew hard with him and at length even the simple credit of the bar-rooms broke under him. My brother Jim told me of E. P. being put out of a Winnipeg bar by an angry bartender. E. P. had brought in four men, spread the fingers of one hand and said "Mr. Leacock. Five." The bartender broke into oaths. E. P.

hooked a friend by the arm. "Come away," he said. "I'm afraid the poor fellow's crazy. But I hate to report him."

Presently free travel came to an end. The railways found out at last that there wasn't any Arctic Ocean Railway. Just once more E. P. managed to come east. I met him in Toronto—a trifle shabby but wearing a top hat with a *crêpe* band round it. "Poor Sir John," he said, "I felt I simply must come down for his funeral." Then I remembered that the prime minister was dead, and realized that kindly sentiment had meant free transport.

That was the last I ever saw of E. P. Someone paid his fare back to England. He received from some family trust an income of £2 (Rs. 42) a week, and on that he lived, with such dignity as might be, in a remote village in Worcestershire. He told the people of the village—so I learned later—that his stay was uncertain: it would depend a good deal on what happened in China. But nothing happened in China. There he stayed for years and there he might have ended but for a strange chance, a sort of poetic justice that gave him an evening in the sunset.

In the part of England where our family belonged there was an ancient religious brotherhood with a centuries-old monastery and dilapidated estates. E. P. descended on them, since the brothers seemed an easy mark. In the course of his pious



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OUR UNCLE EDWARD

retreat he took a look into the brothers' finances and his quick intelligence discovered an old claim against the government, large in amount and valid beyond doubt. In no time E. P. was at Westminster, representing the brothers. British officials were easier to handle than Ontario hotel-keepers.

The brothers got a lot of money. In gratitude they invited E. P. to be their permanent manager. So there he was, lifted into ease and affluence. The years went easily by among gardens, orchards and fishponds as old as the Crusades.

Later, when I was lecturing in

London, he wrote to me. "Do come down; I am too old now to travel, but I will send a chauffeur with a car and two lay-brothers to bring you down." Just like E. P., I thought, the "lay-brothers touch." But I couldn't go. He ended his days at the monastery, no cable calling him to West Africa.

If there is a paradise I am sure the unbeatable quality of his spirit will get him in. He will say at the gate, "Peter? Surely you must be a relation of Lord Peter of Tichfield?" But if he fails, then, as the Spaniards say so fittingly, "May the earth lie light upon him."



Prickly Patient

RESIDENTS of Wawona, California, telephoned rangers at Yosemite National Park to say that a bear, which had been wandering around for days with nose, mouth and hindquarters bristling with quills after an encounter with a porcupine, was in agony and apparently had not eaten for days.

Two rangers found the bear, dropped him into unconsciousness with a shot from a tranquillizer gun, and started pulling out the quills. Then the weakened bear's breathing stopped. The rangers managed to get the bear over on to his stomach and began artificial respiration. For 45 minutes they pumped, with their patient grunting and groaning at every stroke. At last he began to come round, rolled over, discovered no quills in his backside, and sat up. The rangers didn't wait for thanks. They ran. —J. A. T.

* * *

A Question of Priorities

EN ROUTE from London airport to give a lecture in Belfast, Sir Alexander Fleming, discoverer of penicillin, was told that all the seats on his plane had been taken by Ministerial personages of the "Highest Priority." It turned out that the passengers were all officials from the Ministry of Health who had been sent to hear his lecture.

—Christopher Hassall, *Ambrosia and Small Beer* (Longmans, London)

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All of us can learn to foster that precious faculty which gives joy and purpose to our days

The Secret of Enthusiasm

By Miss MICHAEL DRURY

Nobody is born bored. In the morning of our lives a caterpillar is an astonishment and a pink-iced cake a marvel. But somewhere en route to adulthood we lose our enthusiasm, not because we have grown wise and sad, but because we misconceive it to be callow.

True adult enthusiasm is not puppy-dog eagerness for every new smell and sound and blade of grass, but rather the original endowment grown up—tempered and shaped by experience, judgement, humour. The word enthusiasm comes from *entheos*-- the god within—and means basically to be inspired or possessed by the god, or, if you like, by God. It is the open secret, as commonplace and tireless as sunlight, that gives joy and purpose to all our days, if only we don't despise it.

The tap-root of enthusiasm is learning. Learning makes us a child again in relation to the new thing, but it also means admitting that we don't already know. When I was at college there was a boy who was an expert square dancer but wished to learn what he called "round dancing." The other boys laughed at him, but the girls didn't. He would say, "I'd ask you to dance, but I don't know how. Will you teach me? I like music. I like pretty girls, too." We taught him: we scrambled for the privilege.

A woman in her mid-60's took her first plane trip and for half an hour was miserably uneasy. "I realized," she said afterwards, "that I wasn't afraid of flying. I was afraid of not knowing how to behave in a plane. I was dying to ask questions, but I

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first had to admit my ignorance. Once over that hurdle, I got on fine. And I learned some fascinating things about planes. You see, the air resembles a fluid, like water . . ." and she was off, the quintessence of enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm is sustained by the free play of our faculties. Too often, for example, our vision is exercised as a tool, too rarely as a joy. When crossing the street, we see a car coming and we go back to the kerb. We need such practical information to survive, but its usefulness ought not to eclipse awareness of that world beyond, where a red bus on a rain-black roadway is transportation, yes, but also a streak of colour across a grey day and a reason to have eyes.

Early one spring evening I walked down a busy street with a man who had been working fiercely hard. Suddenly he stopped and said, "I hear a cricket." Horns blew, feet hurried by, and that man's mind was groggy with problems—yet he heard a cricket. We hunted until we found him, scraping his legs at the edge of a grating, and we smiled and went on oddly comforted, reminded of our own ability to perceive and receive a world. I learned then that enthusiasm is partly willing attention, a turning aside to see, instead of hunching up inside like the affronted snail. Without enthusiasm, we are blind and deaf and only half-know our world.

A little girl I know is a fledgeling

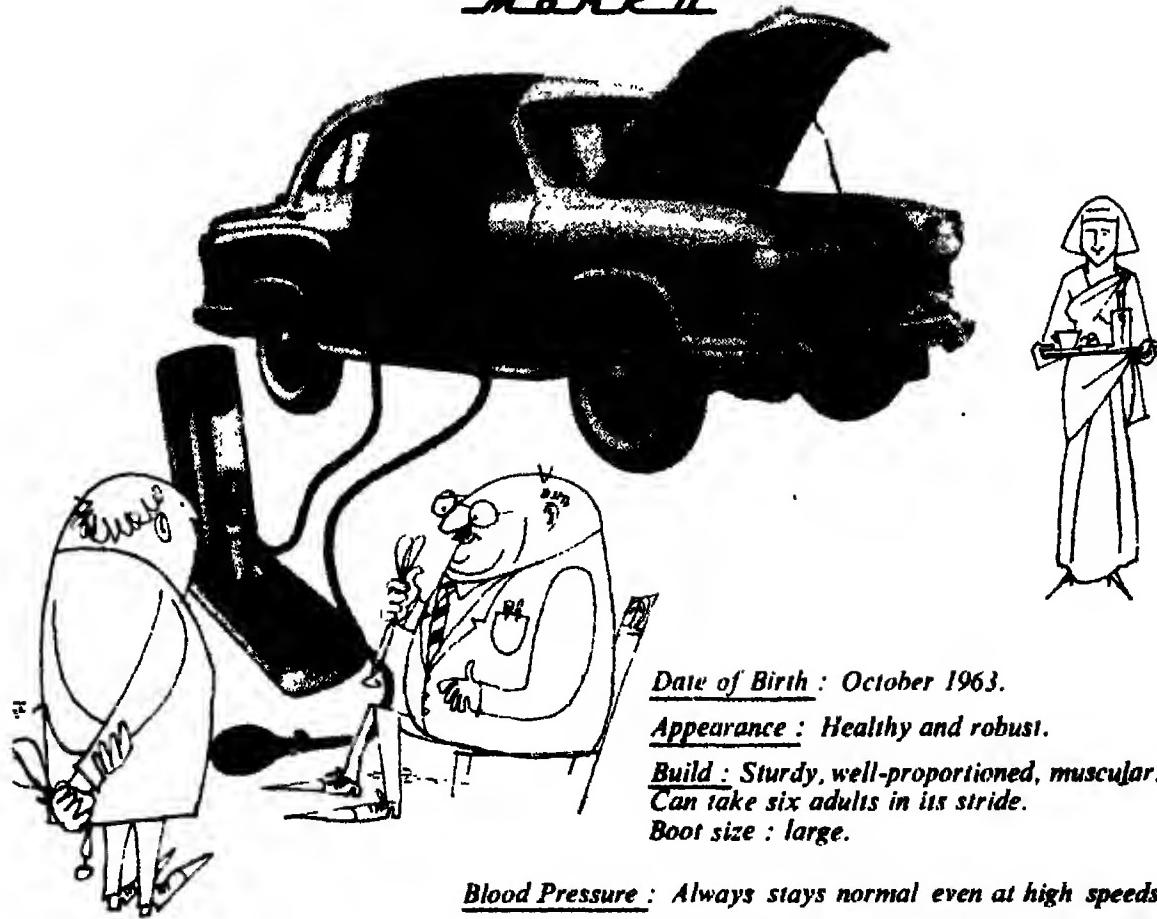
marine biologist who spends her allowance on specimens. One day I asked her if this passion wasn't depriving her of other important things, after-school treats and going to the cinema. "I suppose so," she said. "But if I can't have both, I'll take biology."

She had already learnt that without purpose there is no lasting delight. It's hard to be enthusiastic and aimless. I have learnt again and again that when I travel to a new city as a tourist, I often enjoy it without gaining any real desire to go back; if I go on business, with places I must see and people I must talk to, I touch some deeper pulse of that city and am aroused to know it better.

There comes a time in nearly every life when purpose fails and fundamental enthusiasm disappears, taking with it to some extent our very will to live. This dulling of the radiance can come about abruptly, because of a crisis, or gradually from the abrasion of daily living. It can happen when a long-held job is snatched away; or on that morning when you find yourself so-and-so many years old without having done a tenth of the things you'd planned.

The temptation to give up is strong. But this is the one moment above all others to hang on. The human mind is lazy and loves not to be disturbed. But some tough sinew of it—that very portion that is capable of enthusiasm—doesn't

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Prognosis : Bound to grow in stature, gain more popularity, assured of long life.



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run to fat. It stretches thin and snaps us back.

One of the most exhilarating women I know was hit by a series of tragedies, culminating in the loss of a young son. For two or three years she was indifferent to everything. After a gap of some time, we met, and I was much comforted to find her lustre restored.

"Day after day," she said, "I had to *make* myself go about my daily work. Everything was flat. Then one day I saw a couple quarrelling in the street, so young, and so in love. I found myself understanding them—I can't tell you how much. I talked to a refugee who told me about her lost family in Europe, and I understood, truly understood. I found myself with a new heart and a new enthusiasm. I feel that understanding is the one thing that can save the world. If it took grief to teach me, at least I've learnt that."

There is no magic formula that can cloak us with gladness in living. It comes from willingness to find one's own way—indeed, enthusiasm *is* that willingness. At times this involves acceptance of things as they are; at others it means daring to change things. A favourite story in our family concerns an ancestor of mine. One day he saw a young

woman struggling to back and turn her horse and carriage. He strode over, unhitched the horse, picked up the gig with the girl in it, and turned it about. Then he backed the horse into the shafts, re-hitched it, raised his hat to the speechless young woman and went his way. Later, of course, he married her.

That man lived all his life at an audacious clip. I doubt it ever occurred to *him* that people sometimes must bow to circumstances. But every field of endeavour has its hazards, and sometimes it is not one's business to change them.

At a dinner I heard a theatrical producer expound on his trade. He spoke of a mulish writer, an unheated rehearsal theatre, the incredibly childish behaviour of some actors—and someone asked him why he put up with it. He shrugged. "That's the way it is," he said, summing up several centuries of show business. "I can't *bother* about it; I've got a show to put on."

Somewhere between wanting to remake the world and wanting to hide from it is a balance that permits intelligent, adult enthusiasm. This god within becomes the art without, and we no longer beg to know what life means: we furnish the meaning by being.



Well Caught

"CRICKET is a game which the British, not being a spiritual people, had to invent in order to have some conception of eternity." —Lord Mancroft

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Warning to motorists—if you own a sports car, watch out for . . .

The Zeinmann Effect

By RICHARD COMBS

SOME MONTHS AGO, my wife and I bought a powerful red sports car which I will call a Windmobile Mk II. We could not, of course, actually *afford* it; but we argued that we were getting older all the time and couldn't afford *not* to get it. So we washed our old car and traded it in for a blood-red Windmobile Mk II. We have not been able to drive the car very many days since.

It is necessary to understand at this point that all the time I was driving the old crock around, it was never so much as scratched. Yet it wouldn't have mattered much to me if it *had* been run into. Not so with this new toy.

You may have noticed that the title of this article is "The Zeinmann Effect." There is a good reason: I went to school with a character named Alfred Constance Zeinmann. In the two years I knew him Alfred Constance Zeinmann

got into something like 400 fist-fights. The funny thing was that Alfred hated fist-fights more than anything in the world. He was a nice, clean-cut boy, but there was just something about him that made people want to destroy him. This is what I call the Zeinmann Effect.

The second day of my ownership of the Windmobile Mk II, I bounced out of bed about dawn and gave it a thorough wax job with some special stuff I'd bought. The jolly fellow from whom I bought it explained that the wax cost Rs. 60 for a small tin because it contained ear wax from unicorns and other exotic ingredients. Later that day, I drove my wife to the supermarket to do some shopping. We decided that I should stay in the car, so that I could snarl at people as they pulled in alongside and keep them from banging their doors into our blood-red Windmobile.

I was sitting there, rubbing the

Condensed from Road & Track

THE ZEINMANN EFFECT

fine leather of the seats and occasionally snarling, when a charming family approached. There was the Daddy, the Mummy and the little daughter, who had two delightful little flaxen pigtails sticking out like underdeveloped horns. She was playing Big Girl and helping Mummy by pushing the grocery cart. Just as she came alongside the car, her neural system blew a fuse. Like a speeding car that had blown a tyre, she swerved sharply to the left, ploughing a fine furrow of paint about six inches long in the door.

The manager of the Windmobile showroom assured me that the car would be painted that very week and would look like new. The head of the paint shop (the *only* man in the paint shop) was a short, bespectacled fellow called Cedric Wiffle-Smith; I was assured that only he could restore the glory of my Windmobile Mk II. He kept it six days and when I saw it I nearly collapsed. A large, dull spot of paint covered the scratch.

"Holy Moly," I said, "I could do better than that with a nail brush."

Cedric Wiffle-Smith looked offended. He ventured the opinion that it was an excellent job, mumbled something to the effect that it is useless to play a violin before a buffalo and went looking for the manager. He offered to resign. Later, after the manager had soothed Cedric's feelings and given

him the afternoon off, he and I took a can of rubbing compound and worked on the door. It didn't look bad, we eventually agreed.

It was almost a week before the Windmobile was rammed again. This time I was tooling down the street, when a happy old farmer came through a halt sign and ploughed directly into the side. The Windmobile just sat there, shuddering. Its windscreens were scattered all over the street; the door on the passenger's side had a new concave effect. When I pulled the door handle, the door sprang open like a flipped saw blade.

At that moment, while I was gazing incredulously through the shattered windscreens, I recognized the first stages of the Zeinmann Effect. I wasn't absolutely certain, but the indications were there. The old man shuffled his toe around in broken glass and said something about not seeing me. *Not seeing me!* How can you not see a Windmobile Mk II that has just been polished with unicorn wax?

The car was in the garage for a month, waiting for a new door. When it arrived, the door was mounted by Cedric; there was about a two-inch disparity between the wing-line and the door. Because the hinges were hard to work on, Cedric suggested that we raise the wing a little. He said we could either do that or send for another door, since this one obviously didn't quite fit. I smiled and took the car

THE READER'S DIGEST

as it was. Later, when Cedric was out to lunch, the manager and I took a screwdriver and put the door where it belonged.

But it wasn't until a woman backed into me, then swore at me for being too low to the ground and sneaking up on her, that I actually knew that the Zeinmann Effect had started. By this time I had developed a stoic attitude about accidents. I tried to calm the woman down, patted her shoulder and told her to get back into her five-ton car,

then ease it away slowly while I stood on the front bumper of the Windmobile.

"Zeinmann," I said to myself as I stood on the delicate bumper of my Windmobile Mk II, "Alfred Constance Zeinmann." And then the dear lady put her car into reverse and broke my leg. I explained later to my wife that the woman had been nervous, that it was a natural mistake. But I knew what it was: the Zeinmann Effect, and once it's started, nothing can stop it.



Honour in Iceland

THE ICELANDIC people have lots of pride, and when the inhabitants of remote Myvatn heard that Prince Philip was flying up from Reykjavik for a visit they were in a quandary about their most celebrated local character, who wears his hair well below his shoulders, dresses in tattered clothes and has no teeth.

The people gave him a good talking to, cut his hair, trimmed his beard and dressed him in new clothes. But the missing teeth presented a real problem. They had no time to send him to a dentist to be fitted with dentures, so they borrowed a spare set from one of the townsfolk. The teeth didn't fit, but the old man was persuaded to put them in his mouth and keep his lips closed.

And so, with great dignity, and in perfect silence, he bowed and met Prince Philip, and the Icelanders preserved the honour of their district.

—I. C. K.

* * *

Ancient Prayer of the Scholar

FROM THE cowardice that shrinks from new truth,
From the laxness that is content with half-truth,
From the arrogance that thinks it knows all truth,
Oh, God of Truth, deliver us.

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO ME?

I had become so cross and irritable that even the neighbours avoided me. What was wrong? I felt so tired all the time...

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Young Friends Heal Old Wounds

By ALAN TILLIER

Hate has bedevilled relations between France and Germany for a century. Now an imaginative programme of exchanges is teaching understanding to youngsters of both nations

IN THE breathtaking Vallée de la Minière in the French Alps, a German boy handed a length of timber to a French boy working on a half-completed chalet. "Tu l'as bien en main?" he asked. "Ja, danke," came the French boy's reply. They laughed at each other's accents.

The chalet swarmed with French and German youths, while the pine-covered slopes rang with the noise of hammering and animated conversation. These young people were attending a work camp run by a French organization called *Neige et Merveilles*, in co-operation with

youth groups from 20 West German towns.

Last summer, other young people from the two countries together built a road, repaired the chapel in a near-by village, and laid out sports grounds for what will be a fully-equipped international holiday and arts centre. Such co-operation contrasts sharply with the hate and prejudices that have bedevilled Franco-German relations for a century. Says Jacques Chomont, a director of the camp, "The old quarrels have no meaning for this generation."

The project, started by a go-ahead group of private citizens, is only one of many Franco-German youth schemes which have recently received encouragement—and generous financial aid—from the two governments. General de Gaulle and Chancellor Adenauer, architects of the Franco-German Friendship Treaty of 1963, realized that the post-war generation—open-minded, eager to travel—presented the best-ever chance of overcoming

'old antagonisms. France and Germany have so far spent Rs. 21 crores to enable 800,000 of their people, between the ages of 13 and 30, to immerse themselves in the life of each other's lands.

First, a Franco-German Youth Office was set up, something entirely new. Although an offspring of the Treaty, it was completely free of political interference. On the governing board, youth leaders outnumbered civil servants. Its headquarters at Bad Honnef, near Bonn, and its Paris branch were staffed by a dynamic Franco-German group of 80, many of them young. Most important, it was resolved that young people were to be guided, not herded, towards friendship.

Robert Clément, head of the Youth Office's Paris branch, told me: "We're not trying to turn Frenchmen into Germans or vice versa. We want young people to become aware of the things their two countries have in common. We don't know if we could do this with the over-40's, but we do know we can do it with those in their 20's."

Widening the Circle of Understanding. Mireille Parmentier, a former Paris secretary, can thank the Youth Office for the ease with which she adapted herself to life in Germany. She has chosen to live and work in Karlsruhe, and to marry a German.

Mireille met her fiancé, Viktor Hanuska, in Paris where he was perfecting his French. He suggested

settling in France out of consideration for her, but Mireille knew his chances of a rewarding job were greater in his own country. Faced with the double problem of learning German and of finding employment in Germany, she asked the Youth Office for help. The Office sent her, together with other young French people, to a special school in the Black Forest town of Calw for an intensive two-month course in German language and culture.

Eventually, on her own initiative, Mireille found a secretarial job in Karlsruhe, not far from Viktor and his parents. The Parmentier and Hanuska families have learnt that their lives are strikingly similar, that Germans and French are not so different after all. They have overcome their early fears about the marriage, and have become friends. The circle of understanding has widened.

Worker Exchanges. But the Youth Office does not simply wait for people to ask its help. It seeks to widen existing exchange channels—youth movements, universities, twin towns—with advice and generous grants, and it captures the imagination of the young with its schemes for long-term exchanges of workers, educational tours-in-depth, unusual joint sports programmes.

From the beginning, the Youth Office decided that young workers and farmers had as much need as students to visit the other country. A typical journey was that made to

Barendorf, near Hamburg, by 35 farmers from villages around Las-say in western France. When they arrived, they were greeted warmly by a curious and excited population which had been busily preparing for the event.

During their ten-day stay they visited farms and schools, and exchanged views on administrative problems in a rural community. Discussions begun during the day were continued over evening meals in local farmhouses. Whenever language difficulties intervened, pencils and paper were produced and rough drawings used to illustrate.

The French farmers were enthralled. Their attitude towards Germans would never be the same again. They returned home to describe their trip to a meeting attended by most of the farmers of the region, and the effects are still reverberating.

Long-Term Job Switches. So far, 80,000 young workers have participated in such exchanges, ranging from a few days to several weeks. A much more ambitious project has been the one-year job exchange, at present limited to 300 young people a year.

The Youth Office sends them on a language-culture course, then pays for their journey to and from the new jobs, helps to place them whenever possible with families, and makes up any salaries below Rs. 945 a month.

Groups of 20 to 30 workers arrive

in France and Germany throughout the year. I saw young Germans eating a quick French-style breakfast before joining the Métro crowds, young Frenchmen reading German newspapers as their trams lurched through the streets of Frankfurt, Stuttgart and West Berlin.

Helmut Giner, of Constance, knew no French when he applied for a grant to go to France. His determination overcame the reluctance of the Office's selection board, which prefers young people to have a rudimentary knowledge of the other language. A locksmith, he has been working in a small Paris firm, and has established good relations with his colleagues. In a café, greeting friends with a "*Ça va?*", gesticulating as he talked, he would have been taken for a Frenchman.

At a language school in Tübingen I met a group of 20 young French people preparing to work in Germany. They included a bank clerk, a butcher, a secretary, a decorator, a trainee architect. One of them, a factory worker planning to study automatic lathes, had obtained his mother's permission for the trip. His father, a wartime prisoner of the Nazis, had been against his going.

In a Berlin café I met Bernard Lejeune, 25, from Elbeuf, near Rouen. He had a copy of *Die Welt* tucked in his pocket. Speaking German, he told me about his job with an import-export firm and his

September

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decision to marry 24-year-old Margaret Henschel, daughter of a Berlin engineer.

"I discussed it with my best friend who lost his father in a concentration camp. He was very much in favour, as were my parents and Margaret's. My uncle didn't like the idea, saying that the Germans were still our enemies. But it is different for the young. I have many friends who have married German girls."

Returning workers have helped persuade reluctant firms to co-operate in the scheme. Big companies, such as Renault and Mercedes, have already exchanged workers with the aid of the Youth Office.

The Office has also tapped the enormous interest in sport in France and Germany. More than 60,000 young men and women have become friends at sports meetings sponsored by the Office, in collaboration with French clubs and the big German sports organizations.

Educational Tours-in-Depth. Another way of exchanging visits is by the educational tours-in-depth, designed to show young people aspects of life often overlooked by ordinary tourists. First the Office sent a number of young Germans, who spoke good French, to a youth centre at Sarcelles, near Paris, to be trained as paid group-leaders.

One of them, Birgitta Severin, a 24-year-old law student in Münster, accompanied a mixed group

1966

of Germans and French which visited the Languedoc, discussed wine with the vineyard workers, and found out all they could about local village life.

Birgitta was employed again last summer when the Youth Office launched 35 similar "discovery" tours in Germany. Costing only Rs. 147 per person for 12 days, each was limited to 50 young people. In the countryside near Witzenhausen, I saw Birgitta with workers from several parts of France, notably the south-west, which had had little contact with Germany. Franco-German groups went to local festivals, questioned businessmen and farmers, and took the wheel of pilot boats on the Rhine.

Breaching the Language Barrier. Language promotion is a big factor in the success of the Youth Office. Scholarships have been awarded, help given to evening classes in small towns and youth clubs. Arlette Grandmaître, who runs the language section in the Paris branch, devised a crash course in German—eight hours a day for 12 days, using films. It was tried first on farmers, many of whom wrote to thank the Youth Office for having taught them so much in so short a time.

To act as a barometer of the youth exchanges, the Office sponsored a series of seminars. At one I attended, young German workers who had been in France for a year said they wanted to remain for

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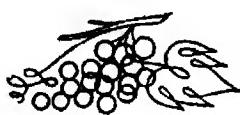
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another year, possibly two. Gerta Unger, a Bavarian, explained: "You need six months to rid yourself of the conviction that the Germans are doing everything right and the French everything wrong. Once you realize this is not so, you start learning."

The idealism of these young

Germans has been rekindled by the friendly reception they generally receive in France.

One girl said, "My boss was a prisoner-of-war in Germany. Now and then he says, 'You are the young generation of a great nation. Never forget we are counting on you. Don't disappoint us.' "



Conqueror of Giant Despair

*A*RTHUR PEARSON was born 100 years ago last February. From birth his eyes were weak, and when he reached manhood he realized they might wholly fail. At 24 his race with blindness became serious, and 20 years later it reached its last sad stages; the best oculist in Europe told him that within a year the last flicker of light would fade from his world. The prophecy proved true; in the closing days of 1913 complete and permanent blindness settled on Arthur Pearson.

The following summer the war broke out, and soon blind soldiers began to appear in the military hospitals near London. One day Pearson was called by telephone to come at top speed to such a hospital. A young soldier, on hearing from the doctors that his sight was permanently destroyed, had gone into hysterics. Unable to quieten him, they summoned Pearson, hoping that he—another man who had lost his sight—might be able to assuage the young man's terror and despair.

The visit to the hospital disclosed to Pearson a glorious life's-work: to organize a special hospital for blind soldiers, and develop a scheme for their rehabilitation! He carried out his plan; when the war ended he had 1,700 blind ex-servicemen under his care in St. Dunstan's.

He insisted that every man there learn Braille, that every man master a trade to make him self-supporting, and that every man co-operate to make St. Dunstan's the most cheerful place in all England.

No one will ever know how many sightless men he rescued from death or insanity, or how profoundly he altered the future in literally thousands of hearts and homes. When he died in 1921 the whole country rose to do him honour. One eulogist termed him "The Man Who Conquered Giant Despair."

—James Gilkey, *You Can Master Life*

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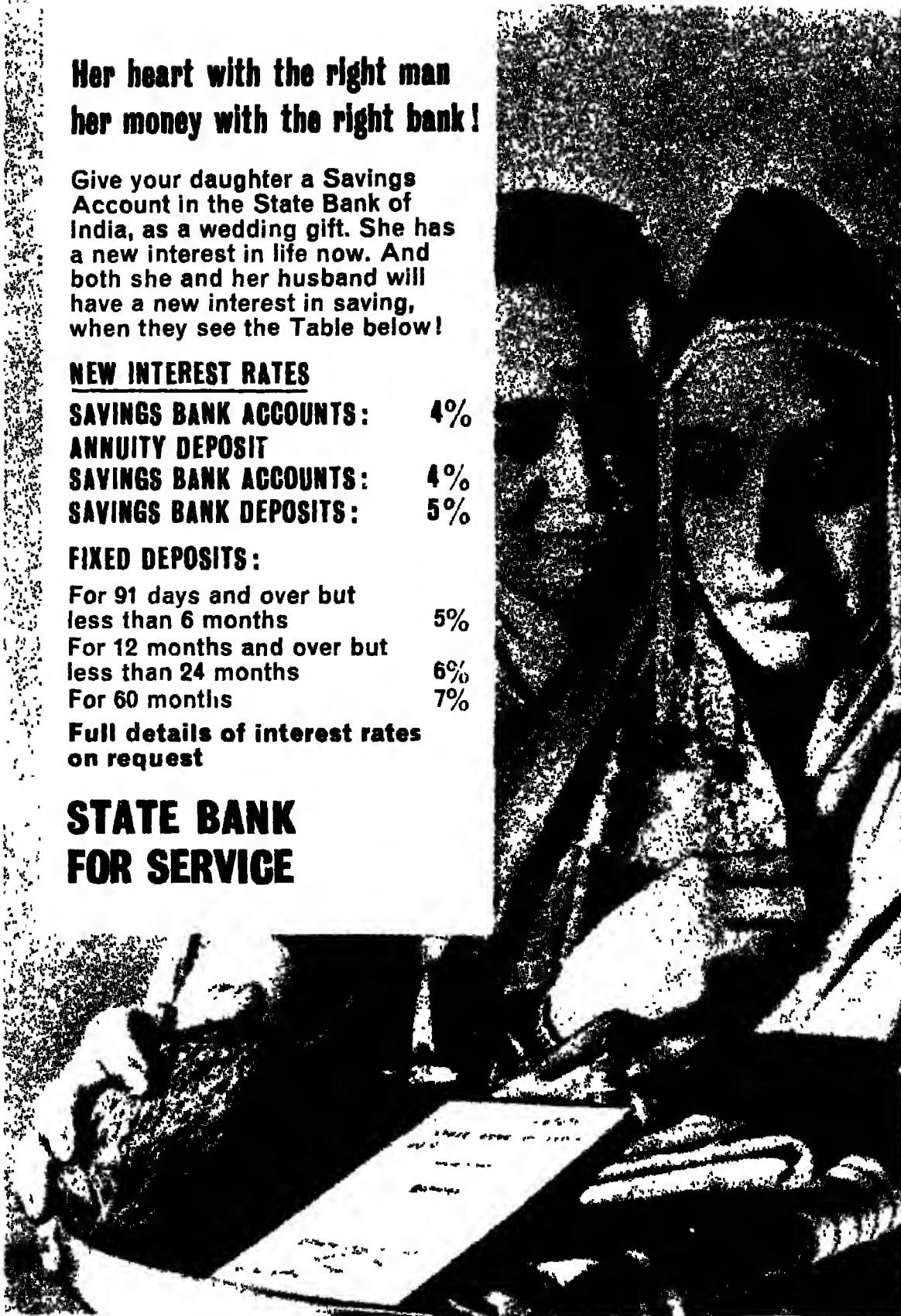
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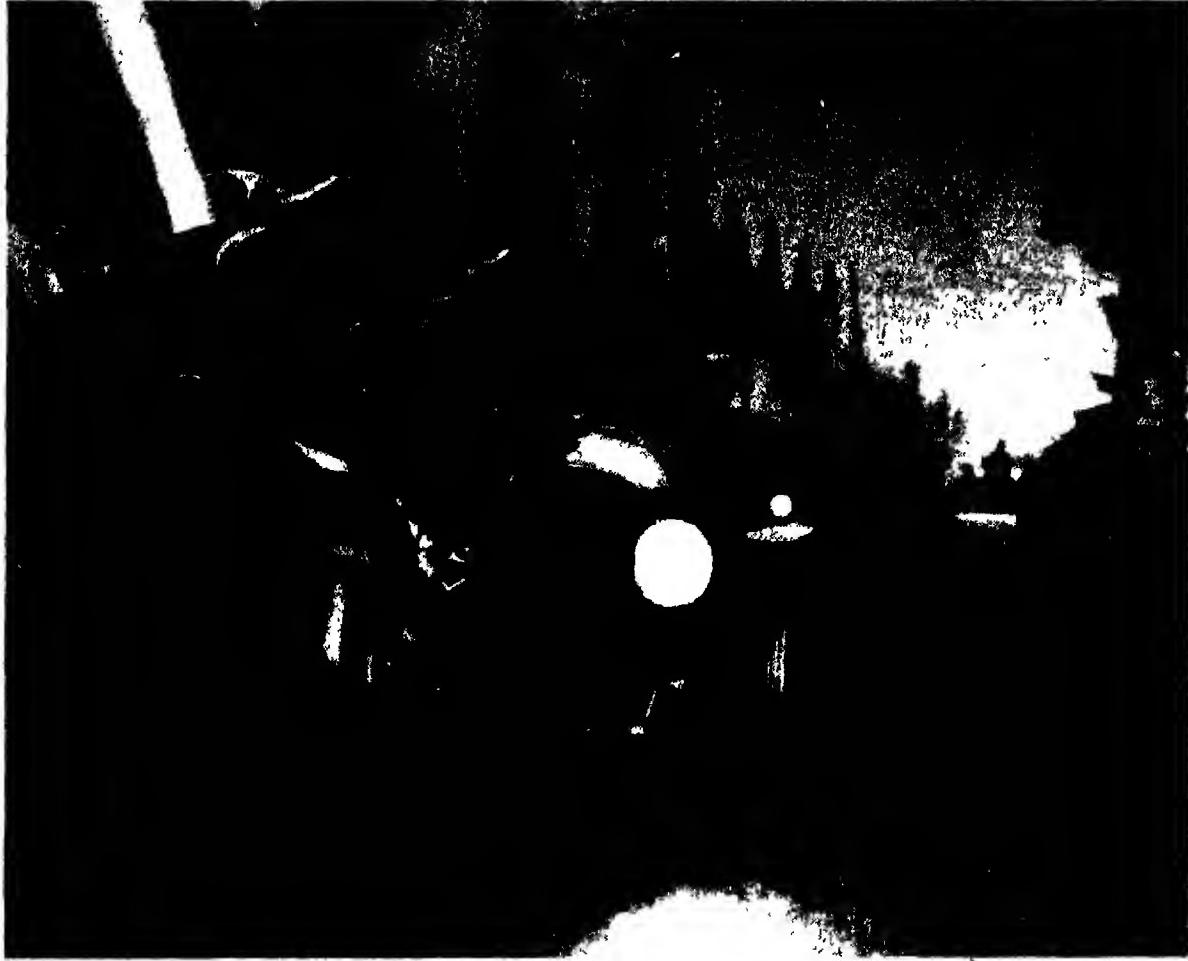
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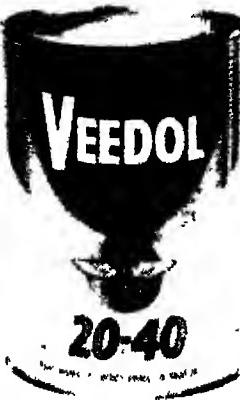
Great Moments in Auto Racing/LeMans Twenty-four-hour Race/LeMans, France/1927



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SAN JUAN'S FABULOUS DOÑA FELISA

For 20 years the flamboyant mayor of Puerto Rico's capital has found uniquely personal ways to solve the people's problems

BY SCOTT AND KATHLEEN SEEGERS

SEVERAL hundred poorly dressed people thronged the high-ceilinged room. On a platform at the far end sat a massive, aristocratic-looking 69-year-old woman with the skin of a young girl and with orchids in her high-swirled

grey hair. Doña Felisa Rincón de Gautier—"Little Mother" to the poor, implacable foe of slum conditions, tireless politician and for 20 years *Alcaldesa* (Mayoress) of San Juan—was presiding over her Wednesday "open house" at which the

Condensed from U.S. *Lady*

poor and the distressed of the Puerto Rican capital are invited to ask for her personal help and advice.

Most wanted jobs, money for food or medical help. Doña Felisa used an elegant Victorian fan to direct the proceedings. As each person stepped forward and stated his problem, Doña Felisa listened intently, her brilliant brown eyes riveted on his face. She asked a question or two, conferred with one of the social workers with her, then scribbled a note specifying the help to be given.

Doña Felisa involves herself to an awesome degree in the personal problems of the local people, and her solutions are direct. One woman told Doña Felisa that her husband had left home after a quarrel. Would the mayor come to dinner? "If he knows you honour our roof, he will return," the woman said. Dressed in a splendid gown, Doña Felisa dined with the slum family, and the missing husband returned before the evening was out.

With Doña Felisa we visited La Perla, a huddle of tiny houses clinging to the steep shore below the fortress wall of Old San Juan. Here live some 7,000 people, mostly unemployed. As Doña Felisa stepped out of her car and walked down the hill, people of all ages rushed out of the huts, greeted her with smiles and cries of "*Madrecita*" (Little Mother). Children milled about her feet. Childless herself, she seems to regard every child as her own, and through the tumult she picked up

details of the mishaps and illnesses of a score or more of them.

La Perla is an example of Doña Felisa's ingenious methods of stretching her meagre budget to lessen human misery. A disused slaughterhouse has been converted into a community centre. Simple and inexpensive games and sports equipment keep children occupied and off the streets. Birthday celebrations, plays and local *fiestas* give residents a sense of community. Teenage group discussions foster self-improvement and job hunting.

The path down to La Perla used to be a quagmire. Doña Felisa provided a couple of trucks and some asphalt and got the residents to pave it themselves.

By close personal attention and by working 15 hours or more a day, Doña Felisa runs the city as if it were her own household. Her 20 years as mayor have spanned a critical period in Puerto Rico's evolution from a totally dependent agricultural colony to a proud and prosperous semi-independent "Associated" American state.

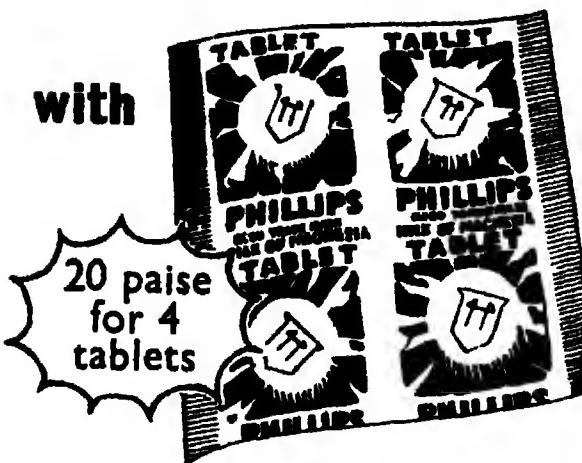
When she first took office, San Juan was a city of 200,000 people, of whom two-thirds existed in notorious water-edge slums that bred despair, crime and disease. The antiquated municipal hospital kept no medical records.

Today San Juan, grown to 600,000, is outstandingly clean. The worst slums have been erased; those that remain are being steadily



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September

eliminated and their inhabitants resettled in modern housing developments.

Fifteen municipal hospitals treat nearly a quarter of a million outpatients annually, and by the end of this year seven new medical centres will be providing free services. San Juan's death rate is today remarkably low, and since 1940 life expectancy has soared.

The city's welfare fund is disbursed on Doña Felisa's personal instructions. She stretches it as far as she can, mostly in small sums. "She doesn't give much money because she hasn't much to give," one inhabitant told us. "But she gives all of herself, and that is the most important thing."

Long ago she established a system of scholarships for the 4,000 municipal employees, and a number of officials have benefited from them to rise to their present positions. She also started municipal training programmes to teach the skills needed by local industries.

Felisa Rincón's background would make politics seem a most unlikely career for her. Her mother died when Felisa, the eldest of eight children, was 13. At 15, she left school to keep house for her father, a plantation owner and lawyer but a poor businessman. She cooked, cleaned and sewed, and saw her sisters and brothers through school. "She was the spinal column of the Rincón family," one of her childhood friends told us. Later she

1966

opened a dress shop, which prospered until politics began taking most of her time. She still designs the dramatic clothes she wears, using big, splashy patterns, often topped by a majestic-looking turban. The flamboyant dress is a political asset; it makes her the centre of attention wherever she goes.

Felisa got into politics despite the opposition of her traditionalist father. When female suffrage came to Puerto Rico in 1932, he forbade her to register to vote. "I waited a moment," she recalls, "and then said, 'Father, I *want* to vote.' He glared at me and said, 'No!' After another moment, in a very little voice, I said, 'Father, I am *going* to vote!' He stared at me for a long time. I was very frightened. Then he smiled. 'Very well,' he said. 'You may vote.' "

She was fifth in the queue waiting to register, urged women friends to follow suit, and organized committees to get women to the polls. In 1936 she met Luis Muñoz Marín, then a member of the Puerto Rican Senate. When he founded the Popular Party in 1938, she supported him and was appointed president of the San Juan party committee.

In the campaign of 1940, the *Populares* won; and that same year Felisa married Jenaro Gautier, a lawyer. The victorious party offered to nominate her for mayor. This time her new husband said, "No." But when Mayor Roberto Sánchez Vilella (now governor) resigned in



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1946, she was appointed to finish his term, and has been mayor ever since.

Doña Felisa has made the office uniquely her own. She handles a crowd with sure artistry, and her clear voice has a sweetness all but impossible to resist. The people of San Juan do not try. During the 1964 election, the *Populares'* majority in the city was 6,000 votes more than the combined total of the other parties.

The present term is, however, Doña Felisa's last. At the 1964 Popular Party convention, she announced that she would step down at the end of this, her fourth full term, in 1968. Her husband retired two years ago as assistant attorney-general. They plan to live in an ancient house in Old San Juan.

For years Doña Felisa has been attacked by political opponents who have accused her of everything from poor administration to loading the municipal payroll with Popular Party functionaries. In some ways her administration may be unorthodox.

"We once found three million dollars unaccounted for during our biennial audit," Dr. Justo Nieves Torres, comptroller of the Puerto Rican Insular Government, told us. "It was lumped under 'Workers' Salaries,' without any attempt to identify the workers or what they did. For eight months we traced this money, and at the end of every lead we found some truck driver or

labourer who had worked hard and earned his share of it."

There is little doubt that San Juan's municipal employees earn their money. "I taught them that a public official is a public servant," Doña Felisa says proudly. But no one works harder than the mayor. Her day begins at seven, and she continues at a breakneck pace often past midnight. She literally lives with her work: her apartment adjoins a large reception room on top of the town hall.

We once watched Doña Felisa, in a housecoat and with her hair down, deal simultaneously with matters involving three groups of people. Then a secretary caught her eye and tapped her watch. The mayor rose and started towards her apartment, issuing a volley of instructions as she made her exit.

The door closed, and in precisely 12 minutes she reappeared in a brocade gown, her hair tucked into a fashionable turban, to receive an international delegation of agronomists.

As she took her place she grinned and winked. "A long time ago I learned how to change quickly," she said.

Ironically, Felisa recently got into trouble as a result of improvements that she worked hard to bring about. The island's educational programme and Doña Felisa's own municipal scholarships have created a new generation of competent technicians intent on safeguarding the

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processes of honest democratic government. Last year, officials in this dynamic group, investigating San Juan's financial affairs, found improper procedure in the awarding of a contract to pave some parking spaces. They set in motion the automatic processes provided by law, and to everyone's profound shock Doña Felisa was brought to trial.

A sense of outrage permeated the entire city. Stunningly dressed, head high, face of stone, the mayor was a study in imperial outrage as she sat in the dock. After two days the prosecution "just fell apart," as one observer described it, and Doña Felisa was acquitted. Meanwhile, many of her enemies had rallied to her defence. One of her severest

critics, A. W. Maldonado, senior editor of the *San Juan Star*, called the trial "an incredible and senseless act of public humiliation." Maldonado wrote that Doña Felisa "lives politics and deals in power, but what motivates her is a profound love of people. She is driven to human poverty and despair as a missile seeks its target."

But the most touching tribute was paid by a San Juan shoeshine boy. While we waited for the beginning of a local *fiesta* to be attended by the mayor, the boy worked on our shoes.

Guests began to arrive, but the lad refused to be hurried. "You must have a *nice* shine if Doña Felisa is going to be here," he said.



We Beg to Differ

WHEN AN Englishman can't get on with his wife, he goes to his club. A Frenchman goes to his mistress. An American goes to his lawyer.

When an Englishman goes out for the evening, the baby-sitter is usually his neighbour. In America, it is a stranger. In France, it is his wife.

In England and France a status symbol is several hundred years old. In America, a status symbol has not yet been paid for.

France sends America dresses. England sends America suits. America sends England and France tourists in French dresses and English suits.

In England, one doesn't talk to strangers on trains. In France, one doesn't talk to strangers on trains. In America, one doesn't take trains.

English women assume their husbands will be loyal. American women assume their husbands are loyal. French women assume their husbands will be home for dinner.

The average French newspaper is angry with the government in Washington. The average English newspaper is angry with the government in Washington. The average American paper is angry with the government in Washington.

—Fred Sparks

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Conquest of Death Before Birth

By J. D. RATCLIFF

Pioneered in New Zealand, a daring concept—intradermic transfusion—is rescuing unborn infants doomed to die, and opening up a new field of medical science

WHILE PHYSICIANS and surgeons over the years have steadily pushed ahead with their lifesaving skills, one citadel has been taboo territory: the womb of the expectant mother. By all medical tradition and practice, the unborn baby in his mother's womb has been barred to direct treatment. As doctors stood helplessly by, thousands of infants sickened and died *in utero*. Said one medical scientist: "We are quite capable of recording the pulse, blood pressure and temperature of astronauts as they travel at incredible speeds 100 or 200 miles above the earth. One can certainly question why, therefore, we have been allowing patients—the foetus, in this case—to die from anaemia when they

are only inches away from a blood transfusion."

Mercifully, this situation is changing. Using a daring new procedure, highly skilled specialists working in teams at major medical centres pierce the womb to treat and save babies otherwise doomed to die. This triumph, one of the most stirring in modern medicine, has opened up a whole new field of medical science, called foetology.

The Rh Problem. The story began in 1963 at National Woman's Hospital, Auckland, New Zealand. Dr. Albert William Liley, then 34 years old, faced a frustration that had furrowed the brows of doctors for years. It was the old Rh problem (Rh for rhesus monkey, where the blood factor causing the problem

CONQUEST OF DEATH BEFORE BIRTH

was first discovered). Thousands of women lack the Rh factor in their blood and are therefore Rh negative. When they marry men who possess the factor (and are Rh positive) trouble may brew during pregnancy—although seldom with their first child.

The infant may inherit the father's Rh-positive blood, and the mother's blood builds antibodies to fight off the Rh intruder. In short, the mother becomes allergic to the foetus. The result is a terrible disease with a terrible name: erythroblastosis. Antibodies attack and destroy the red blood cells in the baby's independent circulatory system, and the blood becomes too watery to support life.

The great majority of seriously afflicted Rh babies—an estimated nine out of ten—can be saved by post-natal blood transfusion. But in a few cases the mother's blood teems with deadly antibodies, a build-up from earlier pregnancies or the result of transfusion with Rh-positive blood (in the years before this danger was recognized).

"In such cases," says Dr. Liley, "we faced two equally bleak alternatives. We could let nature take its course, which meant that the baby would die in the womb. This carries certain risks to the mother. The other alternative was very premature delivery, which was equally lethal to the foetus. These sickly infants, thrust into the world too soon and already dreadfully ill with anaemia,

had virtually no chance of survival."

Was there *any* way to estimate accurately the danger to the unborn in cases of Rh incompatibility? Liley was familiar with a diagnostic procedure developed in England between 1952 and 1956. In this, a needle is introduced into the womb of the pregnant woman, and a small sample of the amniotic fluid, in which the unborn infant is submerged, is drawn off. The fluid contains wreckage of the infant's red blood cells destroyed in Rh warfare. The colour of the fluid indicates the extent of damage to the infant. The darker the fluid, the more red cells have been destroyed.

Survival Chances. Liley ran over 200 tests, recorded results, then correlated them with the outcome of the pregnancies. The procedure is an astonishingly accurate means of predicting an infant's chance of survival and enabled Liley to work out a rating scale:

Group I babies had minimal red-cell destruction. Pregnancy could continue to normal delivery with few fears. With Group II, it was touch-and-go. Premature delivery was often advisable, and at birth they would need one or more "exchange transfusions," in which 75 to 90 per cent of sickly blood would be drained off and replaced with healthy blood. In these infants it would be wise at delivery to leave a healthy stub of umbilical cord as a ready-made route for transfusion.

Group III babies were the doomed.

The test of the amniotic fluid, says Liley, was "really maddening." It foretold what was to happen, even the exact time beyond which the foetus could not survive, but it offered little help to the sadly beset babies. Liley wanted to treat these patients. "After all," he says, "they are no different from other patients. Only one thing sets them apart. Instead of a cot blanket, they have their mothers wrapped round them."*

Thus, his concern was for the one in every ten Rh babies who could not be saved by transfusions following birth. Wasn't there any way to save these infants, perhaps by transfusing them in the womb *before* birth? "The idea sounded hair-raising," Liley confesses. "But the more one thought about it the more reasonable it became."

He drew up a plan of attack. First, he would inject radiopaque dye into the womb. This would mix with amniotic fluid, which the unborn constantly drink at the rate of about five ounces an hour, and thus be introduced into the baby's digestive tract. Then an X-ray would show the precise position of the foetus.

There was no hope of finding a straw-size blood vessel for transfusion. But blood is absorbed into the circulation through the wall of the abdominal cavity. This was a

bigger target, about the size of a fist. "In drawing samples of fluid for the amniotic test," Liley says, "our problem was to miss the baby. Now it became a problem of hitting him in an exact spot."

This would not be easy. In the womb, infants twist and turn. They are frightened by loud noises, angered by bumps and rough movements. They would almost certainly jump when the big needle entered their bodies. How would he get such a patient to hold still?

No Faint-hearts. Liley had a broad knowledge of foetal behaviour to help him. He knew that if a mother lay on her back in a hushed room for, say, 20 minutes the infant would settle down for rest, too. The baby would not lie on his mother's bumpy backbone—"they like their comfort"—but would snuggle to one side. Thus you would know roughly where he was. There could be no thumping or prodding of the mother's abdomen to get more exact location. This would only disturb the foetus. But a fluoroscope, turned on for a few seconds, would show the precise position. Dye in the digestive tract would locate the abdominal cavity.

Now would come the time for the critical manoeuvre: the deft plunging of a seven-inch hollow needle—slightly larger than a pencil lead—through the skin of the mother's abdomen while she drowsed under sedation. Liley

* See "The Secret World of the Unborn," The Reader's Digest, February 1966.

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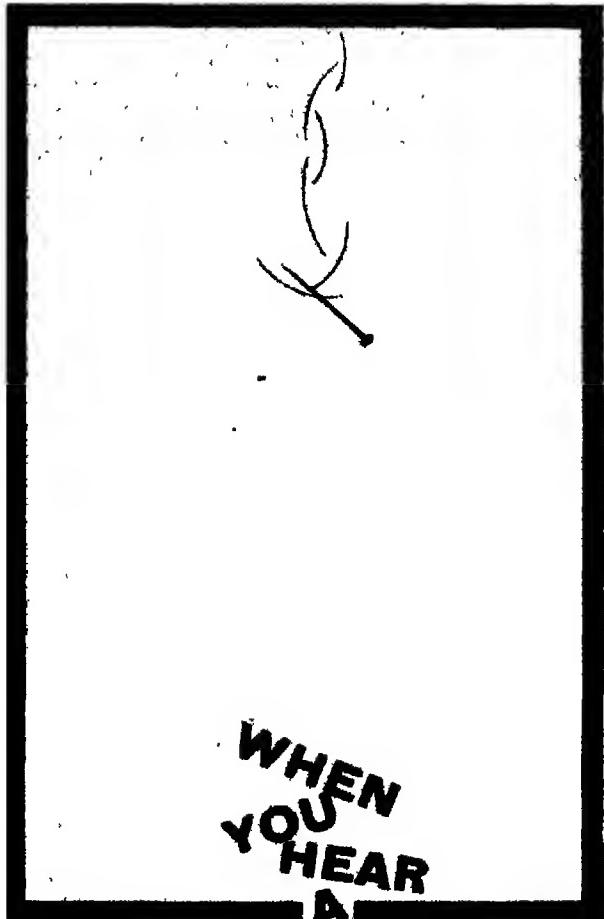
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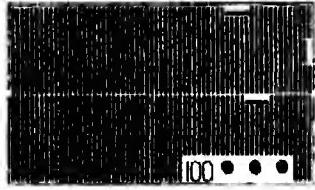
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SISTA'S BCM 10x

knew that "this would be no manoeuvre for the faint-hearted, the indecisive. One would have to hit the target, and hit it surely, before the baby could squirm out of the way."

Finally, a tiny plastic catheter would be slipped through the hollow needle. Then the needle could be withdrawn, leaving the tube ready for injection of three to five ounces of "packed" red cells—blood with most of the liquid removed. If necessary, the tube could remain in place for several weeks, ready for additional transfusions, and the baby could twist and turn without danger.

Theory into Practice. At last Liley was ready to put his theorizing to clinical test. For his first trial he chose a hopeless situation—a woman carrying a hydroptic baby. This is the grimdest of all Rh wreckage. The tissues of the foetus become waterlogged; liver and spleen enlarge. Most of these babies die in the womb, and those that survive birth are dead in a few hours.

The situation was explained to both mother and father. Liley offered no false hope, but pointed out that the procedure might help others. Willingly, the woman agreed.

With ease, Liley found and transfused the unborn infant's abdominal cavity. Two similar cases followed, both hydroptic babies. All three infants died, as expected, but the technique appeared to work.

By August 1963, he was ready to attempt to save a life. A case was at hand: the wife of a sheep rancher. Her one child had been born alive and healthy, but antibodies, built up while she was carrying him, had ended two later pregnancies. She was now in the 31st week of her fourth pregnancy, and amniotic fluid indicated that her baby was in deadly peril. Liley's needle of hope went into her abdomen. He could feel the baby jump as it pierced the skin.

Ten days later came a second transfusion. The baby, who normally would have expired by now, was still alive, but barely, and a Caesarean section was performed. Exchange transfusion banished anaemia. Today the first infant to be successfully transfused in the womb is a lusty toddler—named, understandably, after Dr. Liley.

Rescue of the doomed had begun. Liley moved forward with assurance. Some of the most touching observations were made by the expectant Rh mothers themselves. With foreboding, they noted foetal movements become feebler, and knew what this portended. After transfusion they felt new, kicking life return to their unborn babies.

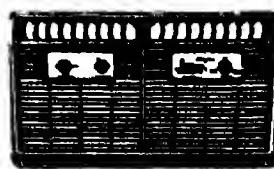
Often up to four transfusions have been needed to see babies through their periods of peril. "What we are really attempting to do," says Liley, "is to buy a few weeks. We are trying to keep these infants alive so that they can grow

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to a point where they have a chance outside the womb. We know that each additional day's growth improves the outlook by two per cent."

Studies show how effective intrauterine transfusion has been. In many cases 90 per cent of the infant's blood at birth is not his own, but transfused blood. At the time of writing, Dr. Liley and his group have transfused 50 unborn babies who could not have lived otherwise. Nineteen are alive and healthy, a remarkable score.

Obstetrical specialists, working at large medical centres in Britain, Canada, the United States and elsewhere, have adopted the Liley technique to save the previously unsavable. Perhaps the most extraordinary of all cases occurred not long ago at Winnipeg General Hospital in Canada. X-rays revealed that an Rh mother was carrying twins—a boy and a girl. Although the girl was doing well

the boy was in desperate difficulties, and his death could have meant death for his sister. Could lifesaving blood be transfused into the boy's tiny abdominal cavity? Dr. John Bowman and Dr. Rhinehart Friesen decided to try, and succeeded notably. At birth the boy's blood was in better condition than his twin's!

How many infants all over the world have been born with pink pimpls on their abdomens, marking the spot where the needle entered their bodies? No one is sure, but probably over 100 of the formerly doomed are alive and prospering. Estimates indicate that hundreds of such babies might be saved in the future.

Thus, barriers to the womb are being lowered, and doctors are working on other lifesaving procedures for the foetus. Stirring events almost certainly lie ahead: conquest of death in one of its saddest forms, death before birth.



A Night to Remember

ONE Sunday night in 1921 Austen Chamberlain, then Leader of Britain's Tory Party, and his wife were dining with Mrs. Ronnie Greville, a rich, generous, but outspoken hostess. The food was good, the wine well-chosen. There was just one flaw—the butler was obviously tight.

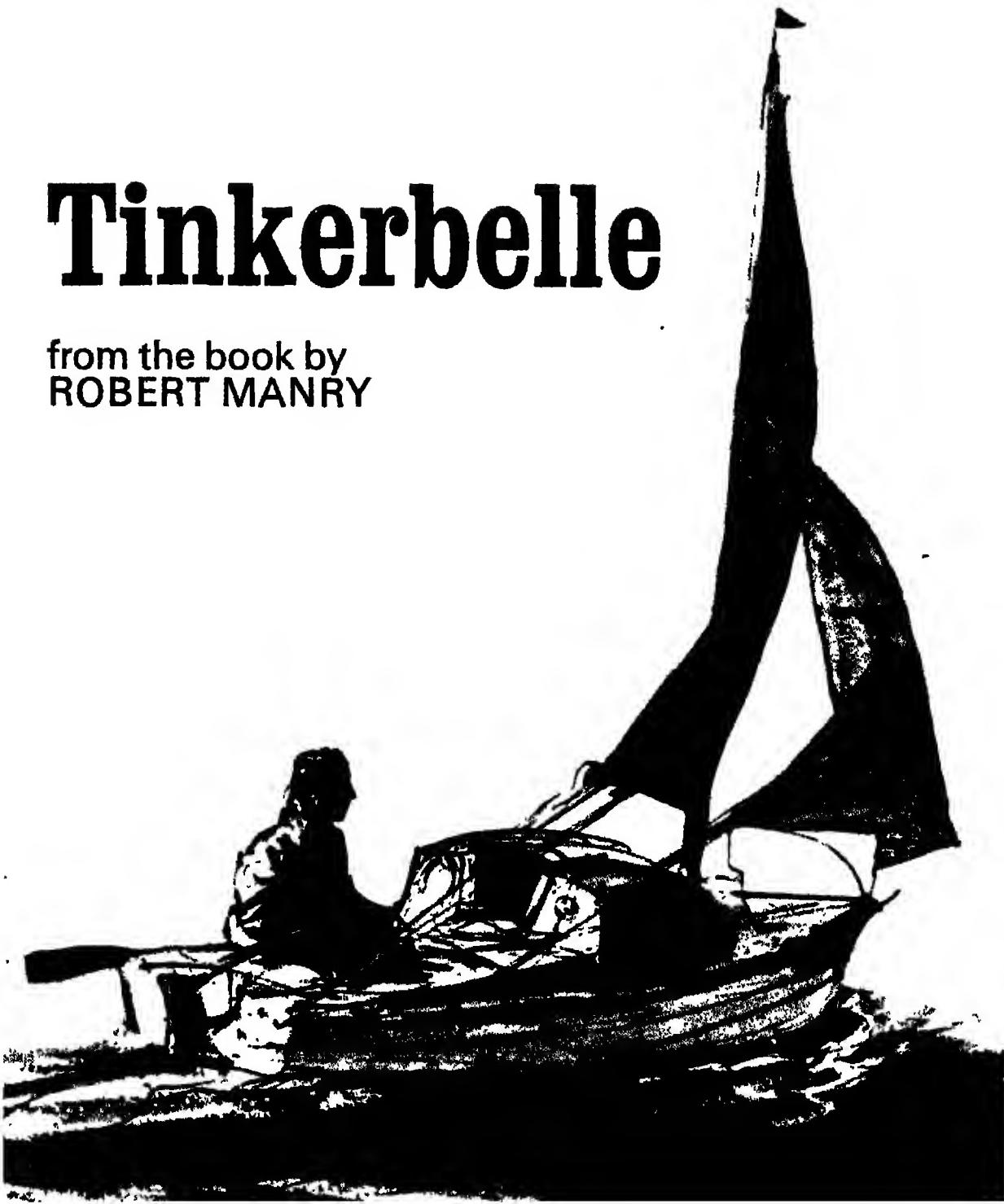
Anxious to avoid a scene, Mrs. Greville scribbled him a hasty note: "You are drunk—leave the room at once." Glancing at the message, the butler placed it carefully on a silver salver, walked unsteadily round the table, and with a deep bow presented it to Austen Chamberlain.

—Lord Beaverbrook, *Decline and Fall of Lloyd George* (Collins, London)

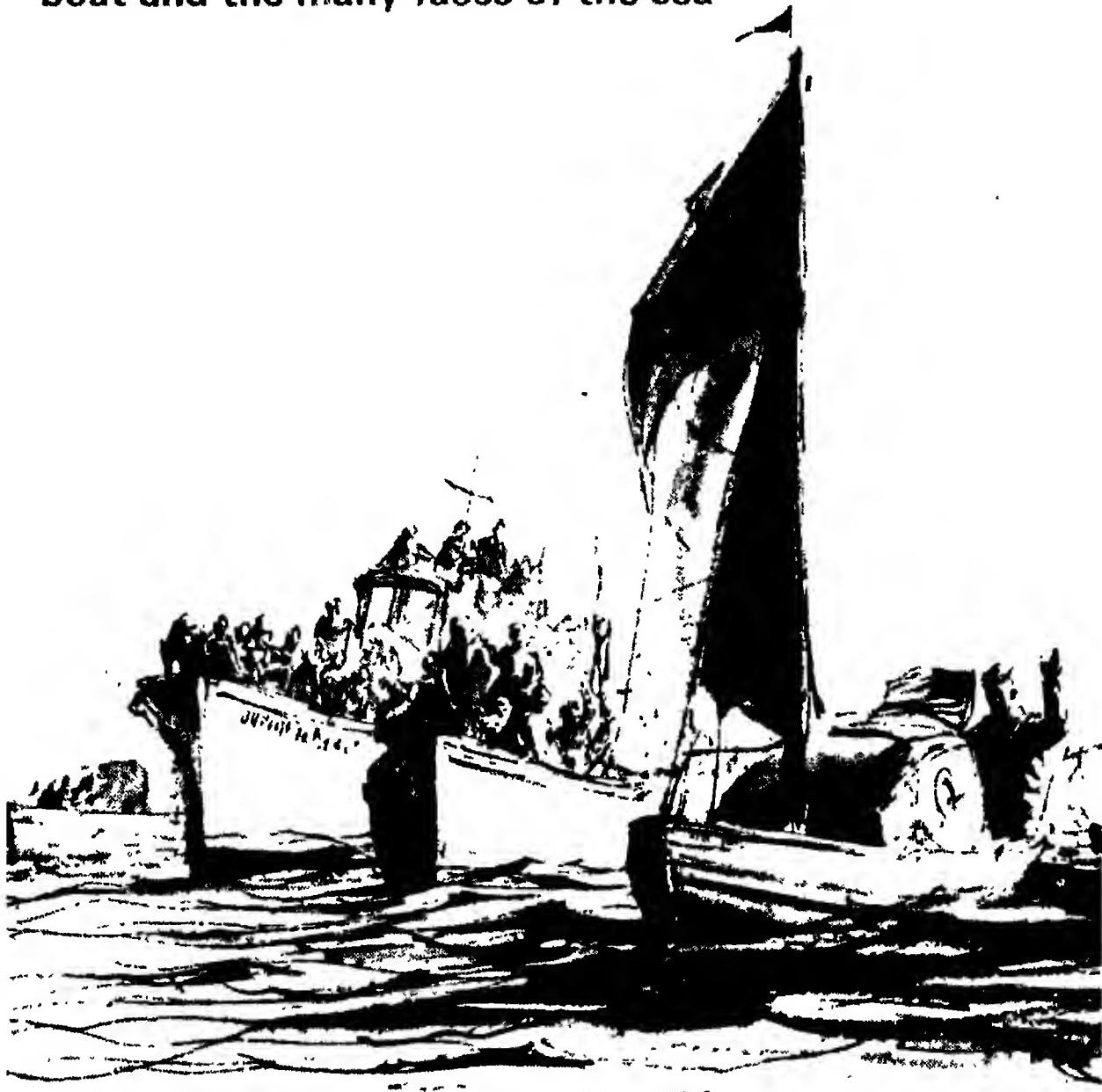
Book of the Month

Tinkerbellie

from the book by
ROBERT MANRY



Last year a 47-year-old journalist sailed the Atlantic alone in his 13½-foot boat, "Tinkerbell." On his arrival in Falmouth, Robert Manry was astonished and not a little embarrassed when his 78-day voyage was hailed as an epic nautical triumph. Told with engaging personal modesty, this enthralling account of his experiences reflects his boundless and infectious enthusiasm for the little boat and the many faces of the sea



Tinkerbelle

IN THE SUMMER of 1958, my wife Virginia and I decided that at long last we could afford a small second-hand sailing-boat. I was a copy-desk man on the Cleveland newspaper, *Plain Dealer*, and every night at 10.40, when the first-edition copies came off the presses, I eagerly scanned the classified advertisements.

Most boat listings were disappointing, but after weeks of search I found this ad:

SAILBOAT, 13½ ft. Old Town,
needs some repair, cheap.* EN
1-7298.

Jumping the gun on the regular subscribers, who wouldn't see the



ad for some hours, I phoned at once and arranged to see the craft next morning.

The owner, a charming old Greek, met me with a twinkle in his eyes. From the way he spoke I could tell he loved the boat, which was 30 years old, but my first glimpse of her was shocking. She was turned forlornly bottom up in his back yard, her multiple coatings of varicoloured paint were peeling, and I could see two enormous splits. Apart from this, however, the planking appeared healthy and strong.

Lying on my back, I pushed under the boat and studied her interior. I discovered that "needs some repair" was an understatement.

Nearly two dozen ribs were broken, and half a dozen others were infected with dry rot, which had also decayed chunks of the mast step and centreboard trunk. The canvas deck was badly worn, and the sails were too mildewed and threadbare to use. Everything else, though, was basically sound.

The boat was large enough to accommodate Virginia and me with our seven-year-old daughter, Robin, and our four-year-old son, Douglas, and yet small enough to keep in the garage (thus avoiding dockage fees which, at that stage, would have bankrupted us). Her split planks appeared mendable, and when I

weighed the price against the expense of repairing her and buying new sails, I decided that, dilapidated as she was, she was the boat for us.

Two days later, Virginia and I hired a trailer and came to collect our little craft. The owner greeted us, and everyone pitched in to get the boat right side up and winched on to the trailer. Virginia told me later that she saw tears in the old man's eyes, and that both he and his wife patted the boat with affectionate gestures of farewell.

It required Rs. 2,100 and all my

free time for nine months to put the craft into shape. I tinkered with her so much that we decided to name her *Tinkerbell* (after the fairy in *Peter Pan*, but with a final *e* to emphasize her femininity). It was all rewarding.

I had sailed no more than five times in my whole life, but I had always been in love with sailing-boats, and *Tinkerbell* did not disappoint me. When we began to sail regularly on Lake Erie, spending our holidays in her, she entered deeply into our hearts. She wasn't just a boat any more; she was a trusted friend.

As our sailing skill increased, so did my ambition. I wanted longer and longer trips in *Tinkerbell*, and to make this possible I re-equipped her completely, spending a full year redesigning and rebuilding her superstructure.

At this point I received an exciting invitation. Early in 1964, a friend who owned a 25-foot cruising sloop proposed that we sail it across the Atlantic to England. He spoke half in jest, not knowing that I had dreamed of such a venture for 30 years and that I would latch on to the idea with enormous enthusiasm and tenacity. Virginia and the children approved of the proposed voyage, which was planned for the summer of 1965; and when my boss at the *Plain Dealer* granted me leave of absence for it, my joy knew no bounds.

I was treading on air for about six



weeks. Then came a crushing blow. The prospective skipper backed out of the venture, persuaded by his wife, father and business associates that it was ill-advised and would require too much time. I was heartbroken. It was like dropping from paradise to purgatory at the flip of a switch.

As I regained composure, however, a thought struck me: Why not make the voyage alone in *Tinkerbelle*?

The more I mulled over the idea the less fantastic it appeared, for *Tinkerbelle* had now been transformed into a proper little yacht, with a cabin, cockpit, running lights, a compass and other gear usually found only on much larger vessels. A movable 100-pound iron daggerboard keel had given her increased stability and, when all her hatches were battened down and sealed, she was as watertight and as seaworthy as a corked bottle.

So I began to prepare for the trip, telling no one except Virginia and the children of the change in plans. I did not want my wife needlessly upset by listening to the fears of people who knew nothing about the sea.

One Danger at a Time

My FIRST step was to determine as precisely as I could the hazards to be expected on a transatlantic voyage in so small a craft, and then to decide soberly whether or not they were surmountable. If they weren't,

I'd simply have to go back to being a copy-desk Walter Mitty.

I wrote to the U.S. Weather Bureau in Washington for its forecasts, and I studied the marvellously informative charts of the North Atlantic issued by the U.S. Naval Oceanographic Office. From these it appeared that I had a better than 50-50 chance of encountering a storm during the summer, but I was confident that my little boat would acquit herself well. A small boat, being light and buoyant, will generally ride *over* the waves, whereas a big ship will offer immense resistance.

However, I took every precaution I could think of. To make *Tinkerbelle* virtually unsinkable, I filled all the spaces between her deck beams with polyethylene foam flotation material. I bought a special air force transmitter which, in case I did run into trouble, sent out SOS signals on two frequencies by cranking. If this failed, I'd have flares, dye markers and signalling mirrors.

The next biggest problem, the danger of being run down by a big ship while I was asleep, was disposed of more easily. I would stay away from the regular shipping lanes, all of which were marked on the charts. Where it was necessary to cross such lanes, I would stay awake, with the aid of pills if necessary, until I was safely into the untravelled sea beyond.

What about navigation? It was essential that I learn the rudiments

of this science, but it was a subject whose very name filled me with dread. Fortunately, some wonderful, anonymous men had taken all the pain out of it by producing a book of logarithmic tables called *H. O. 214*, which reduced all the required calculations to simple addition and subtraction. Add and subtract I could—just.

So, armed with various books and charts and a second-hand sextant, I set out to teach myself to guide a boat from one port to another across the trackless, signless sea. I did it on our front porch. My first sight with the sextant put me somewhere in the middle of Hudson Bay, hundreds of miles to the north. That was a bit alarming, for if I couldn't do any better, I might as well rely on a ouija board. But I improved in time. In the end, my sightings came within nine or ten miles of being right, and that was close enough.

One danger at a time, I tried to anticipate every conceivable misfortune. I put a lightning rod at *Tinkerbell's* masthead and earthed it to a copper plate on her bottom. I rigged a lifeline to tie myself to the boat, in case a wave washed me overboard.

I assembled a tool kit and a supply of planks. I bought an inflatable life raft, a short-wave radio, a solar still for converting sea water into fresh, and replacements for every piece of equipment that was under strain. I got a sail-repair

kit and spare sails, and I put together a set of emergency medical supplies.

In the summer of 1964, before the planning had gone very far, Douglas, then ten, and I took a 200-mile trial cruise on Lake Erie, the longest yet for *Tinkerbell*. In a thunderstorm one day, she ran up against stiff, squally winds and the biggest waves she had ever encountered, white-crested rollers, six to eight feet high. The spirited way she rode them made me even more optimistic about the Atlantic venture.

In January 1965 I began to gather food supplies: dehydrated meat bars, army rations, tinned white bread and fruit cakes, cereal bars, 28 gallons of water and numerous cans of fruit juice and carbonated drinks. I expected the voyage to take between 60 and 75 days, but to be on the safe side, I collected provisions for 90, not forgetting to include several tin openers.

In the spring, when I broke the news of my solo voyage to the rest of the family, they took it calmly. "It is wonderful to see someone carry out his dream," one of my sisters wrote. "So few of us take a chance."

Mother was a little more concerned. Later, I learned that her greatest fear was that the loneliness of the ocean would drive me insane, a possibility that hadn't even occurred to me.

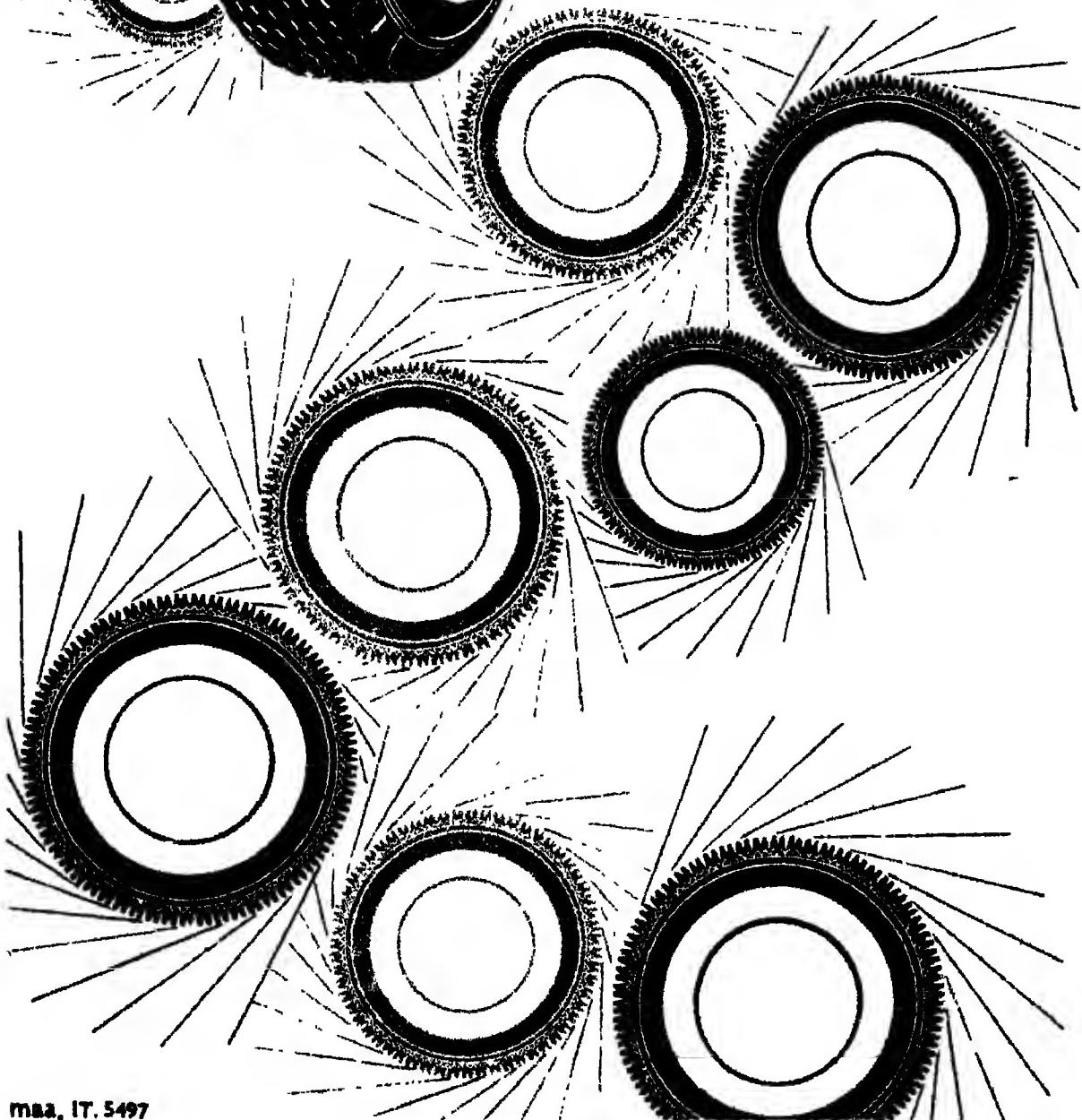
By May I was up to my neck in last-minute preparations. I had



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gathered all the necessary charts, pilot-books, lighthouse lists and so on, but I still had to get a passport and smallpox vaccination, fill out a voyage plan for the Coast Guard and fit a bilge pump to *Tinkerbelle*. Every minute away from my job was spent attending to these details.

Meanwhile, my cohorts on the *Plain Dealer*, still believing that I was going with someone else in a much larger boat, offered all sorts of raucous advice. They ceremoniously presented me with a bottle of brandy with directions affixed:

In case of emergency—1. Remove contents. 2. Insert message. 3. Launch.

One colleague, recalling the *Titanic* disaster, suggested that we

take along a gramophone and a record of "Nearer My God to Thee" to play if the appropriate occasion arose.

"You at least ought to write down the words of the hymn," said Ted Mellow, the news editor, "so you'll be able to sing it as you go down."

A Small Planet

AT LAST, the date was set. *Tinkerbelle* and I would begin our transatlantic adventure on June 1, sailing from Falmouth, Massachusetts, to Falmouth, Cornwall. Virginia and her brother John drove off with me, and on May 26 we lifted *Tinkerbelle* from her trailer and lowered her into Falmouth Inner Harbour.

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It was her first taste of the sea, and she took to it proudly. She looked like a brand-new boat. Her white hull, red deck and cabin top, and varnished mast, cockpit seats and cabin sides gleamed in the sunshine. There was no disputing the fact that no other boat like her existed anywhere in the world.

The man who owned the mooring we were using couldn't believe his eyes when he saw all the things we were putting aboard. "Where's he going?" he asked Virginia in bewilderment. "England?"

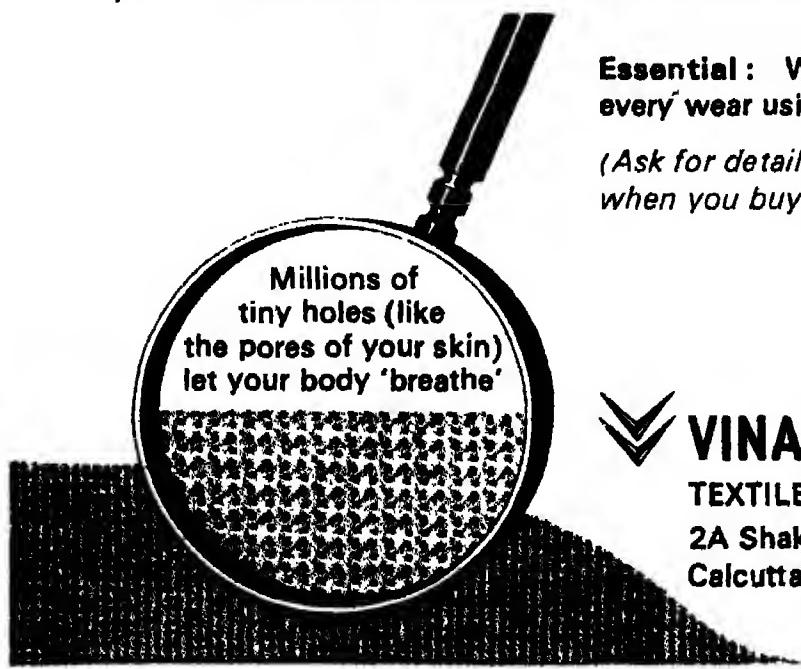
That evening we had a farewell dinner, and the next morning Virginia and John returned to Cleveland. Last-minute details occupied

the next few days, and on my last night ashore I wrote to my friends at the *Plain Dealer*, revealing the facts of my voyage. I hoped that no one would mind my deception. I also telephoned home and said a last farewell to the family. Then I went back to *Tinkerbell* and tried to get comfortable for the night, but sleep eluded me for a long while.

Both of us were tugging at our moorings, anxious to be off. *Tinkerbell*'s mooring lines were strong, of three-eighths-inch Dacron; mine were made of invisible stuff—the social conventions, habits, thought patterns and bonds of affection that held me to the life on shore. But in their own way mine were as strong

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THE READER'S DIGEST

as hers, maybe stronger. Why then was I here?

As every man does, I have searched for truth in life, and over the years I have collected a handful of miscellaneous chips from the Mother Lode. Few have approached the pure, unvarnished verity of what Water Rat says to Mole in Kenneth Grahame's delightful book, *The Wind in the Willows*:

"Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats."

Of course, I'm being partly facetious, but, mind you, partly serious, too. And if anything can, these words explain why a 47-year-old, sober and presumably sane newspaperman was so intent on crossing the ocean alone. To whisk myself off on a "small planet," as Joseph Conrad once described a boat, to escape from the troubles and tensions ashore, was a sheer delight. But there was the challenge, too, the summons to master wind and water and bend them to my will, and to master myself when I was in a crisis, balancing on the edge of panic.

I was positive that no one in the world had as wonderful a wife as I. Virginia could have insisted that I behave as other "rational" men did and give up this "crazy" voyage. But she knew I was stepping to the music of a different drummer, and she granted me the invaluable boon of self-realization by allowing me to keep pace with the music I heard.

Her quiet faith was an extraordinary compliment and a gift such as few men receive.

THE ALARM CLOCK jarred me awake. It was 9 a.m., and the sun was beating on the cabin roof. At about 10.30 I hoisted *Tinkerbell's* red mainsail and white genoa jib, and she and I set forth on our great voyage. It was a beautiful day. The sky was dark blue; the weather was pleasantly warm, and a gentle breeze caressed the sails. Fortune was smiling on us.

We beat down Vineyard Sound, passing Nobska Point and, beyond it, Woods Hole, in the early afternoon. We had the Sound to ourselves all afternoon except for one small trawler that hurried by in the opposite direction as we approached the Elizabeth Islands. It was pleasant, easy sailing, with a breeze of ten or 12 knots, just enough to keep *Tinkerbell* moving along contentedly without any fretting or straining.

I knew that many rough, uncomfortable days lay ahead, but I felt sure that my preparations had been adequate. More important, I had tremendous faith in my companion and friend. A one-man voyage is in reality a duet, in which the boat plays the melody and the skipper the harmony. I was just there for the ride and to keep *Tinkerbell* pointed in the right direction.

The day was dying in a blaze of red as we slipped out of Vineyard Sound into the open sea. It was a



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singularly thrilling moment for me. I was on the threshold of fulfilling the ambition of a lifetime. Fortunate beyond measure, I was finding my way to Never-Never Land, where dreams come true.

The Compleat Navigator

I WAS steering a south-easterly course in order to get across and below the heavily travelled shipping lanes out of New York. In my anxiety to cross them quickly, I sailed all night. As we sloshed and splashed into the dark immensity of the ocean, *Tinkerbell* gave me my first view of the display put on by phosphorescent plankton. The water, ruffled by the boat's passage,

glittered and shone with a starry fire. We appeared to be floating on a carpet of sparklers more brilliant than any I'd ever seen, and trailing behind was a luminescent wake resembling the tail of a comet.

When morning broke no land was in sight. I ate a cold breakfast so that I wouldn't have to stop to prepare anything, but shortly after noon the wind died down and we came to a halt anyway. Since we couldn't move, and I had had no sleep for more than 24 hours, I left the red mainsail up to render *Tinkerbell* visible, and stretched out in the cockpit for 40 winks.

It was about 2.30 p.m. when I awoke and found, to my dismay,



that we still had no breeze and, worse, that we were surrounded by fog so dense that a ship could run us down without even knowing it. I got out the oars to be ready to row for my life if I had to, hoisted the radar reflector to warn radar-equipped vessels of our presence, and also got out the compressed-gas fog horn and sounded it from time to time. There were no answers.

In an hour, a light breeze gave us just enough wind power to maintain steerageway. But the claustrophobic fog remained and, when I began to hear ships passing by, my nerves got jumpier. We were in an area where numerous accidents had occurred, notably the tragic collision

of the *Andrea Doria* and the *Stockholm* in 1956. Some of the vessels throbbed by so closely that I could hear their bow waves breaking and, if they were freighters travelling light, their propellers chopping the water. But I could see nothing—until suddenly a mammoth black hull slid out of the fog off our port quarter and let go with a tooth-rattling blast which so startled me that I nearly fell overboard. Moments later it passed astern and disappeared again into the mist.

That night, although a hard rain dispersed the fog, winds of 40 to 45 miles an hour whipped up ten-foot waves, bigger than any I had ever experienced. I got the sails down

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maa. IOC. 66

and the sea anchor out, then huddled in the cockpit, expecting any minute to be inundated. Not until dawn did the sea subside a bit.

By that time—this was the beginning of the third day—my need for rest was becoming acute. But I wasn't aware of it. The stay-aware pills I was taking made me feel wonderful. In point of fact, I was on the verge of collapse, and that afternoon I was caught in the grip of a severe hallucination. For hours I sailed aimlessly back and forth under the illusion that I had taken aboard a passenger and that I must drop him off at a near-by island. (There are no islands in that part of the Atlantic.)

Eventually, I had the wit to put out the sea anchor, strike the sails and crawl into my cabin. Lying down on a pile of my supplies and pulling a blanket over me, I dropped into unconsciousness as if I had been dealt a knockout blow.

When I awoke, completely rested, the sun was shining bright. So far I had been calculating my position by dead reckoning, but at noon I took my first sextant shot—and came up with a sun line which if accurate would have put me miles from where I should have been. Oh well, I thought, tomorrow I'll try again.

But the following morning, June 5, I discovered something quite unsettling. I was experimenting with different sea-anchor arrangements and had hitched a canvas bucket to

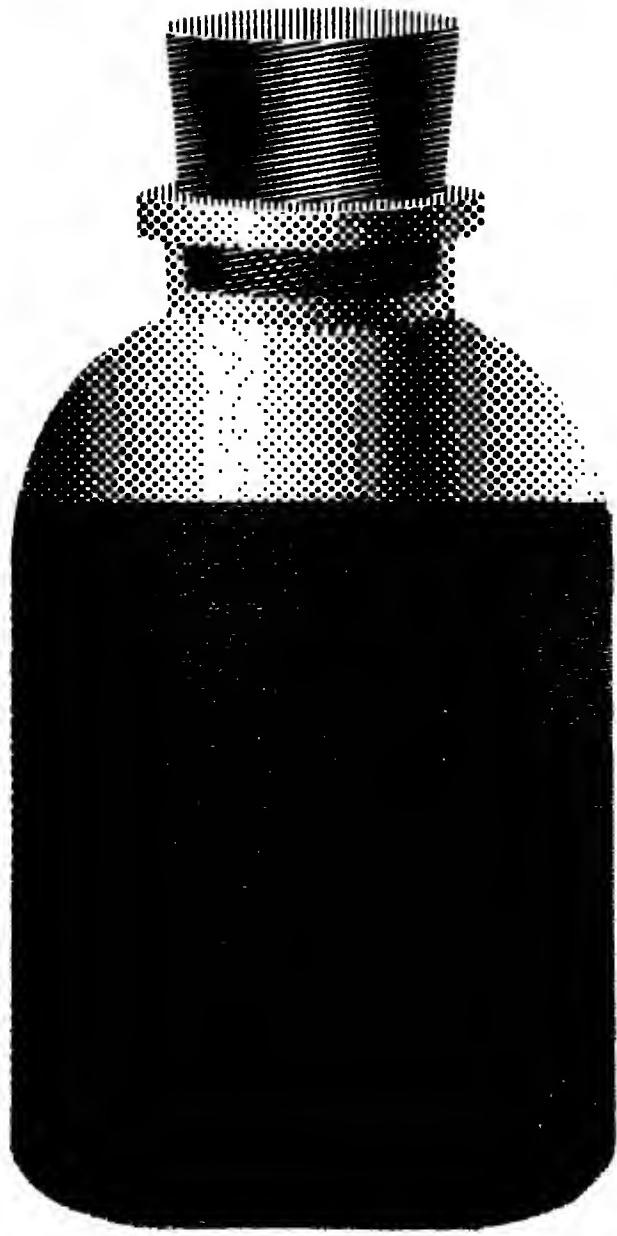
a 150-foot line. When I pulled it up, it was filled with sand. Yet we were supposed to be in water more than a mile deep!

I got out the sextant again and took as accurate a noon sight as I could. From this and the shallowness of the water, I deduced that we were at the edge of Cultivator Shoal, a mere 90 miles east of Nantucket—little progress for four days. Worse, I had thought we were south of the shipping lanes, but somehow we had sailed back 30 miles north of them. Thus, I would have to enter and cross this dangerous area all over again. The blunt exposure of my shortcomings as a navigator left me shaken. Had I bitten off more than I could chew?

Naval Encounter

I took a nap and afterwards prepared myself a tasty dinner on my small stove. Then, as the sun dropped below the horizon, I set off. We sailed all night at a delightful wave-slapping pace, and soon after dawn we arrived smack dab in the middle of the shipping lanes. For a good part of the day there were seven or eight craft in sight, and as one disappeared in the distance another would take its place. But by mid-afternoon we were again alone.

That night I wrote in the log: "I still don't know exactly where I am. I'll take some sextant sights tomorrow and try to pinpoint it. The ocean is a vast, empty expanse, I'm beginning to find out what real



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loneliness is. My nose is sunburned, and the backs of my hands are getting raw from being wet so much. My big problem is my backside. I'm sore from the dampness and constant jostling. Sitting on the life-preserver cushion helps, but tomorrow I'll have to render some first aid. Otherwise I'm in good shape."

The next day was glorious, and nothing unusual happened. But, late in the afternoon, I sighted a ship to the north, which made me fearful that I was still too near the shipping lanes; so I turned south for a couple of hours. Then I hove to, to sleep.

I remember that night well. I was worried because it was fogging up, and my radar reflector, which would have warned ships away, had been blown off during the storm several days earlier. My fretfulness made it difficult to sleep for a long time.

Before I was fully awake the next morning, a strange sound insinuated itself into my senses. It seemed to be a chorus of men shouting. But that was absurd—I must have dreamed it. Squirming into a new position under my blanket, I tried to ignore the noise. Then, suddenly, I exploded into wide-eyed consciousness.

Ah-yoouuuuga! Ah-yoouuuuga!

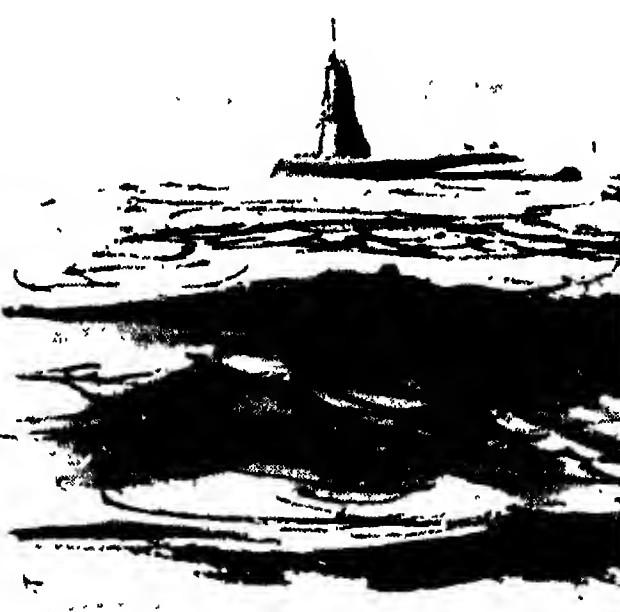
This was no dream. It was a nerve-jangling synthesis of the wailing of banshees, the booming of thunder and the screeching of all the demons in hell. That dreadful sound could mean only one thing:

my time on earth was up. And when I identified the accompanying roar as that of diesel engines, I was sure of it. Without a doubt, a big ship was bearing down on *Tinkerbelle*.

I threw open the cabin hatch and flew out on deck ready to dive overboard. Fortunately, I was able to halt myself before plunging into the sea.

We were not about to be run down after all, I discovered; but what I saw nearly made my eyes pop from their sockets. Lying alongside *Tinkerbelle*, so close I could almost have jumped aboard her, was an enormous submarine. And on the bridge staring at me were three or four men.

I felt foolish. To be scared out of my wits in front of an audience was humiliating. I tried to salvage my



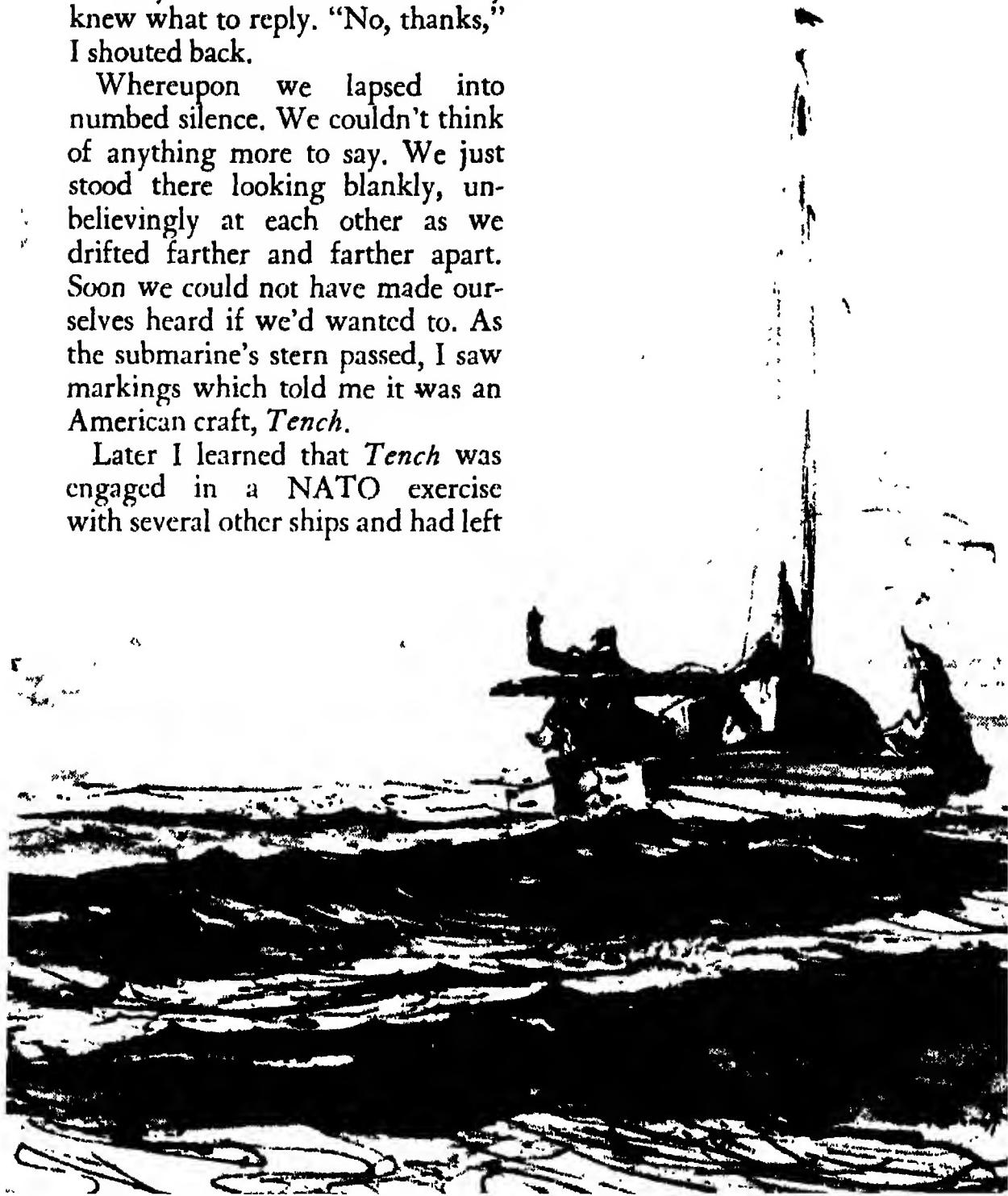
pride by changing my expression of panic to one of nonchalant greeting, but I suspected that the men weren't a bit deceived.

One of them called out, "Do you need any help?"

In my startled condition I scarcely knew what to reply. "No, thanks," I shouted back.

Whereupon we lapsed into numbed silence. We couldn't think of anything more to say. We just stood there looking blankly, unbelievingly at each other as we drifted farther and farther apart. Soon we could not have made ourselves heard if we'd wanted to. As the submarine's stern passed, I saw markings which told me it was an American craft, *Tench*.

Later I learned that *Tench* was engaged in a NATO exercise with several other ships and had left



New London the day before. Spotting my mast, the captain had come alongside to investigate. He had hailed me first by megaphone—to no avail.

"The solution was readily available," wrote her skipper, Lieutenant-Commander James Bacon, some months later. "I reached over and gave a long blast on the ship's whistle, and there you were, leaping out of the cabin as if you thought you were about to be run down by the *Queen Mary*. I must admit that I found your reaction somewhat amusing."

"I thought at the time that you were probably a sailing enthusiast from Boston or from some place in the Cape area. I am sincerely glad I did not know your destination. If I had, I would have had a guilty conscience about leaving you there."

Man Overboard!

ON JUNE 13, nearly two weeks out and approximately 480 miles east of Long Island, I arose to find a stiff breeze blowing, so—as I had done several times in the days since meeting *Tench*—I tethered *Tinkerbelle* to her sea anchor. This was becoming a nuisance. Fearing a capsiz, I did not sail in high seas. That made sense. But for the same reason I stayed out of the cabin and therefore could not use this idle time to sleep. If we didn't get cracking soon, it would take more than three months to reach England instead of the two I had estimated.

The wind abated a bit in the afternoon, so I set sail. And though it picked up again by nightfall, I pushed on impatiently. *Tinkerbelle* skipped along at seven knots, her top speed. Far from being a racing machine, she was lamentably slow in light breezes, but her beamishness and flattish bottom gave her extra stability in hard blows. On Lake Erie, we had done some of our most enjoyable sailing when small-craft warnings were hoisted and few other dinghies ventured out.

Today she needed all her inherent stability. Every now and then a foaming wave-cap slammed into her starboard side, sending a geyser along the deck, half filling her self-bailing cockpit. Under each blow she lurched like a wounded doe, dipping to leeward with a tense, stomach-churning heave. She told me through the tiller, by the way she wanted to point closer to the wind, that she was unhappy. But I forced her on, full tilt.

My teeth chattered, even though I had on four layers of clothing; my socks, shoes and the lower halves of my trousers were soaked. Yet I was exuberant. "England, here we come," I yelled at the stars.

Shortly before daybreak, the wind moved round to the west and blew from directly astern. For a while the sea was confused. Then the waves, by degrees, grew higher and steeper, flinging us forward at breakneck speed. Clutched in a welter of hissing foam, we surfed giddily down

the forward slope of a breaking wave, paused for a moment in the trough as the wave raced ahead, and then repeated the manoeuvre. It was exhilarating—and dangerous.

The chief hazard was that we might slew round broadside to the waves. A breaker striking *Tinkerbelle* in that position could roll her over. It might dismast her or inflict other dire injuries. So, favouring discretion over sailing valour, I reluctantly put out the sea anchor again.

Tinkerbelle seemed to appreciate the change, and for a while her motion was less violent. But the waves continued to grow. I could see them clearly in the brightening dawn. They resembled rows of huge, snow-capped mountains marching towards us. Regularly one of the snowy tops would curve forward, fall—carumpf!—and send tons of water cascading into the valley. What if an avalanche like that rammed into *Tinkerbelle*? Oh, brother . . . !

I thought how wonderful it would be to crawl into the cabin, out of the wind, but I didn't have the courage to do it. So I remained outside in the pitching, yawning, reeling, gyrating cockpit, exposed to the merciless clawing of the gale.

At 4.30 the sun bobbed up, and so did my spirits. The red-gold rays burnished the mahogany of *Tinkerbelle's* cabin and sent waves of radiant relief deep into my chilled hide.

What happened next came so fast,

I still have no clear picture of it. I remember that I was revelling in the sun when suddenly a foaming wall of water fell on *Tinkerbelle* from abeam, inundating her, and battering me into the sea in a backward somersault. One moment I was sitting in the cockpit, and the next I was upside down in the water, headed for Davy Jones' locker.

Instinctively I flailed my arms and legs, fighting to gain the surface. But I rose slowly, held down by my clothes. My lungs were at bursting point when my head broke out of the water. I expected to find *Tinkerbelle* floating bottom up—but, joy of joys, able craft that she was, she was riding the waves like a gull.

I was connected to her by the lifeline tied around my waist, and we were no more than ten feet apart. I reached down, caught hold of the rope and hauled myself back. It was quite a struggle getting aboard in my wet garments, but at last, puffing heavily, I flopped into the cockpit and lay there clutching a handhold.

The situation could have been a lot worse. I was soaked through, but nothing really calamitous had happened. *Tinkerbelle* was still right side up and clear of water. Best of all, I now had evidence of how stable she was, and that one piece of empirically gained knowledge made the whole harrowing experience a blessing in disguise. There would be no more torturous nights in the

cockpit; from now on I would sleep in the comfort of the cabin, even in the foulest weather, with the assurance that my faithful boat would ride out the storm.

The Place of the Sea Mountains

About ten o'clock the next morning, my mind began to play tricks again. I knew that long-distance lorry-drivers who took pep pills sometimes thought they saw things on the roadway. And Joshua Slocum, on his solo voyage round the world, was visited by an apparition who claimed to be the pilot of Christopher Columbus's *Pinta*. Nevertheless, my previous hallucination had left me feeling half fearful, half embarrassed, and I had not mentioned it in my log.

Now I gradually became aware that *Tinkerbell* and I were accompanied by other people in other boats and that we were searching for a small community known as Ada's Landing. I didn't know why the other sailors had to find the place, but I was to meet my daughter Robin there and help her overcome some threatening, though unspecified, difficulty.

Under genoa jib alone, I began to hunt for the landing. We sailed and sailed and eventually got to a part of the ocean called The Place of the Sea Mountains. It was aptly named, for the waves were lofty. As we climbed and slid over them, the notion seeped into my mind that we were in a kingdom controlled by a

crusty Scot named MacGregor, a man with scraggly white side-whiskers, plaid tam-o'-shanter, knobbly knees showing below his kilt and a knobbly cane in his hand. For some reason he was determined to do me in.

He had the help of a demonic choir of evil-faced cut-throats who could control the size of the waves by the loudness of their singing. And they were singing their lungs out, goaded by angry tongue-lashings from MacGregor. The waves grew bigger and bigger.

I did some of the fanciest sailing of my life, cutting round the edges of those huge swells, dodging the breaking crests, swooshing up and down as if I were crossing the Rocky Mountains by sledge. But I never seemed to get anywhere, least of all to Ada's Landing. And neither did the people in the other boats. We all seemed to be trapped in a maze.

At last, after hours of struggling, we came upon a little elfin character, and I asked him, "How do we get out of this place?"

He stood there on the water studying me impishly for a long time. Then he scratched his bald head and said, "Sir, the trouble is that you have been sailing clockwise. You must sail anti-clockwise."

I put *Tinkerbell* into an anti-clockwise course. Amazingly, it seemed the correct manoeuvre. We came to a place where the sea descended in a gigantic staircase and



went down it lickety-split. (What we were really doing, I suppose, was surf-riding the waves, but because of my distorted vision they appeared to be great steps in the sea.)

I had no awareness of the danger I was in. Suddenly—wham!—we broached, and I was plopped into the sea a second time. But because of the lifeline I wasn't flung far from *Tinkerbell*, and I got back on board in a jiffy. Twice more that afternoon, as I went down the "staircase," I was knocked overboard. It was as exasperating as *Tinkerbell's* self-righting abilities were gratifying. But eventually we got to the bottom of the steps, and by sunset we came to the ocean

"proper"—out of the Place of the Sea Mountains at last.

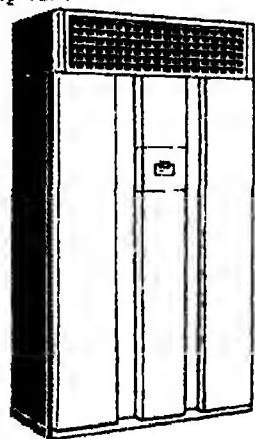
By now every cell in my body cried out for sleep. I decided that I would have to find Ada's Landing in the morning, hoping that Robin could wait that much longer.

Just as I was dropping off to sleep, the boat jiggled violently, and I heard people whispering. Apparently some practical jokers had swum out from the landing and were jostling the boat to keep me awake. I tried to control my temper, but when I heard my tormentors, in low voices, planning more trickery, I could hardly contain myself. They jiggled *Tinkerbell* again.

"Cut that out!" I yelled.

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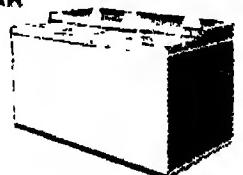
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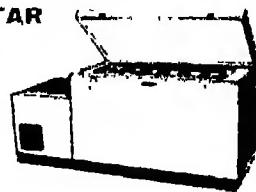
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Quiet returned for a few minutes; then the boat began to seesaw. Adrenalin gushed into my veins, and I stormed out of the cabin ready to beat my harassers to pulp.

"Dammit! You're going to get it now," I roared.

I searched the night intently, but there was no one there. Baffled, I went back to bed.

It was a great relief in the morning to realize that the whole experience was a waking dream, that Robin wasn't in trouble, that there was no Ada's Landing, no MacGregor, that there were no nocturnal visitors. But what about those duckings? Were they hallucinations, too? The clothing I'd worn

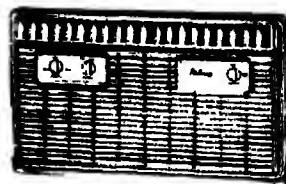
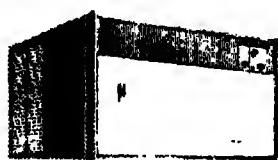
the previous day was tucked away in a corner, and it was still sopping. It couldn't possibly have got so wet unless I had been in the sea. Hesitantly I wrote the recollections in my log, adding, "This was one of the most unusual days of my life."

Daily Routine

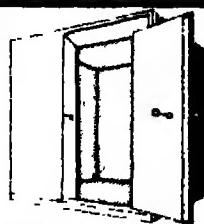
By JUNE 16 we had covered only ten of the 65 degrees of longitude that our 3,200-mile voyage would involve. At this rate it would take more than 100 days to reach Falmouth, and I was provisioned for only 90. But I wasn't really worried because I was consuming my rations more slowly than anticipated, and I was confident that we would move

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September

Suave in a Suit



Creative Unit

SHOORJI'S TE-RELAX

A rich blend of 'terene' and cotton

faster as I grew better acquainted with the sea and *Tinkerbell's* performance.

The following day, in midafternoon, the rudder broke. Its fibre-glass covering had cracked, and water had seeped into the plywood underneath, causing it to soften and snap. I thanked my stars that, foreseeing just such a mishap, I'd brought along a spare. In less than five minutes it was in place, and we were moving again.

My expectation of making faster progress once I had my sea legs proved true. I crossed the next invisible marker—50 degrees west longitude—on June 28. Thus I covered in 12 days a distance which previously had taken 16.

By now I had a daily routine fairly well established. I usually awoke at about 4 a.m. and began the day in sheer luxury: I had breakfast in bed. In fact, I had dinner in bed, too, for *Tinkerbell's* cabin was too small to permit dining any other way.

My toilet was brief. I shaved every other week—all except my upper lip which soon sported quite a respectable moustache. Once a week I took a sponge bath with sea water, afterwards rinsing in fresh water.

To get under way, I took the anchor light out of the rigging, hauled in the sea anchor and lashed it down, unstowed and hung the rudder and lastly hoisted the sails. In good weather this required about 20

minutes, but if the sea was rough it sometimes took twice as long.

Then I sailed until the time came for my morning sextant shot. I took three such sun lines during the day, and from them I established my position with reasonable accuracy.

Usually I sailed until well after dark, stopping to sleep anywhere from 9 p.m. to midnight, though once in a while I continued all night. I slept in my clothes and, because of cramped conditions in the cabin, in a semi-reclining position. Usually I was so tired that I had no trouble whatever getting to sleep; the sea rocked me as though I were in a cradle (luckily I have never been bothered by seasickness). When the morning alarm went off, there I was, already sitting up in bed. All I had to do was reach over to the stove—and the new day began.

Early in July we encountered bad weather, but July 5 turned out sunny with a perfect breeze, and I commented to myself, "The only thing that could make this day better would be for a ship to come along and pick up my mail."

Twenty minutes later, as if in answer to a prayer, a vessel steamed over the horizon. She was the S.S. *Steel Vendor*, bound from India to New York. I had met a few other ships out this far, but had got no closer than hailing distance. This time we drew to within 50 feet of each other—the 13½-foot *Tinker-belle* and the 492-foot freighter—

Smart in a Shirt



SHOORJI'S TE-RELAX

A rich blend of 'terene' and cotton

and we could talk easily. Her master, Captain Kenneth Greenlaw, enquired if I was lost. I assured him that I wasn't, but asked for a check on my navigation. He gave me my exact position. Then a line was heaved down to me. I tied a bundle of letters to it, and they were aboard the ship in a jiffy, on their way to family and friends ashore.

"Thanks," I yelled. "Have a nice trip."

We waved, slowly drew apart, and in a few minutes I was alone again.

A Message From Virginia

JULY 11 was an important day to me because some time during it I expected to pass the meridian of 40 degrees west. This was a few degrees short of the half-way mark, but I considered it the point of no return. With the prevailing westerly winds, it would now be as easy to go on as to return. I was hoping to have a good long day of swift sailing.

The wind *was* strong, and the waves seemed huge (some of them, I thought, were 20-footers, the biggest yet), but I kept *Tinkerbell* boiling along under genoa jib only.

My spirits were beginning to soar when—crack!—my *spare* rudder snapped. This was serious trouble and would mean a long delay, for now I would have to repair the damage. To cap everything, as I was collecting my wits after this mishap, a breaking wave caught *Tinkerbell*

beam on and knocked her down, plopping me into the sea for the fifth time.

The boat righted herself at once, and I scrambled back quickly, for by that time I had amassed considerable boarding experience. Then I threw out the sea anchor.

It was desolating not to be able to sail on such a fine day, but the gloomy fact had to be faced. I gathered together my tools and, with pieces of oak, brass bolts, fibre-glass and waterproof glue, went to work.

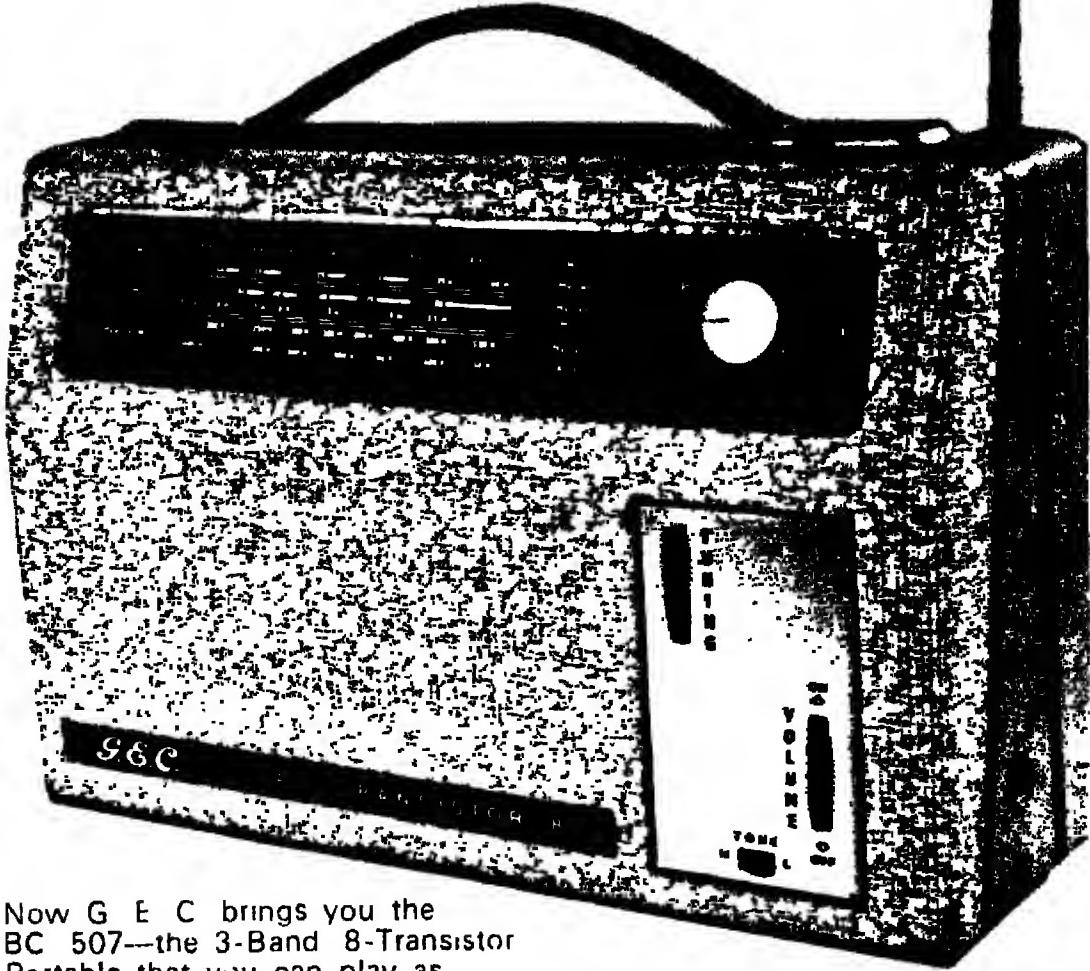
Late in the afternoon I took a sun shot. It indicated that we were only three or four miles away from 40 degrees west, but the information cheered me scarcely at all. I knew I could fix the rudder, but the halt for repairs and the slowness of our progress made me melancholy.

By nightfall I had stewed myself into a state of severe depression. I missed Virginia and Robin and Douglas, and the thought of further delay and the concern I would cause them tormented me. But I had a way out. If the voyage became too difficult or fraught with hardships, I could cut it short by heading for the Azores. Now it seemed the best thing to do, once the rudder was fixed, to swing south-eastward and call it quits.

But after dinner that evening, as I was writing up the day's events, I spotted the tip of a piece of paper sticking out from the pages of the notebook that served as my log. It

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was a leaf from a little booklet that only Virginia could have put there. It read:

"Charles Lindbergh, flying the Atlantic alone, came to the point where he could go no farther. He was exhausted. His hands were so tired they refused to obey his mind. Then he made this simple prayer: 'God give me strength.' From that moment, he declares, he sensed a third part of himself, 'an element of spirit' which took control of both mind and body, 'guarding them as a wise father guards his children.' "

Finding this message at that moment of utter dejection was a bit of a miracle, for I desperately needed something to snap me out of it. The

content of the note in itself was helpful, but what did most to lift my sagging spirits was the realization of the loving devotion that had led Virginia to slip it into my log. That gave me strength and new determination, and before long I was back on an even keel.

The Ocean's Many Faces

AFTER two days of drifting to the sea anchor while I worked on the rudder, we started sailing again. It was soon evident that the repair job would hold up.

The next two days were cloudy, but July 15 was wonderfully sunny, and my sextant sights revealed that we had passed 37 degrees west, the



half-way point. That evening I celebrated by eating a plum pudding which I had brought along for the occasion. I felt that we were getting somewhere at last. It would be downhill the rest of the way.

As if to underline this fact, two days later *Tinkerbell* made her best run of the entire voyage: she covered 87 miles from one noon to the next. To achieve this mark I kept her going all night. It was worth it, for it made the step from 40 degrees west to 30 degrees west, which we crossed on July 21, the briefest of the whole countdown—only nine days.

Soon after reaching this milestone we were becalmed for several hours.

The ocean in a dead calm must be the quietest place on earth. Not a sound was to be heard except my breathing.

There were no birds, no ships, not even a ripple to lap against the hull. The ocean was flat and round like a gigantic coin. It was peaceful, soothing, soul-refreshing. I revelled in it.

Though I had been at sea now for more than seven weeks, I still found every day fascinating. The ocean exhibited an endless variation of waves, cross-waves and counter-waves. Sometimes it was coloured such a brilliant blue it seemed as though *Tinkerbell's* white hull would be stained; at other times

Dr. X Impossible, Sir, my observation suggests 29.

Dr Y² Come, come, professor, you cannot question fact.

Forty, if a day.

Dr X Fantastic. But how come?

Dr Y² Simple, dear fellow ; she's been reading the advertisements.

Dr X You mean the perfect skin formula in the familiar tube ?

Dr. Y² : Exactly. None other.

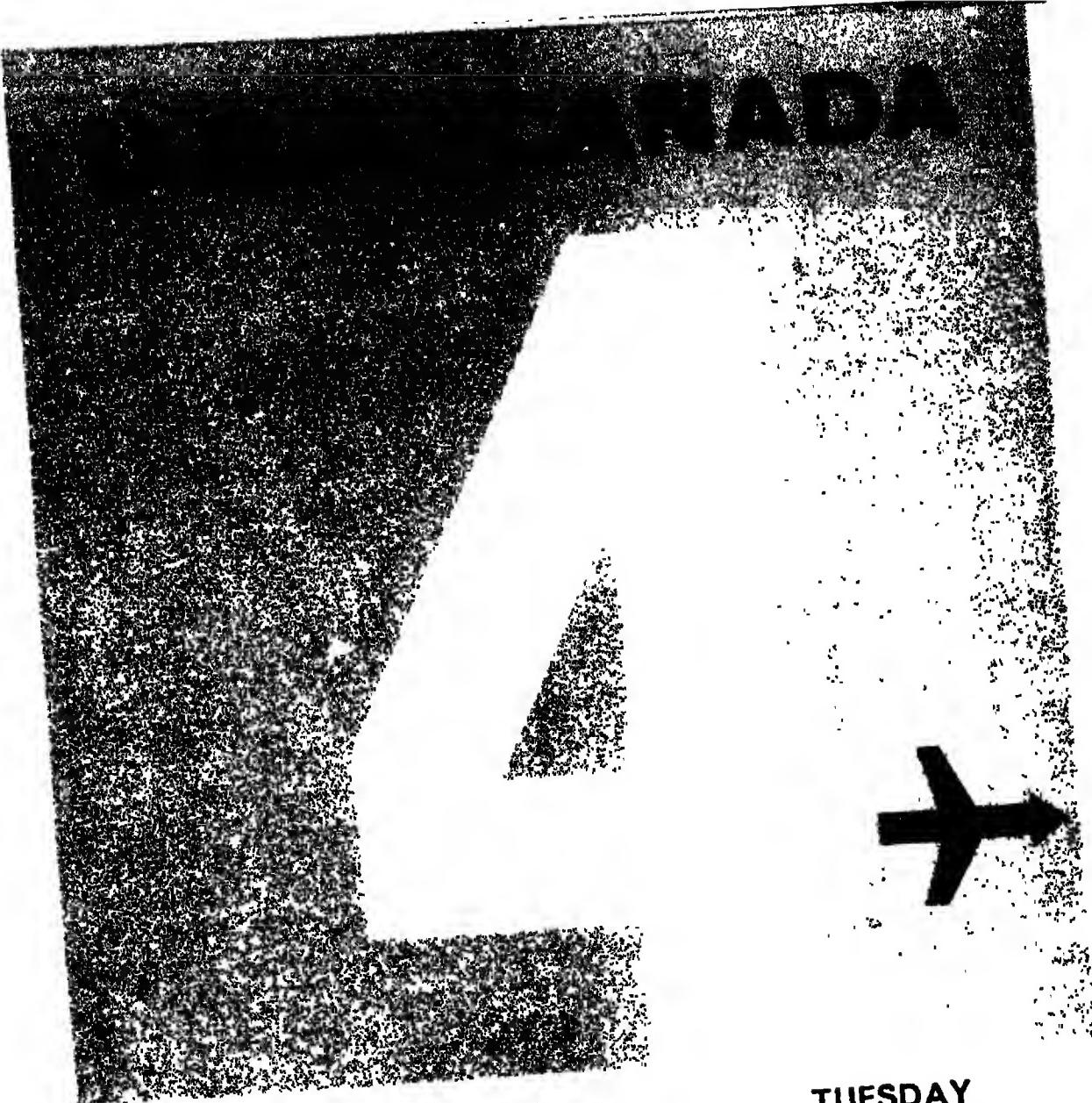
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TINKERBELLE

it was grey, gloomy, foreboding.

Even bad weather was a pleasure, for *Tinkerbell's* cabin was a marvellous refuge, a world of cosy comfort and order. There I could wait out storms with ease, passing the time in reading, eating, letter writing, listening to the BBC and the Voice of America, or playing my harmonica. There, too, I could burst into song at top volume without fear of annoying a soul.

There was always something to see. We encountered whales, dolphins, terns, flying fish and countless Portuguese men-of-war. Once we almost rammed a nine-foot shark, lallygagging on the surface. I think he was sleeping. Interesting inanimate objects also floated by: a 50-gallon oil drum, tree trunks, mooring buoys. The most surprising item was an electric light bulb, bobbing through the breakers as easily as you please. That ought to prove something, I thought, about the strength and safety of small boats.

While I was still becalmed on July 21, I saw three ships, two of them at the same time. There hadn't been more than one ship in sight since June 6, when I had seen two Russian trawlers. "Made the spot seem like Times Square," I wrote in the log. But inevitably, as I drew nearer England, I would meet more vessels.

I hoped now to reach Falmouth by August 15, and I pushed steadily on, sometimes in heavy seas. On July 28 I calculated that we were

750 miles off Land's End, and only a short distance from 20 degrees west.

The day, however, was memorable for two other events. Sailing in a hard wind with both genoa jib and reefed mainsail, I broached once again and got knocked overboard for the sixth time. That wasn't so bad. I climbed back quickly. But while I was moving about the deck, preparing to resume sailing, I lost my balance and simply fell into the water with a great splash. I was furious and embarrassed, and thankful that no one was around to witness my disgrace.

"Big News"

WE RAN into a thunderstorm on August 1, and to help pass the time I decided to launch a bottle with a note inside it. I jotted down my position on the Atlantic, the date, and asked the finder to write to me, promising him a reward of five dollars. I put this message into an empty plastic water bottle and tossed it into the ocean.

To my surprise and delight, I was notified two months later that it had been found on September 25 at Sintra, Portugal. The finder was a stonemason named Francisco Maria Baleizao. I was pleased to send him the five dollars, plus a ten-dollar bonus.

As expected, I began meeting more ocean traffic. On the evening of August 6, I wrote in the log: "No ship for days, but about 5 p.m.



September

Sirio of Palermo went by. The crew gave us a hearty cheer! Later, I added "Saw about five more ships. They're getting thick."

On August 8 we met the 556 foot, 18,000-ton tanker *Belgulf Glory*, of Antwerp. Her skipper, Captain Emile Sart, stopped and hailed me.

"Do you need any provisions?"

I didn't really, but I gladly accepted what proved to be a real banquet: a whole roast chicken, hot potato croquettes, fruit, bread, chocolate and two bottles of beer.

Events began to move swiftly after that. Late the same afternoon, an RAF bomber roared over us three times, then made a pass so low I thought it was going to clip off the top of *Tinkerbell's* mast. As it went by, it dropped two bright orange canisters containing fruit and a message from Wing Commander R. A. Carson:

"Welcome to British waters! You are 'big news,' and we shall be bringing gentlemen of the Press to see you tomorrow." He ended by giving me my exact location.

I didn't believe the business about being "big news," but that night, as I sat listening to a Voice of America broadcast in French, the announcer began talking about Robert Manry (only he pronounced it Row bear Maw-ree), *navigateur solitaire*. I couldn't understand the rest of it but, when the newscast was repeated in English a few minutes later, it told all about me and *Tinkerbell* and our voyage! It really bowled me.

1966

over. Despite my newspaper experience, I had failed to assess properly the news value of my own story.

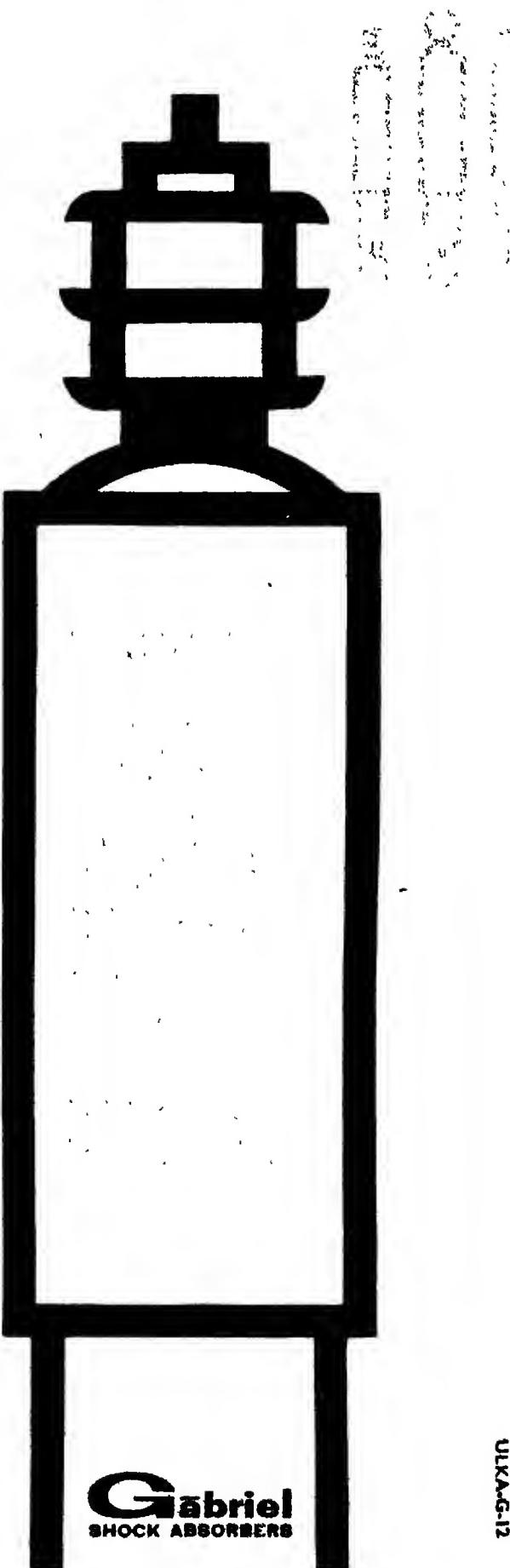
The next day a trawler, *Roseland*, pulled up bearing a Cleveland television announcer, Bill Jorgensen, and his cameraman, who had obviously gone to enormous lengths and expense to find me. While Jorgensen was asking me about the voyage, two RAF aircraft appeared, accompanied by a civilian plane which carried the "gentlemen of the Press." After buzzing us again and again, one of the planes dropped a canister bearing a note from three of my *Plain Dealer* colleagues:

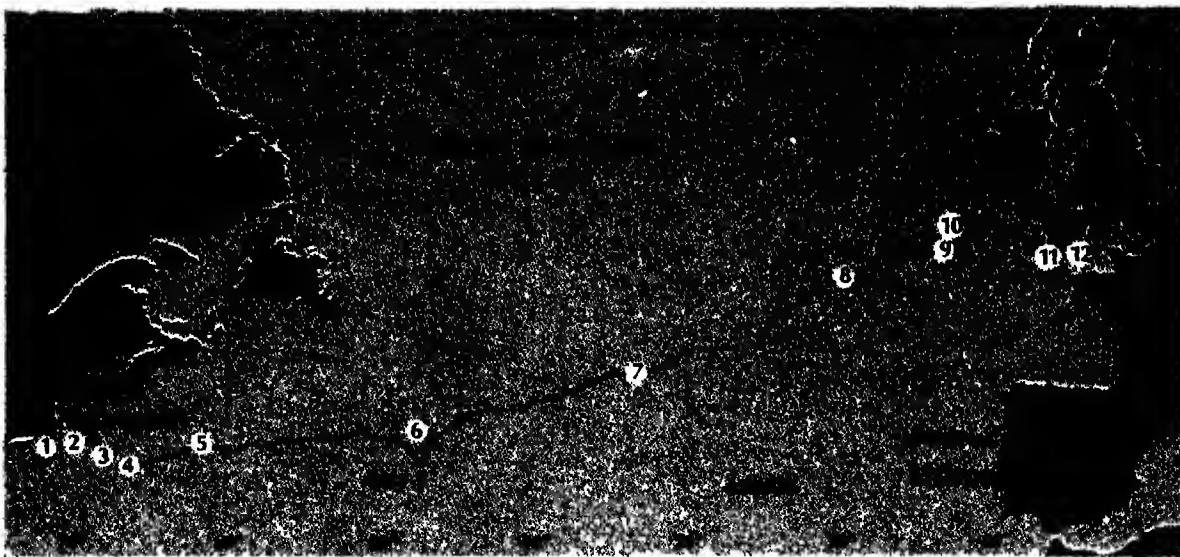
"Bob—You will see our boat somewhere out of Falmouth. Virginia and the children will be aboard with us. Keep sailing. Good luck, God bless you, and we'll see you soon."

That was a real bombshell. Virginia and the children were in Falmouth! How I wanted to see them!

Reunion

The *Plain Dealer's* plans for me had to be postponed. For, as I drew nearer to my destination, I got caught in a current which began pushing me north towards Ireland, no matter how I fought it. On August 12 my noon sextant shot indicated that we were only 65 miles off the coast of County Cork. Eventually I corrected my course and got headed south again, but meanwhile RAF planes had searched for me





1. Left Falmouth, Massachusetts, June 1, 1965. 2. Hit by first storm. 3. Met Russian trawlers. 4. Awakened by submarine. 5. Knocked overboard by waves. 6. Met S.S. *Steel Vendor*. 7. Best day's run: 87 miles. 8. Launched message in bottle. 9. Met S.S. *Belgulf Glory*. 10. PAF plane dropped fruit and message. 11. Awakened by trawler. 12. Arrived in Falmouth, Cornwall, August 17

in vain, and it was widely reported that I was lost. Nobody knew where I was except me.

On the morning of August 16, however, I was roused by voices shouting, "Matey, wake up! Yank, are you there?" I jumped out of the cabin and saw an English trawler with four or five men at the rail calling out between cupped hands.

It turned out that the skipper of the boat, *Trewarvenneth*, a Cornishman named Harry Small, was the brother-in-law of Captain Ernest Hunter of *Excellent*, which, with Virginia aboard, was scouring the ocean for me. Captain Small soon had Captain Hunter on the radio-telephone, told him he had found me and gave our position.

Three hours later *Excellent* was in sight, and soon afterwards I got

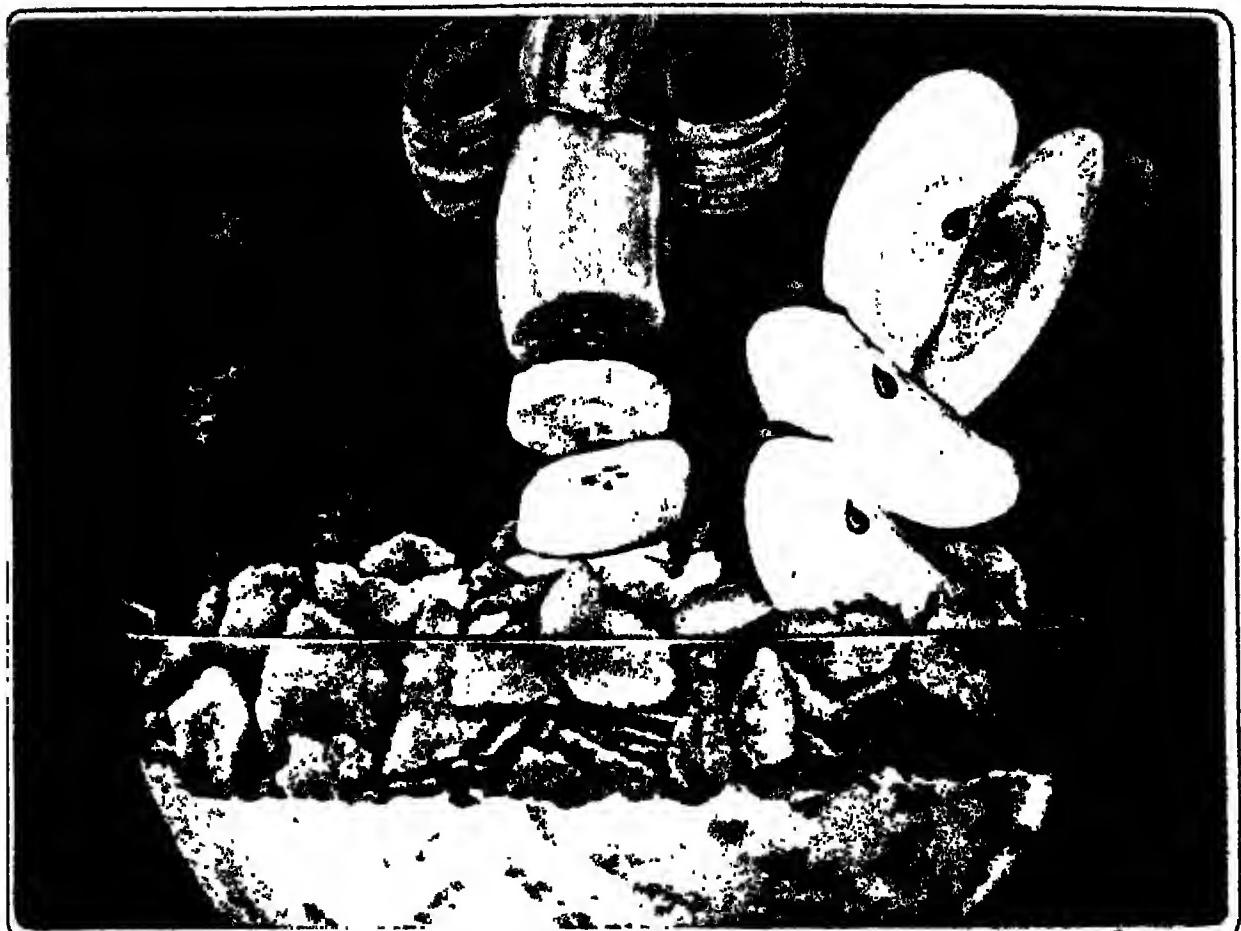
my first glimpse of Virginia. She looked great—tanned and fit, as though life at sea were agreeing with her. I don't remember what we said first. I was too dazed. But finally I called over to her, "Well, *Tinkerbelle* got you to England after all!"

"Yes," she said, "even before you."

When *Tinkerbelle* was secured alongside *Excellent*, Virginia jumped down beside me and we hugged and kissed. It was marvellous to have her in my arms again, and she said she liked my moustache and didn't object to its tickling. The news photographers on *Excellent* kept asking for further affectionate poses, but we didn't mind at all.

We sat down in *Tinkerbelle's* little cockpit with our arms round

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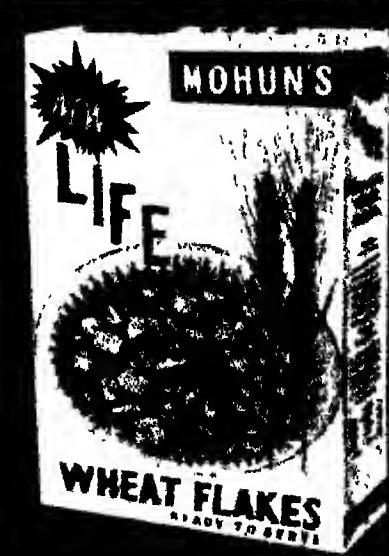
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TINKERBELLE

each other and tried to talk. She had been flown to London on August 4, she told me, with Robin, Douglas and several people from the *Plain Dealer*. They wanted to scoop the other papers with the story of our reunion, so everything had been hush-hush. Virginia and the children had been spirited to Falmouth on August 6, and soon afterwards began searching at sea for me.

When Virginia's all too brief visit was over, *Excellent* pulled away, and before long *Tinkerbell*e and I were alone once more. We kept going without let-up all night before a south-west breeze, *Tinkerbell*e heeling pleasantly to starboard and scooting along gleefully, splashing ahead like a child stamping through puddles to see the droplets fly.

As dawn approached, the inky blackness of the sky changed to grey and then grew lighter and lighter with each passing minute. Up ahead, the Lizard Head Light flashed faithfully with its regular three-second rhythm. But it was not yet possible to tell how near it was.

*Tinkerbell*e headed straight for it, skipping joyfully over the waves in a manner that told me she was proud and happy. And she had every right to be. She had staunchly protected me from all the worst perils of the sea. She had never allowed herself to be turned bottom up, had righted herself after each knockdown, and had steadfastly kept herself watertight and buoyant.

There had been some frightening

moments, some moments of sharp loneliness and depression, but for the most part the voyage was a great, glorious, happy adventure. I wouldn't have missed it for the world. But what, I mused, had it accomplished?

For one thing, it had helped to make an honest man of me. When I had asked Virginia to marry me, I had promised her two things: one, that we would travel; and, two, that although I might be a headache, I would never, never be a bore. Well, in 15 years of marriage we had hardly travelled anywhere. And, after 12 years on a newspaper copy desk, I was certainly becoming a crashing bore. But *Tinkerbell*e saved the day. She had banished boredom from our lives, and she had brought both of us to England, a country that Virginia had dreamed of visiting.

True, my landing there was to be far different from what I had imagined. I had thought that, since England was a maritime nation and had had her full share of adventurous sailors, little attention would be paid to *Tinkerbell*e and me. I had expected to sail into Falmouth almost unnoticed, and go to a hotel for a nice bath and sleep. Then, in the morning, I would look for the Falmouth representative of the Associated Press, tell him that I had just sailed the Atlantic alone and my newspaper in the States might be interested in a story about it.

Now, it appeared, the arrival

wasn't going to work out quite like that. The radio said that great excitement was building up in Falmouth, that a tremendous welcome was being planned, and that the mayor had postponed his holiday in order to greet me. The impulse to duck away from the impending ordeal was strong, but I felt that I had better face the music.

Dawn was almost here now and, as more light filled the heavens, the outline of a steep headland could be distinguished. It was a breathtaking view, and I consumed it with my eyes, transported, enraptured. Land! Land at last!

"Good Show"

THIS DAY, our 78th since leaving Cape Cod, promised to be momentous. There seemed to be a tingle in the air, as if it were charged with electricity. I could feel goose pimples rising on my skin and spasmodic shivers running up and down my spine. I hoped I could live through what was coming.

I backed *Tinkerbell*'s jib and lashed down her tiller to heave to for breakfast. I also bathed, shaved, groomed my moustache and put on the cleanest clothes I had. Then I spruced up *Tinkerbell*, with the Stars and Stripes flying from her stern and the Union Jack fluttering from her starboard shroud. She looked a gallant little lady with those flags snapping merrily in the breeze.

As we approached the fearsome

Manacles, jagged rocks that reach out from the shore like the lower jaw and teeth of a gigantic monster, I thought that we were probably sailing over the same waters that the Spanish Armada had used more than 377 years earlier. And no sooner had this possibility popped into my mind than another armada appeared, this one English and headed straight for *Tinkerbell*. It came towards us fast, turned, and swept us up into its bosom to escort us the remaining few miles to Falmouth.

A reporter estimated that there were 300 craft surrounding us. It was a fantastic sight.

Many of Falmouth's pleasure boats were also ferrying people out to see us. They were jammed to the gunwales, and whenever one went by a chorus of "well done's" would fill the air. Then I'd call out, "Thank you," and we'd all wave happily to each other.

I have never known more friendly, more warm-hearted people than I met that day. Picture postcards of *Tinkerbell* sailing along in the midst of that armada were being sold even before we reached the harbour entrance.

In all, there were only about 12 miles to cover, but by 6 p.m. we still had a couple to go, and the wind had fallen off to almost nothing. At length the harbourmaster offered me a tow. I was reluctant to accept it, because I had hoped that we could sail in by ourselves. But I

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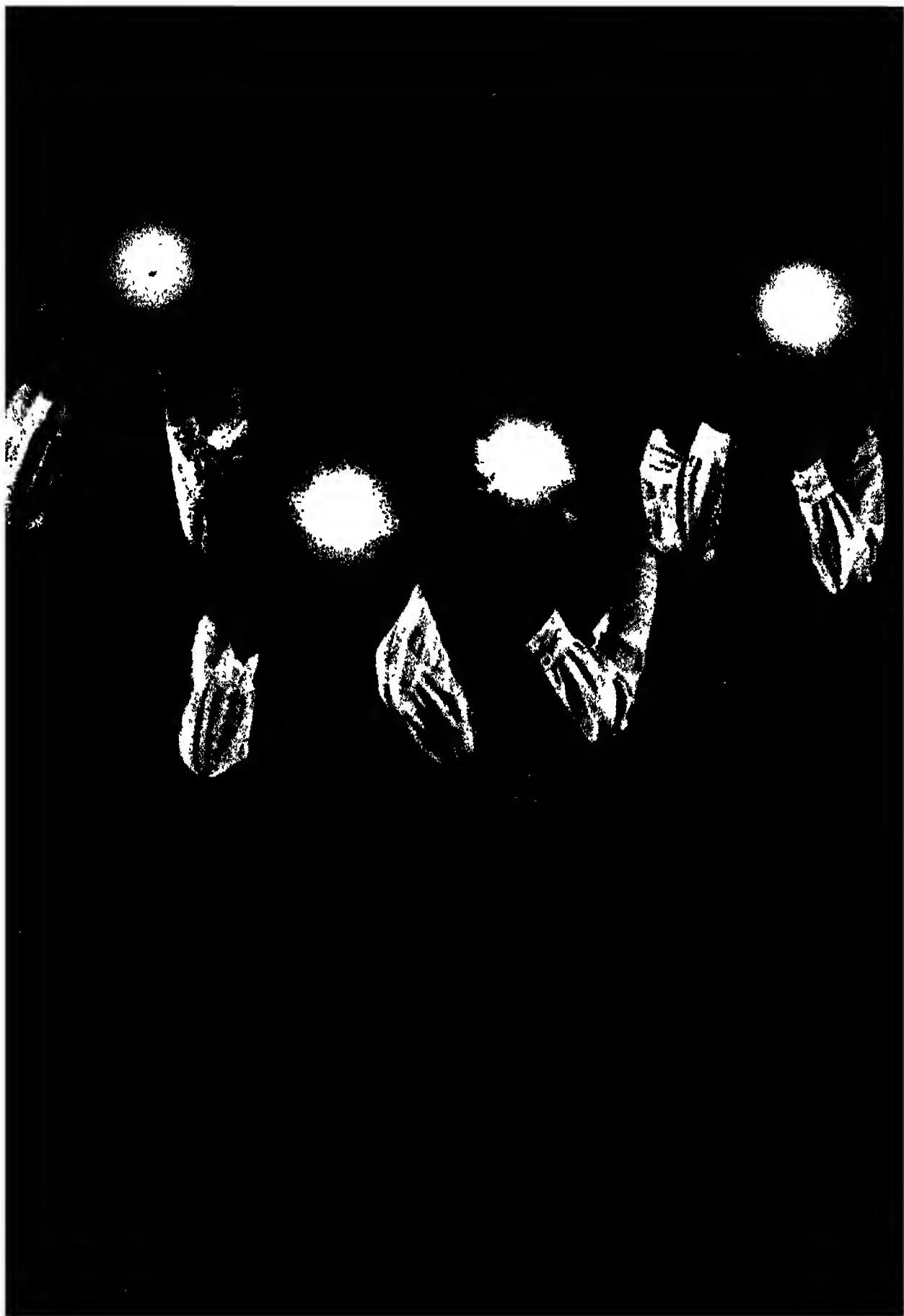
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THE READER'S DIGEST

thought of those people waiting on shore to see us and how disappointed they might be, and I agreed.

Boats circled, criss-crossed and flocked all about us. Several times I thought we were going to be crushed. People cheered, gave me the victory sign, passed me things to eat. Others shouted, "Good show!" or, "Glad you made it, mate!"

As we moved past Falmouth's docks and on to the Custom House Quay, people were everywhere: standing along the shore, perched on window ledges, leaning out of doorways, crowded on to jetties, thronging the streets, clinging to trees. I heard later that 50,000 people had seen us complete our voyage.

When I moored *Tinkerbell* at the stone quayside and stepped ashore, I almost fell flat on my face. The quay seemed to be shaking, and I staggered like a man who has had too much grog. I could see that it would take a few days to get back my land legs.

Every boat in the harbour let go

with its whistle, and the sound shook the whole waterfront. RAF planes flew over with wing-wagging salutes, and a band struck up "The Star-Spangled Banner." After I had got together with Virginia, Robin and Douglas, I was greeted by Samuel Hooper, the mayor, in his scarlet robes. When a reporter asked me what I thought of the reception, all I could say was, "I'm flabbergasted!"

If the occasion was triumphant, it was also sad. There had been peace out there on the ocean, amid the quiet and the challenge that brought out the best in a man and focused it on basic things. It was all over now, all behind us.

I wanted at least to share the plaudits and the many "well dones" with *Tinkerbell*, who had made the experience possible. I felt pricks of conscience at leaving her, but, as I looked back for her, she was hidden by the high side of the quay and by the crowd. I couldn't even see the tip of her mast.

THE END



THREE YEARS AGO Georg von Opel, German industrialist and president of the German Olympic Society, established a "Walking Foundation," offering awards of small shoes in gold, silver and bronze to Germans who go for regular walks lasting at least an hour. The Foundation provides a small notebook, in which the number of hours walked each day can be recorded. For 100 hours of walking during a 12-month period, a bronze shoe badge is awarded; for 200 hours, a silver shoe; for 300 hours, a golden shoe. Within a year the number of walkers rose to 25,000. The youngest is six years old. The oldest is 92, but he has a close competitor in the person of 90-year-old Dr. Adenauer.

—Deutsche Zeitung, Stuttgart

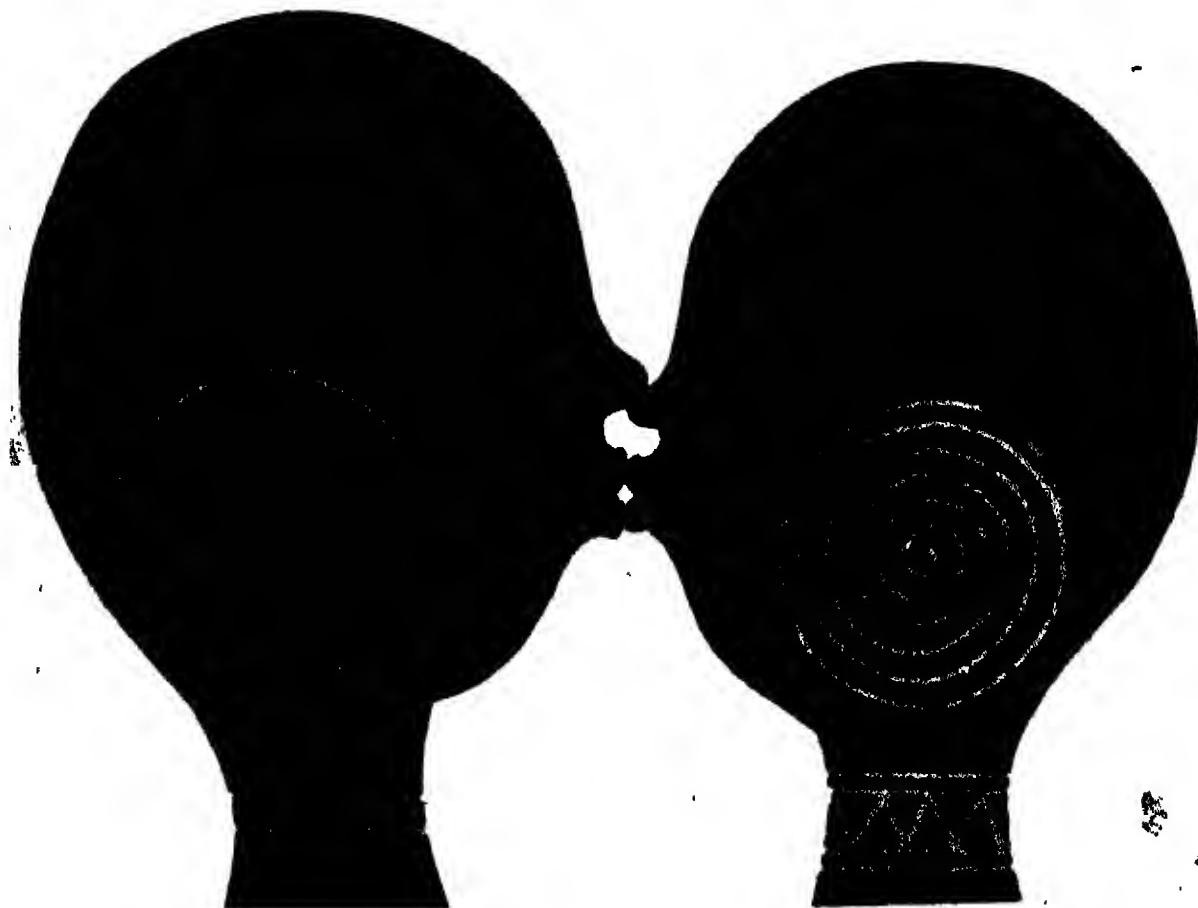
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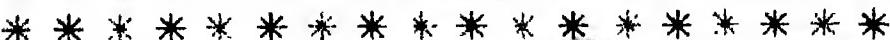
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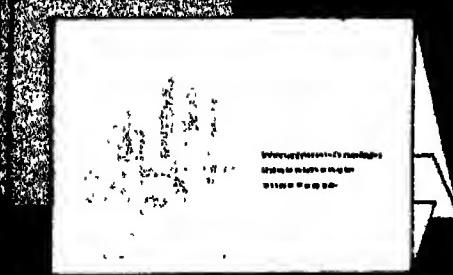
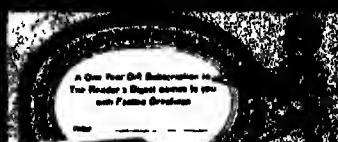
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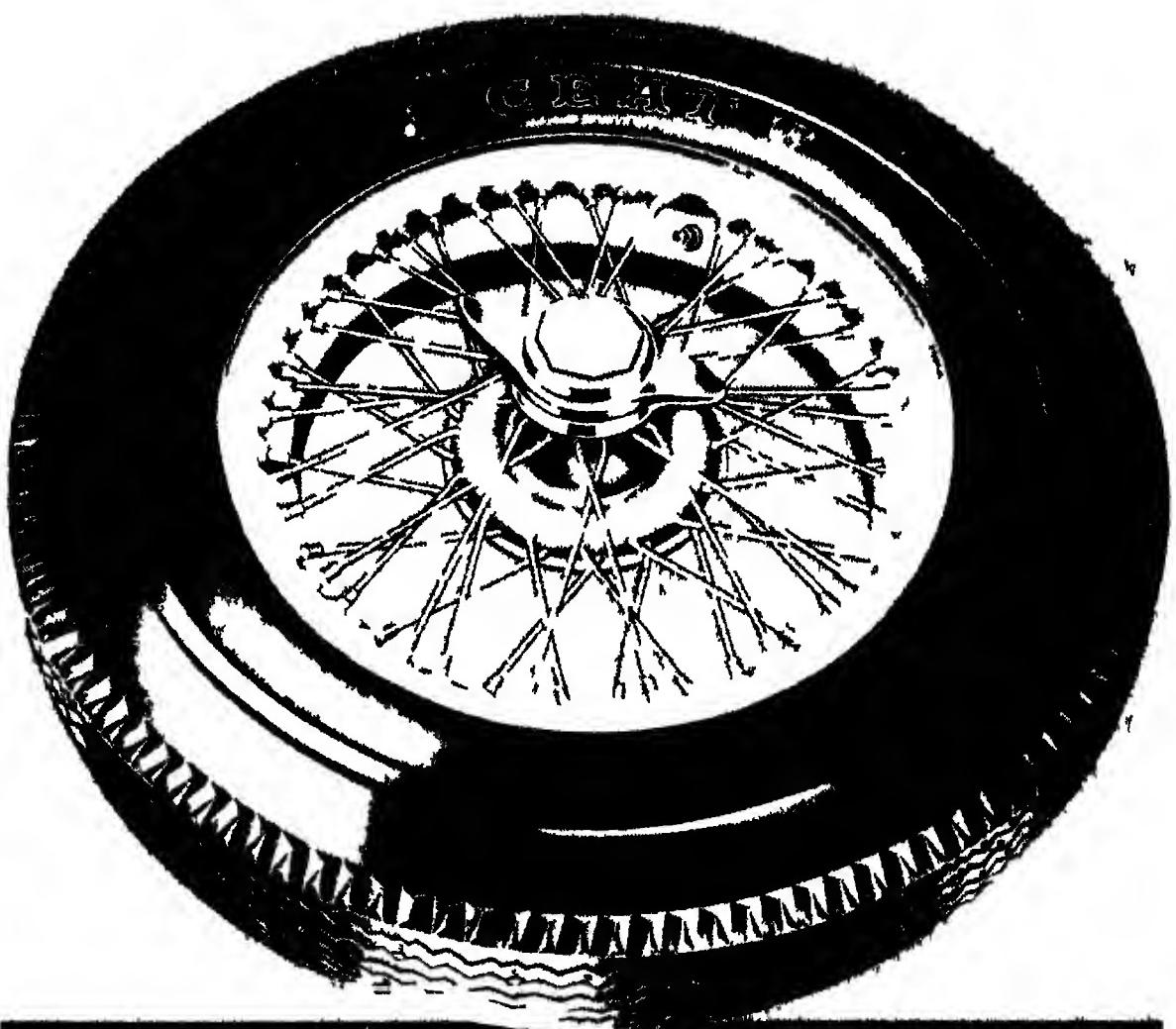
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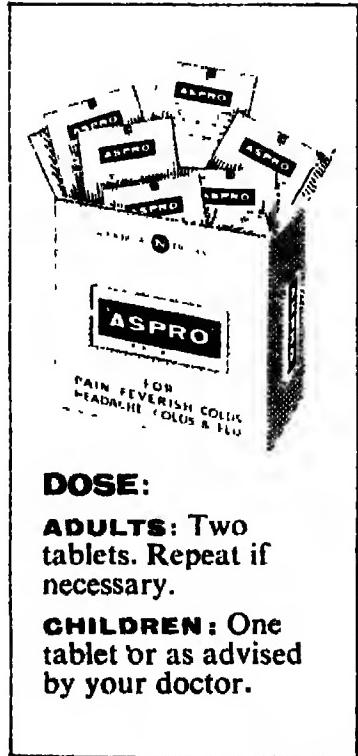
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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

BY PETER FUNK

How does one remember newly-learned words? Try choosing one word each day from these tests and making a conscious effort to use it as often as possible. In the following list, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 14.

- (1) **vivid**—A: sensitive. B: imaginative. C: graphic. D: spectacular.
- (2) **sonorous** (sō nōr' ūs; sōn' ǒ rūs)—A: hypnotic. B: sleep-inducing. C: flowing. D: full-sounding.
- (3) **derisive** (de ri' sīv)—A: expressing ridicule. B: stemming. C: discordant. D: humorous.
- (4) **colloquial** (kō lō' kwī ăl)—A: slangy. B: customary. C: conversationally informal. D: unusual.
- (5) **ominous**—A: all-inclusive. B: threatening. C: lucky. D: superstitious.
- (6) **fusion** (fū' zhūn)—A: splitting apart. B: muddle. C: blending. D: warmth of feeling.
- (7) **sacrosanct** (säk' rō sāngkt)—A: occult. B: prohibited. C: impious. D: sacred.
- (8) **curmudgeon** (kur mūj' ūn)—A: ill-natured person. B: weapon. C: robber. D: human derelict.
- (9) **insouciance** (in sōō' sī āns)—A: laziness. B: unconcern. C: cleverness. D: impudence.
- (10) **zealous** (zēl' ūs)—A: competitive. B: envious. C: enthusiastic. D: indiscreet.
- (11) **festid** (fēt' id)—A: oozing. B: hot. C: diseased. D: evil-smelling.
- (12) **abyssmal** (ă bīz măl)—A: bottomless. B: empty. C: dark. D: anxious.
- (13) **dolorous** (dōl' or ūs)—A: boring. B: sorrowful. C: still. D: droll.
- (14) **repose**—A: scholarly atmosphere. B: pretence. C: change of position. D: state of resting.
- (15) **abominable**—A: loathsome. B: frightening. C: hopeless. D: difficult.
- (16) **magnanimous** (măg nān' i mūs)—A: especially wise. B: noble. C: cordial. D: self-sacrificing.
- (17) **jocular**—A: full of fun. B: showy. C: absurd. D: carefree.
- (18) **bumptious** (bump shūs)—A: awkward. B: good-natured. C: self-assertive. D: disrespectful.
- (19) **corpulent** (kor' pū lēnt)—A: dignified. B: obese. C: swollen. D: bodily.
- (20) **scintillating** (sin' ti lāt ing)—A: alert. B: light and fragile. C: caustic. D: sparkling.

(Now turn to page 14.)

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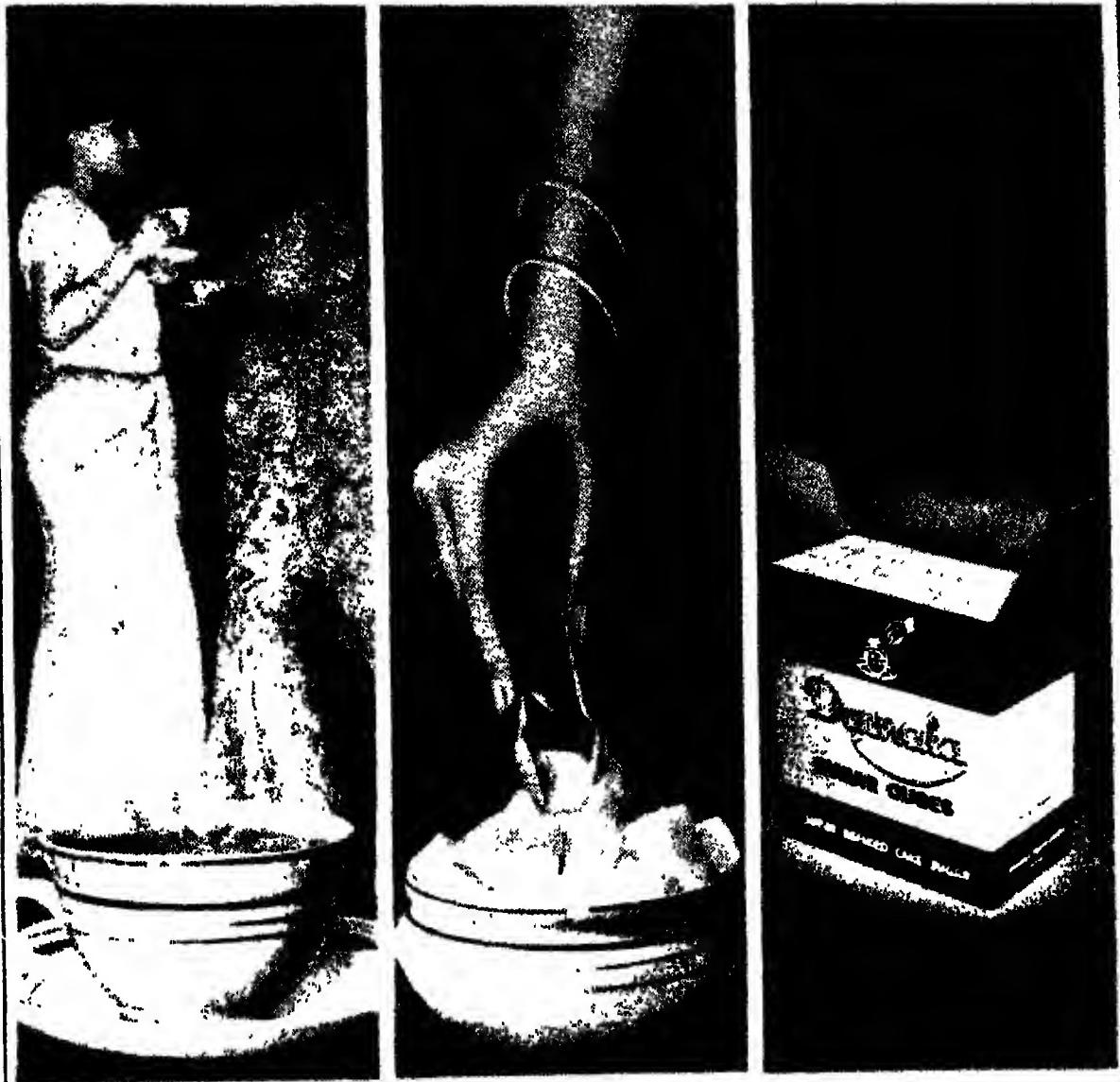
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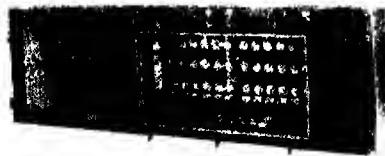
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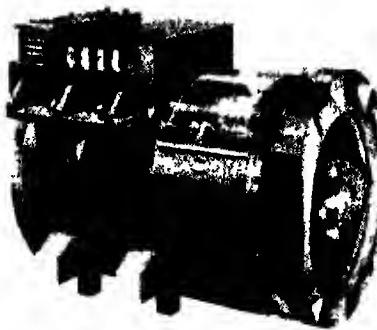
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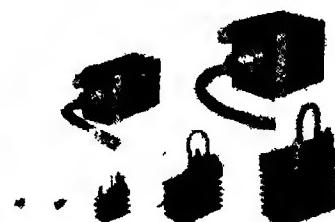
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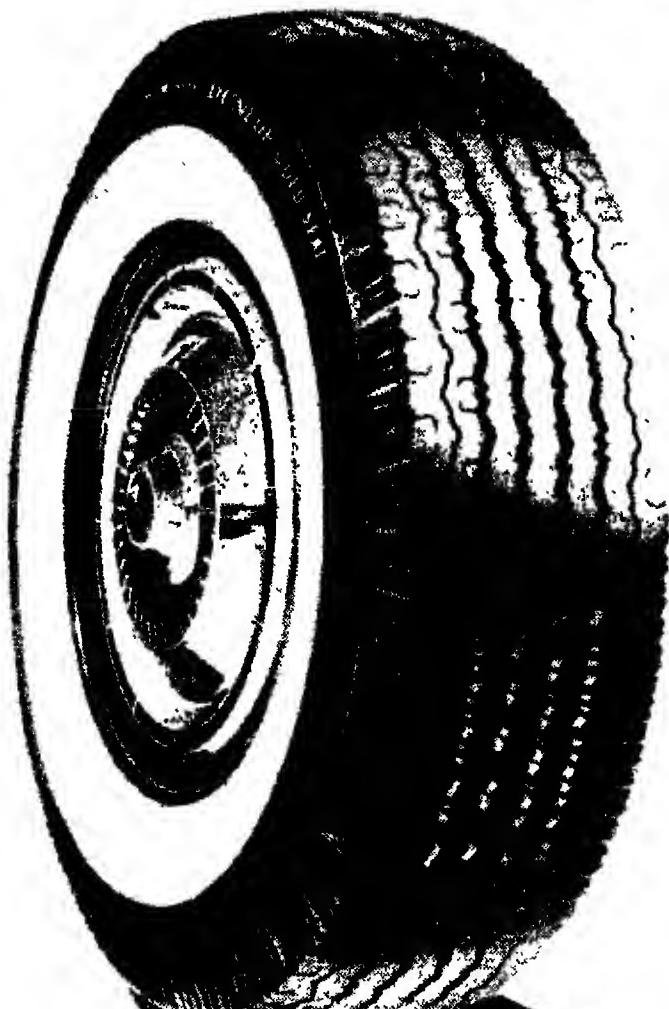


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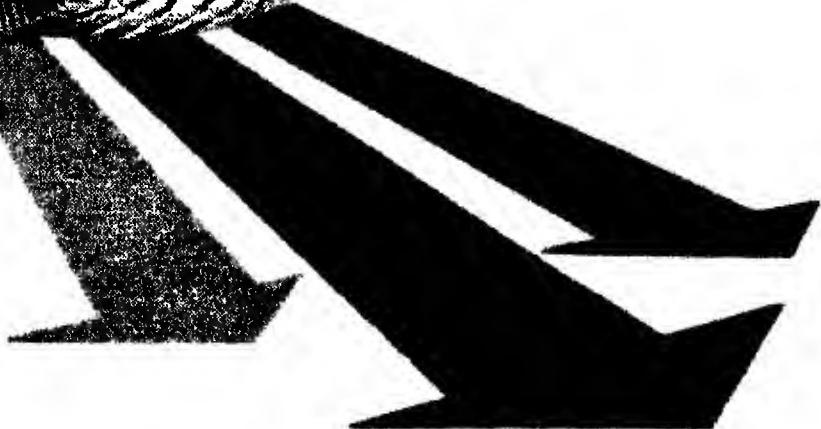
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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

Answers to the quiz on page 9

(1) **vivid**—C: Graphic; sharp; intense; full of life and vigour; as, a *vivid* description. Latin *vividus*, “lively.”

(2) **sonorous**—D: Full-sounding; resonant; deep-toned; as, a *sonorous* voice. Latin *sonorus*, “ringing, loud.”

(3) **derisive**—A: Expressing ridicule or scorn; as, a *derisive* remark. Latin *deridere*, “to laugh at, mock.”

(4) **colloquial**—C: Conversationally informal; using everyday, rather than formal, style of speech. Latin *colloquium*, “conversation.”

(5) **ominous**—B: Threatening; portentous; foreshadowing evil; as, an *ominous* thundercloud. Latin *ominosus*.

(6) **fusion**—C: A blending or melting together; union; alliance; as, an athlete’s *fusion* of speed and skill. Latin *fusio*, “outpouring.”

(7) **sacrosanct**—D: Sacred; peculiarly set apart; inviolable; as, a *sacrosanct* privilege. Latin *sacrosanctus*, “consecrated.”

(8) **curmudgeon**—A: Ill-natured, irascible person, usually an old one.

(9) **insouciance**—B: Unconcern; light-hearted indifference; nonchalance; as, an attitude of playboy *insouciance*. French.

(10) **zealous**—C: Enthusiastic; filled with eagerness, interest, fervour; as, a *zealous* campaign worker. Greek *zēlos*, “ardour.”

(11) **fetid**—D: Evil-smelling; malodorous; as, a stagnant, *fetid* swamp. Latin *foetidus*.

(12) **abyssmal**—A: Bottomless; like an abyss; deep, in a moral or intellectual sense; immeasurably hopeless or wretched; as, *abyssmal* ignorance. Greek *abyssos*.

(13) **dolorous**—B: Sorrowful; mournful; sad; as, a bloodhound’s *dolorous* expression. Latin *dolere*, “to suffer.”

(14) **repose**—D: State of resting; calm; composure; as, the *repose* of a long summer afternoon. Old French *reposer*, “to rest.”

(15) **abominable**—A: Loathsome; bad; as, an *abominable* crime. Latin *abominari*, “to deprecate as an ill omen.”

(16) **magnanimous**—B: Noble; generous in forgiving injury; high-minded; as, a *magnanimous* gesture. Latin *magnanimus*, from *magnus*, “great,” and *animus*, “spirit.”

(17) **jocular**—A: Full of fun; given to joking; witty; as, a *jocular*, life-of-the-party manner. Latin *jocularis*, from *jocus*, “joke.”

(18) **bumptious**—C: Self-assertive in an offensive, conceited way; as, a *bumptious* upstart.

(19) **corpulent**—B: Obese; portly; having a bulky body; as, *corpulent*, middle-aged dignitaries. Latin *corpulentus*, from *corpus*, “body.”

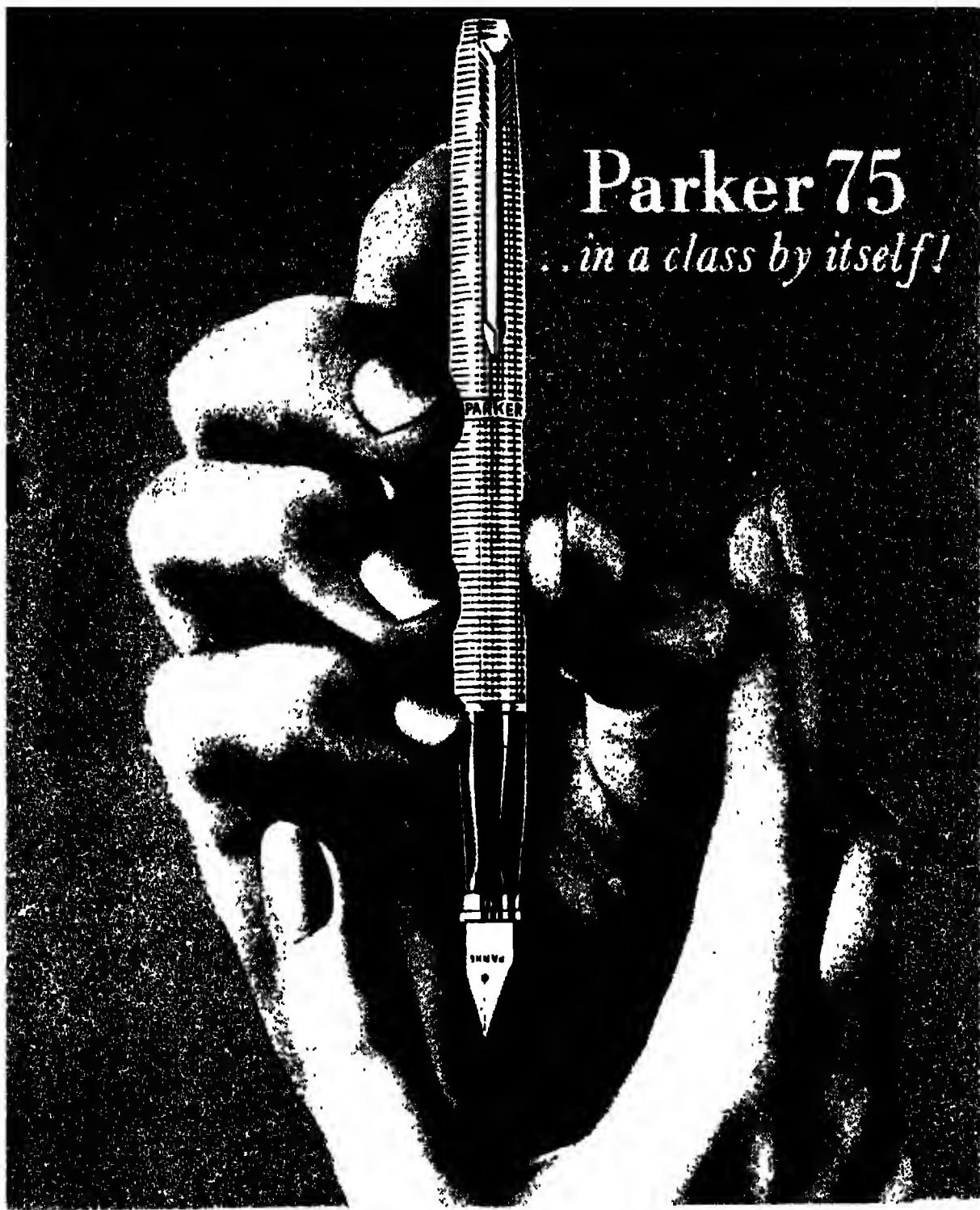
(20) **scintillating**—D: Sparkling; flashing; glittering; as, a *scintillating* wit. Latin *scintillare*, “to sparkle.”

Vocabulary Ratings

20–19 correct excellent

18–16 correct good

15–13 correct fair



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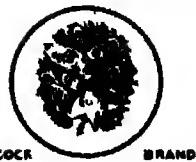


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THEY'RE TELLING this story in the Soviet Union : When Stalin was on his deathbed, he called in Khrushchev and said, "I've prepared two letters. When you find yourself in difficulty over your economic policies, open the first one. When you're in real trouble and your life is in danger, open the second one."

Later, when an economic crisis seemed imminent, Khrushchev opened the first letter. It stated, "Blame everything on me!" He immediately unmasked Stalin as a murderer and a despot.

In 1964, when the real showdown came in the Kremlin power struggle, Khrushchev opened the second letter. It stated, "Prepare two letters."

—Matt Weinstock

A FATHER took his small son to see the family's newest arrival in a hospital nursery. The boy stood in front of the large window peering in at the 15 tiny cots in which there were 13 babies. "Oh, look, Daddy!" he exclaimed. "They have two more traps set."

—Nell Koepke

WHEN President Johnson stopped overnight at the Chicago Hilton, the staff pulled out all stops in planning for the one meal he was to have at the

hotel : breakfast. Three special chefs reported at 4 a.m., and the breakfast menu was carefully planned around their talents.

The hour came at last, and with it the order for the Presidential breakfast —corn flakes and coffee. —D.A.C. News

AFTER labouring ceaselessly to perfect the signature of a society big shot, a swindler successfully passed off a forged cheque on a local merchant. Inspired by his initial success, he went back to cash a second cheque, only to be apprehended. The first one had been returned with the notation "Insufficient funds." —Bennett Cerf

WHEN I STOPPED for petrol at a country service station, a car pulled up in front of me. Four or five children piled out and raced for the lavatory, hooting and shouting. A man got out, told the attendant to "fill her up," and then stood quietly contemplating the scenery. His wife remained in the back seat. The attendant nodded in the direction of a rear tyre, and said, "She looks a little low."

Still taking in the view, the man sighed. "I know," he said. "But she'll perk up as soon as we unload the kids at her mother's." —Paul Greeley

A WOMAN who had just returned from a trip to Mexico called the police to report that a rattlesnake was loose in her overnight bag. Police went rushing to the scene. They approached the bag, which the woman had thrown out of a window on to the pavement. Cautiously, they scattered the contents of the bag—only to find that the rattle was caused by an electric toothbrush, accidentally turned on. —AP

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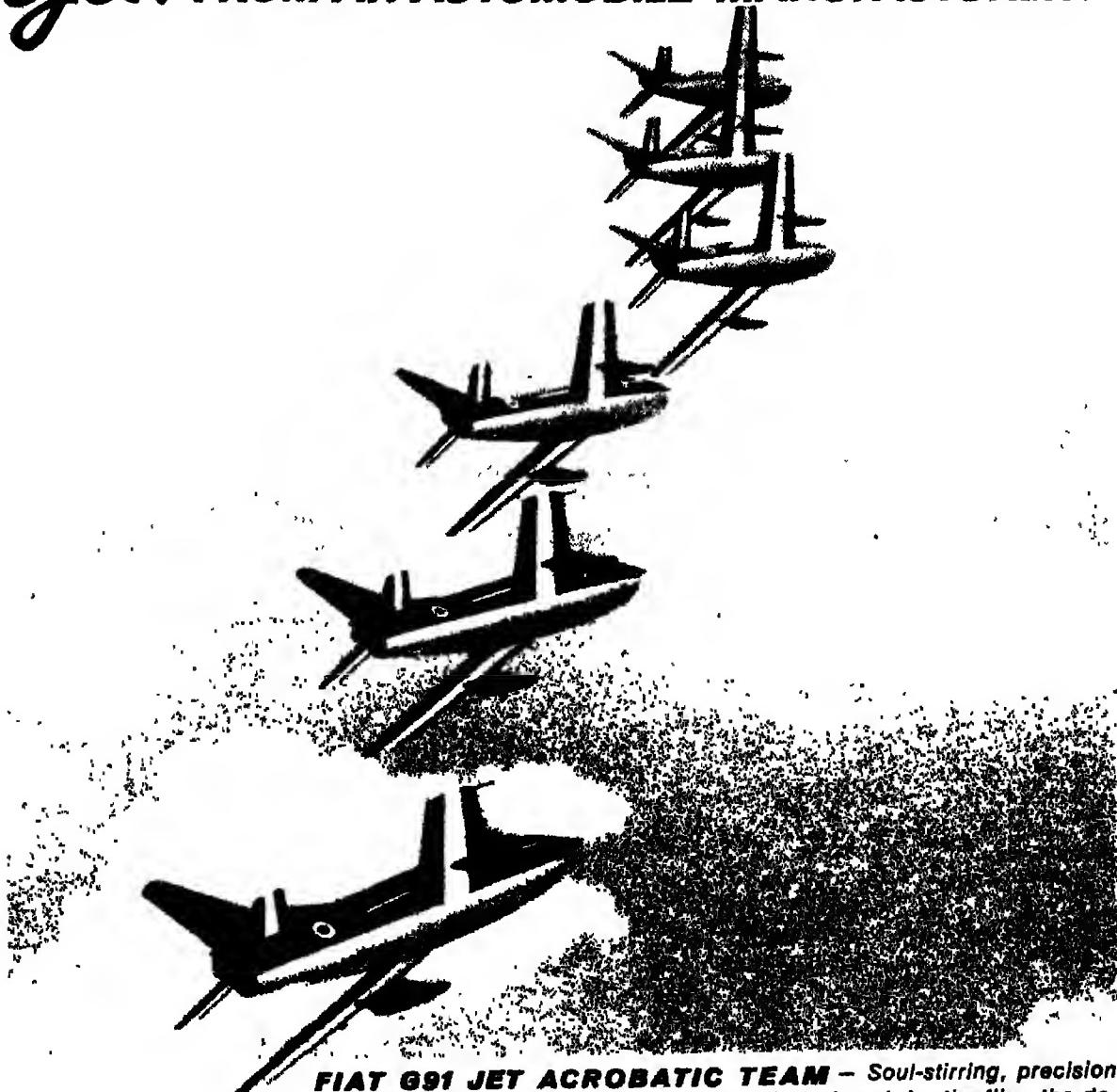
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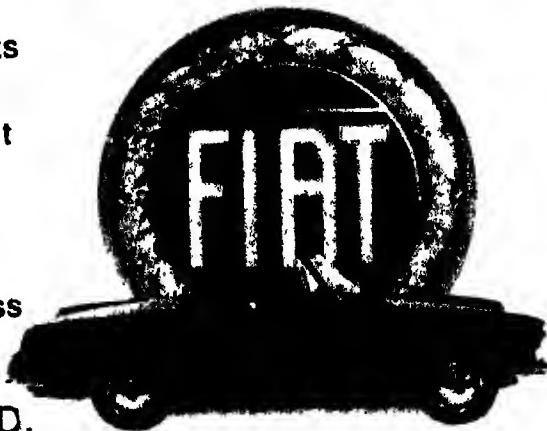
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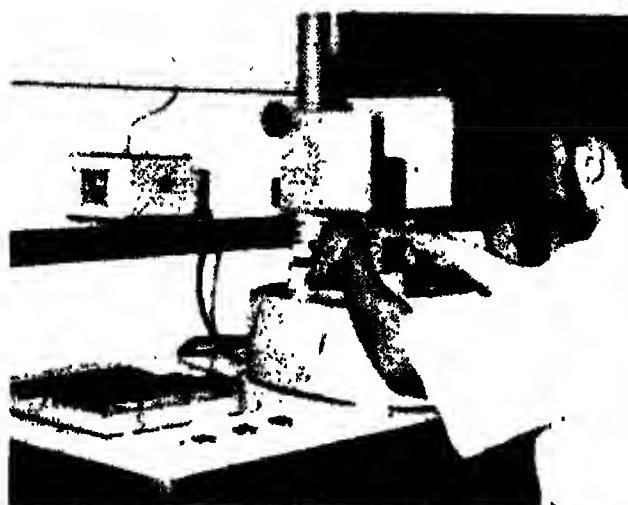
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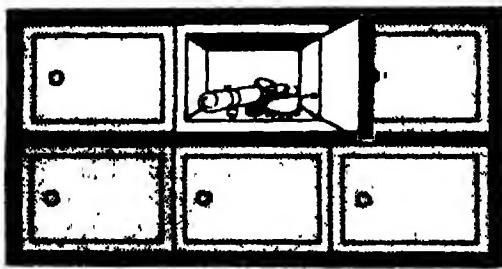
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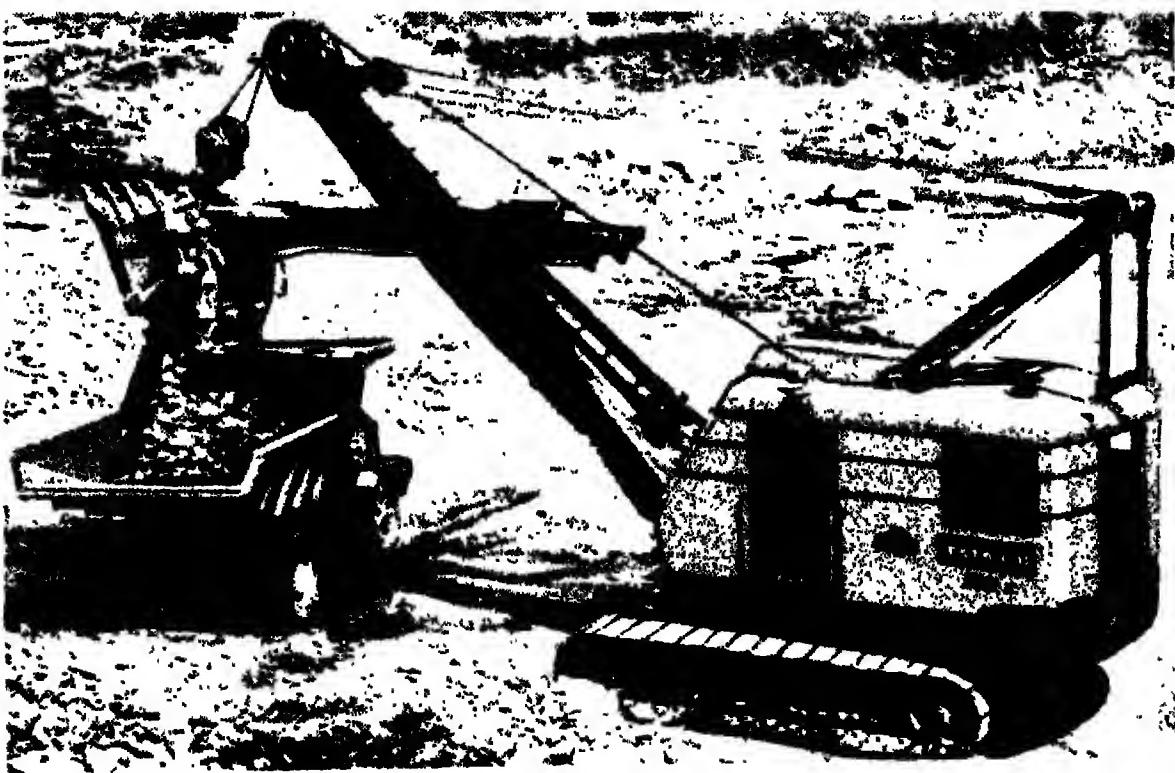
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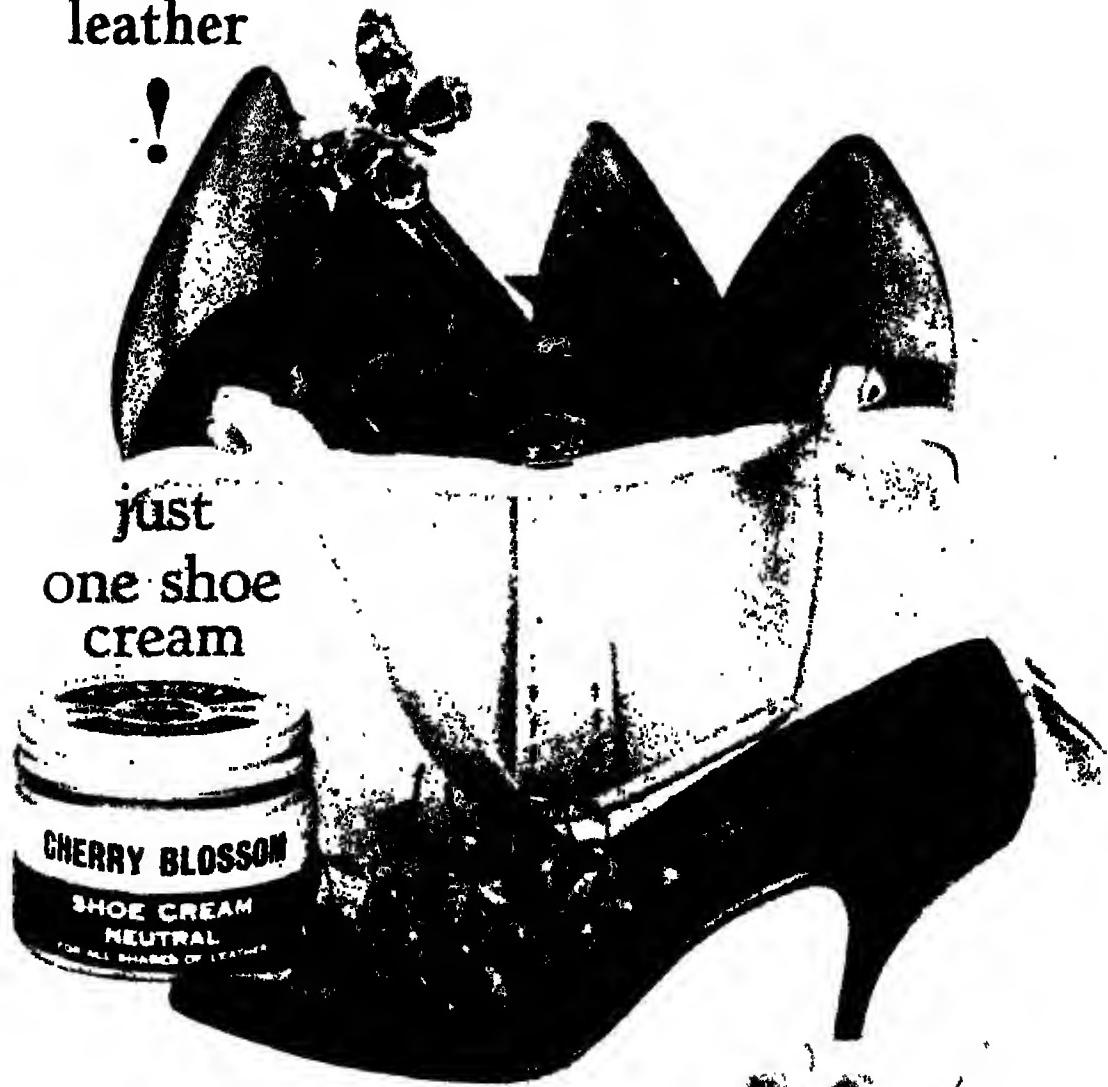
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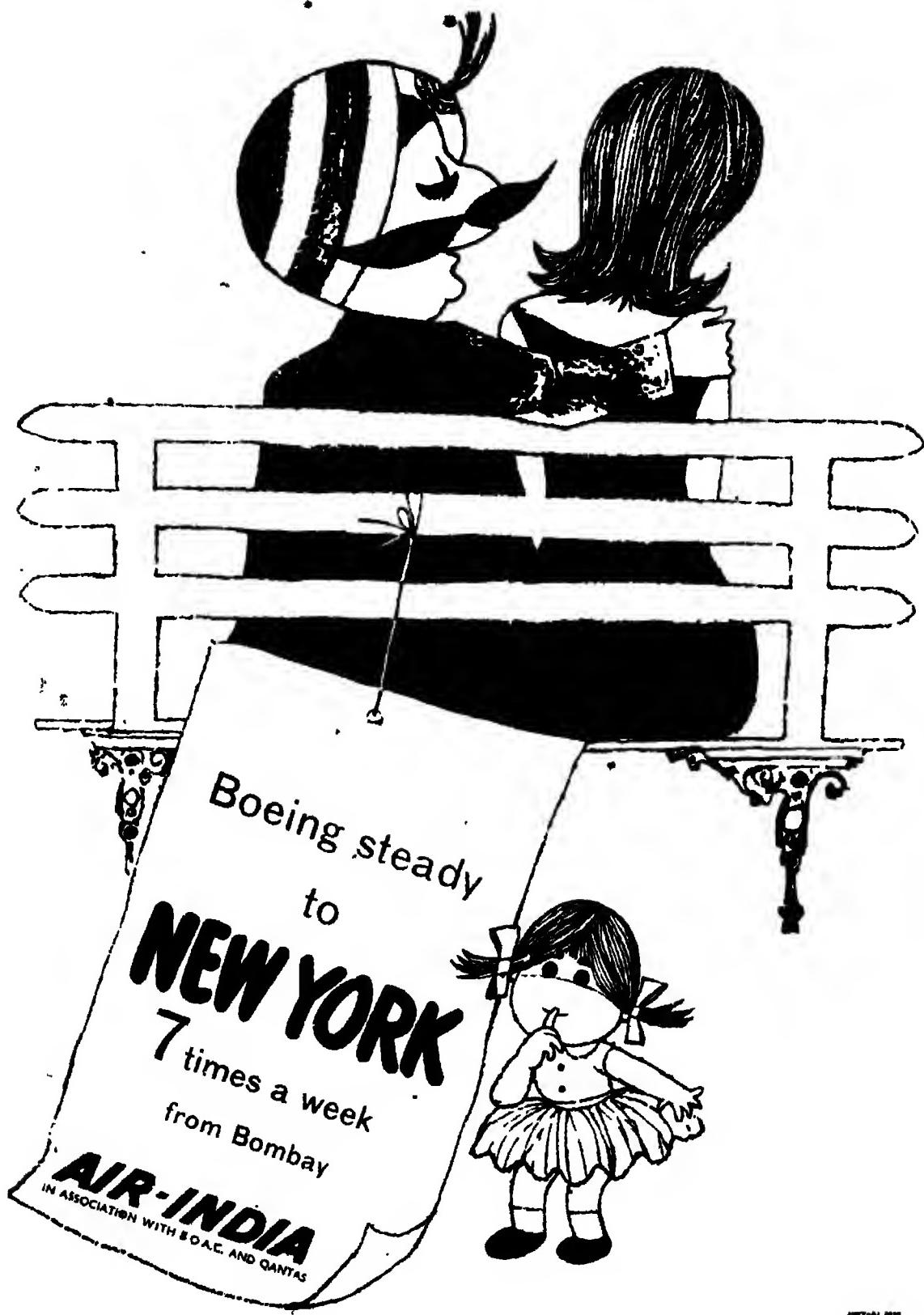


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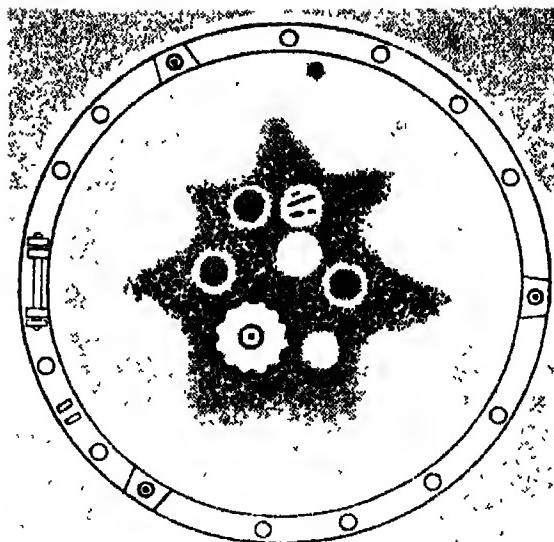
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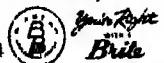
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**CONTROVERSY**

RHODESIA: Both Sides of the Crisis

By DAVID REED

LAST NOVEMBER Rhodesia's government, led by Prime Minister Ian Smith and dominated by the country's 220,000 whites, declared itself independent of Britain. The British Government condemned the move as an act of treason, and insisted that steps be taken to safeguard the rights of Rhodesia's four million black people.

The issue has aroused fierce resentment among newly-independent African countries, who see Rhodesia's move as an attempt to perpetuate "white supremacy." Some African countries have threatened to invade Rhodesia; they proclaim that if need be they will seek military help from the Soviet Union and China.

Africans have demanded that Britain should send troops to crush the rebellion. But Britain has applied only economic sanctions in an effort to force the rebel government to capitulate. This has prompted African countries to accuse Britain

of practising a racial double-standard. If black people had rebelled, they argue, troops would have been sent at once.

The crisis in Rhodesia is unique, and it heralds bigger troubles to come. For the first time, African nationalism is reaching into the white redoubt of southern Africa—and whites seem determined to resist.

What are the rights and wrongs of the problem? Here are the chief arguments of the white and the black Rhodesians.

THE WHITE RHODESIAN SAYS:

WE WANT the right to rule ourselves and to create a modern, democratic multiracial society in Africa, free from interference by politicians 6,000 miles away in London. We want order and stability so that Rhodesians of both races can enjoy the benefits of civilization. What we don't want—what we are determined to avoid at all costs—is to see our country become another Congo, where tens of thousands have been killed in a senseless anarchy that resulted from premature independence.

We are perfectly willing to share political power with the black majority. Indeed, black people today have the right to vote in Rhodesia. Thirteen members of our parliament are black. We do not believe, however, that everyone can be given the voting franchise at this stage of Rhodesia's development.

A growing number of Africans have acquired a good education and adopted Western civilization, but many others still live primitive tribal lives. Even today, witchcraft and pagan superstitions flourish. To

avoid making a mockery of the electoral process, we have been forced to set certain standards for voting. People of both races must achieve certain levels of education and economic improvement in order to qualify for the franchise.

Are we right in limiting it in this way? Look at the Congo. Look at Burundi and Zanzibar, where there have been similar massacres. Look at Nigeria, once regarded as a showcase of democracy—its African prime minister was murdered in a *coup d'état* and a military junta assumed power. Seven months later, after an army mutiny and the kidnapping of the chief of state, the army chief of staff took over the government.

The plain fact is that democracy has failed in Africa for the reason that its people are not ready for it. Almost all the newly-independent countries in Africa have degenerated into petty dictatorships, run by gangs of "nationalists" who have grabbed power and plundered the treasury. The mass of the people, if anything, are worse off than before.

We in Rhodesia are trying to avoid these pitfalls. We don't want to hold the Africans down; on the contrary, it is in our interest to bring them up as rapidly as possible. But what we aim for is a truly multi-racial society where everyone will think of himself not as black or white, but only as a Rhodesian.

In our voting system, for example, we do not exclude people for racial reasons; but we *do* exclude them if they don't know what democracy is all about. Our system is based solely on merit; there are no special privileges for whites—or for anyone else. This is how it works.

There are 65 seats in parliament. Fifty members are elected from an "A" roll of voters. Various combinations of educational achievements, income or property, entitle an adult Rhodesian to be listed on the "A" roll. For example, a person qualifies with four years of secondary education, plus either an income of Rs. 6,930 a year or property valued at Rs. 11,550.

At the moment, there are 92,746 Europeans on the "A" roll—and 2,333 Africans. Many more Africans—perhaps 20,000 of them—qualify as "A" roll voters, but they have been coerced by black-nationalist terrorists into boycotting the elections.

For those who have less education and a lower economic level, we have set up a "B" roll which elects 15 members to Parliament. An estimated 100,000 Africans qualify as

"B" roll voters but, because of terrorism, only 10,700 have registered. There are 589 Europeans on the "B" roll. Our aim is to ensure that control of the country remains in the hands of qualified people of both races. Even our critics have to concede that our voting-registration laws are administered with scrupulous fairness, for blacks and whites alike.

Britain, however, has insisted on steps that would prematurely have led to elections based on the principle of "one man, one vote." That would have plunged Rhodesia into the same turmoil that goes on in the black-nationalist countries to the north of us. Our prime minister negotiated with the British Government for two years, but could not bring them to change their minds. We were finally forced to declare our independence.

Progress. Critics make much of the fact that we have more white voters than black. The reason is that more whites qualify for the vote. This gap is closing rapidly, thanks to our massive programme of African education.

Fully 95 per cent of all eligible African children in the lower primary group are attending school. The enrolment of African pupils has doubled in the last ten years; and now there are 643,000 in classrooms. Enrolments in secondary schools have increased six-fold in the same period.

Africans, almost all of them

on government scholarships, comprise a third of the student body of the University College in Salisbury, our capital. And the whites, whose taxes constitute 98 per cent of the government's direct revenues, pay the bulk of the cost of Rhodesia's African educational programmes.

We Rhodesian whites cannot understand why we keep receiving bitter criticism from overseas. Modern Rhodesia owes its existence to white settlers. In 1890, when a pioneer column of 200 Europeans, organized by Cecil Rhodes, moved into the territory in ox wagons from South Africa, the African tribes were living in incredible ignorance and squalor. Tribal warfare, epidemics and famine kept their numbers at about 400,000. The white man brought modern medicine, modern agricultural methods and famine relief. As a result, the Rhodesian Africans multiplied ten-fold.

Modern Age. The whites also transformed what had been a desolate wilderness into a flourishing modern country. We created vast farms and cattle ranches. We built roads, railways and modern cities. We brought steel mills, car assembly plants, factories and mines to a continent where the maximum economic effort still consists in most places of scratching the soil with a hoe.

Now the British Government is demanding that we surrender all this to the chaos of a "democracy" that many of our people still do not

comprehend. Rhodesia is a highly developed country, on a plane with Europe and North America in many respects. How can you suddenly hand over such a country to a still-primitive majority?

We whites are often accused of having "stolen" the land from the Africans. This simply is not true. To protect the African population against exploitation, certain areas were set aside as tribal trust land. Whites are not allowed to buy that land or to trade there. Their total area now comprises 41 per cent of the country.

White farmers felt that they, too, needed legal protection for their community and so certain other tracts—36 per cent of the country—have been set aside exclusively for Europeans. Whites have invested Rs. 630 crores in their farms, creating jobs for 230,000 Africans, or nearly half the total African work force, on land that for the most part is no better than the tribal reserves. Some six per cent of the total land in Rhodesia—formerly reserved for whites—has been declared open for purchase by Africans.

We have also been criticized because in recent years the Rhodesian Government has been forced to detain a number of self-styled African "nationalists." Sometimes we must act quickly and firmly because political opposition in Africa, as in other under-developed areas, often degenerates into anarchy.

Indeed, in 1961 and 1962 a few

power-seeking men sought to carry out a reign of terror in Rhodesia in an effort to coerce the Africans into accepting their leadership. Some of these men had received guerrilla training and political indoctrination in China and the Soviet Union, as well as in Egypt and Ghana. Often the terrorists were caught red-handed, convicted and sent to prison. But in other cases the police found that witnesses dared not come forward for fear of being murdered in reprisal. So we were forced to detain some suspects

without trial. Since these men were held, the number of terrorist incidents has fallen to almost nothing. The masses of black Rhodesians are grateful to the government for restoring law and order.

We in Rhodesia offer Britain and the rest of the world our friendship. We offer our help in checking the spread of communism in Africa. The economic sanctions that Britain has imposed are going to fail. They have only steeled our resolve to build a modern, democratic and multiracial country here in Africa.

THE BLACK RHODESIAN REPLIES:

LET'S GET one thing straight: the name of this country is Zimbabwe, the name of an early and advanced African civilization. "Rhodesia" perpetuates the memory of Cecil Rhodes, the notorious "empire-builder" of the nineteenth century who deceived our chiefs, stole our land and imposed a racist dictatorship on us. To avoid confusion, "Rhodesia" will be used in this discussion, but as soon as the African majority secures its democratic rights, the hated name will be put where it belongs—on the rubbish heap of history.

Despite all the talk of "multiracialism," the Rhodesian settler really seeks only one thing: to perpetuate his dictatorship. He allows full citizenship to educated Africans—and he makes certain that

there are so few of them that they can never really challenge his control of the country.

Voting laws are typical of the white man's attempts to obscure the real issues. Until recently, only about 1,000 Africans a year have been allowed to get enough education to qualify for the "A" roll. Cuts in the new education budget have reduced the number to a mere 500 annually—in a population of four million! The income and property qualifications are similarly rigged. Our average farm worker gets only Rs. 945 a year. That isn't even enough to qualify under the "B" roll of second-class voters.

Yes, we have boycotted the elections. The entire system is designed, not to enfranchise us, but to prevent us ever playing a meaningful role

in our country. But, in any case, why should we accept anything less than full democracy?

The settlers keep referring to the troubles in the Congo. Actually, they might well regard the Congo as a warning: the troubles there stemmed from the fact that the Belgians never educated the Congolese beyond the primary level, and never trained them in the art of self-government. Moreover, the Congo should be seen in true perspective. There are 36 independent countries in Africa today, and in almost all of them there has been astonishing progress.

White settlers complain that African countries have become "dictatorships." Yet in Rhodesia today there is no free speech, no freedom of the Press, no freedom of assembly. People are dragged off to prison or concentration camps—without trial—on mere suspicion by our white rulers. There are probably 3,000 of our nationalists in jail at the moment.

Equality. The Smith regime tries to justify its racial tyranny by saying Africans are "still primitive." We are quite willing to concede that African society in the past was less technologically advanced than Europe. But tribal life had its merits as well: there was no crime, no broken families, no drunkenness, no suicides, no homosexuality and none of the other ills that afflict European society.

However, all this is beside the

point. Tribal life is a thing of the past. Today, given even half a chance, Africans can compete successfully with whites in any field of endeavour. Africans studying in universities abroad have set high records of academic achievement.

The settler is afraid that his property and the life that he has built for himself will be swept away if majority rule is introduced. Such fears are groundless. In the new nations of Africa there are flourishing white communities that are well treated by black governments.

In fact, there are far more whites now in some African countries than there were in colonial times. In the past, they came as rulers. Now they come as businessmen, teachers, missionaries and technicians.

We in Rhodesia also want the whites to remain after we achieve democracy. We need them to help keep the economy going and we will see to it that they are amply rewarded for their efforts. But if they remain, it will be as equals, not as masters.

There is no question that white capital and management have done a great deal in developing Rhodesia. But it was African labour, too, that created the roads, railways, mines and factories.

There is also no question that the whites pay almost all the taxes. After all, the whites have all the money; they have become rich by paying Africans near-starvation wages. The average yearly salary

for a European is Rs. 26,055; for an African, it is only Rs. 2,535.

Another glaring racial injustice is land apportionment. There are fewer than 5,000 white farms in Rhodesia, yet they cover 36 per cent of the entire country. The tribal reserves, which cover 41 per cent of the country, are jammed with 2.2 million people. Africans with a few acres count themselves lucky, for there are 100,000 landless families in the reserves who live the most meagre existence imaginable.

Past settler governments threw the Africans a crumb by declaring a small amount of land—about six per cent of the country—to be open for purchase by Africans. Since the Smith government came to power, it has virtually halted any more transfers of land for purchase by Africans.

Broken Treaty. The important consideration, however, is that originally *all* the land was ours. We never sold it to the white settlers; they just took it. Under a treaty he made with Lobengula, the chief of the Matabele tribe, Cecil Rhodes received only the right to prospect for gold and other minerals. But the settlers soon started to take land for farms. Lobengula protested to Queen Victoria and, when his protests were ignored, declared war. But men with spears were no match for men with guns. The uprising was crushed, and Lobengula died.

If the settlers had ever been sincere about giving us a meaningful

share of power, they would have trained large numbers of Africans. It is true that there is widespread primary education, but the five years most Africans spend in a miserable bush school are designed only to make them literate enough to be minor clerks, or drivers able to read road signs.

Although education is compulsory for whites up to the age of 16, less than two per cent of the 628,000 black children in primary school are admitted to high schools each year. Of the estimated 1,000 Africans now permitted each year to complete four years of secondary education, fewer than 60 are allowed to do the additional two years of secondary school required for university entrance. In Rhodesia, there are only about 300 Africans with some university training and fewer than 700 are enrolled in universities at home and overseas.

Long Struggle. Compare that with the record of the black rulers of Tanzania. When Tanzania became independent in 1961, there were just a handful of people who had some university training, all of it acquired overseas. Now, five years later, about 2,500 Tanzanians have some such training. A university has been founded in Tanzania, and there are about 1,500 Tanzanians enrolled there and at institutions overseas.

The settlers maintain that Britain has threatened to step in and impose "mob rule." This is not true. Britain never demanded that Rhodesia

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adopt the principle of "one man, one vote" immediately. The British Government said that reforms could be spaced out over a period of years, and made the reasonable request that any plans for independence be acceptable to the majority of people in Rhodesia.

We Africans feel that our cause will triumph eventually. If sanctions fail and the Smith government

survives, there will be a long struggle and there will be much bloodshed.

Many of our young men are ready now to fight on a large scale. We are sure that freedom-loving people will come to our assistance. But we will never rest until we in Zimbabwe have secured the right to govern ourselves, free of domination by an alien minority.



A Game of Monopoly

I KNOW nothing more charming than the entrance into a drawing-room of an elegant young Frenchwoman.

Three or four men are conversing easily among the paintings and *objets d'art*.

She enters.

The men leap up as if someone has shouted "Attention!" The paintings fade away, the *objets d'art* vanish into the shadows, and the conversation is immediately broken off.

From this moment she monopolizes everyone's attention as completely as she seems to have replaced the light.

Having perceived this, she says that for nothing in the world would she disturb the men. Just giving them time to kiss her hand, she quickly sits down on one of the three chairs offered her.

She has crossed, as a sort of defiance, her right leg over the left. She poses the point of her little chin in the hollow of her gloved hand. She plays her intended role to perfection. Immobile, smiling a little, she gives an impression of offering herself to the highest bidder.

And she has the cheek to say, "Go on with the conversation, *please*. Don't let *me* interrupt."

Then she assumes the attentive attitude of one who listens to everything, understands everything, and is passionately interested in everything—even including foreign policy.

So well does she do this that one of the men, picking up the broken pieces of the conversation, tries to revive a talk which now seems to interest her alone.

And she listens gravely to what they are saying, but she is thinking, "Just the same, I should have worn my little black hat instead of this one!"

—Sacha Guitry, *Elles et Toi*

A Few True Friends

By JOHN REDDY

THE PASS arched over the playing field and landed on the outstretched fingertips of an American schoolboy footballer. He was a well-built five foot eleven, but he couldn't hang on to the ball; it tumbled to the turf. This was the third time that day he had dropped a pass.

After practice, the puzzled youngster, flexing his fingers, noticed that his right hand was unusually sensitive. But he was back at practice the next day as usual.

The footballer, Paul Scott, 18 years old with a shock of curly auburn hair, was a popular member of the senior class at a New York high school. He was interested in sport, girls and dances. In the spring he would be going on to university.

All that autumn he continued to drop the ball in practice. His hands got worse: the left one also became

extremely sensitive, then both hands began *losing* sensitivity. His doctor thought that he might have a touch of polio and put his hands in splints. But the trouble grew worse. Paul began losing muscle control. He had difficulty doing the simplest things—tying his shoelaces, buttoning his shirt or cutting his meat at meals. Then, mysteriously, his face began swelling.

His parents, now thoroughly alarmed, took him to New York's Hospital for Joint Diseases for extensive tests. Specialists examined the sturdy young man, trying to diagnose his baffling symptoms. A woman doctor made the diagnosis: "I'm afraid, Paul, that you have leprosy."

With those few words, the care-free world of Paul Scott collapsed. *It couldn't be*, he thought. Leprosy was something that happened in

Asia or Africa, not in New York—and not to him!

Yet it was true. Arrangements were made for Paul to go to the National Hospital at Carville, Louisiana, the only hospital in the United States for leprosy patients. Paul and his family retreated into the shadow world in which those touched by the ancient scourge of leprosy take refuge. Health authorities telephoned his school to report that he was leaving because of illness. No further explanation. His parents explained to friends that Paul was anaemic and had gone to live with relatives in another state.

He travelled to Louisiana in a private railway carriage with only a doctor as a companion. At the hospital, the frightened youngster was admitted into what Albert Schweitzer called "the fellowship of those who bear the mark of pain." Registering under an assumed name, as virtually all patients there did, young Scott began undergoing treatment. His condition deteriorated rapidly. He lost all feeling in his hands, and the affliction began drawing the fingers inward in claw-like shape. His face swelled enormously, and he developed ugly welts on his face and legs. He began losing the sight of one eye. Kidney trouble set in.

Just as his condition was becoming desperate, doctors discovered the sulphone drugs that cure leprosy. Paul responded favourably to treatment and eventually, after six

tortured years, he was discharged from the hospital. However, the disease had left its mark: he was crippled and disfigured.

Lonely Wanderer. Paul hoped to return to a normal life. But in New York, wherever he went, people stared at his disfigurement. On trains and in restaurants they would whisper and move away. He couldn't get a job. His old friends seemed ill at ease with him and gradually drifted away. The drastic change in his appearance was difficult even for his parents. They discouraged him from going out of doors where neighbours could see him. In the end they moved to another town, while Paul stayed in New York.

He was in and out of hospital trying to repair the ravages of the disease. He underwent 16 operations on his hands—without anaesthetics, since they had no sensation—in an effort to restore their usefulness.

Eventually, a kindly man gave him a job as a clerk in a small office. He avoided going out in public, but would wander along deserted beaches at week-ends, or around the empty streets late at night when few people were about. One wet, blustery night he encountered a group of children in fancy dress under a street-lamp. "Look at him," one exclaimed, pointing. "He doesn't need a mask."

At those cruel words spoken in childish innocence, Scott walked away blindly into the darkness,

numb with rage and bitterness. All the hurt and humiliation seemed to well up in a wave of fury and despair. Chance brought him to St. Patrick's Cathedral. Though not a Catholic, he went in, seeking sanctuary. Kneeling there and trying to gain control of himself, he remembered that he had read of Bishop Fulton Sheen's work with leprosy sufferers. When a priest passed by in the dim nave, the young man said, "I want to see Bishop Sheen."

The priest explained that the bishop was not connected with the Cathedral. "If you'll leave your name and address I'll try to reach him," he said.

Not long afterwards, Scott received a message inviting him to go to Bishop Sheen's office. As the young man limped in, he said, "I have come to you because I have no one else to turn to. I haven't a friend in the world."

"Well, now you have one," Bishop Sheen smiled. "Would you have dinner with me tomorrow night?"

The Way Out. Over dinner, Scott told the bishop of his ordeal of loneliness. He described the grim years in hospital, and the almost greater suffering from rejection by his friends and family after he was cured. He related how, not long after his release, he almost got a job with an airline—only to be turned down at the last minute because "it would be bad for employee morale."

Bishop Sheen waited until Scott

had finished. Then, "Dante begins one of his finest poems by telling of coming 'to the dark wood,'" the bishop said. "You have been in the dark wood of despair, Paul. You must find your way out. God must have a purpose for your life. It is up to us to find it." Patiently, and with gentleness, he told Scott that the way out of his dark wood was to endure his misfortune with courage. "Do not reject the burden," he advised. "Pick it up, Paul, and you will find it sweet."

When Scott spoke of how hard it was to bear the humiliation of disfigurement, Bishop Sheen said, "Physical beauty is the most transitory of God's gifts," and told him this story. "On one plane trip I talked for a time to the stewardess, an extraordinarily beautiful girl. I remarked, 'The gift that God gives and gets back least often is beauty.' She seemed puzzled by my words, or perhaps troubled.

"Two years later, that stewardess called to see me. 'I've always remembered what you told me,' she said, '—that the gift God gives and gets back least often is beauty. I'm ready to do what I can to serve God.' I told her I would phone her when I found a place for her. Today that beautiful girl is serving in a colony for leprosy patients in Vietnam."

No Self-Pity. Although he urged Scott to face his problem with fortitude, the bishop did not minimize the difficulty. "You will never have many friends," he said, "but those

you do have will be true friends."

The first of those true friends was Bishop Sheen. About once a week he invited Scott to his residence to dinner. Because it was difficult for Paul to use his hands, the bishop cut his meat for him. He helped him find and furnish a small flat. Whenever the bishop appeared on television he invited Scott to sit in the audience.

Constantly the bishop sought to strengthen the young man's spirits. He quoted André Maurois: "Even if we must suffer misfortune we can overcome it by our manner of enduring it."

"Suffering can make the sufferer curse God, as Job's wife asked him to do," he warned. "Yet adversity borne with fortitude makes the sufferer a nobler person."

For all his sympathy, the bishop would not allow Scott to indulge in self-pity. "There are ten million leprosy patients in the world," the bishop once told him. "And *you* are cured." He reminded him of the Biblical account of the ten lepers cured by Christ, and only one came back to thank Him. "Have you ever thanked God that you have been cured?"

That set Scott thinking. He remembered the nuns at the hospital, uncomplainingly devoting their lives to the patients. He recalled Dr. Daniel Riordan, who had performed the 16 operations on his crippled hands, trying again and again with a new surgical technique to restore

their usefulness. He thought of his friend and fellow-patient Stanley Stein, waging an unrelenting campaign to strip the veil of superstition and fear from leprosy—even though he himself was blind as a result of it. Above all, he had the example of Bishop Sheen, taking time and trouble to bring cheer into his life. Paul Scott gradually began to make his way out of the dark wood of despair.

New Friends. Slowly, Paul Scott's spirits were strengthened and his bitterness disappeared. Yet at times he still suffered from loneliness. "Friendship is like most things of value," the bishop told him. "It is not easily found. But there is value even in loneliness. It will help you to appreciate the importance of friendship when it comes to you. And it will come."

Then, as the bishop had predicted, Paul found new friends. A woman in the office where he worked said to him, "I would like to be your friend." Another suggested that she thought his appearance could be improved by plastic surgery.

"But plastic surgery is expensive," Scott said.

"Don't worry about that," the woman said. She sent him to see two of New York's top plastic surgeons. Over a two-year period four operations were performed, bringing about a marked improvement in Scott's appearance. All of the operations and hospital treatment were provided free by the two doctors. As

Scott tried to thank them, Bishop Sheen's words came back to him: "You will never have many friends. But those you do have will be true friends."

Soon there were other friends. A prominent society woman heard about Scott and befriended him. Her husband, a well-known architect, used to visit him in his little flat. Then a woman television producer asked Scott to help her with a film on leprosy she was making. When the film was completed, she invited him to her home to see it. After the preview there was a party with champagne and dancing. At one point, a lovely-looking girl, in conversation with Scott, discovered that his birthday was the same as hers, and spontaneously kissed him.

"You'd better wipe off the lipstick," she said.

"No," Scott said wistfully. "It's been a long, long time since I've been kissed by a pretty girl."

Today Scott sometimes visits the television producer and her husband, or baby-sits for them when they go on trips. There are a few other

friends. And he still sees Bishop Sheen frequently.

He feels alive again. He realizes that his life will never be completely normal, but he has found the strength to meet the problems he faces. Friendships now seem as precious as rubies. The simplest act of companionship—a date for lunch, an afternoon at the beach with a friend, an hour of conversation—these are moments to be cherished. He has indeed found his way out of the "dark wood."

Paul Scott's spirits got their greatest lift not long ago when he tried to thank Bishop Sheen again for all he had done for him. "You have given me your friendship, your time, everything I have," Scott said, "and I have nothing to give you."

"That's not so, Paul," the bishop said. "You give me strength."

Hansen's disease (the correct medical name for leprosy) is now completely curable by sulphone drugs. With early diagnosis and prompt treatment, it no longer need result in disfigurement or crippling. Moreover, it is probably the least communicable of diseases.



Paid Back—With Interest

Some years ago, the airport in Rio de Janeiro was overrun with cats. The animal-loving Brazilians, not wishing to destroy them, found another solution. Every time a plane was loaded with cargo and baggage, one cat went in the hold, and was delivered at Belem, the next cargo stop.

For a time Rio airport was free of surplus cats. Then, with clockwork regularity, planes arriving in Rio from Belem began to discharge litters of kittens.

—S.F.E.

New Life for the Dead Sea

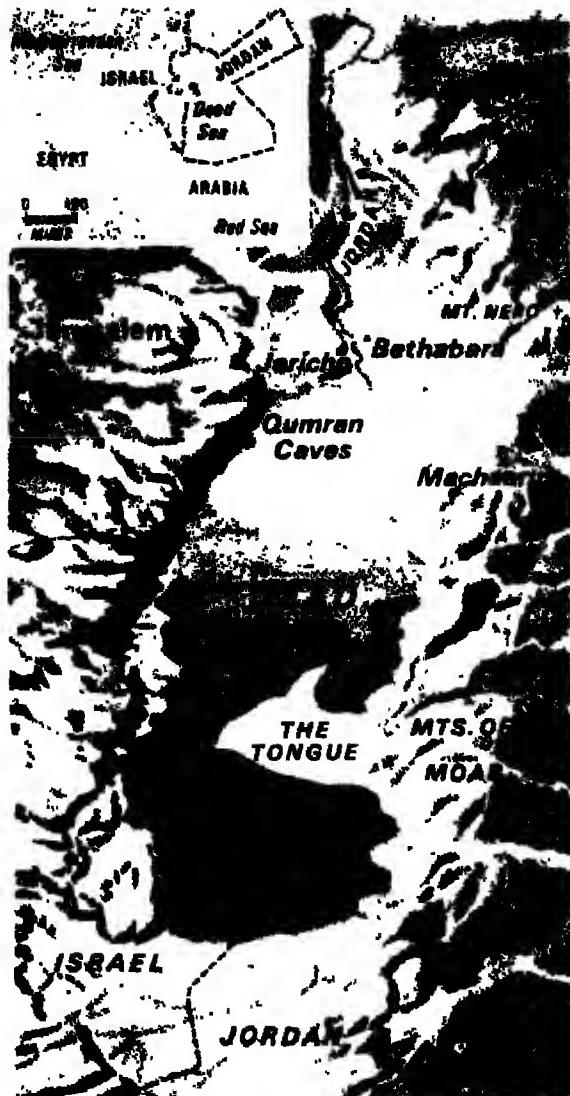
BY GORDON GASKILL

SOME YEARS ago, when British flying boats landed regularly on the Dead Sea, pilots liked to startle passengers with the announcement: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are now flying at an altitude of 1,000 feet below sea-level . . ."

Did he say *below* sea-level? Indeed he did. For the Dead Sea is the lowest spot on the earth's surface, more than 1,300 feet below the level of normal seas and oceans. Here, millions of years ago, the earth suddenly split open and made what later came to be called the Great Rift Valley, which stretches from Asia Minor nearly 4,000 miles down into Africa. Where the crack is deepest—in the Holy Land between Jordan and Israel—its bottom is some 2,600 feet below normal sea-level. And here the crack is half-filled with water, an acrid witches' brew called the Dead Sea. Actually, the bitter sea is only a lake, but this strange body of water has fascinations found nowhere else.

Shunned for centuries as an unwholesome place, the Dead Sea is being boosted today as a *health* resort. Its shores buzz with growing

Shunned for centuries as unwholesome, this strange lake is now a health resort for visitors to the Holy Land



NEW LIFE FOR THE DEAD SEA

thousands of tourists, drawn by new health spas as well as by ancient Biblical associations. Nearly all visitors to Jerusalem these days allow a few hours to visit the Dead Sea, a mere 14 airline miles to the east.

Israel and Jordan divide the Sea between them. Jordan's portion, to the north and east, is nearly three times as large as Israel's southwestern corner. Each claims the world's lowest this or that. Israel boasts the world's lowest post office—in an air-conditioned place called Lot's Wife's Inn. On the Jordanian tip of the Sea, an ultramodern hotel offers the "world's lowest cabaret show," and a player in its casino jokes that he is getting the world's lowest gambling odds.

Deadly Brine. For untold ages, water from the Jordan River and many smaller streams has been flowing into this dead-end Dead Sea which has no exit—except straight up, via evaporation, at an average rate of something like seven million tons of water per day. Of course only fresh water escapes this way, leaving behind all salts and minerals. Thus, over the centuries, these waters have become ever denser, thicker, heavier, saltier. Today they are about 27 per cent salt, more than five times saltier than average sea water, and so heavy that a quart weighs 48 ounces compared with about 40 ounces for fresh water.

It is generally said that no life can

exist in these acrid waters—hence the name Dead Sea, first used by Saint Jerome about 1,500 years ago. Scientists, however, have recently found that certain tiny bacteria and algae *do* exist in the Sea. But that is all. Every year the Jordan River flood sweeps thousands of its fresh-water fish to death in the dense brine. Nor does it taste like good honest sea water. It is a nauseous mixture, with magnesium bromide giving it a bitter taste. A glass or two will make you violently sick, and might even kill you. No wonder there is hardly any pleasure-boating or sports activity on these waters that look so blue, so innocent, so inviting.

Nasty or not, the Dead Sea is today worth a fortune. A recent estimate says it holds something like 45,000 million tons of valuable chemicals, mainly sodium, chlorine, sulphur, potassium, calcium, magnesium and bromine. Common salt has been taken from here since earliest times, and now Israel has decided to gamble heavily on the other chemicals, especially treasured in a land otherwise poor in minerals.

The first step in a costly crash programme has been to find a way of drying out greater quantities of the Sea's salts. The Sea itself will be used for the purpose. Late this year, all Israel's half of the southern, shallow part of the Dead Sea will be enclosed by about 30 miles of dikes containing the world's largest collection of evaporating pans. The

total Israeli investment now tops Rs. 75 crores.

Extracting the chemicals is a curious operation. All raw materials and fuel are "free." Evaporation is done by the sun's fierce rays. Potash (potassium chloride) is the principal product, with an ever-rising world demand for it as a plant food. Israel expects to raise annual production to more than a million tons within a year or so. Even at this extraction rate, there will be enough to draw on to supply the whole world's potash needs for more than 200 years.

Anxious to compete with her neighbour in the chemical race, Jordan recently invited foreign experts to design a chemical-extracting plant for *her* part of the Dead Sea. She hopes to build an installation capable of producing about 500,000 tons of potash a year.

Tomb of Moses? Though Jordan lags far behind in chemical extraction, she is far ahead in reaping the tourist money that the Sea attracts. One morning I sat out in the middle of the Sea aboard a Jordanian coastguard boat. Here, with one sweep of the eye round the horizon, you can see more hallowed spots than anywhere else on earth. The names echo like great bells.

Look straight north. There the sacred River Jordan rolls in. See the clump of treetops a few miles upstream? That is revered as Bethabara, where Jesus was baptized, and where the wandering

Israelites under Joshua crossed over Jordan into the Promised Land. Those rooftops off to the left? Ancient Jericho, now superbly excavated, where the walls came tumbling down. That barren height looming up behind Jericho is the Mount of Temptation, where Jesus resisted Satan's lures. A bit more to the left, see that dark hole up in the cliff face? That is the most famous of the Qumran caves, where in 1947 an Arab shepherd boy went in search of a strayed animal and found the first of the priceless Dead Sea scrolls.

Now look farther to the northeast. That high, hazy peak is Mount Nebo (or Pisgah), where Moses stood to gaze out over the Promised Land. Jordan has built breathtaking roads up into these hills so that tourists can come here, especially to see the so-called "tomb of Moses." There is not a crumb of proof that Moses is really buried there. (He was probably interred secretly so that enemy tribes could not desecrate the tomb.) But the real site cannot be far away, and the view is overwhelming.

These mountains, which stretch all the way down the eastern, Jordan-held shore of the Sea are the fabled Mountains of Moab. The cliffs in many places rise straight up from the water—dramatic, awesome, almost inaccessible. High up in the hills stand the ruins of Machaerus, Herod the Great's fortress-palace, where his son Herod Antipas

imprisoned and beheaded John the Baptist.

The western shore of the Sea, which is divided between Israel and Jordan, is the wild, trackless Wilderness of Judah. Not much has changed since the days when Jesus wandered these desolate, dry places. Just south of the border is the strange, incredible place called En-Gedi, "the fountain of the kid." In a near-by cave, David hid from Saul, and snipped off a bit of the sleeping king's garment. But the wonder here now is in the gushing springs which, together with the blazing sunshine, make this a kind of natural hot-house. Here at En-Gedi they can grow just about anything—and grow it months earlier than anywhere else in Israel.

To the south, Israeli archaeologists have excavated (with the volunteer help of young people from dozens of countries) the great fortress of Masada, which on one side has a sheer drop of some 1,500 feet. It is a national shrine, for here, in 73 A.D., about 960 Jewish men, women and children decided to kill themselves rather than surrender after a Roman siege lasting three years.

The sea-side road along Israel's part of the shore is becoming dotted with small hotels and sanatoriums, mostly clustered near the mineral springs that bubble up here. The springs have a reputation for healing a variety of ailments, and the warm, sunny climate

makes this a fine winter resort. You can walk in shirtsleeves, or swim—when there is snow in nearby Jerusalem.

Search for Sodom. The southwestern end of the Sea is the subject of scholarly disputation. Where are—or were—the ancient, sinful cities of Sodom and Gomorrah? Nobody doubts that the cities were somewhere round here, and were destroyed by some natural cataclysm. But how? Fire and brimstone are not out of the question: there is plenty of combustible stuff like sulphur, bitumen, natural gas and asphalt to catch fire—possibly from lightning. But some old legends suggest that the cities were also drowned and, in fact, some scholars now suspect that they may well be *under* the Dead Sea—most probably beneath that lower part of it almost cut off from the rest by a flat peninsula called the Tongue ("Lisan" in Arabic), which sticks out from the eastern shore.

There are many reasons to believe that this whole southern part of the Sea, which is much shallower than the part north of the Tongue, did not exist until relatively recent times. On one fatal day, we may imagine, the earth trembled and sank—perhaps only a few feet, but enough to let in the Dead Sea through the narrow channel west of the Tongue, and inundate the now vanished southern plain.

An archaeological discovery last year has set up an excited buzz:

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right on the Tongue an enormous cemetery was found, with at least 20,000 tombs and probably many more, full of pottery dating from the fall of Sodom and Gomorrah (tradition says about 1900 B.C.) or earlier. The huge cemetery must mean that a large city or cities stood near by. Why not Sodom and Gomorrah?

Before long it may be a simple job to dig not only the Tongue but the near-by sea bottom, for the Dead Sea is dying—or drying—at a rate never before known. The Sea was once about four times as large as it is now, and much higher. (Far up, on the flanks of the Mountains of Moab, you can still see straight terraces which were, perhaps 100,000 years ago, the ancient shorelines.) In the new drying pans at the southern end, which will cover about one-eighth of the Sea's present surface, evaporation losses will be increased more than tenfold. Furthermore, both Jordan and Israel are tapping ever more water from the Sea's only big source, the Jordan River, for badly needed irrigation.

Between them, these two countries are now taking about one-fifth of the Jordan's normal yearly flow—which could mean about a ten-inch yearly drop in the Sea's level. It seems likely that within perhaps

as little as ten years, the Dead Sea will lose its entire shallow southern portion. In a few centuries, the far deeper northern part could dry up, too, leaving a sort of frozen lake, a huge expanse of dried white chemical salts in solid layers hundreds of feet deep.

Unless, that is, man decides to keep the Dead Sea alive artificially. There is a proposal to do just that, suggested in 1944 by geophysicist Walter Lowdermilk. As the Jordan's water is put to better use elsewhere, his plan would replace it with sea water from the Mediterranean only about 50 miles away. A tunnel-cum-canal would be cut through the mountains, allowing sea water to rush through in controlled amounts. This fascinating but so far too costly project would generate dazzling amounts of electric power during the great 1,300-foot drop. It would also save the Dead Sea.

And this is the hope of tourists, pilgrims, sentimentalists. On my last evening, as I sat on the ancient shore and watched the dying sun spread rose and gold over the Mountains of Moab, over the Wilderness of Judah, over the briny blue waters, I could only feel that it would be unthinkable to let the Dead Sea disappear for ever.

*E*VERY society has its own approved form of insanity; America's is called Adjustment, which is a circular social movement in which each one is adjusting to another one, and no one knows whom the first is adjusting to.

—Sydney Harris, *Last Things First*

*Marriage is the
most exhilarating,
soul-satisfying career
a woman can have*

Adventures in Being a Wife

BY RUTH STAFFORD PEALE

As a clergyman's wife, I'm asked to speak occasionally to church groups and women's clubs. Quite often, when I do, a woman will come up to me afterwards and bewail the monotony of her life. She feels trapped, she's frustrated, her talents are withering on the vine. But what, she adds with a despairing shrug, can she do? After all, she's only a wife.

Only a wife! At times I feel like taking the woman by the shoulders and shaking her. Here you are, I want to say, caught up in the most marvellous adventure a woman can experience, and you don't even know it.

Thirty-six years of being a wife have utterly convinced me that no job, no hobby, no activity on earth can compare with the drama and exhilaration of living with a man, loving him, doing your best to understand his infinitely complex mechanism and helping to make it hum and sing and soar the way it was designed to do.

Is this easy? Of course not. It takes skill and selflessness. You have to use your heart and your head. But it can be done, and when it is—well, what is adventure? It's the discovery of new powers and new dimensions, the opportunity for self-testing, the happiness that comes from high achievement. These are the promises hidden in every marriage—if only a woman will reach out and claim them.

If I were invited into a young

wife's kitchen to have a cup of coffee and talk about what she might do to make and keep her marriage exciting, here are some of the suggestions I would offer.

Study your man, as if he were a strange and rare and fascinating animal—which indeed he is! Study him ceaselessly, because he will be constantly changing. Take pride in his strengths and achievements, but analyse his areas of weakness, too. Before my two daughters were married, I told them: "You have fallen in love. You're dazzled by a man's brilliance, his confidence, his charm. You have yet to encounter his uncertainties and inadequacies. But this is where you can *really* love him, *really* help him, *really* be a wife."

Respect his work. When you marry a man, you also marry his job. At times you may even feel that the job comes before you. It doesn't really, but doing his work well means as much to a man as motherhood does to a woman—and for much the same reasons.

Learn the tricky and challenging art of absorption. A lot of unsuccessful wives seem to regard themselves as divinely-appointed receiving stations for love. They're constantly concerned with how much attention and affection they're getting. Certainly a wife is entitled to love and loyalty. But she also has to be ready to absorb irritability on the part of her husband at times, flashes of displaced anger, discontent with his

own performance. These things have to find an outlet somewhere. If a wife can think of herself as a kind of lightning rod that conducts fear and frustration harmlessly into the ground, not only will she be of inestimable value to her husband but she will grow tremendously as a person herself.

And remember: even when a man becomes successful, and knows it, some hidden, sensitive, unsure part of him continues to need the unquestioning support and loyalty of a loving woman.

Most men desperately need a sounding board against which to test ideas, hopes, dreams, ambitions, problems, inner conflicts that they can't resolve alone. They need a woman to whom they can confide their innermost thoughts and feelings without fear of ridicule or rejection.

Creative listening involves response, communication, exchange of ideas. But there are also times when a wife has to be silent, has to bite her tongue, hold back the sharp words that will turn an argument into a fight, or a bad situation into a worse one. No doubt her husband has an equal responsibility. But I think that a man's job, basically, is to tame the world; a wife's job is to control herself—and indirectly her husband.

Let him know that you need him. Not long ago an outraged young wife told me that she was fed up with her husband's roving eye. She

was going to tell him off, divorce him if he so much as looked at another woman. I said to her, "Do you really want a solution to all this? Then go to your husband. Ask him to put his arms round you. When he does, say to him, 'Darling, I'm hurt. I'm unhappy, and I think you know why. I'm your wife. Please hold me. Please help me.' That's all you have to do. The admission of your need of his love will work miracles that no amount of anger can."

Use your talents. Marriage need not limit your horizons. If you have a gift for design, or photography, or decorating, or writing poetry—any talent at all—don't let it gather dust; use it to expand your marriage.

A brilliant girl I know, who got a first-class degree and went on to graduate work, now has three small children and all the attendant household chores. "I need every single thing I learned at university," she maintains, "to understand my husband's business, to run his home efficiently and to keep myself aware of what's going on in the world."

There are so many little common-sense don'ts that help a wife to make marriage an adventure. For example, don't make an issue over small things. Overlook them and you will find that your opinion carries a lot more weight in big things.

Don't be afraid to compromise—compromise doesn't mean giving in. It's simply an adult way of acknowledging that there are points of view other than your own in this complex

world, and realizing that some of them may occasionally be right.

Don't be alarmed if you and your husband differ about some things. Marriage is a partnership, not a merger of identities. Don't keep fretting over irretrievable mistakes. Everybody makes them. The best thing to do is learn from them and then forget them.

There are many small common-sense do's as well as don'ts. Expand and develop the art of sharing—not just the big, serious things, but the little, delightful things: the book you're reading, the joke that you hear and hoard for him, the sunset you call him out to watch, the entrancing, unbelievable thing your three-year-old said.

Perhaps the simplest and most inclusive of all rules for successful wives is this: try to please your husband. Does he like neatness? You can be neat. Does he like friends around him? Learn to entertain. Is his job an exacting one? Make his home an oasis of quietness in a noisy world. Does he want you near? Thank heaven—and be available.

"To love and to cherish, till death us do part . . ." this is the great, soul-satisfying role of a wife. And never make the mistake of thinking it a secondary role. Where the ship of matrimony is concerned, your husband may be the engine, but you're the rudder—and it's the rudder that determines where the ship will go!

*You may be heir to
an American legacy—and
not know about it*

Fortunes for the Finding

BY GEOFFREY LUCY

MONEY and property valued at an estimated Rs. 11,250 crores (15,000 million dollars) is lying unclaimed in the United States, ready for the taking. Much of this treasure—made up of abandoned, forgotten or unheard-of savings deposits, shares, dividends, legacies and government bonds—belongs to missing heirs in other parts of the world—mainly Europe.

But these millions will not long remain without an owner, for a heated race is going on between two groups of "fortune hunters." On the one hand are the governments of American states, reaching out to appropriate funds "abandoned" within their borders.* Four states

* In theory most states hold the funds "in custody" for the absent owners. In practice, only a small part of the money is ever claimed. The rest is spent on public services—schools and hospitals. Some states employ professional investigators to track down unclaimed fortunes.

out of five now have laws enabling them to seize a wide variety of such property and money after an average of ten years. On the other hand, increasing numbers of special detectives are staging sweeping manhunts to find the owners. Some 25 full-time "tracing" firms in the United States, and at least as many in Europe, are competing with each other for a fee or a cut—usually about one-third.

Working from leads spotted in public records, the tracing firms search the world for the rightful heirs. Their clues come from parish registers, old telephone and street directories, tombstone inscriptions, hoarded letters, newspaper files, shopkeepers' ledgers, neighbours' gossip, and a dozen other sources. Having found their quarry, they offer a standard proposition: "I've located some money for you which,

Adapted from an article by Allen Rankin in The Lion

FORTUNES FOR THE FINDING

I believe, you'd never have known about if it hadn't been for my efforts. Will you sign this contract to pay me a percentage of the money if I'm successful in getting it for you? If I don't succeed, you will not owe me a thing."

There are firms of tracing agents in many European countries outside the Iron Curtain. Some are one-man agencies for larger concerns. Others, such as the firms of Coutot and Andriveau in France, are old-established organizations with several branches, copies of millions of birth, marriage and death certificates, extensive libraries, and years of experience in locating lost heirs. Their work has poignant variety.

A few years ago, Maurice Coutot, an elegant Frenchman whose firm is one of Europe's largest tracing organizations, got news of a 100,000-dollar (Rs. 7.5 lakhs) American estate left by a woman who had emigrated from Paris at the turn of the century. She had made no will, and the only clue to any direct heir was a letter she had received from Paris in 1921. "I saw Murielle," it read. "She looks like you. She has been working as a maid since the age of 14 and came to see me with her employer. I gave her 20 francs to pay for the railway fare."

From the amount of the fare, Coutot deduced that Murielle had been living about 40 miles away. The name of the girl's adopted mother was mentioned in the letter, so Coutot sent his investigators to

search through the records of every town hall that was 40 miles from Paris. In a small town at almost exactly the predicted distance, one investigator found Murielle's sister by adoption. She said that Murielle had married, but had died several years previously, leaving two children. Coutot traced the children, proved their identity, and bestowed on them the legacy from a grandmother they had never known.

For an abandoned-child case, this was comparatively easy to solve. Parents who forsake their children usually cover or tangle their tracks so thoroughly that the trail cannot be followed. When Walter Lynes Smith died intestate in America after the war, leaving 90,000 dollars (then worth Rs. 6.75 lakhs), no birth certificate could be found. Intensive enquiries revealed that he was in fact the son of a British colonel believed to be named Thorp, who had persuaded an American family to adopt the five-year-old boy and had then disappeared. British tracing agents tried to track down any record of the colonel, in case he had other descendants who could claim the money, but every enquiry came to nothing. Eventually the estate was seized by U.S. state authorities.

Britain's largest tracing firm, founded 40 years ago, is run from London by Charles Smith. He works with three American groups of tracers who pass information on to him when the trail leads to Europe. In the last six years he has

traced heirs to more than 100 U.S. fortunes. Two out of every three cases lead nowhere, and he has to bear the expenses himself; when he has a success, he waits for an average of three years before the inheritance is paid and he gets his commission.

Occasionally a case is cleared up within a few hours. The day after hearing of a 40,000-dollar (Rs. 3 lakhs) fortune in America, one of Smith's men located all the heirs, though not one of them had even heard of their dead benefactor. But most cases take months or even years of patient detective work.

When Anne Parfoot died in Wisconsin, U.S.A., Smith had a solitary clue to work on—the name of a village where, it was rumoured, she lived before she married and emigrated to America. Smith's investigators found a remote village of that name in Scotland; they questioned the local clergy, searched registers, ledgers, press cuttings and graveyards, talked to tradesmen and the oldest inhabitants. Nobody had ever heard of Anne Parfoot. But Smith rarely drops a promising case until he has worked on it for six years. He eventually discovered that there was another village of the same name in Northern Ireland. His investigators began their questioning again, found the former vicar who put them in touch with his predecessor—who remembered burying Anne Parfoot's parents. Enough information was obtained from the tombstone to track down several cousins,

who shared their unknown relative's 30,000-dollar (Rs. 2.25 lakhs) fortune four years after her death.

Debts, legal costs and spurious claimants can reduce a fortune to a derisory sum. A Belgian woman who settled in America left a substantial bank balance, and also a locked safe, which was opened in the presence of state officials and found to be full of banknotes. European tracers got busy searching for the dead woman's relatives in Belgium, Austria, Holland and Britain, and eventually an excited group of co-heirs prepared to share nearly four million dollars (Rs. 3 crores). But U.S. fiscal authorities discovered that she had paid no tax on her undeclared income and they seized most of the money. Then 30 spurious claimants appeared, attracted by news of the fortune; although they were not related to the dead woman and had no legal right to her fortune, they threatened to take their claims to court. To avoid costly litigation, the rightful heirs decided to buy off the claimants. When everybody had been paid, the dozen co-heirs had only 700,000 dollars (Rs. 52 lakhs) to share.

Tracers sometimes need strong nerves to withstand the tricks of fortune. An American woman recluse died and left 600,000 dollars (Rs. 45 lakhs), but no documents to indicate an heir. Working on a neighbour's belief that she had a son who lived in England, Charles Smith searched for a man with her

name—until he learned that she had changed her own name, and her son's several times. Eventually Smith tracked him down, but the woman's brother appeared, declared his sister had left everything to him, and insisted there was a will.

Smith thought this was merely a ruse to gain time—until a solicitor produced proof that a will had indeed been made long ago. While the search for the will was going on, Smith and his client were on tenterhooks. At last the document was found: the woman had divided her fortune between her son and her nephew. As her brother's child was dead, Smith's client received everything—and Smith got his fee.

Luck plays a large part in the tracers' business. Once, when Smith had failed to track down the Irish heirs to an American legacy, one of his assistants noticed that the name of the dead man's mother was the same as his own. He decided to investigate his family tree—and discovered that the mother was his great-great-grandfather's daughter, born in Ireland in 1785. As a result, his father and two of his aunts joined the beneficiaries.

One of the oldest European tracing firms is Hoerner-Bank in West Germany, which has a special advantage in the quest for lost heirs. In the nineteenth century, three public notaries in Heilbronn, Württemberg, had the duty of escorting "undesirable elements" to the nearest seaport, handing them their

passage money to America, and seeing that they sailed. In the following years, the notaries came to act as middlemen between these exiles and their families in Germany. The "undesirables" did so well that today Hoerner-Bank, formed by the merging of the three notary firms, does a profitable business in ensuring that legacies left by these men and their descendants reach their lawful European heirs.

Another major West German tracer is Joachim-Friedrich Moser, whose Baden-Baden firm has found more than 20,000 missing heirs. Sometimes he has been able to put right the wrongs of the past. Early this century a German soldier became the father of a baby girl, and fled to America to avoid a paternity order. He prospered in his new country, and when he died in California he left about 100,000 dollars (Rs. 7.5 lakhs). His sister produced a will which made her sole heiress—but it was proved to be a forgery. Moser was asked to find all the lawful heirs and, just when the search seemed to be complete, he came across a letter written from America by the soldier, asking if his daughter was still alive. Moser tracked her down and, under Californian law, she inherited the entire estate of the father she had never seen.

Scandinavia and Finland have official organizations which track down the heirs to estates at home, and overseas, usually making a small fixed charge plus lawyer's

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fees. The Legacy Bureau of the Swedish Foreign Office deals with about 1,200 cases a year (mostly from the United States) totalling more than Rs. 2 crores, and charges up to seven per cent of the legacy.

These official organizations are often able to protect citizens from fleecing by unscrupulous operators. An elderly Swede was told by a foreign woman that he was the heir to a Rs. 8,400 (6,000 Swedish *kronor*) legacy left by his first cousin, Jenny Svensson, who had died in America. When the woman asked him to make her his legal representative he prudently consulted the Legacy Bureau, where he was advised to have no dealings with her. In the meantime the Bureau received official news of Jenny Svensson's death. The lawful heir appeared to be Jenny's brother, but Bureau experts discovered that he, too, was dead, and her heir was, in fact, the elderly man. The legacy, however, was not Rs. 8,400, as the woman had said, but Rs. 84,000.

Many Europeans anglicized their names when they emigrated to America. Olsson became Wilson or Oliver, Berg became Berry, Björkegren was simplified into Burke. This complicates the task of tracers. Maurice Coutot was baffled when he first began work on the case of a German emigrant named Weaver, who had died in Chicago without leaving any known descendants. Apart from the fact that his father had been a soldier in the Duchy of

Baden in 1828, there was not a single clue. Coutot checked in the Duchy's military records, but found no reference to any soldier named Weaver. Suddenly it occurred to him that the German word for weaver is *Weber*, and he searched the records again. He found his man, and was subsequently able to locate all the emigrant's heirs.

Now and then a beneficiary refuses to accept a legacy. Two old men living in a remote district of Norway were told by their State Department that they were to receive a large inheritance from America. They shook their heads; they were doing fine, they said, and stubbornly refused to take a single dollar, and the money remained in America.

Another beneficiary, whose entire future would have been altered by the important American legacy she had been left, is probably still unaware of it. After several years of fruitless investigation, Coutot picked up her trail. Several times his agents almost caught up with her, but each time she moved on just before they could speak to her. Finally she flew abroad, and the trail was lost.

"Later," says Coutot, "I learned that she had embezzled a small sum of money, and thought that my agents were detectives. Her theft was only a fraction of the legacy I was trying to give her. She was robbed—by her own guilty conscience."



The Owl Who Was Crossed

BY JAMES THURBER

ONCE upon a starless midnight there was an owl who sat on the branch of an oak tree. Two moles tried to slip quietly by, unnoticed. "You!" said the owl. "Who?" they quavered, in fear and astonishment. "You two!" said the owl.

The moles hurried away and told the other creatures of the forest that the owl was the greatest and wisest of all animals because he could see in the dark and could answer any question.

"I'll see about that," said a secretary bird, and he called on the owl. "How many claws am I holding up?" said the secretary bird. "Two," said the owl. "Can you give

me another expression for 'that is to say,' or 'namely'?" asked the secretary bird. "To wit," said the owl. "Why does a lover call on his love?" asked the secretary bird. "To woo," said the owl.

The secretary bird hastened back to the other creatures and reported that the owl was indeed the greatest and wisest because he could see in the dark and answer any question. "Can he see in the daytime, too?" asked a fox.

All the other creatures laughed loudly at this silly question. Then they sent a messenger to the owl and asked him to be their leader.

When the owl appeared among the animals it was high noon and

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the sun was shining brightly. He walked very slowly, which gave him an appearance of great dignity, and he peered about him with large, staring eyes, which gave him an air of tremendous importance.

"He's God!" screamed a hen. And the others took up the cry, "He's God!"

So they followed him wherever he went, and when he bumped into things they bumped into things, too. He came to a concrete highway, and he started up the middle of it and all the other creatures followed him.

Presently a hawk observed a truck coming towards them at 50 miles an

hour, and he reported to the secretary bird and the secretary bird reported to the owl. "There's danger ahead," said the secretary bird. "To wit?" said the owl. The secretary bird told him. "Aren't you afraid?" he asked. "Who?" said the owl calmly, for he could not see the truck. "He's God!" cried all the creatures again, and they were still crying, "He's God!" when the truck hit them and ran them down. Some of the animals were merely injured, but most of them, including the owl, were killed.

Moral: You can fool too many of the people too much of the time.



No Tax Relief

THE taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid by the government were the only ones, we might easily discharge them. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us.

—Benjamin Franklin

* * *

Nothing New

NINETEEN hundred years ago, Martial, the Roman epigrammist, wrote:

The golden hair that Calla wears
Is hers; who would have thought it?
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears.
For I know where she bought it.

Where the elusive Vietcong disappear, it is often into an amazing world under the ground. Ferreting them out can be a difficult job

“Tunnel Rats” v. the Red Moles of Vietnam

A U.S. MARINE patrol pushes through the scrub brush and hedgerows of Quangngai Province in Vietnam. The lead squad spots an unusual pile of brush. Approaching with rifle ready, one man kicks the brush aside. He uncovers a little hole two feet wide. The men know what they have found: another communist mole-hole.

The word is passed back: “Felipe to the front.”

Felipe has been summoned because he is an 8½-stone featherweight, slim enough to squeeze through the twists and bends of the Vietcong tunnels. In the dirty, frightening war in Vietnam, it’s the

smallest soldiers who get stuck with the dirtiest, most frightening job of all. They call themselves the Tunnel Rats.

Felipe pauses to shrug off his equipment. The sergeant hands him a flashlight, a loaded and cocked automatic pistol, and a pair of rubber earplugs to save his eardrums from concussion. A rifle is no good in the close quarters of a tunnel. A lieutenant who found room to use one was asphyxiated as the rapid fire ate up the little oxygen in his tiny nook.

“Take care,” his buddies say as Felipe wriggles into the hole. They huddle round, waiting. If there are any Vietcong down there, Felipe

Condensed from articles by Joseph Galloway, United Press International; Time; John T. Wheeler, Associated Press

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will find them the hard way. The flashlight makes him an easy target.

The seconds stretch into minutes. Suddenly Felipe's head appears 20 yards down the hedgerow at a cleverly concealed back door to the tunnel.

"It's all clear, Sarge. No one at home today. But I found some papers." He comes out into the sun, grinning. Dirt, sweat, and the dank smell of the tunnel cling to him.

A thin plastic satchel disgorges a wad of documents. The Vietnamese interpreter tells the marines that they are receipts showing how much rice and money a Vietcong tax agent has collected from the local farmers. The marines pass on, leaving two engineers behind to destroy the tunnel with a three-pound bundle of TNT and plastic explosive.

Before the day is over, Felipe will have ferreted out the passages of 15 or 20 tunnels. Each time he runs the risk of meeting the enemy nose to nose, below ground—while his friends stand ten feet overhead, unable to help. If the tunnel is particularly large, a tear-gas grenade will be tossed in before he enters. Then he must wear a bulky gas mask. The fact that the Vietcong frequently booby-trap their tunnels with grenades, stake pits and even poisonous vipers doesn't add to the Tunnel Rats' peace of mind.

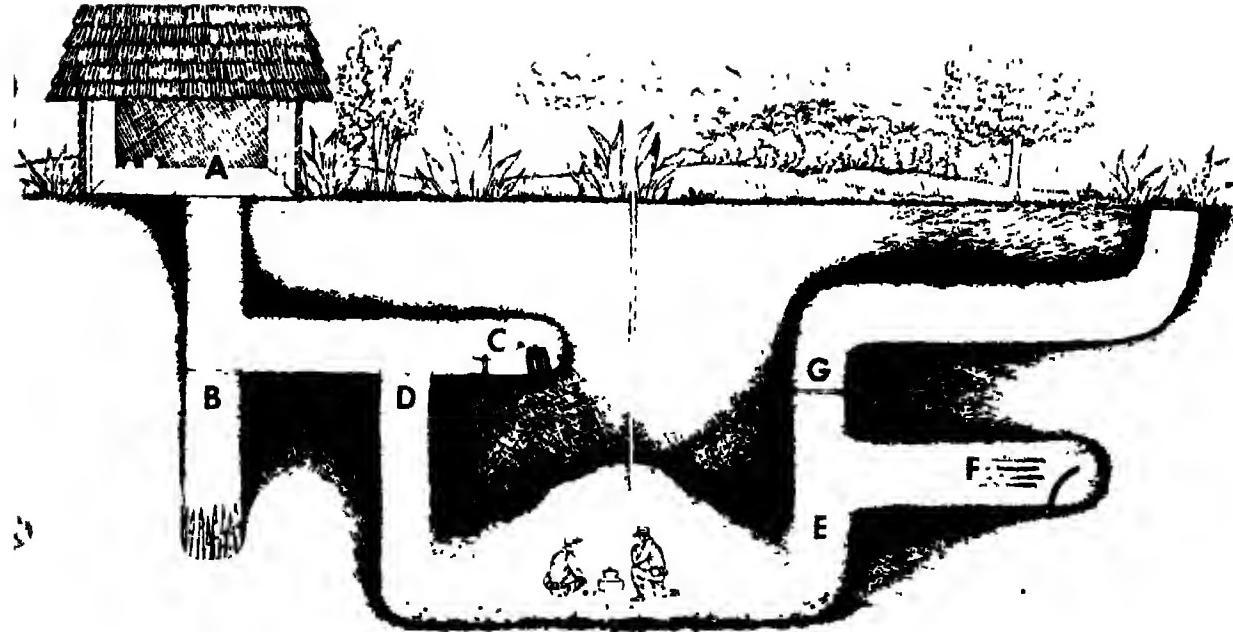
To the Vietcong, a shovel is as important as a rifle. Steadily increasing pressure from their enemy's ground and air power has helped to

push the Reds underground, and in the past few years they have carved out a subterranean Vietnam just as complex as the surface one. Every city is ringed by miles of intricate tunnels. Redoubts are riddled with sniper-manned "spider-holes," command bunkers, storage vaults, even underground hospitals with electricity and running water.

The Reds dig round the clock. Hard-core Vietcong troops often dig for an hour each morning instead of doing P.T., but most of the excavation is done by three-man teams of "volunteers"—usually village boys and girls impressed for the duty—who are expected to dig three yards of tunnel a day. The results are amazing.

At Cu Chi, for example, the American 25th Infantry Division found a vast, multi-tiered tunnel system—part of a sophisticated network which stretches perhaps 35 miles from just west of Saigon to the Cambodian border. Begun 20 years ago during the war against the French, it had survived countless bombings, infantry operations and powerful smoke and tear-gas attacks.

Vietcong tunnels are shored with bamboo, and take right-angle turns roughly every ten yards to baffle the blast of charges dropped into them. The Vietcong attach rodents in open-top cages to the earth roofs to bore breathing holes to the surface. Headquarter complexes also have primitive "early-warning" systems



One Vietcong Tunnel System

A surprise visit from government or American troops sends Vietcong underground. Disappearing through entrance (A), which is usually concealed under a floor mat, the last man down removes the protective cover from the spike pit (B) and proceeds onward, setting the grenade trap (C) and closing the camouflaged lid (D) leading to the main room. Here the fugitives can sleep and cook, sustained by a hollow bamboo air vent. Should the pursuers get past both traps, the Vietcong climb up (E), connect trip wire to arrow trap (F), close lid (G) behind them and continue on to an exit.

for air attack: conical pits 15 feet deep, from the bottom of which a man can hear a plane miles away, as if he were resting in the cup of a giant ear.

Occasionally a tunnel appears to have reached a dead end—but careful inspection of the floor will reveal a trapdoor covering a drop of five feet or so to another tunnel; then, after a rise, the tunnel continues on the original level. During the rainy season the lower level fills

with water, keeping the main tunnel dry.

Escaping Vietcong sometimes plunge into the water and swim to the next opening. Pursuers can't tell whether a water trap dead-ends and are reluctant to follow a narrow passageway where just turning around can take a minute or more.

The tunnels have proved to be one of the Vietcong's most baffling and deadly assets. Their soldiers can pop up, fire, then scurry underground,

closing off the tunnel with a cleverly camouflaged trapdoor which nearly always escapes detection. Hundreds of troops have been killed by these tactics.

At first, the Red tunnel complexes were simply destroyed as soon as they were found. Then it became evident that intelligence, food and even weapons could be retrieved from them.

In the vast Ho Bo Woods, 35 miles north-west of Saigon, U.S. troops found one 14-mile complex that contained some 100,000 documents—listing everything from names of Vietcong terrorists to billet locations of every senior American officer in Saigon. Obviously, all tunnels would have to be explored.

Since January, the First Infantry Division's four-man team of Tunnel Rats has been crawling through miles of mazes in the no-man's-land north of Saigon, braving booby traps and 100-degree temperatures.

The Rats are an oddly equipped lot: they carry .22-calibre pistols, wear leather gloves and kneepads, and are connected to the surface by half a mile of wire that runs to a battery-powered headset. Taped to their ankles are smoke grenades, for use when they are ready to emerge—to avoid a bullet from a startled American's rifle. Another necessity: an aerosol bomb filled with DDT to attack the half-inch "fire ants" that often infest the tunnels.

On a typical day recently one team explored and destroyed about

300 yards of tunnel. The big complexes are often masterpieces of engineering. The Tunnel Rats explore them from their exits to their junctions with other tunnels, into sleeping areas, up camouflaged entrances into other levels, and on into a maze seemingly without end.

Around Cu Chi, in brick-hard ground, the Vietcong had burrowed down 40 feet and more with their multi-layered system, excavating thousands of tons of earth which was scattered widely to prevent detection.

There isn't enough dynamite in Vietnam to blow up all the tunnels that have been found. The problem is solved by a crystallized riot gas called CS (O-chlorobenzalmalononitrile), developed by the British for riot control. Ten pounds, placed on top of a powder charge, is blasted throughout the tunnel, where it sticks to walls and floors. When disturbed by returning Reds, the CS gets into the respiratory system and causes nausea and painful burns.

Even without CS, tunnel life is grim for the Vietcong. A diary captured in a complex north of Saigon carried a typical lamentation: "Oh, what hard days! One has to stay in a tunnel, eat cold rice with salt, drink unboiled water!"

That was the last entry. Next day, Tran Bang, the 29-year-old diarist, was killed in an American assault on the once-inviolable underground world of the Vietcong.

Is Sexual Freedom Becoming a Bore?

Sooner or later, today's "new morality" will grow tedious. Society will seek happiness in a more intelligent code of behaviour

By WILLIAM NICHOLS

PEOPLE everywhere are speaking of the "new morality," the "new freedom," the "sexual revolution." They add up to the same thing—a contagious spirit of permissiveness, of anything goes, in all areas of social conduct, in manners, dress and sexual relationships. It applies at every age level. Indeed, the world seems to be engaged in one vast, all-pervading, all-permissive sexological "spree."

People react to this in different ways. Some let themselves go "with it," in a wild, hedonistic fling. Others stand at the sidelines looking on in curious and sometimes envious disbelief. Others, outraged, are pressing for legal restraints.

Weighing all these attitudes, what should a sane man think and do?

The first answer is to get the perspective straight.

Fashion historian James Laver has expounded the theory of the shifting erogenous zone.* This theory says that woman as a whole is a desirable object, but man cannot for long take in all of her at once. So it is the object of fashion to draw attention to one bit at a time in every possible way—by exposing it, drawing clothes tightly around it, or exaggerating its size.

But after a while any one area becomes *too* familiar; it becomes a bore. Then fashion moves on to uncover something else. Throughout history, this has led progressively to periods of near nudity. And this, too, soon becomes a bore. The next

* See "What Will Fashion Uncover Next?"
The Reader's Digest, November 1965.

step, in sharp reaction, is a period of cover-up and prudery. Then the whole process begins again.

This theory is perhaps a bit frivolous, but it can help people to become a little wiser and more relaxed in understanding today's so-called morals revolution. The fact is that in every area of human existence *the wheel turns*. What's up today will be down tomorrow. What was "in" yesterday is "out" today. And this happens in morals, too.

For instance, in the seventeenth century in England, the Puritan regime of Cromwell gave way to the unrestrained licence of the Restoration. Two centuries later, it was the other way round as the follies of the Regency period led to the prim restraints of Queen Victoria's reign.

Today the same wheel is turning, in a way that alarms many people. After a long period of Puritanism, a new phase of personal liberty has started. What concerns many is that, if it proceeds too far and too fast, liberty will become licence and libertinism, and society may die of moral decay, as earlier civilizations have done.

There is reason for such concern when reports appear about sex clubs, wife-swapping, orgies, drug addiction, sexually deviant behaviour. There is no reassurance for normal, healthy people in the rising tide of pornography. But in the midst of these concerns, it is good to remember that *the wheel goes on turning*.

One thing is certain: it cannot turn back all the way to Puritanism. In this modern age no problem can be resolved, exclusively, by a return to external restraints. What is indicated, I believe, is the emergence of *new* restraints in the form of self-discipline, based on personal judgement and belief. One factor contributing to this is simply the flight from boredom.

As Laver points out, in fashion there comes a time when ever too many bosoms become a bore. I think such a point in morals and manners is now being reached. For, along with their new freedom, young people are also gaining a new intelligence. They have grown too much in wit and sophistication to go on indefinitely in the same old rut.

But flight from boredom is only part of the story. There is also the flight to happiness.

There is a significant report from Sweden, which for so long prided itself on removing moral restraints and encouraging sexual freedom. Yet the human toll has been so great that there is now a movement to put an end to sexual laxity.

But the leaders of the movement do not advocate a return simply to external restraints. They observe that, for all their sexual freedom, "young people in Sweden *are not happy today*." Therefore, they are urging schools to spend more time on moral and religious leadership and instruction which will help children to know "what is right

and wrong" in terms of their own ultimate well-being.

This opinion has been echoed by psychoanalyst Eric Fromm, who pointed out that current sexual freedoms in no way contribute to a true sense of "aliveness" or "richness of experience."

The slow, sure turning of the wheel is inherent in these reports. Sooner than most cynics believe, a new set of values will emerge. Many young people, wearied by the meaninglessness of the present permissive, affluent and sex-mad society, are earnestly trying to construct their own code, and are even rediscovering for themselves some of the older verities and values. There is wisdom in this, and recognition of the age-old truth that man cannot live by self alone any more than he can live by bread alone.

Psychologist Carl Jung said that, in the long run, none of his patients had been really healed without regaining his religious outlook. Perhaps in some form society will regain its religious and moral outlook—not as a matter of piety or duty, but in terms of each individual's happiness and well-being.

Such forecasts may seem optimistic. But as Winston Churchill said, "There does not seem to be much point in being anything else." As a responsible adult, I believe that

our optimism—and hope—are the best things we can give to a searching younger generation. Certainly, they are filled with braggadocio, rebellion and defiance. But, like all young people since the generations started quarrelling a million years ago, deep down *they are scared*.

Even when they seem to be doing their utmost to provoke our angry denunciations, they are secretly studying us, trying to puzzle out how we survived. Somehow we have managed to make livings, raise families, cope with all the problems from conformity to the H-bomb. Of course, they think they can do everything better, and maybe they can. But what they need now, in my opinion, is "courage by contagion."

As Charles Brower, a prominent advertising man, has said: "They don't need buddies—they have them. They don't need advice—they've heard it all. They don't need leaders—they'll develop their own. But one thing they do need: they need example."

There are people who build, and people who break down. It's time a stand was taken on the side of the people who add to spiritual health rather than subtract from it. Each day things happen which make the wheel turn. And it's up to today's adults which way it goes.

THE MOUNTAINS had drawn handkerchiefs of clouds over their faces for the afternoon doze.

—Richard Gordon, *The Summer of Sir Lancelot* (Heinemann, London)

In its new super-efficient home, New York's famous "Met" will carry its splendid tradition forward to even greater glories

NEW YORK's Metropolitan Opera opened its 1966-67 season last month in the world's largest and most up-to-date opera house. This new Met replaces the old "yellow brewery" where many of the greatest performances in operatic history have been staged over the last 83 years.

Breaking with tradition, the first production at the new Met was the world *première* of *Antony and*

Cleopatra, by American composer Samuel Barber, with American conductor Thomas Schippers and an all-American cast.

A two-acre rectangle, the gleaming structure is a cool splendour of glass and 42,000 square feet of marble from the same Italian quarries that supplied the stone for St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. With its five slender arches soaring 96 feet high, it dominates the fountained

The World's Most Dramatic Opera House

By ANN LINGG



THE WORLD'S MOST DRAMATIC OPERA HOUSE

plaza of the city's Lincoln Centre for the Performing Arts.

The Rs. 37 crore building was financed entirely by private donations. Except for contributions from Austria and West Germany, all the rest came from U.S. business firms, foundations and individuals.

Response to the fund-raising appeals was often highly personal. Half a dozen New York schoolboys sent Rs. 750 for a stage door, in memory of a friend who had just died. A group of children set up a lemonade stall, and sent their Rs. 38 profit to provide three feet of ballet practice rail. Residents of a Connecticut town put on a revue and raised enough money to "endow" four Rs. 7,500 seats—two for the Met and two for other Lincoln Centre theatres.

Contributions came in from practically every American state to make possible a Met which combines the glamour of the old world and the efficiency of the new. Builders of new opera houses in Europe in recent years have gone either modern or traditional. The new Met is in between. As General Manager Rudolf Bing has said, "The bulk of opera is nineteenth century; to put these works in an ultramodern setting would be like mounting an old master in a chrome frame."

Like the old Met, the new interior is truly operatic—a world of crimson, gold and crystal elegance. A double, red-carpeted staircase

leads to the Great Hall with its two murals by Marc Chagall, who also painted the new ceiling for the Paris Opéra. Five tiers of balconies garland the horseshoe-shaped auditorium—echoing the famous Golden Horseshoe of the old Met. There is even more of the velvet-lined jewel-box feeling of intimacy. The walls are panelled with veneer the colour of claret, and the graining suggests moiré silk. Overhead a galactic cluster of 20 crystal chandeliers is suspended around one huge "sun," a chandelier 18 feet wide and weighing over a ton.

When the lights dim and the curtain rises, the outer circle of 12 chandeliers is retracted into the 72-foot high, 23-carat gold-leaf ceiling so that they will not block anyone's view or deflect the sound. Another boon: no latecomers stumble over your feet during a performance. Tardy arrivals are asked to watch the opera on closed-circuit television in the foyer until the interval.

Backstage, the new wonders proliferate. In the old Met, rehearsals often took place in the restaurant and the ladies' lounge. The new building has 21 rehearsal rooms of varying sizes. When the old Met was in use, scenery had to be stored in warehouses an hour's drive away because the stage area was only 72 feet deep. While one work was being performed, the next day's scenery was stacked on the pavement outside, covered with a tarpaulin. Now, sets for the whole

season can be stored *within* the building.

The backstage area is six times larger than that of the old Met. Sound curtains can be swung into place, separating the rear and two side stages from the main stage so that four rehearsals can take place simultaneously. Sets can be assembled in the cellar and brought to the main floor on lifts capable of moving two and a quarter tons (that takes care of the elephant for the "Triumphal March" in *Aida*). At the press of a button, whole sets slide noiselessly forwards, backwards, sideways—or turn majestically on an enormous revolving stage. Some compromises were inevitable. Thunder will be on tape, but snow will still be flung by hand from an opening in the ceiling.

Essentially, according to Herman Krawitz, assistant manager of the Met, the interior of the new building was designed with particular regard for the special needs of the groups that make up the company. Performers, management, wardrobe department, musicians, stage-hands—all had representatives to look after their interests during the planning stage.

By the time the 44th and final draft of what was to be the new Met was hung on the walls of Krawitz's office, most of the groups seemed satisfied. When tenor Richard Tucker objected to air conditioning, Krawitz replied, "What's wrong with it? In winter

you heat air, in summer you cool it." Nevertheless, despite air conditioning, some of the dressing-room windows may be opened—for those singers who distrust piped air and prefer to fill their lungs with the natural New York product.

The new Met's architect, Wallace Harrison, based his auditory concept on the finest of acoustical instruments: the violins produced in seventeenth-century Italy by master craftsmen of Cremona. He left air space between the wooden panels on the walls and the concrete behind them. The backs of the crimson mohair-pile seats are wood, and much of the scenery contains concealed wooden reflectors.

Amplification will be strictly taboo, except for announcements and special sound effects. Frank Sinatra may be permitted to clutch a microphone in the smallest night-club, but even a coloratura soprano is expected to be able to project her fragile high notes to the back of the Family Circle—180 feet away at the new Met.

To many opera-lovers, the move to the new house is heretical, because the old Met is so tradition-laden. To all who heard Caruso, Galli-Curci, Melchior, Flagstad, Pons and a host of other stars there, the old house remains a sacred shrine. No wonder that a hard core of devotees, led by conductor Leopold Stokowski, started a campaign to save it as a historic landmark.

Metropolitan Opera Association

President Anthony Bliss yields to no one in his sentimental appreciation of the old house (the first opera he heard there was *I Pagliacci*, with Caruso), but this campaign has been a source of distress to him. At least Rs. 11 crores would be needed to refurbish the old building, he points out. In addition, an annual rental income of Rs. 36 lakhs expected from the office building scheduled to replace the old 'Met, would be lost.

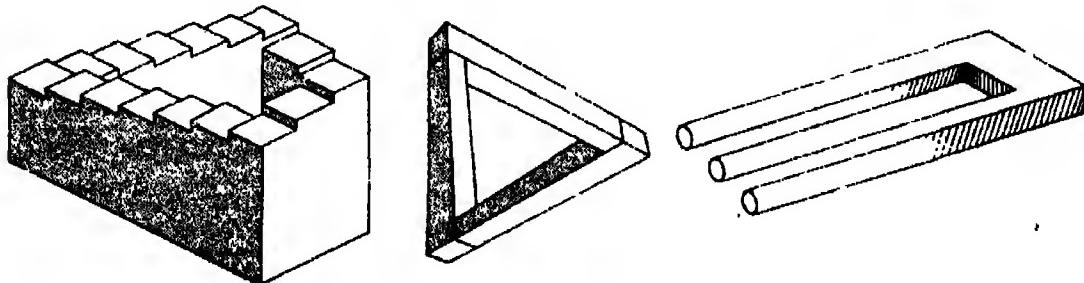
Swedish dramatic soprano Birgit

Nilsson, with the Met since 1959, said firmly, "Sentiment is no substitute for the ability to stage productions with up-to-date equipment, or to provide more comfortable surroundings for the artists." But in a symbolic gesture she gathered two handfuls of stage dust on closing night at the old house. "One is a memento for myself. The other is to strew on the stage of the new house, hoping that some of it will lodge in the cracks and help perpetuate the old Met's traditions."

Impossible Objects

A CAMBRIDGE psychologist, Richard Gregory, has invented a three-dimensional drawing machine which may save engineers, designers and architects thousands of pounds and many hours of time. Planning the pipework for a power station or nuclear plant, for example, can involve the building of models which cost £40,000 [Rs. 8.4 lakhs]. With Gregory's machine you can sketch a building and plan complex pipework, or doodle and draw in depth, then view the results stereoscopically as a three-dimensional image. He foresees uses for the machine wherever people have to "think in three dimensions"—including medical students studying anatomy.

The need derives from the fact that flat drawings of 3-D objects can easily be ambiguous or confusing. Shown here are three "impossible objects," which illustrate the difficulties we have in interpreting such drawings. The impossible objects look at first glance as though they could exist—but take another look.



—*The Observer*, London. Illustration from *Eye and Brain* by R. L. Gregory

Canada's Kindergarten in Colombia

BY BETTY LEE

Because a few foreign residents had a generous impulse, children in a poverty-stricken South American city attend school, eat three meals a day and face a brighter future

You GET to the Colombian *barrio* (district) of Santa Inés by driving up through the steep mountain alleyways behind Bogotá. The houses seem decent enough at first, but then you come to clumps of shabby little corrugated-iron shacks clinging to the hillsides, and naked children chasing scurries of skinny fowls. There are scarcely any trees; the soil is yellow and dry, the few pines are stumpy and the sad-eyed burros search vainly for a scrap of munchable green.

There are 25,000 *mestizos* of mixed Negro-Amerindian-Spanish descent living in the *barrio*, most of them under-employed. The men take work in the local brickyards or seek occasional jobs in the city below. The women sew, try to earn a few extra centavos by taking in washing, or stand in doorways and gossip.

The average income per family is 600 pesos a month (about Rs. 338). The people eat rice or pasta, bananas, an occasional bit of meat. Unless children have shoes, they do not qualify for a government education; and even if parents scrape up enough cash for a pair of canvas shoes, they often find that classrooms in the few local schools are full. Opportunities for a youngster to break away from the hopelessness of Santa Inés were always pretty bleak—until the Canadians came.

Canada became important to the life and future of Santa Inés when a delegation of *barrio* residents

Condensed from The Globe Magazine

CANADA'S KINDERGARTEN IN COLOMBIA

turned up at the Canadian Embassy one day about eight years ago. Many of the slum *barrios* of Bogotá had decided to name park squares in their districts after the various countries which maintained diplomatic corps in the capital, and the delegation wanted to know whether the Embassy had a spare Canadian flag which could be flown beside the Colombian banner on the double flagpole.

Ambassador R. A. D. Ford visited the *barrio* the day the flag was hoisted, and conditions in Santa Inés shocked him. Back in Bogotá, he told other Canadians about the people who wanted to fly Canada's flag, passed round the hat to buy swings, see-saws and footballs for the bored crowds of uneducated youngsters.

The story became a topic of conversation in the Canadian community of about 60 families. People began to phone the Embassy to enquire: "How do you get to that *barrio* you've been talking about?" When they got there, they saw the legend *Parque el Canada* carved into the base of the flagstaff. They saw the wretched conditions.

By 1961, Canadian residents had collected enough money among themselves to build a one-room school to accommodate 75 children between the ages of 7 and 11. The following year, they decided to expand the *barrio* project by founding a *jardin infantil*—a kindergarten for children between the ages of

two and seven which would offer free meals, basic education, medical care, plus regular courses in sewing and hygiene for mothers.

For the kindergarten project Canadians in Bogotá raised about Rs. 22,500 to build additions to the one-room school building. The City of Bogotá contributed labour; Colombian architect Roberto Londono, who had studied at the University of British Columbia, offered his professional services. A delegation of 144 members of Toronto's Board of Trade visited the *barrio* in 1962 and chipped in Rs. 22,500. When they got home, they interested Canadian Rotary Clubs in the project, and more cash poured in.

When I visited it, the kindergarten was in full, noisy swing. There were nearly 100 pupils. Two new classrooms had been completed, giving the building complex three teaching areas, a dining-room and kitchen, an office and medical examination room, a play patio and the only indoor sanitation in Santa Inés. The entire Rs. 1 lakh needed to build the school has come from individual Canadians.

An agreement has now been made with the municipality of Bogotá to split operational expenses on a 50-50 basis, and the school has engaged a woman supervisor, three teachers, two servants and a night watchman. A Canadian pharmaceutical company supplies free drugs. Charity groups send powdered milk and beans. UNICEF

THE READER'S DIGEST

has donated playroom equipment. Money from Canadian schoolchildren was used to buy three sewing machines, among other things.

The school's director, Señora Adriana Millie de Venegas, estimates that there are at least 1,500 children between two and seven living in the district, all suffering from malnutrition, intestinal amoebas and the rough, scaly skin condition which results from few or no washing facilities. Government social workers have the unenviable task of determining which families need help most. When the school began serving three meals a day (plus a mid-morning snack), some children were observed weeping with pain—their bellies simply couldn't take such amounts of food.

Canadians living in Bogotá are proud of their work in Santa Inés, for they have helped to improve the educational picture in Colombia. In 1954, only 30 per cent of the population between the ages of 7 and 11 could find a place at school. Ten years later, the figure had jumped to 70 per cent.

"One thing that really makes us happy," says one Canadian resident, "is that all the kids who graduate from the *Parque el Canada* are guaranteed a place in a school. They will go to these schools with a good basic education and an understanding of how to lead a decent, healthy life. Who knows, maybe the future president of Colombia is in this school now. The Canadians who live here in Bogotá like to think so."



Delicate Question

A PROFESSIONAL belly dancer recently asked Lloyd's of London to insure that part of her anatomy which was so important to her livelihood. Lacking any previous experience in navel insurance, Lloyd's was nonplussed by the problem of defining the area of coverage—until a bright underwriter came up with a policy written for the dancer's entire body, "... less head, arms, legs and chest." .

—F.P.

* * *

Instant Amnesia

AN ELDERLY neighbour of mine was slightly injured by a lorry as she was crossing the road. While I waited with a policeman for an ambulance, he asked for her name, address and telephone number. All these questions she answered clearly. Then he asked, "Age?" At this the lady brushed her hand across her forehead and replied, "Who can remember such things at a time like this?"

—Hermine Barbanell

Cole Porter—My Most Unforgettable Character



BY GEORGE ELLS

TO THE WORLD at large, Cole Porter symbolized the urbane, witty, immensely rich playboy—who happened also to be uniquely talented as a song writer. To me, he was something more: the bravest man I've ever known. Psychologists tell us there is nothing so debilitating as uninterrupted pain. Yet Cole Porter endured some degree of pain every minute of every day for 27 years—uncomplaining—and remained an amusing, delightful companion.

Long before I met him, this small, fastidious, finely drawn man was celebrated as a pacesetter among the pleasure-loving international set. His sophisticated life-style was established early. He married a world-famous beauty who, like himself,

was rich. The Porter abodes included a Paris town house, the Palazzo Rezzonico in Venice (where Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning once lived), as well as such temporary establishments as a yacht on the Nile and a hired train in Japan. Among his friends were the Duke of Windsor, Elsa Maxwell, John Barrymore, novelist Michael Arlen and comedienne Fannie Brice.

Yet he chose to be not just a witty, wealthy playboy, but a worker. Writing both lyrics and tunes, he changed the style of the popular love song. With such songs as "Let's Do It," "Night and Day," "Anything Goes," "Blow, Gabriel, Blow," "What Is This Thing Called Love?" and "I Get a Kick Out of You," he established himself among the great composers of popular music.

"You Never Know." And then personal disaster struck. One weekend in 1937, Cole went riding with a friend. A bush moving in the wind frightened his horse; it reared, staggered and fell, before Cole could kick free of the stirrups. Then, trying to get up, the frightened animal thrashed about and rolled from side to side, crushing Cole's legs.

At first he was unaware that he was seriously hurt. While his friend rushed to call an ambulance, he finished the lyrics of "You Never Know."

But at the hospital he went into shock. Doctors who examined his

mangled legs advised double amputation. Horrified, his wife called in a leading bone specialist.

There was a chance of saving the legs, the specialist said, but rebuilding them would be like assembling two jigsaw puzzles. He described the pain, frustration and uncertainty (including the possibility that Cole Porter's life might be lost). "Have you got the courage to face this?" he asked. Cole said he honestly didn't know. "Then this will be a good chance to find out," the doctor said.

The operations began, one following another. Osteomyelitis (an infection of the marrow of the bone) developed, and Cole's torture was unceasing. On bad days he received as many as 12 different kinds of drugs. Even so, at times he lost consciousness from the pain.

When his legs improved, a new worry developed: would he become addicted to the pain-killers? Gradually one after another was discontinued until he was receiving only an occasional half-tablet of belladonna. Through sheer willpower, he had overcome the double threat. When the plaster casts finally came off, Elsa Maxwell threw a "coming out party" for his legs—and the élite of the social and theatrical worlds assembled to salute him.

It was in 1948 that I met him, after the try-out of his enormously successful musical, *Kiss Me, Kate*. He was a thoughtful host but seemed detached, remote, somewhat

bored—the result, I was later to learn, of natural timidity with any interviewer plus the effect of severe pain. He had by then endured 31 operations.

Human Kindness. In 1953 I had to interview him again, and we met at the Colony restaurant in New York. On that night, two incidents occurred that made us friends. The first: When I opened the menu, I discovered that it was in French. Reluctant to admit to this renowned sophisticate that I couldn't read it, I listened carefully to Cole and the headwaiter. Catching the phrases "prosciutto and melon" and "an excellent seafood pancake," I promptly ordered them both.

"*Two appetizers?*" the waiter asked, somewhat incredulously.

"What a great idea!" Cole cried. "That's what we'll both have. With the seafood as the entrée."

The speed and perceptiveness of his response made it apparent that the legendary playboy was also a sympathetic human being. When I knew him a little better, I thanked him. "What a fool you were not to ask for help," he said. "Don't you realize that people *enjoy* teaching others? Besides, if you're not yourself, you're nothing." Self-evident statements can sometimes strike home. His admonition was, for me, a valuable piece of advice.

The second incident: Not long before, he had been somewhat shaken when the head of a recording company stalked out after hearing

the score of *Can-Can*. That night, I happened to mention that a friend had been greatly impressed by it—not as first-rate Cole Porter music, but as Porter's impression of French music-hall songs of the 1890's in modern terms. Ever after, no matter how often I credited the remark to a friend, Cole insisted that I was the first to understand what he was trying to do in that particular score.

Be the Best. Cole was as incapable of complaining about bad Press notices as he was of complaining about pain. To him it was the highest cultivation of good manners never to depress friends. "I've made a game of behaving well," he once admitted to me. When unable to present a happy face, he simply hid away until he could.

And how that smile transformed his face! Cole maintained three year-round residences, but whether he was sitting on the extra wide sofa (designed to support his legs) at the Waldorf Towers Hotel in New York, in his favourite red chair by the fireplace in his Massachusetts country home or on a couch beside his California swimming pool, he always greeted visitors with an expression that said their presence afforded him quintessential delight. Who among his friends can forget the sight of this frail, elegant man, head thrust back, nose tilted up as if sniffing fresh-cut flowers, mouth and eyes smiling in anticipation of a few hours of good talk?

During the last 12 years of his life,

THE READER'S DIGEST

Cole and I dined together at least once a week whenever we both happened to be in New York or Hollywood, and I spent many week-ends at his house in Massachusetts. Having suffered, myself, from osteomyelitis as a child, I knew something of its tortures and marvelled at his self-control. Once I asked how, under the circumstances, he managed to accomplish so much. He replied, "Some people think work is a four-letter word. I don't."

He considered work the most important thing in life, and went about it with enthusiasm. "Always do your best, whatever it is," he said. "If I were a shoeshine man, I'd be the best in the street—if a waiter, the best in the restaurant." Until 1958, he wrote a song every day—to keep a fine edge on his talent.

Thus, when playwright Moss Hart informed him that a song was needed for *Jubilee*, he could turn out "Just One of Those Things" in a few hours. Later, during *Kiss Me, Kate* days, he wrote the tune for "Bianca" between the time the lift at the Waldorf Hotel left the first floor and the time it reached the 41st. Yet it was not always easy. Sometimes he spent days searching for a special word that *made* a lyric. And he prided himself on avoiding imperfect rhymes.

Excellent as his songs were, it often took them a long time to catch on. Fred Astaire, for whom "Night and Day" was written, was convinced that the song would ruin

him. Yet Cole stuck to his guns, and it emerged as one of his two biggest hits. The other was "Begin the Beguine."

Music Everywhere. Cole could scarcely remember a time when there wasn't music sounding in his head. Born on a 750-acre Indiana farm, he began studying the piano and violin at the age of six, composed his first song before going away to boarding school. The family fortune, wrung from timberland and coal by his grandfather, enabled young Cole to go on to Yale University, where he endeared himself to fellow-students by writing a football song that is Yale's "signature tune" to this day. He went on to do graduate work in music at Harvard and in Paris. During a brief stint with the French Army in the First World War, he marched with a zither slung across his back.

Much has been made of Cole Porter's wit and sophistication, but he had a strong sentimental side as well. In 1954, his wife, Linda, was fatally ill with emphysema. She didn't mind dying, she said, but would regret being forgotten. "If only I were important enough for a flower to be named after me . . ."

Cole at once arranged for "The Linda Porter Rose" to be developed and patented—a living memorial to his wife's grace and beauty.

Cole did only one show, *Silk Stockings*, after Linda's death. And then he complained to me that he sorely missed her advice, because it

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COLE PORTER—MY MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER

was she who always told him when to refuse to do more rewrites.

In 1958 he suffered a further loss. The bone disease worsened and, after a 32nd operation, Cole reluctantly had to agree to amputation of his right leg. Even with the leg gone, phantom pain remained, and his artificial replacement never did fit well. Cole changed. He gave up writing—and the piano—altogether.

Yet he continued to put up a brave front. On his 71st birthday, he invited me to dinner. When I arrived, he was wearing a dressing-gown instead of his usual snappy blue suit and carnation buttonhole. His colour was a peculiar grey, his customarily well-groomed hair was slightly untidy. He was not wearing his leg.

After cocktails, his valet announced dinner. As usual, I pretended to look out of the window so that he could be helped to the table unobserved. While he was being moved, I heard him cry out in pain. Later I learned he had fractured his hip in a fall that morning.

Nevertheless, he was home from hospital in two weeks and then went off to Hollywood. There he seemed to recover. But when a minor ailment sent him once more to hospital, complications developed, and on October 15, 1964, Cole suddenly died.

He met death as he had life—bravely and gracefully, with style. For me, that style is best summed up by his conduct at the opening of one of the few Cole Porter musicals that did not become a great hit. He well knew what lay in store for him that evening—the show was a complete flop, and there was nowhere he less wanted to be than in that theatre. But as a gentleman and a professional, he felt compelled to attend.

To accompany him he chose the wife of one of the producers. They arrived at the head of the aisle just as the house lights were about to dim. Sensing his tension, his companion looked at Cole and smiled.

He returned her smile, then announced determinedly, "I shall go slowly—and in my own way."



Mini-messenger

ONE of our employees carries messages between our research laboratory and the main factory. He carries a message folder which when not in use is kept in a desk drawer in the reception room. Recently a salesman came in and asked to see this employee. The receptionist walked over to the desk, opened the drawer, looked in and said, "I'm sorry, sir, but he is not here." Exit a very puzzled salesman.

—M. B.

*An inspiring message for fellow sufferers
and their families*

What I Have Learnt from Diabetes

By JOHN MURPHY

WHEN a friend of mine heard that I had diabetes—a diagnosis which ended my career as an airline pilot—he didn't offer me sympathy. Instead, he said, "This is probably the best thing that ever happened to you."

I wanted to punch him on the nose. What did he know about it? He had his health and his job. I was 33, and I had just one skill: flying. After graduating from university in 1941 I went into naval aviation, and after the war I simply changed uniforms and flew for Trans World Airlines. I had no worries about my future. My friends were all pilots, and we lived and talked flying. I

felt I was lucky, for I knew my world and was content with it.

All those years I had had frequent medical examinations, and passed them all. The company required one annual examination, and government aviation authorities one every six months. After the medical in 1953 which was to change my life, the company doctor congratulated me. "If all the pilots stayed in the shape you're in, we wouldn't have any problems."

Then, just as I was leaving the house for a routine flight, the phone rang. It was the doctor. "There's a possibility that you may have to be grounded," he said. "Your urine

Condensed from The Kiwanis Magazine

WHAT I HAVE LEARNT FROM DIABETES

test showed excess sugar. It could mean diabetes, but you probably just had too much sugar at breakfast this morning." He wanted me to take further tests. These only confirmed his original diagnosis. I had diabetes.

To him, this seemed as clear as a flight plan. But I refused to accept his diagnosis and went from one doctor to another. There must have been some mistake. But, of course, there wasn't.

Diabetes, I learned, is a failure of the pancreas to produce either sufficient or effective insulin, the hormone which enables the body to burn or store sugar properly. For this, there is no cure. Diabetes is not rare, nor is it trivial. It can cause death or blindness. Although I was told that diabetes could be controlled with insulin injections, this was of little comfort. A pilot being treated with a drug such as insulin is not allowed to fly.

It was one thing to know the facts and another to accept them, especially when I didn't feel ill. I was as good a pilot the day after I took that test as I was the day before. I told myself I couldn't afford to have diabetes. I had three children and a large mortgage on our house. My job brought me 15,000 dollars (Rs. 1 lakh) a year, and I had no other profession. I wasn't going to be grounded. I would watch my diet and continue to fly.

In a few weeks I had my first symptoms. I was almost constantly

thirsty. I was hungry all the time and ate a lot, but my weight dropped from 13 stone to 11. Now I was scared. I went to a leading diabetes specialist and he prescribed insulin.

"I can't take insulin," I told him. "If I do, I'll lose my job." His answer snapped me into the beginnings of common sense. "Make up your mind. Which do you want? Your job—or your life?"

In minutes I agreed to enter hospital. I would have to stop flying, but I promised myself that it would be temporary. I would beat diabetes. I was ten days in hospital, tested and retested, put on a diet and given insulin.

The airline offered me a ground job. It paid less than half my salary as a pilot, so I turned it down. Because I couldn't imagine working in another industry, I kept applying for other aviation jobs, but there were none.

Finally a friend suggested that I should become a salesman. I proved to be a good one, but I kept telling myself that it was luck, for I knew at heart that I was a pilot, not a salesman. I knew that the airline would hold my job for three years, and I dreamed that there would be a miracle cure by then, or that later tests would show the diagnosis had been a mistake. Then one day TWA offered me a job in flight planning and safety in Bombay. I took it. Even though I couldn't fly, I would be back in aviation.

The year in India turned out to

THE READER'S DIGEST

be an important interlude in my life. There were only three flights a week, so the pace was slower. Our apartment looked out on the Arabian Sea, and perhaps the view gave me a new perspective. I had time to think, to play golf, to get to know my family again. I realized how lucky I was to be alive and healthy, even on insulin. For the first time I got to know people from other walks of life—from business and the professions.

When we returned to our home in the United States, I went to the Joslin Clinic in Boston, which is famous for the treatment of diabetics. There I learned to live as a diabetic, both physically and mentally. My doctor was Elliott Joslin, the clinic's founder. Before he died in 1962, at the age of 92, he had probably treated more diabetics than any other doctor in the world.

The Joslin Clinic is actually a medical school for patients. You are taught, in morning and afternoon lectures, to understand diabetes and its treatment. You are given a chance to discuss your case with your doctor twice a day.

The doctors explain that if you follow your prescribed diet and take the proper dose of insulin day in and day out, you should live a normal, healthy life without complications. They make clear that such tragedies as blindness and amputation (both due to diabetic effect on blood vessels), even death from diabetic coma, can be avoided.

The diabetic is taught the simple process of testing his urine, which shows him whether he should continue the same amount of insulin, increase or decrease the dosage. I soon recognized the first trembling, sweating symptoms of insulin reaction. In this, the blood sugar falls too low because of too much insulin, too little food, too much time between insulin and food, or unusual exercise. Being aware of the reaction, I could counteract it immediately with a piece of sugar, a glass of orange juice, or a boiled sweet that I always keep in my pocket.

The more experienced diabetic helps the newcomer. One of my fellow patients was a ten-year-old boy. His mother was with him. They looked frightened and discouraged. Then another boy arrived—a successful diabetic back for a check-up. I watched him stride over to the first youngster. Soon they were talking about baseball, then joking about insulin injections. The next thing I knew, they were playing ping-pong. Clearly you could live with diabetes, vigorously, normally, without apology.

When I left the clinic I frankly admitted being a diabetic, and I took the first step towards a new career. I knew now what I wanted to do: become the top salesman in the company I worked for. In a sales contest of 2,500 salesmen, I made it.

It isn't easy to live as a diabetic. For a full, productive life you must have self-discipline. You also have



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THE READER'S DIGEST

to be tougher with yourself than you would normally be. I have to take insulin every morning, and I have to eat my meals pretty much on time. I can vary my diet, but I have to know (roughly) the amount of carbohydrates, protein and fat that I am consuming. When I have a minor cold or infection, I must make further checks to see how this is affecting my diabetic control. Thus minor ailments are treated before they can become major. If I stay up late, I must get to bed at a reasonable hour the next night to avoid exhaustion.

But this has helped my career. Now I train and supervise 100 salesmen. I haven't missed a day's work for more than ten years.

Of course, I'd prefer not to have injections. I would like to eat and drink like everyone else. But I have learnt to operate efficiently. I can honestly say that I haven't had an off-day since I became a diabetic. I

don't have the colds and other upsets I used to have. I'm in command of myself as I used to be in command of a plane, and I confess my pride at my own control.

I must live with the fact that my children carry within them a diabetic gene which came from me. Diabetes is hereditary. My wife and I don't know whether our children will develop diabetes. We hope that they won't. And we hope that our grandchildren won't, but the chances are that one or more of them will. Yet I don't believe my children are apprehensive. Every day they see how one can live with diabetes. They have also seen that many an apparent adversity can really be a blessing.

Because I have diabetes I have a deeper appreciation of life, of my family and friends, of a hard day's work, a sunny morning, an evening walk. It was, after all, the best thing that ever happened to me.

Class Conscious

MANY children aren't quite sure whether teachers are human or not and still believe that they suddenly come to life when school starts in the morning and disappear when it's over.

A primary-school teacher was shopping at a food store when she bumped into one of her pupils. When Tommy saw her, he was astonished and exclaimed, "Why, Miss Ward, I didn't know you ate groceries!"

—H. L. Browning

AT DINNER one evening during his holidays my nine-year-old son mentioned that he had seen one of his teachers in the park. I asked him how she was and he replied that he didn't know. "Didn't you even speak to her?" I asked.

"What, in the holidays?" he exclaimed.

—Phyllis Shaughnessy

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a moment, a spark leaps
from one generation to
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Wonder Is for Sharing

By ARTHUR GORDON

Condensed from Guideposts

MANY YEARS ago a small boy lived in a tall house by the sea. The house had a tremendous peaked roof made of weathered shingles that towered above all the surrounding cottages. In this roof, near the top, was a trapdoor that could be reached only by a ladder propped on the attic floor. Children used to play in the attic sometimes, but no one ever climbed up to the trapdoor. It was too high and too forbidding.

But one sunny day, when the boy's father was storing some boxes in the attic, he glanced up at the underside of the great roof. "Must be quite a view from up there," he said to his son. "Why don't we have a look?"

The boy felt his heart lurch with excitement and a touch of fear, but his father was already testing the shaky ladder. "Up you go," the father said. "I'll be right behind you."

Up they went through the mysterious darkness, each step a terror and a delight. Up through the sunbeams lancing through the cracks, up until the boy could smell the ancient shingles, up until the trapdoor, cobweb-sealed, touched the top of his head.

His father's hand unhooked a latch, slid the trapdoor back—and a new universe burst upon his dazzled eyes.

There lay the sea—but what a sea! Gigantic, limitless, blazing with splintered sunlight, it curved

WONDER IS FOR SHARING

away to infinity, dwarfing the land, rivalling the sky. Below him, queerly inverted, were the tops of trees and—even more unimaginable—the backs of gulls in flight. The familiar path through the dunes was a mere thread where heat waves shimmered.

All this he saw at a glance from the protective circle of his father's arm, and the impact of such newness, of such violently expanded horizons, was so great that from that moment the world of his childhood was somehow altered, stretched. It was never the same again.

Years have passed since then; most of the minor trials and triumphs of childhood have faded from my mind. But I remember that moment on the roof with my father as if it had happened yesterday. A magical day when—just for a moment, perhaps simply by accident—a chord was struck, a spark jumped the gap between generations, and a relationship was suddenly achieved so warm, so intense, that it was caught and held in the meshes of the mind, impervious to time.

My father has been dead for many years now, but he doesn't seem to have gone very far. Whenever I want to feel close to him, all I have to do is choose one from the assortment in my mind labelled "the time we . . ." Some are little-boy memories; some are teenage recollections; some no doubt would seem trivial to anyone else. All of them have the same quality: a sense of

exploration, a discovery of newness, a sharing of wonder.

There was the time we went to see a captured German U-boat that had been brought into the harbour. We climbed down into the maze of machinery smelling coldly of oil and claustrophobia and death. Another visitor asked my father bitterly if he did not consider the German sailors murderers in striking without warning from the depths of the sea. I remember how my father shook his head, saying that he felt they were brave men caught like their adversaries in the iron trap of war. The answer did not please his questioner, but somehow it brought relief and pride to me.

Or the time we explored a cave, and at one point far underground snapped off our torches and sat there in darkness and silence so profound that it was like being in the void before the beginning of time. After a while Father said, in a whisper, "Listen! You can hear the mountain breathing!" And such is the power of suggestion that I did seem to hear, in the ringing silence, a tremendous rhythm that haunts me to this day.

Did my father deliberately set out to manufacture these memorable days for his children? I doubt it. In the episodes that I remember so vividly I don't think he was primarily seeking to instruct or inspire or enlighten us. He was satisfying his own curiosity—and letting us in on the results. He was indulging his

THE READER'S DIGEST

own sense of wonder, and letting us share it.

Not long ago our family visited one of those marine establishments where trained dolphins—and in this case a small whale—put on a marvellous show. I was so fascinated by the whale that I lingered after the performance to ask the trainer how it was captured, what it was fed, and so on. He was an obliging fellow who not only answered the questions but summoned the whale herself to the side of the pool. We patted her back, smooth and hard and gleaming like wet black rubber, and this evidently pleased her, for suddenly she raised her great barrel of a head out of the water, rested it on the edge, and gazed with friendly reddish eyes at our eight-year-old daughter, who was nearest.

"Apparently," I said, "she wants to rub noses with you."

Our daughter looked both interested and aghast.

"Go ahead," said the trainer. "She won't mind."

There was an electric pause, then the briefest of damp contacts, then both participants hastily withdrew. And that seemed to be the end of it, until bedtime that night.

Then, staring pensively at the ceiling, our daughter said, "Do you think any other eight-year-old in the world has ever rubbed noses with a whale?"

"No," I said. "I'm pretty sure you're the only one."

She gave a deep, contented sigh, and went to sleep, and hasn't mentioned it since. But 30 years from now, when her nose tingles, or when she touches wet black rubber, or sometimes for no reason at all, perhaps . . . just perhaps . . . she will remember.



The Grand Manner

KING LOUIS-PHILIPPE of France was shot at many times during his reign but this did not prevent him from conscientiously doing his job. He even consulted a professor of deportment in order to learn the best way of bowing to the crowd after an attempt on his life.

—André Castelot, *The Turbulent City: Paris 1783-1871*

* * *

Tight Rein

A HOSPITAL in Edinburgh has adopted an unusual practice in its maternity section. On the evening before the patient goes home with her new baby, she is allowed to go on a "date" with her husband. While the nurses baby-sit, Father takes Mother out to dinner. Husbands are asked to return wives "at a reasonable hour."

—Woman



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Every month, hundreds of Chinese risk their lives to reach Macao and Hong Kong—and the fresh air of freedom and opportunity

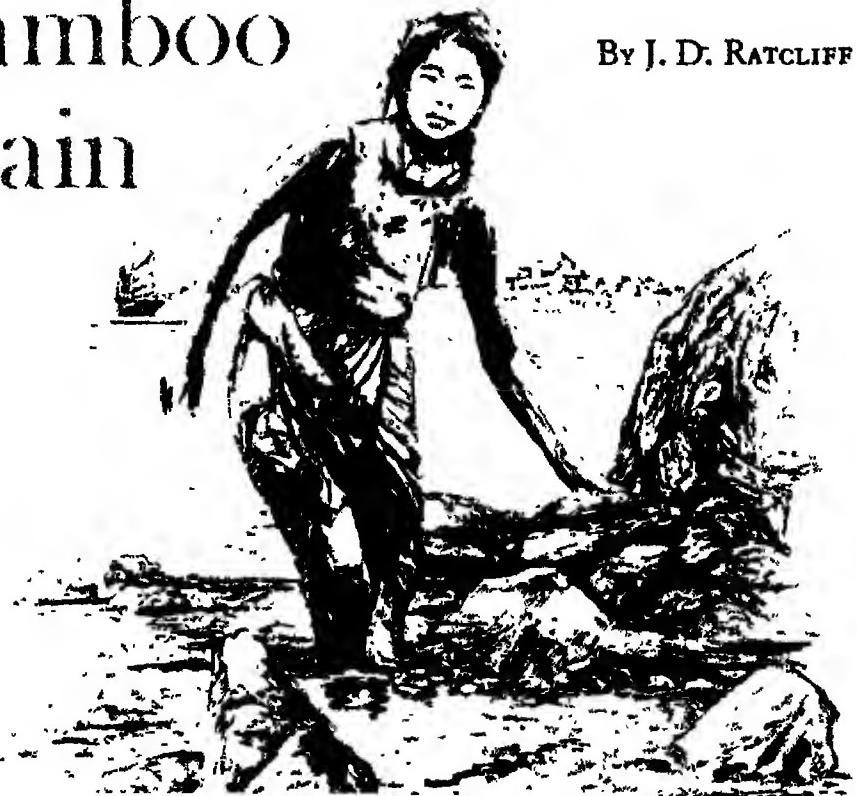
BLUE with cold, nearly dead from exhaustion, the pretty 16-year-old Chinese girl collapsed on the shore. She had been in the chill November water for five hours, swimming from the tyranny of Red China to the freedom of Portuguese Macao. Five young men, including her husband, had started with her. She was the weakest swimmer of the lot, and they had worried about her. But, kept afloat with the help of a bicycle inner tube, she made it; they had not. Their

bodies would soon be washed up. Within a few hours the young widow would attend her husband's funeral.

In a historic and dramatic exodus, some five or six million Chinese have abandoned possessions and risked their lives to escape communist oppression. Of these, more than a million have burrowed under electric fences, fought off savage dogs, eluded gun-boats in leaking sampans, braved icy waters—all for the privilege of arriving ragged and

Escape—Through the Bamboo Curtain

By J. D. RATCLIFF



THE READER'S DIGEST

penniless in alien lands that offer nothing but hope: Portuguese Macao, at the tip of a peninsula that juts out from the Chinese mainland, and Hong Kong, 40 miles by sea to the east.

Better than slogans, oratory or statistics, these refugees tell the story of communism's impact. Through an interpreter I talked to scores of them: a 73-year-old man who paddled for five hours supported only by a plank; youths who learned swimming from communist athletics instructors for the sole purpose of escape; lawyers and farmers; doctors, grave-diggers and blacksmiths. Why had they risked a border guard's bullet, or a spray of machine-gun fire from a patrol boat?

Slow Starvation. Listen to them: "Since my life had ceased to have any value I had no fear of losing it," says a 28-year-old swimmer, a stonemason, out of the water only two hours earlier. "We don't expect life here to be easy," adds a fisherman. "But anything is better than *that*." He gestures towards the border only a few miles away. A dumpy little grandmother speaks: "My two grandchildren were hungry and always begged for my rice. I saw that I would soon starve. It would be better, I thought, if I escaped, got a job, and sent them food every week." Mountains of food parcels in Hong Kong post offices prove that her story is not unique.

Indeed, shortage of food on the mainland is a recurring theme. One

refugee explains: "We got about 20 lb. of rice or the equivalent in other grains once a month, and one ounce of oil. At New Year we had a little fish and in the course of a year a few mouthfuls of meat. Added up, it amounted to a sentence of slow starvation."

Economic privation is another factor. A fisherman who chose a dark night and sailed his sampan to Macao speaks: "I fished in the Pearl River. My partner and I would bring in a catch worth several weeks' wages. At the quay an official would take it all and give us a few coins. A pair of canvas shoes cost half a month's pay. My family was issued with three yards of cloth a year, hardly enough to patch our rags."

The casual breaking up of families is another complaint. If an urban industry falters, workers are shipped off to the country to do farm work, and must leave their families behind to fend for themselves.

The demands of political conformity are oppressive. "I am not politically minded," one young physicist told me. "I suppose I wasn't ardent enough at the endless meetings we were forced to attend. They finally put me down as a 'friend of capitalism.' I was demoted to caretaker, and later sent to a farming commune. As might be expected, I got the lowest job—spreading night soil [human excrement] on crops."

Punishment for even minor



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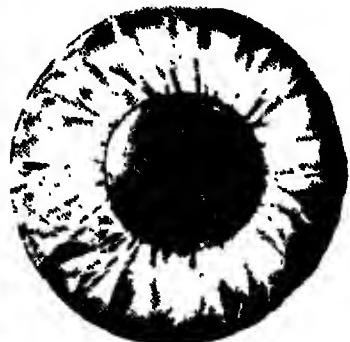
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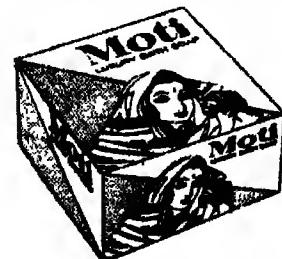
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THE READER'S DIGEST

infractions can, at times, be irrationally severe, if such is the mood of the communist overlords. A 14-year-old boy did what schoolboys do the world over—wrote uncomplimentary remarks about a teacher on the toilet wall. He got a sentence of hard labour.

Several years ago, when the regime invited frank and open criticism, a young chemist was naive enough to take the suggestion seriously. "I voiced a few mild criticisms," he says, "and was classed as an enemy of the regime. I was shipped off hundreds of miles from home to work on a construction project as a forced labourer."

Immediately after the communist take-over in 1949 most escapees were mature landed and professional people who saw more clearly than others what lay ahead. Today most of those who risk their lives to leave are disillusioned younger people.

I asked two boys, 16 and 18, why they had left. "I wanted an education, but if you are a peasant you have no hope of ever being anything else," said the 16-year-old. The 18-year-old had his reasons, too: "My whole family worked hard 12 hours a day. Yet there was never enough to eat. Would you like to live in a country like that? Our mothers cried when we left but they knew we were doing the right thing."

For the non-productive "useless mouths"—the blind, the crippled, the tubercular—escape is easy. These are simply brought to the Macao

border and bidden good riddance. A sixth of the Macao refugee population has tuberculosis, and more than 700 blind and handicapped people have come over in the last few years.

For others, escape is a different matter. Many come on foot, hoping to elude border guards. Others swim across various arms of the South China Sea, or bribe fishermen to drop them offshore, or steal boats. How many thousands have perished in these attempts, or been caught, can never be known.

As a rule, escapes are meticulously planned for months or even years. Valuables are sold—gradually, so as not to arouse suspicion. Money is needed for black-market food for the journey, for maps, for bribes. One woman even bought sleeping pills. She was taking two small children with her in the bilges of a sampan. Unless drugged into sleep, they might cry out at a critical moment. More and more, refugees are investing any surplus funds in postage stamps, which bring twice their face value in the Hong Kong stamp-collectors' market.

Door to Hope. Hong Kong is the objective of most escapees—30,000 slipped in last year. The Russian Press refers to the bustling city as "that stinking urinal of capitalism." The Chinese Press is equally uncomplimentary. The people? "We call it *Tien tang*—heavenly paradise," says one refugee. "We saw the food parcels, we knew there were jobs and schools. We weren't

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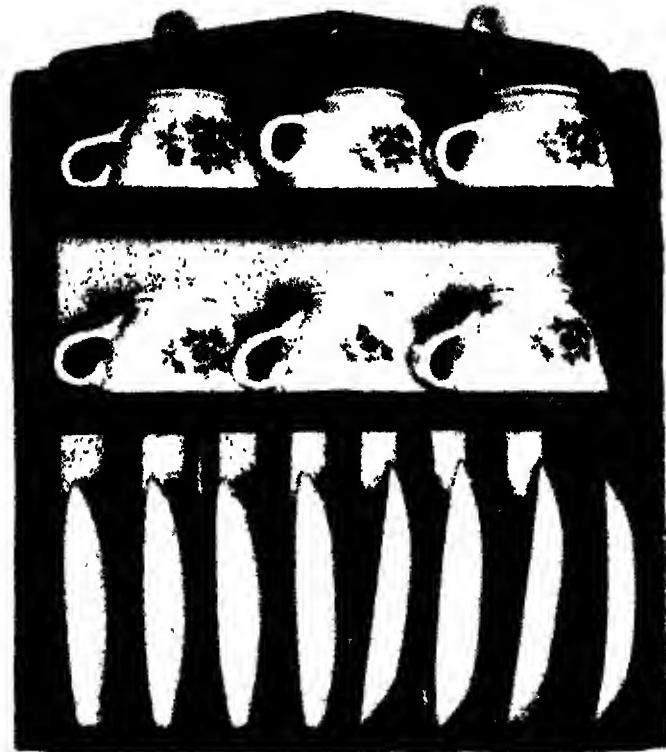
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ESCAPE—THROUGH THE BAMBOO CURTAIN

fooled." Nor are the other thousands that enter quiet, sleepy Macao (population 250,000).

When these courageous people arrive, a dozen major refugee organizations offer immediate help. The two largest are the International Rescue Committee in Hong Kong, supported mostly by U.S. foundations and individual contributions, and Casa Ricci in Macao, run by Jesuits and largely supported by Catholic Relief Services.

Casa Ricci is a picture of dusty disrepair: there is a cobbled courtyard, an ancient, yellow-stucco building, and a sagging green door that has been a door to hope for 70,000 people in the last 13 years.

The man who runs this shoestring show of mercy is Spanish-born Father Luis Ruiz, 52, an extraordinary man who wears a dusty cassock and is often unshaved for the simple reason that there isn't time to shave.

At breakneck speed he roars through Macao astride an ancient scooter, robes flying, horn-rimmed spectacles bouncing on his nose, on his endless errands of mercy. He is up at dawn, hardly ever gets to bed before midnight—"There is so much to do."

Speaking Cantonese, Mandarin, Portuguese, French and English, he greets all newcomers with infectious warmth. Last year there were 4,584. At any hour of day or night the newly arrived get a hot meal and a basic issue: canvas shoes, clothing,

blanket, toothbrush, a small packet of money. For 15 days they will be fed and housed. Then they must move on to make room for others. But Father Ruiz always tries to find them jobs.

A mother with three young children is given a place as a cleaner. Her children are taught to lace together fuses of fireworks, Macao's primary export. Another man says he was once a small fruit merchant; Ruiz buys him a basket of fruit and he sells by the roadside. In two weeks he has made enough to buy a bicycle. One husband and wife got a Rs. 188 machine to knit cheap stockings. Between them they kept the machine going day and night, finally earning enough to buy a second, then a third. Today—after two years—they have seven people working for

Father Ruiz on one of his endless errands of mercy—taking an exhausted refugee to hospital



THE READER'S DIGEST

them. "It is remarkable how well these people do, if given the chance," says Father Ruiz.

Crowded Spot. Though many refugees settle permanently in Macao, most want to get to Hong Kong, where opportunities are greater. Hong Kong's population has shot up from 1.8 million in 1949 to an estimated four million today. It is one of the earth's most crowded spots, since only 80 of the colony's 398 square miles are habitable.

On arrival most refugees simply appropriate a few square feet of ground, and build a squatter shack of old sacking, straw matting, corrugated iron, scrap timber. Torrential rains wash these hovels off the hillsides, and fires sweep them periodically, as on Christmas Eve 1953, when a conflagration destroyed the homes of 50,000 people. Nevertheless, the Colony deserves the world's thanks and admiration for what it is doing to correct this desperate situation. Since 1954 it has built primitive units to house 815,000 people. But there are still 500,000 waiting in squatter villages, in huts on roof-tops, on pavements, anywhere.

I asked Halleck Rose, who manages activities of the International Rescue Committee in Hong Kong, if the number of refugees had not reached saturation point.

"It would seem so by Western standards," he replied. "But we

aren't talking about Western standards. Almost every new arrival can get a job immediately. Strange as it seems, there is the beginning of a labour shortage. Pay for the unskilled is between Rs. 7.5 and Rs. 15 a day, but that will buy a great deal. Even the minimums represent better pay, food and housing than the refugees had in China. And all of them know the stories of those who have moved ahead rapidly to become owners of shops or small manufacturing industries.

"These things couldn't have happened in China. Here they happen every day."

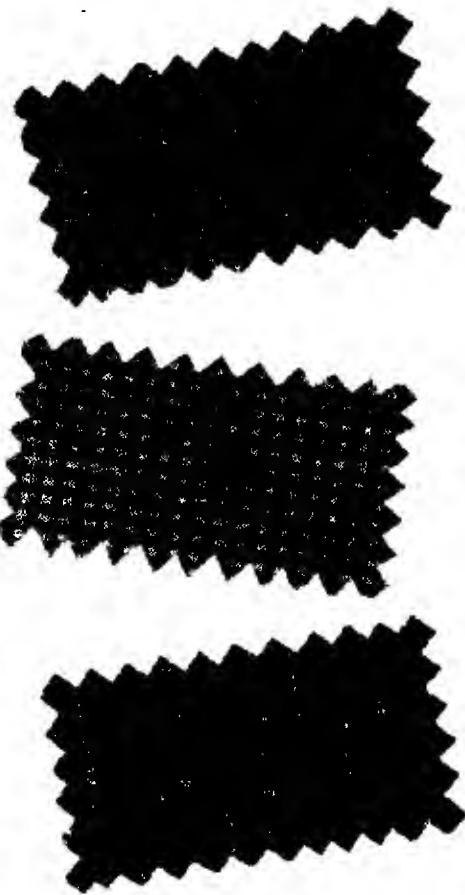
Last year the IRC gave a helping hand to 6,400 people. In one case Rose scraped together enough to buy a sampan that made a fishing family independent. One of Honolulu's most prosperous doctors was once one of Rose's penniless clients. Jobs for hundreds have been found in handicraft industries. A hotel school set up by IRC trained pageboys, waiters, chambermaids for Hong Kong's tourist industry.

Thus, once again, the most stirring of all dramas is unfolding: people risking their lives to escape tyranny and seek a better life. Today's Chinese are kindred spirits of those who burrow under the Berlin Wall and those who sail frail craft out of Cuba. All carry the same message: Man's ancient dream of freedom can never be denied.

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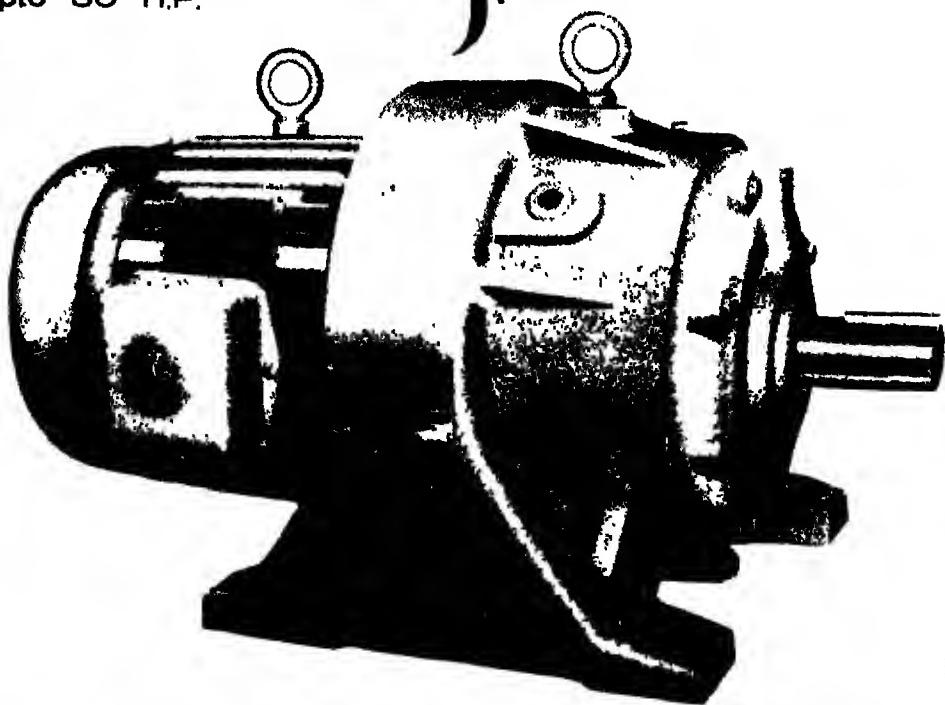
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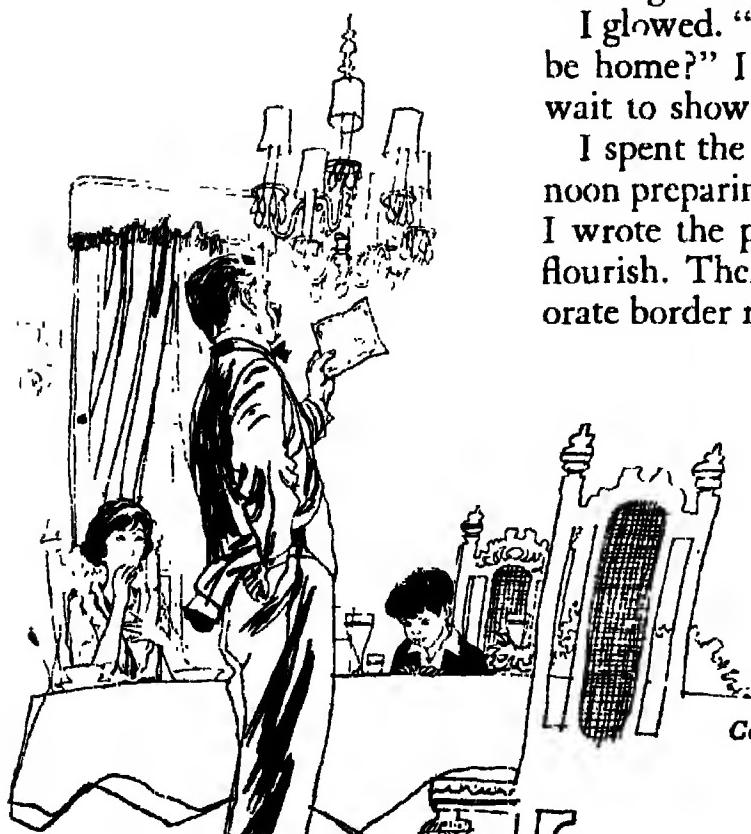


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"Wonderful!" said Mother. "Lousy!" said Father. A famous author recalls how much he learned when his parents disagreed about his first literary effort

MY WONDERFUL, LOUSY POEM

By BUDD SCHULBERG



I was eight or nine years old when I wrote my first poem.

At that time my father was a Hollywood tycoon, head of Paramount Studios. My mother was a prime mover in various intellectual projects, helping to bring "culture" to the exuberant Hollywood community of the 1920's.

My mother read the little poem and began to cry. "Buddy, you didn't really write this beautiful, beautiful poem!"

Shyly, bursting with pride, I stammered that I had. She poured out her praise. Why, this poem was nothing short of genius!

I glowed. "What time will Father be home?" I asked. I could hardly wait to show him.

I spent the best part of that afternoon preparing for his arrival. First, I wrote the poem out in my finest flourish. Then I crayoned an elaborate border round it that would do

Condensed from Family Weekly

justice to its brilliant content. As seven o'clock drew near, I confidently placed it on my father's plate on the dining-room table.

But my father did not return at seven. Seven-fifteen came. Seven-thirty. The suspense was exquisite. I admired my father. I liked to go to the studio and watch the rough cuts of his new pictures in his big projection room. He had begun his career in films as a writer. He would be able to appreciate this wonderful poem of mine even more than my mother.

But this evening when my father burst in, his mood seemed even more thunderous than usual. An hour late for dinner, he could not sit down but circled the long dining-room table with a Scotch whisky in his hand, calling down terrible oaths on his employees. I can see him now, a big Havana cigar in one hand, whisky in the other, crying out against the fates that had sentenced him to the cruel job of running a Hollywood studio.

"Imagine, we would have finished the picture tonight," my father was shouting. "Instead that *moron* suddenly gets it into her beautiful, empty little head that she can't play the last scene. So the whole company has to stand there at 1,000 dollars a minute while this silly little *blank*, who's lucky she isn't behind a shop counter, walks off the set! And now I have to *beg* her to come back on Monday!"

He wheeled in his pacing, paused

and glared at his plate. There was a suspenseful silence. "What is this?" He was reaching for my poem.

"Ben, a wonderful thing has happened," my mother began. "Buddy has written his first poem! And it's beautiful, absolutely amaz—"

"If you don't mind, I'd like to decide that for myself," Father said.

I kept my face lowered to my plate as he read that poem. It was only ten lines. But it seemed to take hours. I remember wondering why it was taking so long. I could hear my father breathing. Then I could hear him dropping the poem back on the table. Now came the moment of decision.

"I think it's lousy," my father said.

I couldn't look up. My eyes were getting wet.

"Ben, sometimes I don't understand you," my mother was saying. "This is just a little boy. You're not in your studio now. These are the first lines of poetry he's ever written. He needs encouragement."

"I don't know why." My father held his ground. "Isn't there enough bad poetry in the world already? No law says Buddy has to become a poet."

They quarrelled over it, and I can still remember my father's self-defence: "Look, I pay my best writers 2,000 dollars a week. All afternoon I've been tearing their stuff apart. I only pay Buddy 50 cents a week. And you're trying to

tell me I don't have the right to tear his stuff apart if I think it's lousy!"

I couldn't stand it another second. I ran from the dining-room howling. Up in my room I threw myself on the bed and sobbed.

That may have been the end of the anecdote, but not of its significance for me. Inevitably the family wounds healed. My mother began talking to my father again. My father asked me whether I would like to go to a prizefight—his favourite recreation. I even began writing poetry again, though of course I dared not show it to my father.

A few years later I took a second look at that first poem: it *was* a pretty lousy poem. After a while I worked up the courage to show him something new, a primitive short story written in what I fancied to be the dark Russian manner. My father thought it was overwritten but not hopeless. I was learning to rewrite. And my mother was learning that she could criticize me without crushing me. You might say we were all learning. I was almost 12.

But it wasn't until years later that the true meaning of that painful "first poem" experience dawned on me. As I became a professional writer, doing books and plays and films,

it became clearer and clearer to me how fortunate I had been to have a mother who said, "Buddy, did you really write this? I think it's wonderful!" and a father who shook his head and drove me to tears with, "I think it's lousy." A writer—in fact every one of us in life—needs that loving-mother force from which all creation flows; and yet alone it is incomplete, even misleading, finally destructive, without the father force to caution, "Watch. Listen. Review. Improve."

Sometimes you find these opposing forces personified in associates, friends, loved ones. But finally you must balance these opposites within yourself: first, the confidence to go forward, to do, to become; second, the tempering of rampant self-approval with hardheaded, realistic self-appraisal, the father discipline.

Those conflicting but complementary voices of my childhood echo down through the years—*wonderful...lousy...wonderful...lousy*—like two powerful, opposing winds buffeting me. I try to navigate my little craft so as not to capsize before either. Between the two poles of affirmation and doubt, both in the name of love, I try to follow my true course.



Money Mission

A MAN telephoned the Israel Bond Office and said he would like to make enquiries about some bonds he had bought years ago. "Are you interested in conversion or redemption?" the operator asked. "Tell me," replied the caller. "Is that Israel Bonds or the Christian Mission?" —Marcia Hale

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Combat Operations Centre "display boards"

Guardian Mountain of North America

*From a fantastic
cavern deep in the
Rockies, defence forces
keep constant vigil
against nuclear attack*

BY JOHN HUBBELL

AT A DISTANCE, Cheyenne Mountain in Colorado looks just as it did to the pioneers who found their way westward across the Rockies a century ago. Its outward appearance probably has not changed since cavemen roamed these regions 12,000 years ago.

But Cheyenne is vastly different now. For deep in its impregnable innards, below a roof of 1,500 feet of solid granite, stands the new Combat Operations Centre of the

North American Air Defence Command (NORAD). Here, a Battle Staff of U.S. and Canadian air defence experts—the "cavemen" of the mid-twentieth century—keep day-and-night watch on the world, monitoring a marvellous, bewildering complex of intelligence and communications systems, ready to detect and identify in its earliest moments any attack launched against the North American continent.

NORAD's primary mission is to sound the alarm in case of attack. This alarm would be delivered simultaneously to the U.S. President, Canada's Prime Minister, the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Canadian Defence Staff, the U.S. Strategic Air Command (SAC) and to civil-defence authorities of both countries. NORAD's secondary mission is to defend 10.5 million square miles of continent and seaward approaches, directing hundreds of U.S. and Canadian fighter-interceptor aircraft and ground-to-air missiles against an incoming attack force. But its ultimate mission is deterrence. No rational enemy is likely to attack North America knowing that he would unleash upon himself devastating U.S. retaliatory response.

Twilight World. NORAD is nine years old. Until recently, its command post was in a former hospital, as vulnerable as the near-by Colorado Springs business district. But five years ago NORAD began

blasting out a home for itself in Cheyenne Mountain. Today, more than 1.1 million lb. of explosives, 500,000 cubic yards of granite and Rs. 106 crores later, NORAD's under-the-mountain nerve centre of continental defence is as bomb- and sabotage-proof as anything can be made.

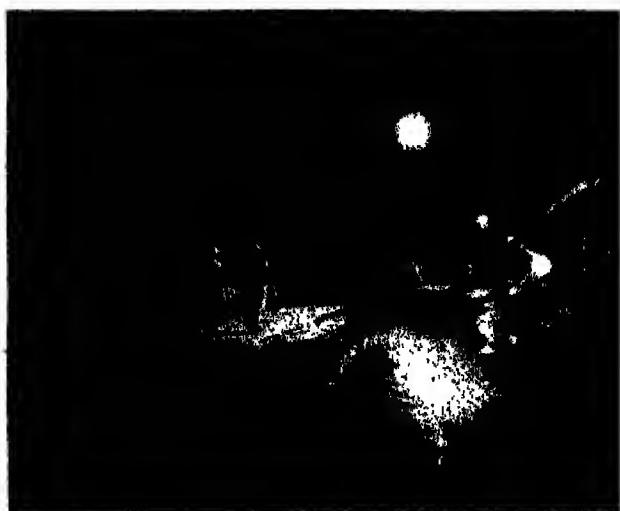
Let's take a look inside. Air Force police, smartly dressed, well-armed but polite, examine our credentials and pass us on. We enter what looks like a road tunnel through a mountain. In this twilight world we walk up a street wide enough for two-way traffic. The street curves gently; the light from the entrance weakens and dies. A mile ahead is the South Portal, primarily an air intake, but usable should a nuclear blast close the North Portal. A third of a mile into Cheyenne we turn right, off the main highway, and walk past a steel door into another tunnel.

Locked in an immense concrete collar, this door is three feet thick, 13 feet high, 11 feet wide and weighs 30 tons. A nuclear shock wave rushing down the main highway from either portal would have to make a 90-degree turn to get at it; some shock, greatly weakened, would reach it, and some, further weakened, might even get through it—but this is only the beginning. Electrically operated, the door takes 30 seconds to swing open. Fifty feet ahead, an identical steel door bars our way; it cannot open until the first door is locked tight. Trapped

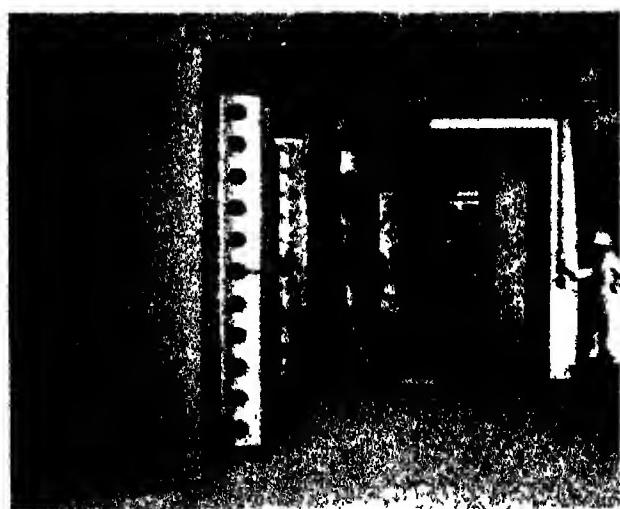
between 60 tons of steel and heaven knows how much granite, we fight claustrophobic panic.

Then the second door opens and we get our first glimpse of incredible "NORAD City." The caves are immense. Covering four and a half acres, some are nearly 600 feet long, 60 feet high, 45 feet wide. The thick walls separating the chambers are the solid granite of the mountain itself. Within the chambers are 11 rectangular, windowless buildings, eight of them three storeys tall. None of the structures touches cave roofs or walls; hence vibration in these surfaces caused by a nuclear blast could not affect the buildings. To simulate an air cushion the buildings themselves are floated on 937 coil springs. Each spring weighs a ton, is four feet high, two feet in diameter, can compress nearly a foot and will give in any horizontal direction.

Alternately green and yellow, the buildings are tight cocoons of welded steel. The reason: although safe from blast and fall-out, the command post could still be rendered useless by the tremendous electromagnetic pulse (EMP) generated by a nuclear shot. EMP cannot kill people, but it could fuse wires together, burn out circuits, erase millions of pieces of vital intelligence stored on computer tapes. EMP would be stopped by the three-eighths-inch thickness of steel surrounding every building, cable and wire. The steel would funnel EMP



Main tunnel entrance



Blast-proof steel doors



Shock springs and part of reservoir system

THE READER'S DIGEST

through grounding wires into the earth.

Water for the NORAD complex comes from the Colorado Springs water supply. But should that be knocked out, there are four natural springs in the mountain, each producing 80 gallons of fresh water per hour, which is stored in reservoirs holding six million gallons. Lieutenant-Colonel Chester Dellinger, a logistics expert, says, "We have enough water, food and supplies to button up tight for 30 days; longer on a Spartan basis." Dellinger inspects the two tunnel-shaped reservoirs, each 400 feet long and 32 feet wide, from a rowing-boat, travelling through the water-filled caves like an underground admiral. A third reservoir, filled with 320,000 gallons of diesel fuel, supplies six generators which can produce nearly six million watts of electricity.

Next, we climb through two more heavy steel doors, into what seems a minor cyclone. We are in a dark, narrow tunnel through which 200,000 cubic feet of air per minute pour from ten air-supply valves on the mountain's surface.

The valves would go airtight within one-fiftieth of a second after a nuclear blast—and would stay shut until all danger from blast and shock wave had passed. Then they would automatically open again. In an adjacent air adit are eight large chemical-bacteriological-radiological (CBR) filters. Every breath of air that reaches inside must pass through all eight filters. Thus NORAD's military mountaineers breathe the cleanest air on earth, and would continue to do so in the face of any attack.

Inside the buildings are living quarters, and the necessities for

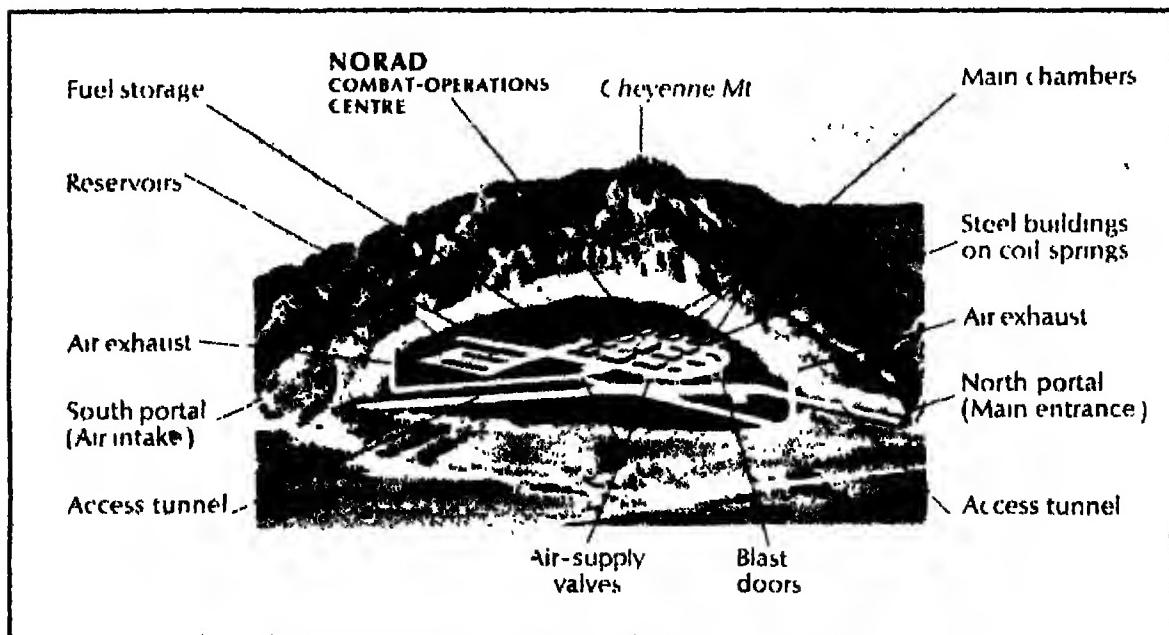
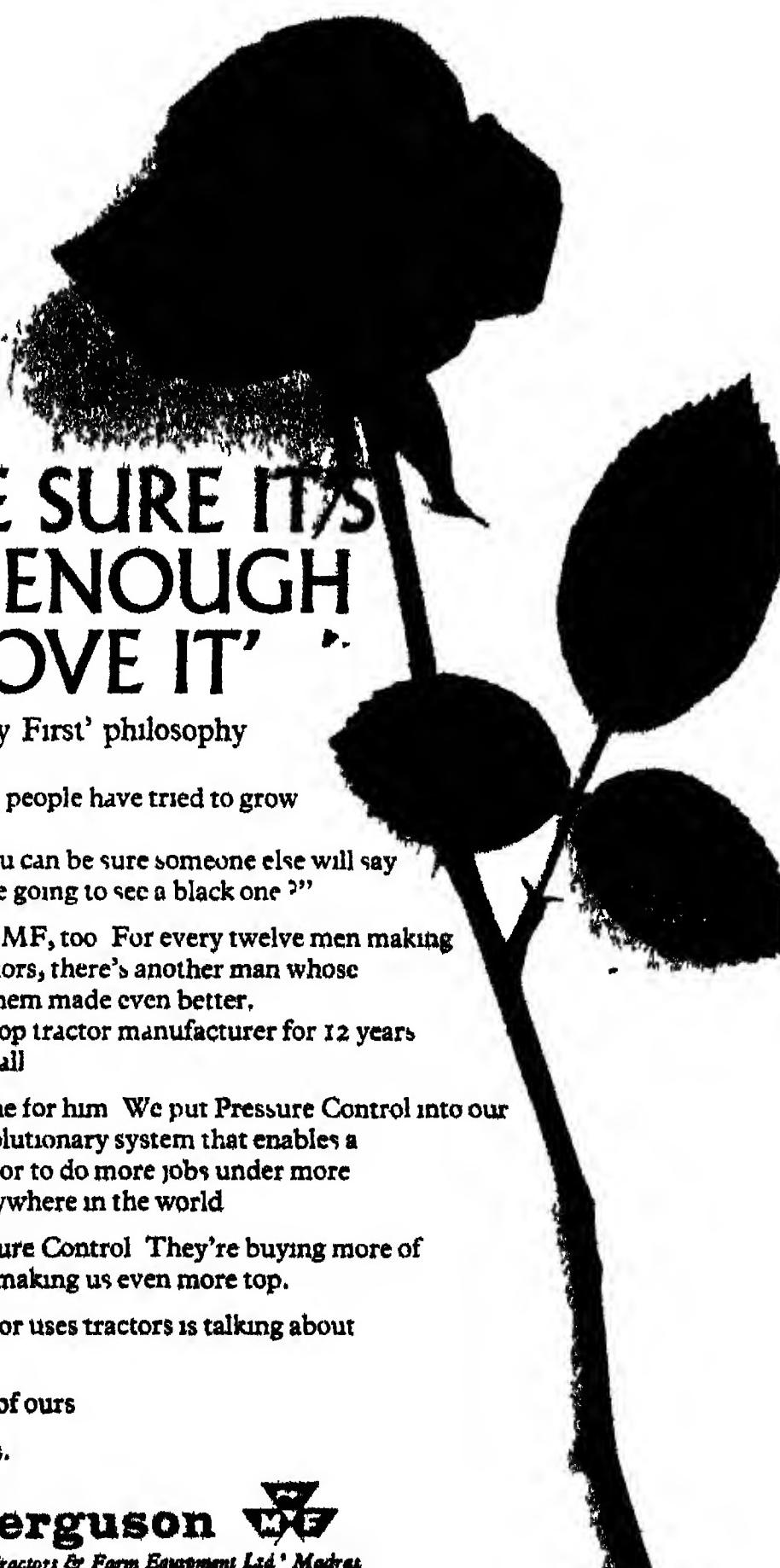


Diagram of NORAD's Combat Operations Centre



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GUARDIAN MOUNTAIN OF NORTH AMERICA

keeping personnel in sound condition—a large, attractive cafeteria, a library, hospital, cinema and hook-ups with radio and television stations.

The Centre. Finally we come to the mountain's heart, brain and nervous system—NORAD's Combat Operations Centre. Here the Battle Staff keeps close, constant vigil on the air and sea space surrounding the North American continent. Intelligence streams in from hundreds of sources. Among them are huge Ballistic Missile Early Warning Systems (BMEWS) at Clear, Alaska, at Thule, Greenland, and at Fylingdales on the Yorkshire moors; the Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line, raising an unbroken radar wall thousands of miles across the top of the continent; hundreds of other radars strategically located the length and breadth of the United States and Canada; naval air and anti-submarine forces above, on and under the seas adjacent to the continent.

NORAD checks on more than 200,000 flights daily in North American skies, paying special attention to the 800 to 1,200 which originate overseas. Its Space Defence System (SDS), using such things as cameras which can clearly photograph light reflected from a football-size satellite 50,000 miles away, keeps up to the instant on everything happening in space. SDS announced that as from April 1 there were exactly

1,075 man-made objects in space, including 32 deep-space probes, and that of 215 payloads orbiting the earth 168 were American, 40 Russian, two British, three French and two Canadian—the remaining 828 objects were pieces of debris.

The Centre's 13 computers file each item of incoming intelligence, while simultaneously translating it into clear, colour-coded language and symbols which may be projected on wall-size, transparent "display boards" of Eurasia and North America spread out before the Battle Staff. And it all happens so quickly that the Battle Staff sees at every moment a "real-time" picture of the continent's status—what is actually happening *now*.

Suddenly, this "status" receives a bloodcurdling jolt: a number "3" is flashing red on the BMEWS Alarm Level Indicator. This means that the gigantic BMEWS radars have a highly suspicious contact. Men move quickly to stations before communications consoles.

Now the number is "2"; the contact is meaningful. Something definitely is coming our way. BMEWS hesitates before telling us what it is, making sure it is not reading signals from the moon, meteor trails, aurora borealis, space satellites, interstellar noise. But it is time to alert Washington and Ottawa and SAC headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska (where NORAD's warning boards are duplicated).

When the Alarm Level hits "1,"

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GUARDIAN MOUNTAIN OF NORTH AMERICA

orders crack out from the mountain command post; everywhere, defence aircraft are flushing into the skies and surface-to-air-missile complexes are preparing for action. SAC has given the "go" signal to its airborne alert force, is launching the rest of its bombers and has ordered its ICBM commanders to get ready to fire. The U.S. Polaris submarine fleet is preparing to blast missiles against preassigned targets.

Still, we are not committed to war. We need final confirmation from BMEWS. And now we get it: a panel flashes "High Confidence" —BMEWS has checked every conceivable possibility and deduced that we definitely are under ICBM attack!

The display board is telling us much more: how many ICBM's the enemy has launched; the number of points in North America about to be hit; how many minutes before the missiles impact. Ellipses are forming on the maps, indicating where the missiles will land. This is Armageddon!

Then, suddenly, the boards are wiped clean. We have just witnessed one of NORAD's frequent test exercises. An officer gives the command post's code name and calls for a communications check. In seconds, every NORAD Region, from Alaska to Alabama, has reported in, loud and clear. The exercise is over.

Sometimes, the Russians inadvertently help with the testing. One

dawn not long ago, a flight of Soviet bombers came out of a Siberian base towards Alaska. Supersonic NORAD fighter-interceptors were waiting for them in international air space, several miles from the Alaskan coast. Closely escorted by the defenders, the Russians carefully kept their distance, flew parallel along the length of the state's southern coast, then turned and went home. That exercise, which triggered NORAD, must have given the Russians pause.

Back to the Caves? So we relax. But certain thoughts nag:

Question: NORAD's warning systems are orientated towards the northern latitudes. What if enemies sent their missiles over the South Pole?

Answer: An ICBM attack from the south would be detected as quickly as one from the north. The warning systems are designed to detect and identify any attack soon after launch. Hence an attack over the much longer southern trajectories would actually increase the warning time.

Question: China is building nuclear warheads and some day will have the means to deliver them. What warning system does NORAD have in her direction, and what deterrent?

Answer: The warning systems against the Soviet capabilities would be effective against any offensive system aimed at the American continent. And retaliatory plans

THE READER'S DIGEST

have long included every meaningful target in any potential aggressor nation.

Question: Is NORAD's warning-time buffer a permanent condition?

Answer: Definitely not. Nuclear war came close in 1962 when the Russians transferred missiles to Cuba because they were trying to bring the entire continent under threat of no-warning nuclear attack, a condition America refused to accept. And if Russia should develop a Polaris-type capability, the warning time would be much shorter.

"Near space," the region from the top of the earth's atmosphere out to about 500 miles, also could be used by a nuclear attack. In 1963, the

United States entered an agreement with Russia that no one should orbit nuclear weapons. But last November, in a weaponry parade in Moscow's Red Square, the Russians exhibited something they called an "orbital bomb."

There is one final question: will Cheyenne and all its marvellous, frightening technology lead mankind, in the end, back to the caves?

"Probably not," an officer says. "It's too bad that we must invest so much technology in defending ourselves, when we could be putting it to more positive use. But until the world gets less hostile, this cave goes a long way towards ensuring continuing peace—and a world in which we can live as we choose."



Seeing Double

SURREALIST painter Salvador Dali had stopped at a New York restaurant for refreshment. His pet ocelot was playing at the full length of its tether, when a middle-aged lady, who was passing, suddenly saw it and recoiled. "For heaven's sake," she said. "What's that?" Dali fixed her with a withering glance. "It's only a cat," he said. "I've painted it over with an op-art design."

"Oh," the lady said, vastly relieved. "I can see now that's what it is. At first I thought it was a real ocelot."

—Caskie Stinnett in *Speaking of Holiday*

* * *

Ducking the Decoration

HONOURS of any sort are taboo at *Le Canard Enchaîné*, the French satirical periodical. Once a writer made the mistake of turning up for work wearing the Legion of Honour. The editor took one horrified look and fired him on the spot. "But," the writer stammered, "I didn't ask for it. They gave it to me." Said the editor, "Well, you shouldn't have done anything to deserve it."

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A PSYCHIATRIST TURNS TO THE BIBLE

The world's greatest textbook on human behaviour has helped people to deal with their problems for centuries. Today its distilled wisdom is more valuable than ever

By DR. SMILEY BLANTON

NOTICING a Bible lying on my desk the other day, a new patient asked, "Do you—a psychiatrist—read the Bible?"

"I not only read it," I told him, "I study it. It's the greatest textbook on human behaviour ever put together. If people would just absorb its message, a lot of us psychiatrists could close our consulting rooms and go fishing."

"You're talking about the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule?"

"Certainly—but more, too," I said. "There are dozens of other insights that have profound psychiatric value. Take your own case. For the past hour you've been telling me how you've done this, tried that, all to no avail. It's pretty obvious that you're worrying yourself into a state of acute anxiety, isn't it?"

"That," he said dryly, "is why I'm here."

I picked up the Bible. "Here's some advice that St. Paul gives to the Ephesians. *Having done all, stand.* Now, what does that mean? Exactly what it says. You've done your best, what more can you do? Keep running in circles? Plough up the same ground? What you really need—far more than a solution to this particular problem—is peace of mind. And there's the formula: relax, stand quietly, stop trying to beat this thing with your conscious mind. Let the creative power in your unconscious mind take over. It may solve the whole thing, if you'll just get out of your own way."

My patient looked thoughtful. "Perhaps I should do a little Bible reading on my own," he said.

It does seem foolish not to make

THE READER'S DIGEST

use of the distilled wisdom of 3,000 years. Centuries before psychiatry, the Bible knew that "the kingdom of God is within you." We psychiatrists call it the unconscious mind—but only the words are new, not the concept.

From beginning to end the Bible teaches that the human soul is a battleground where good struggles with evil. We talk about the forces of hostility and aggression contending with the love impulses in human nature. It's the same thing.

What psychiatry has done is to bring scientific terminology to the truths that the Bible presents in poetry, allegory and parable. What, in essence, did Freud and the other pioneers discover? That the human mind functions on the conscious and the unconscious level. That the thing we call conscience does, too, and that many emotional pressures and dislocations are caused by its hidden action.

It is tremendously exciting to read the Bible with even this much knowledge of psychiatry.

Here are a few of my favourite passages, words so full of insight that I think they might well be memorized and repeated periodically by anyone who values his mental health.

Underneath are the everlasting arms. For hundreds of years, troubled people have found comfort in these words from the Book of Deuteronomy. This is not surprising. One of the few fears we are born

with is the fear of falling, so the idea of a pair of loving arms, sustaining and eternal, is an answer to the yearning in all of us to feel safe, to find security. Furthermore, one of the deepest forms of communication is touch. And so this Biblical image brings a great sense of peace. If you suffer from tension and insomnia, try repeating these words to yourself at bedtime. You may find them more effective than any sleeping pill.

Love thy neighbour as thyself. Many people think this noble concept comes from the New Testament. Actually you can also find it in Leviticus. The remarkable thing, to a psychiatrist, is its recognition that in an emotionally healthy person there must be self-love as well as love of others.

Lack of self-esteem is probably the most common emotional ailment I am called upon to treat. Often pressure from the unconscious mind is causing this sense of unworthiness.

Suppose a woman comes to me, weighed down with guilt. I can't undo the things she has done. But perhaps I can help her to understand why she did them, and how the mechanism of her conscience, functioning below the conscious level, is paralysing her. And I can urge her to read and re-read the story of the Prodigal Son. How can anyone feel permanently condemned or rejected in a world where this magnificent promise comes ringing down the centuries, the promise that love is

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A PSYCHIATRIST TURNS TO THE BIBLE

stronger than any mistake, any error?

Take no thought for the morrow. A modern rephrasing might well be, "Stop worrying about the future." Worry causes tension. Tension blocks the flow of creative energy from the unconscious mind. And when creative energy wanes, problems multiply.

Most of us know perfectly well that worry is a futile process. Yet many people constantly borrow trouble. "Sufficient unto the day," says the Bible, "is the evil thereof." There are plenty of problems in the here-and-now to tackle and solve. The only moment when you're really alive is the present one, so make the most of it. Have faith that the Power that brought you here will help you through any future crisis, whatever it may be. "They that wait upon the Lord," sang Isaiah, "shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles." Why? Because their faith makes them non-worriers.

As he thinketh in his heart, so is he. This penetrating phrase from Proverbs implies that what you *think* you think is less important than what you really think. Every day in my consulting room I see illustrations of this. Recently I was talking to a woman who had married during the Korean war. Her husband had volunteered for war duty and gone overseas, leaving her pregnant. He had been killed: she was left to bring up their son alone.

Eventually she remarried, but now she was having difficulty with the 15-year-old boy.

It was apparent that she treated her son with unusual harshness and severity. "Why are you so strict with him?" I asked.

"Because I don't want him to grow up spoilt," she said instantly.

"Did it ever occur to you," I asked, "that when this boy's father went away voluntarily, leaving you, and got himself killed, something in you was enraged, something in you hated him? And isn't it just possible that some of this unadmitted hate has been displaced on to the child he left you with, although your conscious mind doesn't want to admit that either? Look into your heart and search for the truth there, below the rationalizations of your mind. Until you do, we're not going to get anywhere with this problem."

Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. Of course! What we shall love is the key problem of human existence, because we tend to become the reflection of what we love. Do you love money? Then your values will be materialistic. Do you love power? Then the aggressive instincts in you will slowly become dominant. Do you love God and your neighbour? Then you are not likely to need a psychiatrist.

We psychiatrists warn against sustained anger and hostility; we know that unresolved conflicts in the unconscious mind can make you physically ill. How does the Bible

THE READER'S DIGEST

put it? *Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. And: A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.* Exactly so. These flashing sparks of truth from the pages of the Bible are endless!

If I were asked to choose one Bible passage above all others it would be this: *And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.* In one tremendous sentence these words encompass the whole theory and method of psychotherapy.

Nine times out of ten, when people come to me tormented by guilt, racked by anxiety, exhausted by unresolved hate, it is because they don't know the truth about themselves. It is the role of the psychiatrist to remove the camouflage, the self-deception, the rationalizations. It is his job to bring the unconscious conflicts into the conscious mind where reason can deal with them.

As Freud said, "Reason is a small voice, but it is persistent." Once insight is gained, the cure can begin —because the truth *does* make you free.

We shall never have all the truth. Great questions of life and death, good and evil, remain unanswered —and must so remain, as the Book of Job eloquently tells us. But this much seems plain to me: locked in the unconscious of each of us are the same elemental forces of love and hate that have haunted and inspired the human race from the beginning. With this hidden area of the human spirit psychiatry concerns itself—sometimes helpfully, sometimes not.

But there is also an ancient book that deals with it, that understands it profoundly and intuitively, a book that for 3,000 years has been a help in time of trouble to any person wise enough to use it.



The Age of Discretion

ZSA ZSA Gabor tells about the time her daughter, then 15, asked, "Mummy, how old are you?" Replied Zsa Zsa, "I'm 21, darling." Thoughtful pause, then: "Mummy, I have a feeling that some day I may be older than you."

—M. B.

NOEL COWARD once remarked of Gloria Swanson, who stays incredibly young-looking: "She looks like an old, old 12."

—R. H.

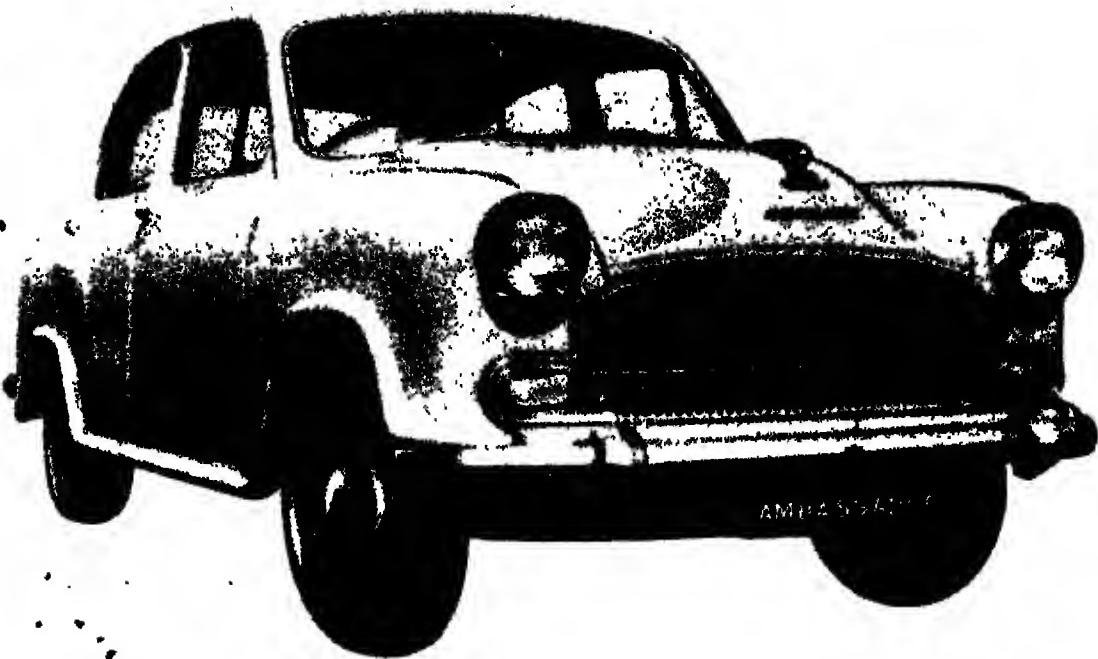
JAMES DENTON, a publicity director of Twentieth Century Fox studios, was asked how he obtained the ages of his contract screen actresses. "We use the half-and-half method," he explained. "The exact age of any woman is obtained by adding half the years she acknowledges to half the years her best friend gives her."

—Parade

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the pleasure of
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throughout the world*

BY BLAKE CLARK

CAN SMOKE floating over a vineyard be tasted in the wine that comes from those grapes? A few years ago a wire factory was started up in the Champagne region in north-eastern France. Soon, vineyard owners, protesting that its smoke affected the taste of their wine, brought legal proceedings against the factory.

The local magistrate called on two wine-tasters to test wines from each of the vineyards. Chemical

analysis revealed no difference; but both tasters agreed that while the wines of vineyards farthest from the factory were not affected, those nearer had a definite, unpleasant flavour. The Court of Appeals in Paris accepted the experts' conclusion, and ordered the factory to pay more than Rs. 4·5 lakhs compensation and install special equipment to trap the noxious fumes before they could invisibly resettle in a wine glass.

This kind of case, frequently repeated in France, represents a triumph of man's palate. The two tasters called upon are members of the Compagnie des Courtiers-Gourmets Picqueurs de Vins de Paris, a group of 50 expert wine-tasters dedicated to maintaining the high quality of French wines. The élite of some 3,500 professional tasters throughout France, they combine an encyclopedic knowledge of wines with an exquisite sensitivity to even their most elusive characteristics.

On Courtier-Gourmet Jacques Blanchet's palate depends the quality of an annual Rs. 38 crores' worth of *vin ordinaire*, whose components of French and Algerian wines he selects and mixes for a large wholesale house. Courtier-Gourmet Jean Clerc, given ten bottles of port, can determine the vintage of each, to within at least three years, as far back as 40 years.

The experts are constantly being tested. A wine-dealer at Bercy some

WINE TO YOUR TASTE

years ago telephoned Bernard Grenouilleau. "I have something special for you," he said. "I've just received a shipment of wine and I challenge you to identify it." The Courtier-Gourmet knew from the jubilant tone in his friend's voice that it wasn't going to be easy.

Grenouilleau filled his shallow silver tasting cup which, in the dim light of the dealer's cellar, would reflect the wine better than a glass. In classic fashion he proceeded by elimination: the wine had none of the characteristics of a Bordeaux, and was not rich enough in taste for a Burgundy. Probably it was from Central France. And then a little bell rang in his memory. When he was a young man, his father had taken him to Vichy for a holiday. There, 45 years earlier, he had drunk that wine, which came from a small vineyard near by. "This," he said triumphantly, "is a Saint-Pourçain."

The dealer nearly dropped the bottle. Almost all Saint-Pourçain wines are white, and the very small production of red is used locally. Only once in two or three years does a cask reach Paris.

The dealer was so impressed that he has revered the expert's verdicts ever since. Commented Grenouilleau, "Sheer luck."

Talent and Memory. What makes a Courtier-Gourmet? First, he must have an innate talent. As a musician is born with a good ear, a wine-taster comes into the world

with ultrasensitive taste-buds. And he must have a palate *memory* for wine. "As soon as a wine-taster samples a new Clos de Vougeot," explains Courtier André Foulon, "he must compare it with all other Clos de Vougeot he has known before giving his verdict."

Equally indispensable is a lifelong association with wines. "I was practically born in a wine barrel," says vigorous, grey-haired Grenouilleau. His father was a vintner, directing a firm founded in 1820, and a great-great-uncle peddled wines through France, Belgium, Germany and all the way to St. Petersburg. Says Grenouilleau, "One needs an inheritance, plus 25 to 30 years' experience, to become a really expert wine-taster."

But not even this is enough to become a Courtier-Gourmet. A candidate must first wait for a vacancy, perhaps for years, as membership is strictly limited to 50. Then he must have two sponsors and submit to three gruelling examinations.

The first examination takes place at the Compagnie headquarters in Bercy. The nervous candidate is left alone with a watcher and eight bottles, all exactly alike, numbered 1 to 8. Each contains a different wine—red, white, dry, sweet, each typical of its region. Two bottles have defects; the aspirant is supposed to single these out and name their sins immediately. Then he must identify the contents of each remaining bottle, naming not only its region

THE READER'S DIGEST

and vintage, but even its *cru*—the vineyard where the grapes were grown.

From the first bottle, the candidate pours some wine into a tulip-shaped glass and holds it up to the light, "because the colour says a lot." He sniffs it, because "the nose speaks, too." Then he takes a sip, turns it thoughtfully in his mouth; he does not swallow it. Again, before making up his mind, he tastes from the same bottle. He then takes a bite of bread and rinses his mouth with water, in preparation for bottle No. 2. He works fast, for he has only 15 minutes to unlock the secrets imprisoned in all eight containers.

The second test concerns the wine the candidate presents as his speciality. He is required to write a dissertation about it which he must defend in an oral session against the questions of the masters. The third test probes his general knowledge. The jury examines him about a specific vineyard, picked at random, and often extends questioning to the field of viticulture and technical regulations.

No matter how high the test score, a candidate is accepted only after a thorough character investigation and the approval of the *Tribunal de Commerce*. Then one can toast his integrity as well as his ability. His word carries weight in court cases. Whenever the Ministry of Finance is faced with a case involving a tax fraud in wines, or the

Ministry of Agriculture is concerned with dilution or irregular mixing which cannot be proved by chemical analysis, one of these experts will be called in. Convicted on the evidence of eyes, nose and palate, wine-dealers have paid fines up to Rs. 7.7 lakhs and spent as long as six months in jail.

The Courtiers do not conceal the fact that they love their occupation. "Of course, we merely taste and inhale," says Courtier-Gourmet Jean Lutcher. "Otherwise, we'd all be dead of cirrhosis of the liver. But when we hit upon a truly noble vintage, we have to swallow. To spit out such a wine would be an insult."

An assignment which Courtier-Gourmet Jean Clerc recently enjoyed was setting a value on an inheritance of a fine cellar left by a wealthy industrialist to his children. Clerc dressed warmly in flannel trousers and leather jacket, knowing that the cellar was probably dusty and not warmer than 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Descending a stairway, he stepped into a beautiful sandstone cellar, half underground and without windows. It was lit softly with electric bulbs that shed just the proper amount of glow—too strong a light "fades" the flavour of wine.

Dust-covered bottles were stacked to the ceiling. Like a jeweller appraising rare stones, Clerc put one bottle of each *cru* under painstaking examination. The cellar, he reported after a morning's tasting,

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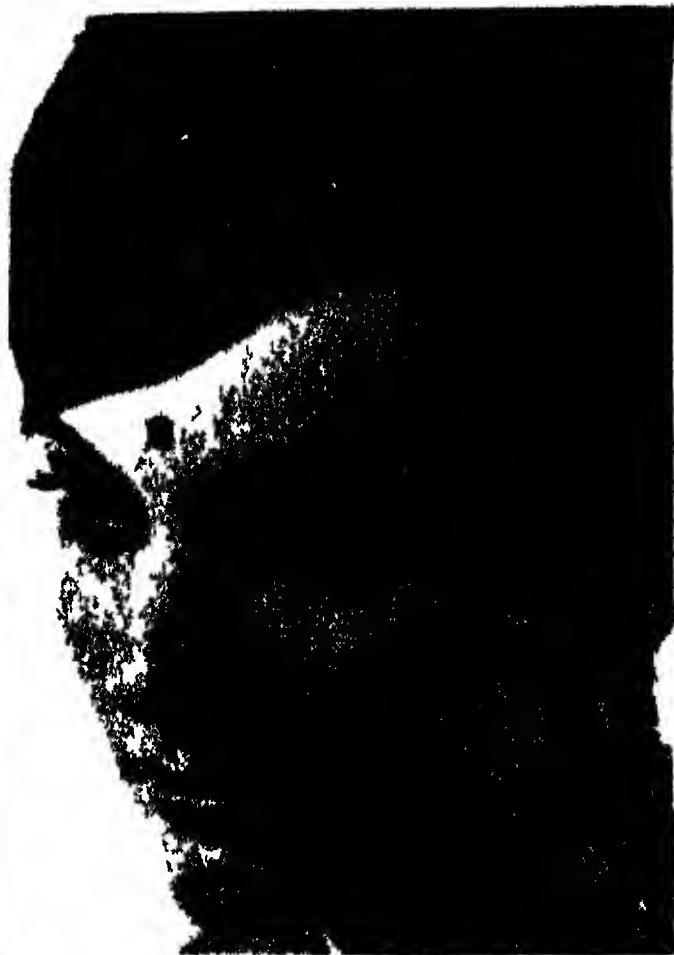
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Wine experts consaering their verdict. After piercing the cask with a "foret," they draw out a small sample with a pipette and pour it into their shallow silver tasting cups for appraisal

was worth Rs. 77,700. On this basis the heirs made a friendly division of an inheritance that could have started a family quarrel.

While the respected Courtiers-Gourmets rank highest in their profession, France has many other expert wine-tasters. They may be restaurant owners, growers or buyers or local connoisseurs with incredible knowledge of their area, sometimes able to identify the very hillside from which the grapes drew their sun and rain.

Louis Vaudable, owner of Maxim's world-famous restaurant in Paris, was one of the judges at a provincial agricultural show when two wines received exactly the same number of points for first place. The judges tasted again for bouquet and character and still came to the same conclusion. There was nothing to do but call it a tie and make a joint

award. The winners, it turned out, were father and son-in-law. Both wines came from the same domaine, perhaps from vines standing only a row apart. In this case, a prize should have gone to the judges.

Among others whose talents are praised by the Courtiers-Gourmets are Louis Plessis and Pierre Boisset, who do the tasting for one of the world's largest wholesale and retail wine-dealers. "In French wholesale houses," explains 50-year-old Plessis, "wine-tasting is done either by the owner or, as in our case, by the directors, for the merchant stands or falls with the quality of his wine. The two of us must agree on whether the wine is of a quality to be purchased. Boisset is more sensitive to certain tastes, I to others. We complement each other very well."

Twenty-four hours after samples

THE READER'S DIGEST

of the selected wines arrive in the company's huge warehouse outside Paris, Boisset and Plessis begin their diagnosis. They pour the wine into goblets of clear glass, for any colouring or decoration might interfere with judging the wine's clarity. Only stemmed glasses are used, so that the wine is not affected by the temperature of the hands, and the fingers are as far away from the nose as possible. "If you hold a glass round its rim, you will smell your fingers, not the wine," Plessis explains.

After appraising its colouring and clarity, the taster delicately sniffs the wine for aroma and bouquet. The aroma is a wine's natural scent. The bouquet is the way the aroma develops in individual bottles of wine over the years. Young wines have little bouquet; those kept in vats have none. The bouquet of a bottled wine, on the other hand, can vary from year to year.

Finally, the wine is tasted. During the half-minute or less that it is in the taster's mouth, he focuses attention on eight points:

Quality. Does it have an even balance of all ingredients? None should be overwhelming, covering up more subtle perfumes.

Truth. What is its physical condition? A wine is healthy or unsound. If unsound, it may be either *pique* (sour) or *tourné* (flat).

Finesse. A wine has certain qualities such as delicacy, lightness, and what is termed elegance.

Body. A wine should be full-bodied. Bad wines are shallow and thin.

Character. Each wine should have the individuality of its *cru*. A Burgundy should taste like Burgundy.

Acidity. Too much of it puckers the drinker's mouth; too little makes a wine flat and tasteless.

Hardness. This is caused by the addition of too much tannin in manufacture and makes wine harsh and rough. A good wine should be supple and silky.

Maturity. Wine is organic and changes continually. Some types and vintages mature earlier than others. Long experience in tasting is needed to determine if it should be drunk immediately or kept a few years.

The wine industry is of tremendous significance to France, with yearly sales totalling almost Rs. 1,260 crores. There are 350 regions of *appellations d'origine*, such as Médoc, Chinon, Chablis—each with its own treasured characteristics. Within these regions are some 250,000 different wines, each usually bearing the name of the man behind the label or the name of his estate, such as Château Mouton-Rothschild or Château-Yquem.

Amateur Experts. The average person cannot hope to acquire the discrimination of the experts, but he can develop his own taste. One authority says: "It is simple: you begin by liking a particular wine. Because you enjoy it, you want to



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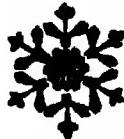
THE READER'S DIGEST

know more about it. You read about it and become a collector by buying wisely. You are already an *amateur* —an enthusiast. After years of experience you become an expert."

But where can you keep wine? In this age of living in flats, cellars are as scarce as attics. But most people, says Bernard Grenouilleau, can find room in a cool spot away from kitchen or heating pipes for a small cupboard to make into a little "upstairs cellar." It must have a draught, so cut holes in the upper and lower sections of the doors.

Insulate the cabinet with a lining of glass fibre. Then install wood or metal partitions and you have space for 50 to 100 bottles of wine.

They will not only taste good. They will add to the flavour of everything else on the table. But don't overdo it. The Courtiers-Gourmets themselves warn that wine should be drunk in moderation. Self-control is the key to enjoyment. It was a Frenchman, Nicolas Boileau, who said, "He who does not know *how* to drink knows nothing."



Long-standing Tradition

DURING the war, my husband served in China with an artillery group instructing the Chinese. On manoeuvres he became more and more concerned that their strong and willing little horses, used for all transport, were tied up so tightly at night that they could not lie down. For weeks he tried to discover who had issued this impractical and harsh order. Finally a young Chinese officer said he would ask his father, one of Chiang Kai-shek's generals.

Weeks went by, but eventually the young officer reappeared. It had taken some time to get in touch with the general, he explained, but the order was now rescinded.

It seems that in the days of Genghis Khan the Mongol ponies were tied up at night because if they lay down in cold weather they sometimes froze to death. No commander over the centuries had ever questioned the Great Khan's regulation.

—Elizabeth Wunder

* * *

Strong Grounds

A LONDON housewife was granted a divorce on the grounds that her husband had treated her cruelly ever since the night in 1962 when he climbed into bed and she said, "Oh, it's you."

—AP

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Young Pioneers of Britain's VSO

By GEORGE KENT

SIX YEARS ago, an 18-year-old English boy made his way up a British Guiana river to the Amerindian village of Orealla, some 50 miles from the nearest settlement. It was an isolated, swampy place, and its 1,000 inhabitants were backward, suspicious, apathetic.

Colin Henfrey, fresh from an English public school, came to Orealla from his home in Hampshire as a member of Voluntary Service Overseas, better known as VSO. He had no technical training, but he had something equally good—idealism and imagination. His assignment was as broad as the

horizon—to do what he could to improve the life of the people.

In one year, Henfrey wrought a small miracle. He re-established the village council, created cattle pastures so that people could have fresh meat, drained a swamp, built nine houses and a road. By encouraging local industry and planting limes, cacao trees and coconut palms he gave Orealla the ready money it needed for buying the extras that make the difference between a full life and a meagre one. And, most important, he built a wharf reaching out into the river.

A small thing, a wharf; but a



*The inspiring achievements
of these voluntary helpers
in developing countries
give the lie to those who
decry modern youth*

town on a river without one is like a town on a railway without a station. In building it, Henfrey gave the people status and self-respect, and above all a means of communication with their neighbours. Now the big riverboats could stop to unload raw material, medical help, newspapers and all the civilizing small comforts; and take aboard timber and fruit for sale in the down-river markets. It was a door opening the lost little village to the outside world.

In this, as in all the other enterprises, the people did most of the work. Colin Henfrey's achievement was that he roused them from their

long lethargy. He himself toiled beside them. As a guide to building the wharf, all he had was an old textbook—but it was enough.

First they cut down trees and towed the logs by canoe to a sawmill ten miles away. Then with nails and lashings they constructed three huge anchoring frameworks, each 12 feet high and weighing more than a ton. For equipment there was only a primitive block and tackle. But there were many pairs of clever hands, plenty of strong backs.

More than 100 men, women and children, working in teams, rolled the frames into the river and there, waist-deep in the water, inched them into place. In Henfrey's words, it was five weeks of toil and sweat—but no tears. The villagers chanted and laughed as they laboured, sharing with their British friend the wild meats brought in by the hunters. At last, there it was, a place on which to sit and stroll, and banter with the crews of the vessels. It united the village in a community of proud, happy people.

They wept unashamedly when they saw Colin packing to go home. They crowded into the shack they had built for him, where the hammock in which he had slept lay rolled up in a corner. The old women kissed him, the young ones thrust flowers into his pockets, everybody had a present for him.

After his return he went to Oxford University, determined to devote his life to forgotten peoples like

THE READER'S DIGEST

those of Orealla—a man, mature and wise, with a clear perspective about himself and his country and his own future life.

With variations, this is the story of several hundred young men and women who, as part of VSO, give 12 months or more of their lives to helping people in developing countries achieve a better life.

Although Voluntary Service Overseas is British, it was born on the Austro-Hungarian frontier. It was the moment of the uprising in Hungary. Alec Dickson, an educator from London, had rushed there to help the refugees. Working alongside him were students from many European countries, all animated—as he had been—by a simple desire to help. They asked for no money, they slept in lorries, they ate little or badly. Their cheerful goodwill, their indifference to hardship, made a profound impression on Dickson.

It seemed to him that the world must be full of young people like these, prepared to work and make sacrifices for their ideals. Here was an enormous reservoir of strength. And it was going to waste. Having worked abroad for many years, he believed that the youth of the developing countries could best be helped, not by administrators or professional social workers, but by the example of young people from more privileged communities. He resolved to do something about it. In 1958, VSO was founded.

In the beginning the volunteers were all school-leavers, teenage boys and girls, some of them preparing to enter university. These still form part of the programme; but, in the last few years, a considerable number of older people, university graduates and others, have been included. They all sign on for a year.

The first year there were 18 volunteers. In 1959, girls were accepted and the total going overseas grew to 50. Three years later there were over 300, of whom 25 were factory apprentices whose expenses were, in most cases, paid by their employers. Last year's total exceeded 1,100—more than a third of them girls.

The volunteers get free board and lodging, and a small amount of pocket money, all provided by the government of the country or the agency to which they are assigned. Travel and other costs, ranging from Rs. 8,400—Rs. 12,600 per volunteer, are paid by VSO. Their funds come from the British Government and from industry, individuals and charitable groups—often through the financial sponsoring of an individual volunteer.

To qualify, a volunteer must hold a British passport, be physically fit and have a good academic record; skills in games and handicrafts are an asset. Volunteers attend a brief orientation course. Then they get an assignment fitted to their talents and off they go—to any of 62 countries, from Sarawak to Swaziland.

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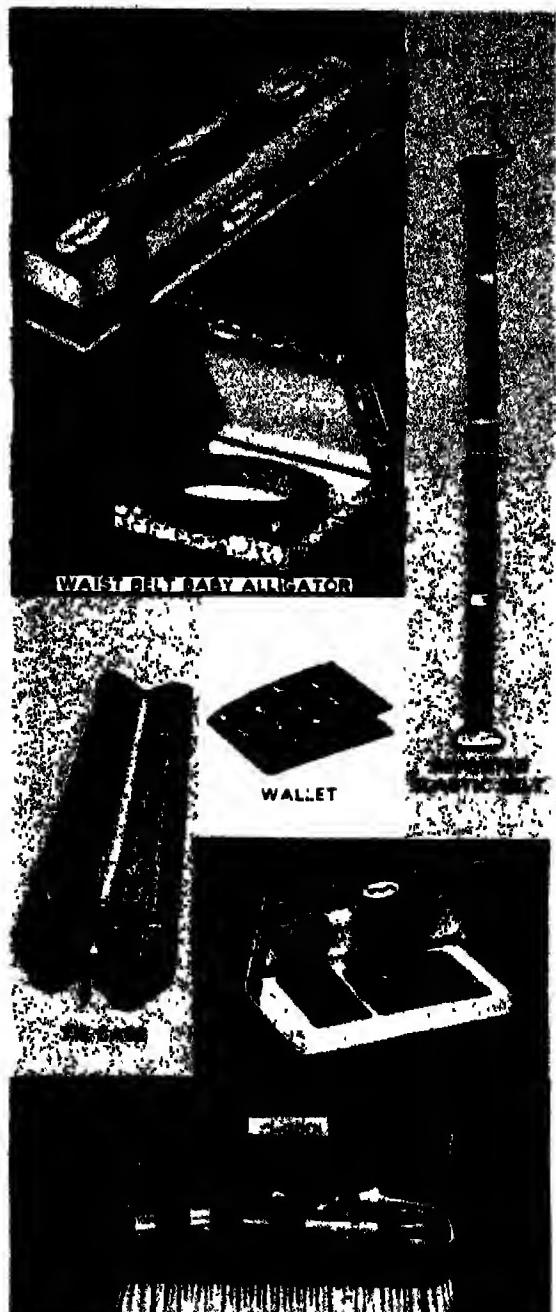
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here," wrote a volunteer from Birmingham, working in Sarawak. "I am in charge of the co-operative shop, the primary school, the dispensary and a rubber plantation. I've learnt how to deliver a baby. I meet one European a week—the doctor in the town 20 miles away. The boys take me there at weekends, driving their boats through dangerous rapids."

In Aden in 1964, working with primitive tools in temperatures of up to 130 degrees F., 22-year-old Roger Goodchild from London helped to build a training centre for blind Arab farmers. He and three other VSO's set up a community water supply, averted a threatened strike of coolies, formed a youth club for the local children. Goodchild's part in this was all the more remarkable because he himself has been totally blind since the age of four.

"By his example," says the chairman of the Aden Society for the Blind, "Roger has made the first significant breakthrough in conquering the local prejudices which cause blind people to be treated as social outcasts."

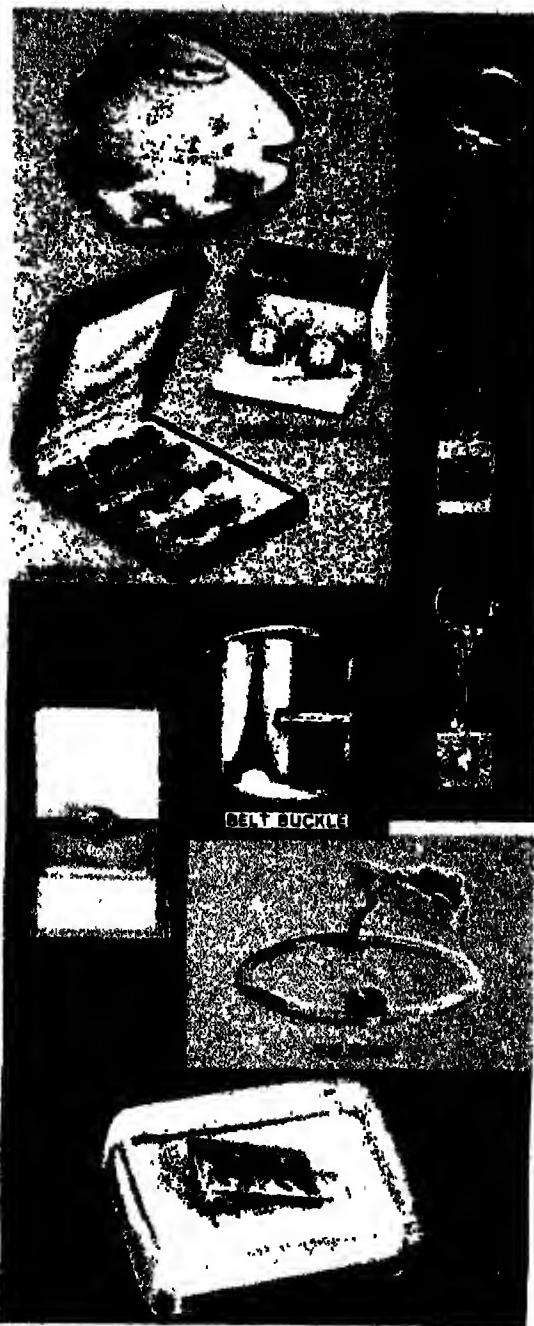
The contributions made by the girl volunteers in the fields of teaching and nursing, though less dramatic, are equally significant. Deirdre Allen from Hertfordshire spent an exciting year in Simla, taking care of 156 Tibetan refugee children. Twenty-year-old Judith Parry of Lancashire spent a year in Bolivia,

looking after 750 orphans at La Paz. She plans to become a social worker.

In the slums of Nairobi, where few cared to venture, David Howell walked about as freely and unafraid as he did at home in Manchester. To the residents he was someone to be cherished and protected. "Our David," they called him. A recruit from Metropolitan-Vickers, the electrical-engineering firm, Howell helped to run a trade school. His pupils were the so-called incorrigibles—delinquents who had slashed tyres, robbed and assaulted. Under their adored master they settled down, became good boys. Starting a project for making chairs, Howell not only bargained with suppliers, but sold the finished chairs, arranging for his boys to receive a percentage of the profits.

Another recruit, Bryan Chetwyn from the Rolls-Royce factory in Crewe, arrived in Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, on a Wednesday. On Saturday he was bouncing in a lorry with 80 lepers. His instructions were to build a village in the bush 170 miles away. He was a rocket-engine fitter; of making houses of mud and bamboo he knew nothing. But he did it; he worked with the lepers, shared sleeping quarters with them, ate with them. In the evenings, he entertained them playing the mouth organ. But he had a still more important contribution to make.

Many lepers lay around, unable to take a step because their feet were gone. Chetwyn set out to get



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THE READER'S DIGEST

them up and moving. He opened a workshop and began teaching the ambulatory cases to make things of wood. First they made crutches, dozens of them, and a new world opened for the crippled. Then he begged leather and old tyres and made shoes for those who could walk a little. Had he ever done carpentry before? Had he ever made shoes? The answer to both was no. "I had no choice," he said. "These things just had to be done."

He went further. One day, chemicals he had ordered arrived from England and he made a plastic compound. Combining it with muslin and foam rubber, shaping it and adding a steel tip, he had an artificial limb. One sick man—his first patient—whooped for joy after he had tried the new leg. Tears came into his eyes. The next day he brought Bryan 20 eggs, nicely washed. "You've made me a young boy again," he said.

These inspiring tales go on, boy after boy, girl after girl, year after year, all of them eye-opening to those who are quick to decry modern youth. They are proof that if youngsters are given a challenge they respond—and give the lie to all that has been printed about them.

The volunteers I have talked to were unanimous in saying that the year abroad was the most important of their lives, giving them wisdom

and making them more self-reliant.

An Essex boy who had served in Nigeria wrote: "I see my year as a bargain between me and Nigeria. I gave it a year of my life. In return Nigeria gave me friendship, greater freedom of thought and, above all, a new perspective on my life in England." Colin Henfrey felt that the philosophy of his Amerindian friends had broadened him so that success in the ordinary sense no longer mattered, that human values were the important ones.

"Young people need to feel that they are really wanted," says Alec Dickson. "They are eager for opportunities to serve. Being entrusted with man-sized jobs and meeting urgent human needs stimulates them and they grow."

VSO is an organization that truly understands youth and, understanding it, gives it its heart's desire: adventure, idealism and an opportunity to grow and achieve self-realization. Youth, never niggard, has already returned the gifts of VSO in service to the community, in the authorship of books, in dedication to the general welfare. Says VSO's present Director, Douglas Whiting, "The great virtue of this organization is in demonstrating the immense potentiality for good in young men and women—an almost untouched reservoir of ideals, zeal, skill and resourcefulness."

Some moralists think they are broadminded when they simply have elastic consciences.

—Jules Romains

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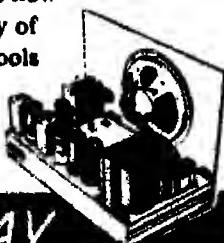
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Life's Like That

THE PATIENT watched as the young doctor inserted the needle into his vein for a blood sample. Amazed at such dexterity, the patient remarked, "I didn't feel a thing. We could certainly use you in my business."

When the doctor asked his occupation, the patient replied, "I'm an income tax collector." —J. M. MASSA

IN TRYING to hide from my boss the fact that I was typing out a psychology report for my brother, who is a university student, I slipped it under a stack of post. A few minutes later, forgetting about the report, I took the mail into my boss. At the end of the day I realized what I had done, and asked if he had seen it. He had. So had the vice-chairman, and the executives at head office. Everybody had signed it, but no one knew what to do with it—or what it had to do with him.

—KATHLEEN FARLOW

GOING away for a week-end by air, I took with me the arithmetic tests I had given my class earlier in the day. When the flight captain announced a transfer to another plane, I inadvertently left the tests behind.

With each of my anxious phone calls, airline officials assured me the tests would be found and returned in a day or two.

A week passed, and still no tests appeared. So we prepared to take the test again. As I was giving directions,

a large manila envelope arrived. Inside were the tests, marked and signed by the flight captain.

—S. V.

ALTHOUGH my sister lived near by, we didn't get together very often. Mother always asked in her letters: "How long has it been since you saw your sister?" After receiving the answer, "three weeks," Mother took action in her next letters to us. When I opened mine I found I had the even-numbered pages and my sister discovered that she had the odd-numbered pages of a joint letter. Mother's strategy worked. We were together within the hour.

—A. E. H.

RICHNESS in family living is enhanced by favourite phrases. For us, such a phrase emerged from conversation with a friend. When Irma was a young girl her family had struggled through some lean financial times. One day, her father asked her to make a choice: three circuses were due in town that summer; she was to decide which one she would attend.

"Oh, I'll take the first circus!" she exclaimed.

Irma saw the first circus. Then, as the summer progressed, the family situation improved, and she was able to see the second circus—and the third.

So, "I'll take the first circus" became our family's reminder to take advantage of life's opportunities as they present themselves. —BETTY WATSON

THE READER'S DIGEST

A STAFF member of a Home for the Blind was on an underground railway platform during a power failure. He made his way to a public telephone to call his wife. Others, hearing him dial, lined up behind him, and he spent the next hour helping the sighted to make calls.

—B. A. SWEETLAND

WAITING to board the big wheel at a local fair, I noticed a tiny grey-haired old lady, ticket in hand, beside me. She looked a bit out of place there, but as she glanced shyly my way, I said, "Fairs are fun, aren't they?"

"Oh, my dear," she chuckled, "I'm much too old for this sort of thing." Then she confided, "You see, I'm taking my very first aeroplane trip next week and I want to test these air-sickness pills."

—MRS. L. SEVERSON

SEATED in the bus behind two expectant mothers on their way to the ante-natal clinic, I overheard them discussing doctors in general. Then one said in a positive tone, "Well, at least in our case they can't say, 'It's all in your mind.'"

—AGNES HULSEY

OUR 11-year-old son returned from his first overnight Boy Scout trip, thrilled at passing three merit-badge tests: hiking, tracking and cooking. When I asked what they had cooked, he said they were given a piece of meat and some vegetables to cook on a stick over the fire. The requirements set down by the scoutmaster were to cook it, eat it—and not be sick. —THOMAS LEE

I HAD BEEN in the United States just three months and was short of money when I accidentally drove straight across a halt sign, and was caught by a policeman. I handed him my foreign

licence, pleading for just one chance, since my scholarship provided barely enough to live on.

Sternly he replied, "If you commit a traffic offence you must pay for it." Then he added gently, "You're almost my son's age. He was killed last month in a car accident overseas. I wouldn't like that to happen to you." He handed me the folded summons and said, "You have your one chance. You're alive."

When I reached my room I saw that folded inside the summons was seven dollars for the fine.

—M. M. J.

A FRIEND of mine and her husband invited me to lunch at a local restaurant. When it was time to order coffee we were unable to catch the waiter's eye.

In the end, her husband went to the public phone box and dialled the restaurant number. When the cashier answered, he asked her if there were two women there in red dresses. She assured him there were. "Well," he said, "would you please send a waiter to their table? I think they're ready for coffee."

—J. W.

MY EIGHT-YEAR-OLD son is a terror to shop with, his energy matched only by a flair for trouble-making. Imagining the havoc he'd create in the glassware department where I was going, I left him at an ironmongery counter near by with a stern warning about the consequences of any misbehaviour. In 15 minutes, I returned to the quiet boy waiting where I'd left him. I was about to praise him when I glanced at the counter. There in a neat row were 25 mousetraps, all set to go off at the slightest touch.

—MRS. E. DESTEFANO

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The Junonia, a rare find on Florida beaches

Turkey Wings—"reproduced" in calcium



*Shell-collecting is a
fascinating pastime,
shared by beachcombers
the world over*



Chinese Alphabet Cone

SEA SHELLS BY THE SEA SHORE

BY MURRAY HOYT

THEY WEAR all sorts of outlandish outfits. Floppy skiing jackets over bikinis, battered straw hats, boots. Necks bent, they move slowly over the sand, regularly probing with their inevitable sticks and occasionally uttering a cry of triumph. They are devotees of the fantastic, fast-growing hobby of collecting sea shells.

To most seaside holiday-makers the world over, a cold, blustery day

is a calamity. But not to the thousands of men and women for whom uncovering a rare shell is like finding a jewel in a junkshop. Bad weather means good hunting, because a storm throws up on the beaches literally millions of these beautiful calcium creations.

Occasionally after a storm the wind-rows of shells grow to be two or three feet deep on Florida's Sanibel Island which, with near-by

ADDITIONAL MATERIAL BY DENIS BREITFREID
PHOTOGRAPHS: J. D. BARRELL, THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES OF PHILADELPHIA

Captiva Island, is the most productive shell area (from the point of view of size and range of specimens) in the Western Hemisphere and one of the most productive in the world. Others include Australia's Great Barrier Reef, the Philippines and Japan.

History contains many examples of the value man has set on shells: At one time in West Africa, a young, healthy wife could be purchased for 60,000 cowrie shells, and a run-of-the-mill wife for 20,000. Archaeologists in southern Babylonia found cockleshells in the royal tomb of Queen Shub-ad of Ur, who reigned about 2500 B.C.

In the Middle Ages, the scallop shell became the accepted symbol of the pilgrim who had gone to Compostela in north-west Spain to visit the tomb of the Apostle James. These pilgrims could not resist scallop shells any more than today's beachcombers can. The Shell Petroleum Company had its beginning in a firm organized to trade in shells from all parts of the world—the company took on petroleum products as a sideline.

Shells, especially the Money Cowrie, were once used as a medium of exchange throughout Asia and Africa. Thousands of tons of these yellowish-white shells were imported in the 1800's by the trading nations of Europe for barter in Africa.

For Red Indians in the eastern U.S.A., currency consisted of shell

beads called wampum. Shells have been used as jewellery, dishes, kettles and sacred objects, to say nothing of architectural inspiration.

The large Spindle-shell was used as a lamp by the natives of the Shetland and Orkney Islands long before electricity was discovered. These smooth, yellowish-white five-inch shells were filled with whale oil and hung up horizontally, with bulrushes for wicks.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when navigators brought back exotic shells from distant shores, shell-collecting became a craze in Europe. Aristocrats and bankers bid and bartered for single specimens and whole shipments. A French duchess exchanged a country estate for a rose-tinged Wentle trap from the South China coast.

The hobby received fresh impetus in Victorian times when it became fashionable in Europe to visit the seaside. Elegant young ladies spent their leisure hours decorating boxes and creating pictures with the finds of their summer holidays.

Today, shell-collectors range from the conchologist or malacologist of a museum to the nice little old lady who takes home from the seaside a few shells because they are pretty. For those collectors eager to swap specimens, there are publications listing the names and addresses of other enthusiasts.

The Glory-of-the-Seas Cone from the East Indies and the Philippines is perhaps the most valuable shell in

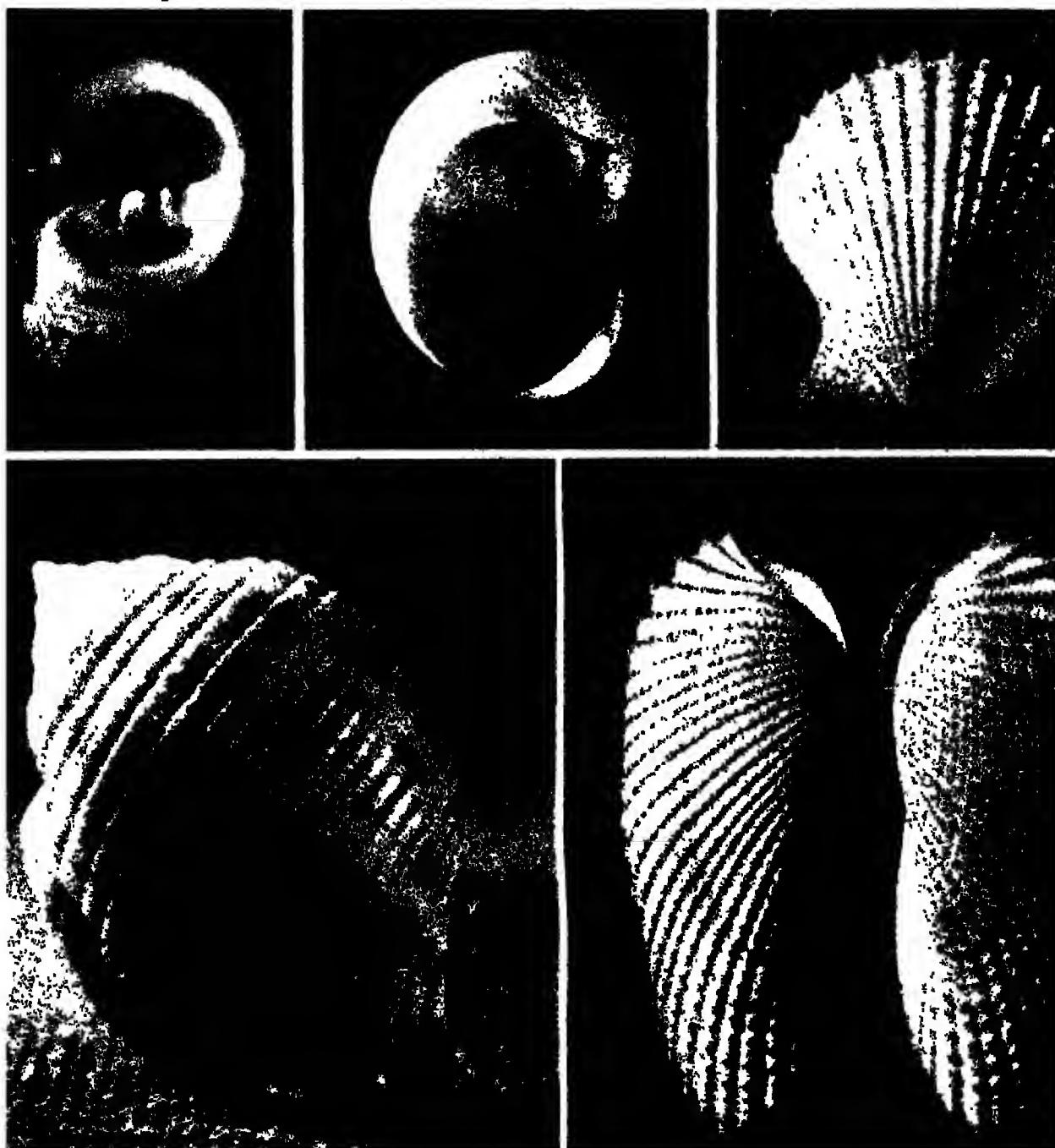
the world—there are only 50 known specimens, five of them in the British Museum's shell collection. Recently a good example of this graceful, mottled golden-brown shell fetched over Rs. 14,700.

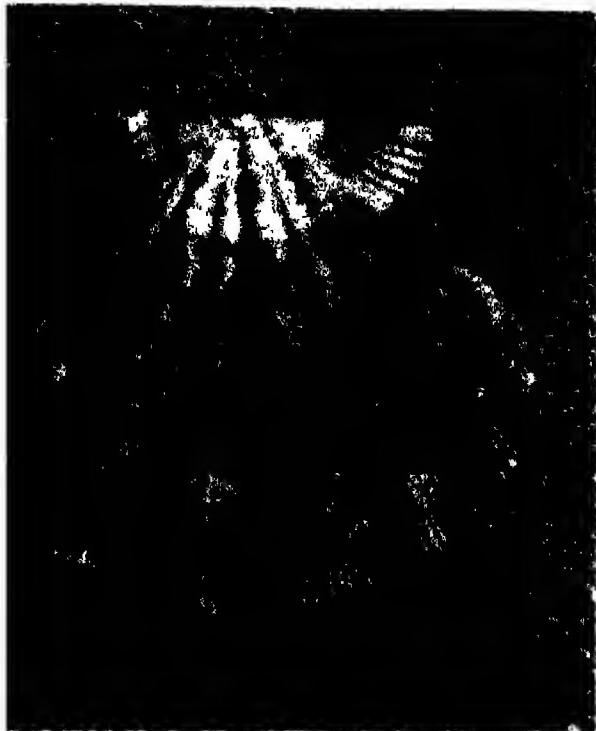
The Great Spotted Cowrie and

the Prince Cowrie are almost as valuable, along with the West Indian Pleurotomaria. The Junonia, the Golden Olive and the Lion's Paw are among the rarest on Florida beaches. Because Junonias are so highly prized, there are all

Top left: Bleeding Tooth. Centre: Lady's Ear. Right: Lemon Pecten.

Bottom left: Scotch Bonnet. Right: Angel Wings





BRITISH MUSEUM (NATURAL HISTORY)

Top: Lion's Paw. Bottom: Pelican's Foot

sorts of tales about them. There was the fierce woman collector who spotted one at the same time that a man approaching from the other direction saw it and started to reach for it. Completely in character, she stamped on his outstretched fingers while she triumphantly acquired it.

The fantastic, colourful shapes of shells are actually the skeletons of tiny sea creatures sculptured into works of art from minute secretions of calcium through one of nature's unfathomed miracles.

A beginner usually picks up his first shell because it looks like something else. The Turkey Wing, the Chinese Alphabet Cone, the Angel Wing, and the Pelican's Foot all look as their names imply they should look. The Lady's Ear resembles an ear. The Bleeding Tooth has an aperture like a man's lower jaw, with only one or two teeth left in it and blood flowing down from these. The Coolie Hat (or Mandarin's Hat) is just that, and the Scotch Bonnet suggests Highland headgear.

Much sought-after is the Cream Piddock which bores its way through rock or stone. About five to six inches long, these shells are phosphorescent. On a warm summer's evening, when their bluish-white light is at its most intense, they add a mysterious glow to rocky pools.

Even if you pick up what you consider to be a perfect specimen of a rare shell, an expert is likely to

eye it blankly. A good poker player looks animated compared with a shell expert examining somebody else's rare specimen. He'll raise his eyebrows and say, "Not double?" Or, if it's a univalve, he'll say, "What, no operculum?"

You get the perfect specimens—double (both valves hitched together), or with operculum (the horn-like material on the end of the animal's body with which he seals himself in when he retreats)—by finding the molluscs alive. This is, to a conchologist, as exciting as big-game hunting. It means dredging, wading or skin diving.

Some live-specimen shellers load themselves down with equipment until they look like pack mules heading for the gold rush. But if a wader wears tennis shoes, bathing suit, gloves, and has sacks hitched to his belt to hold his booty, he is in business.

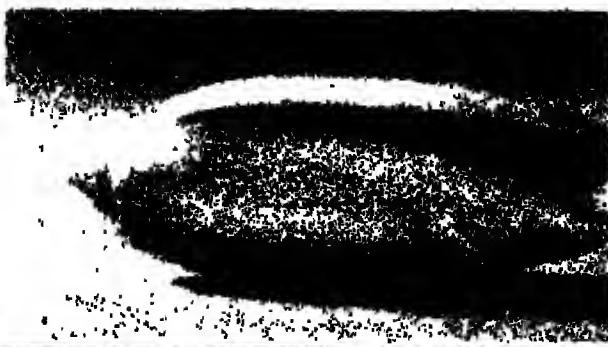
If the water is choppy and up to his waist, he'll probably want a glass-bottomed bucket to enable him to see the bottom clearly. When duck-diving, he'll hold on to the bucket while he rests between dives, and place his specimens in it. Waders say they score heavily by turning over all rocks, looking into all crevices and caves.

In deeper water—8 to 15 feet—shellers use a diving mask and snorkel. Some take an inflated inner tube with an empty fruit basket set into it, the whole tied to the diver with string. That gives them

something to keep their finds in, and to keep them afloat when they are tired.

Shellers regard their hobby with deadly seriousness, but some do retain a sense of humour. I was walking along a beach one year when I spotted a rare Lemon Pecten. As I

Top: Golden Olive. Centre: Money Cowrie. Bottom: Glory-of-the-Seas Cone



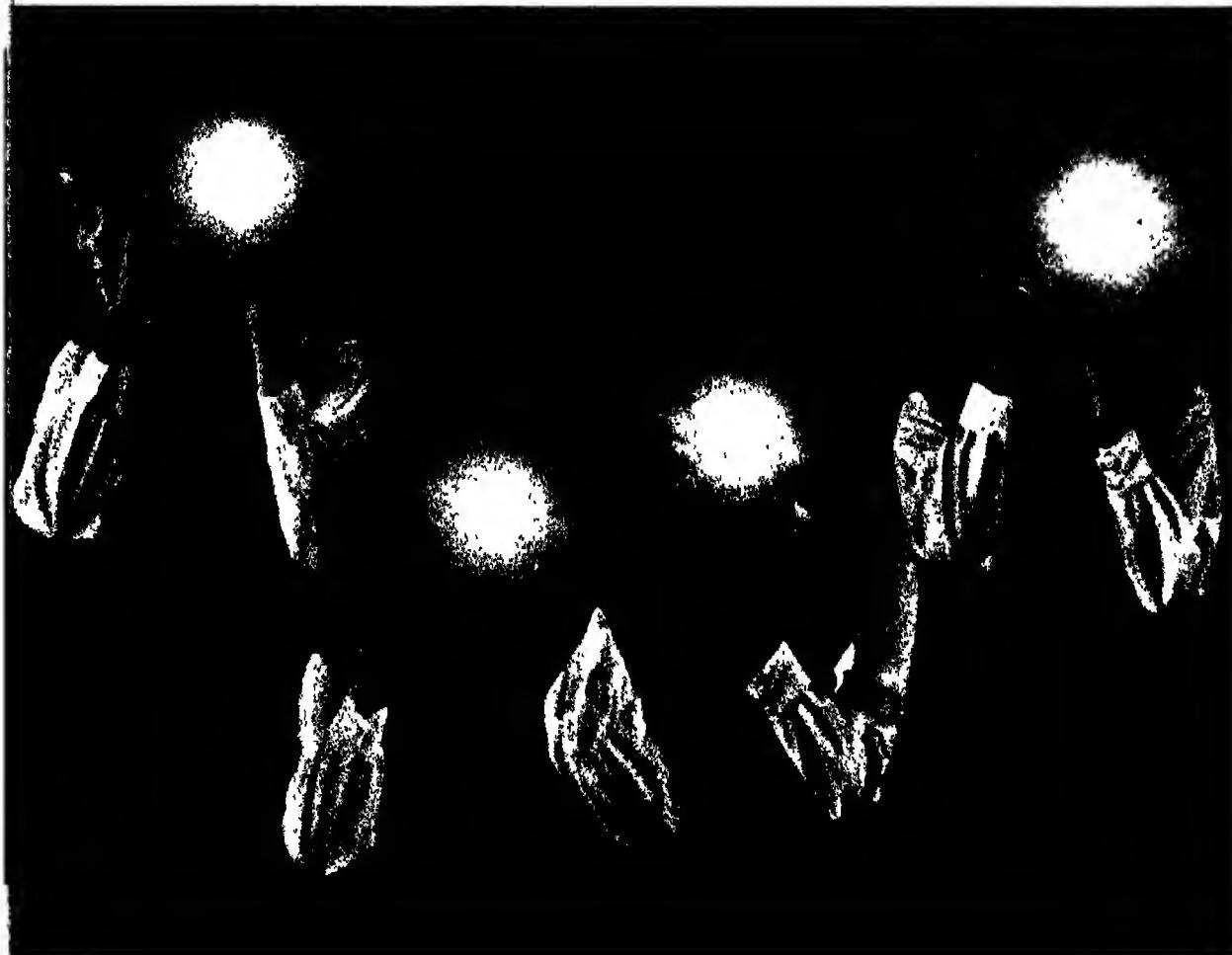
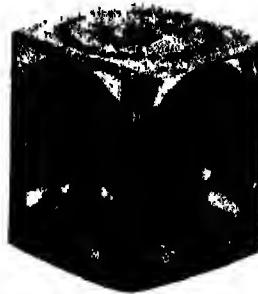
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October

fell from a cliff in the hills this morning.”*

“You’re sure it wasn’t thrown?”

“What do you mean?” Corell asked. “These aren’t violent people. They’ve forgotten about fighting.”

“Well, you’ve lived among them,” said the colonel. “You ought to know.” He stepped close to Corell. “But if you are safe, these people are different from any in the world. I’ve helped to occupy countries before. I was in Belgium twenty years ago.” He shook his head a little as though to clear it, and he said gruffly, “You did a good job. We should thank you. I mentioned your work in my report.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Corell. “I did my best.”

Lanser said, a little wearily, “Well, now what shall we do? Would you like to go back to the capital?”

“No, sir; I’ll stay here.”

Hunter glanced up from his board and remarked, “You’d better start wearing a helmet.”

Now Corell moved forward in his chair. “I thought I might help with the civil administration, Colonel.”

Lanser walked to the window and looked out, and then he swung round and said quietly, “What have you in mind?”

“Well, you must have a civil authority you can trust. I thought perhaps that Mayor Orden might step down now and—well, that I might take over his office.”

Lanser looked at him sharply.

DOES YOUR CAR WOBBLE AND THUMP?

1966

"Do you know what the people think of you?" he asked..

"I have many friends here. I know everyone."

"You will have their hatred in time," said the colonel.

"I can stand that, sir. They are the enemy."

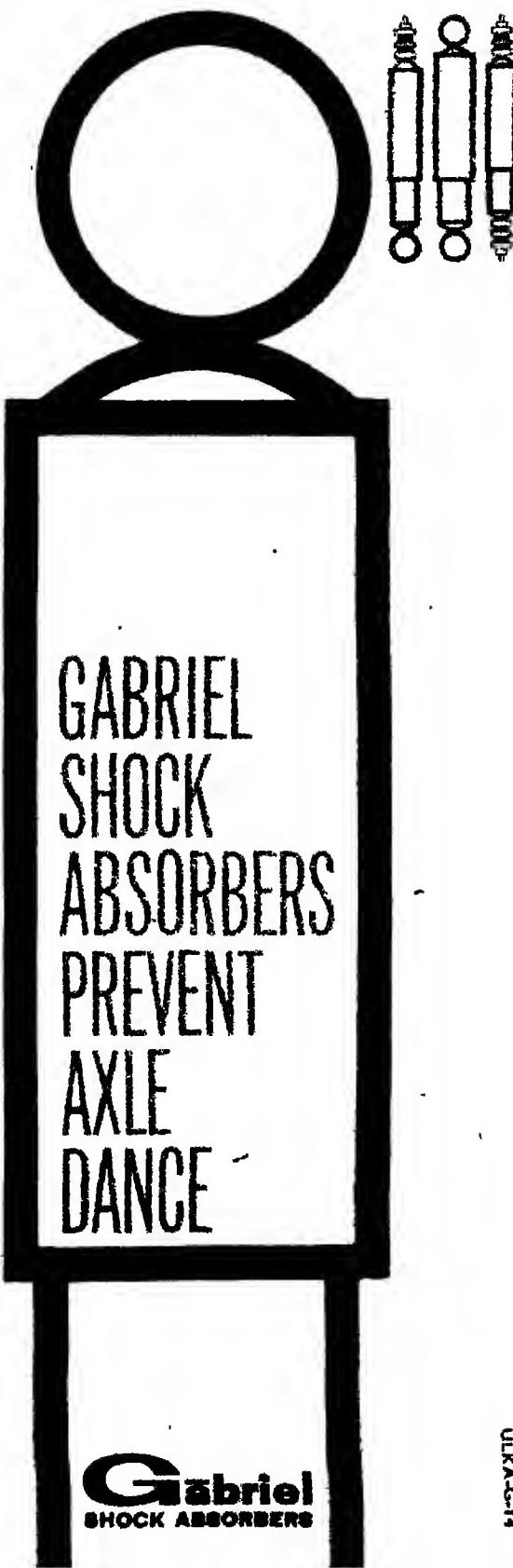
Now Lanser hesitated a long moment before he spoke, and then he said softly, "You will not even have *our* respect."

Corell jumped to his feet excitedly. "This is contrary to the Leader's words!" he said. "The Leader has said that all branches are equally honourable."

Lanser went on very quietly, "I hope the Leader knows. I hope he can read the minds of soldiers." And then almost compassionately he said, "Yours is a difficult and brave branch of the service. You should be greatly rewarded." For a moment he sat quietly and then he pulled himself together and said, "Now we must come to exactness. I am in charge here. My job is to get coal out. To do that I must maintain order and discipline, and to do that I must know what is in the minds of these people. I must anticipate revolt. Do you understand?"

"Well, I can find out what you wish to know, sir. As mayor here, I will be very effective," said Corell.

Lanser shook his head. "I think you will never again know what is going on here. I think no one will speak to you. I think without a guard you will be in great danger. It



will please me if you go back to the capital, there to be rewarded for your fine work."

"But I wish to stay here, sir," said Corell.

Lanser went on as though he had not heard. "Mayor Orden is more than a mayor," he said. "He is his people. He knows what they are doing, thinking, without asking, because he will think what they think. By watching him I will know them. He must stay. That is my judgement."

Corell said, "My work, sir, merits better treatment."

"Yes, it does," Lanser said slowly. "But to the larger work I think you are only a detriment now. If you are not hated yet, you will be."

Corell said stiffly. "You will, of course, permit me to wait until there is an official ruling on my application to remain?"

Lanser's voice was tight. His eyes were slits. He said harshly, "Wear a helmet, keep indoors, do not go out at night, and, above all, do not drink. Trust no woman nor any man. Do you understand that?"

Corell looked pityingly at the colonel. "I don't think you understand. These are simple, peaceful people. I know them."

"There are no peaceful people. When will you learn it? We have invaded this country—you, by what they call treachery, prepared for us. Can't you understand that we are at war with these people?"

"We have defeated them."

Lanser said disgustedly, "I'm tired of people who have not been at war who know all about it." He held his chin in his hand and said, "I remember a little old woman in Brussels—sweet face, white hair; delicate old hands. She used to sing our national songs to us in a quivering, sweet voice." He dropped his hand from his chin, and he caught himself as though he had been asleep. "We didn't know her son had been executed," he said. "When we finally shot her, she had killed twelve men with a long, black hatpin. I have it still at home. It has an enamel button with a bird over it, red and blue."

Corell said, "But you shot her?"

"Of course we shot her."

"And the murders stopped?"

"No, the murders did not stop. And when we finally retreated, the people cut off stragglers and they burnt some and they gouged the eyes from some, and some they even crucified."

"There's Trouble . . ."

CORELL said loudly, "These are not good things to say, Colonel."

"They are not good things to remember," said Lanser.

Corell said, "You should not be in command if you are afraid——"

As he spoke there was a tumble of feet on the stairs; the door burst open, and Captain Loft came in. Loft was rigid and cold and military; he said, "There's trouble, sir."

"Trouble?"

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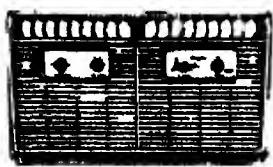
October

SCT 2



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"I have to report, sir, that Captain Bentick has been killed."

Lanser said, "Oh — yes — Bentick!"

There was the sound of a number of footsteps on the stairs and two stretcher-bearers came in, carrying a figure covered with blankets

The lieutenants came in from the bedroom, their mouths a little open Lanser said, "Put him down there," and he pointed to the wall beside the windows When the bearers had gone, Lanser knelt and lifted a corner of the blanket and then quickly put it down again And still kneeling, he looked at Loft and said, "Who did this?"

"A miner," said Loft

"Well, make your report!"

Loft drew himself up and said formally, "I had just relieved Captain Bentick on duty at the mine Captain Bentick was about to leave to come here when I had some trouble about a recalcitrant miner who wanted to stop work He shouted something about being a free man When I ordered him to work, he rushed at me with his pick Captain Bentick tried to interfere" He gestured slightly towards the body

Lanser, still kneeling, nodded slowly "Bentick was a curious man," he said "I don't think he liked to fight very much . . You captured the man?"

"Yes, sir," Loft said

Lanser stood up slowly and spoke as though to himself "So it starts again. We will shoot this man and

make twenty new enemies. It's the only thing we know, the only thing we know."

For the Sake of Order

IN THE TOWN the people moved sullenly through the streets. Some of the light of astonishment was gone from their eyes, but still a light of anger had not taken its place. In the coal shaft the men pushed the coal cars sullenly. The small tradesmen stood behind their counters and served the people; but talk was in monosyllables.

In the drawing-room of the palace of Mayor Orden a small fire burned and the lights were on, for it was a grey day outside and there was frost in the air. The Mayor and Doctor Winter stood talking in front of the fire. In the middle of the room was a large square table, with chairs placed stiffly about it.

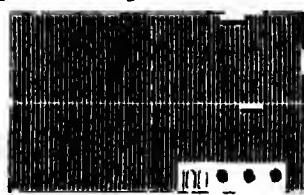
"I wonder how much longer I can remain mayor," Orden was saying. "There are things I don't understand." He pointed to the table. "I don't know why they have to hold this trial in here. They're going to try Alex Morden here for killing that fellow with a pick. You remember Alex? He has that pretty little wife, Molly."

"I remember," said Winter. "She used to teach in the grammar school. Well, Alex killed an officer, all right. Nobody's questioned that."

Mayor Orden said bitterly, "Nobody questions it. But why do they try him? Why don't they shoot



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him? This is not a matter of doubt. Why must they try him—and in my house?"

Winter said, "I would guess it is for the show. There's an idea about it: if you go through the form of a thing, you have it, and sometimes people are satisfied with the form of a thing. Particularly if it comes from your house, where the people expect justice—"

He was interrupted by the opening of the door. A young woman entered. She was about thirty and quite pretty. She said quickly, "Annie told me to come in, sir."

"Why, of course," said the Mayor. "You're Molly Morden."

"Yes, sir, I am. They say that Alex is to be tried and shot."

Orden looked down at the floor, and Molly went on, "They say you will sentence him. It will be your words that send him out."

Orden looked up, startled. "What's this? Who says this?"

"The people in the town." She held herself very straight and she asked, half-pleadingly, half demandingly, "You wouldn't do that, would you, sir?"

"How could the people know what I don't know?"

Doctor Winter said, "That is a mystery that has disturbed rulers all over the world—how the people know."

"Alex is not a murdering man," Molly said. "He's a quick-tempered man, but he's never broken a law. He's a respected man."

Orden rested his hand on her shoulder and he said, "I have known Alex since he was a little boy. I knew his father . . ."

Molly interrupted. "You wouldn't sentence Alex?"

"No," he said. "How could I sentence him?"

"The people said you would, for the sake of order."

Mayor Orden stood behind a chair and gripped its back with his hands. "No," he said. "I'll not sentence him. He has committed no crime against our people."

Molly was hesitant now. She said, "But will they—kill Alex?"

Orden stared at her and he said, "Dear child, my dear child."

She held herself rigid. "Thank you." Then she turned stiffly and went out.

She had just closed the door when Joseph entered. "Excuse me, sir, the colonel wants to see you. I said you were busy. I knew she was here. And Madame wants to see you, too."

Orden said, "Ask Madame to come in."

Joseph went out and Madame came in immediately.

"I don't know how I can run a house . . ." she began.

"Hush!" Orden said. Madame looked at him in amazement. "Sarah, I want you to go to Alex Morden's house. Do you understand? I want you to stay with Molly Morden while she needs you. Don't talk, just stay with her."

Madame said, "I've a hundred things—"

"Sarah, I want you to stay with Molly Morden. Don't leave her alone. Go now."

She comprehended slowly. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I will. When will it be over?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'll send Annie when it's time."

She kissed him lightly on the cheek and went out. Orden called, "Joseph, I'll see the colonel now."

Man to Man

LANSER came in. "Good morning, Your Excellency," he said. "I should like to speak to you alone." As Winter went out, Lanser waited courteously. He watched the door close. "I will not tell you, sir, how sorry I am about this."

Mayor Orden bowed, and Lanser went on, "I like you, sir, and I respect you, but I have a job to do. You surely recognize that."

Orden did not answer.

"There are rules laid down for us. This man has killed an officer."

At last Orden said, "Why didn't you shoot him then? That was the time to do it."

Lanser shook his head. "If I agreed with you, it would make no difference. You know as well as I that punishment is largely for the purpose of deterring the potential criminal. Thus, since punishment is for others than the punished, it must be publicized. It must even be dramatized."

Orden turned away and looked out of the window at the dark sky. "It will snow tonight," he said.

"Mayor Orden, you know our orders are inexorable. We must get the coal. If your people are not orderly, we will have to restore that order by force." His voice grew stern. "We must shoot people if it is necessary. If you wish to save your people from hurt, you must help us to keep order. Now, it is considered wise by my government that punishment emanate from the local authority. It makes for a more orderly situation."

Orden said softly, "So the people did know. That is a mystery." And louder he said, "You wish me to pass sentence of death on Alexander Morden after a trial here?"

"Yes, and you will prevent much bloodshed later if you will do it."

Orden went to the table and pulled out the big chair at its head and sat down. And suddenly he seemed to be the judge, with Lanser the culprit. He drummed with his fingers on the table. He said, "You and your government do not understand. In all the world yours is the only government and people with a record of defeat after defeat for centuries and every time because you did not understand people." He paused. "This principle does not work. There is no law between you and us. This is war. Don't you know you will have to kill all of us or we in time will kill all of you? You destroyed the law when you came in,



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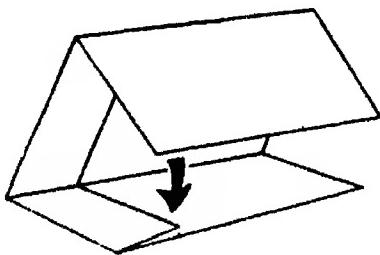
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THE MOON IS DOWN

and a new law took its place. Don't you know that?"

Lanser said, "May I sit down?"

"Why do you ask? That is another lie. You could make me stand if you wished."

Lanser said, "Personally, I have respect for you and your office, and"—he put his forehead in his hand for a moment—"you see, what I think, sir, I, a man of a certain age and certain memories, is of no importance. I might agree with you, but that would change nothing. The military, the political pattern I work in has certain tendencies and practices which are invariable."

Orden said, "And these tendencies and practices have been proved wrong in every single case since the beginning of the world."

Lanser laughed bitterly. "I, an individual man with certain memories, might agree with you. But I am not a man subject to memories. The coal miner must be shot publicly, because the theory is that others will then restrain themselves from killing our men."

Orden said, "We need not talk any more, then."

"Yes, we must talk. We want you to help."

Orden sat quietly for a while and then he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. How many men were on the machine-guns which killed our soldiers?"

"Oh, not more than twenty, I guess," said Lanser.

"Very well. If you will shoot

them, I will condemn Morden."

"You're not serious!" said the colonel.

"But I am serious."

"This can't be done. You know it."

"I know it," said Orden. "And what you ask cannot be done."

Lanser said, "I suppose I knew. Corell will have to be mayor after all." He looked up quickly. "You will stay for the trial?"

"Yes, I'll stay. Then Alex won't be so lonely."

Lanser looked at him and smiled a little sadly. "We have taken on a job, haven't we?"

"Yes," said the Mayor, "the one impossible job in the world, the one thing that can't be done."

"And that is?"

"To break a man's spirit permanently."

The Trial

THE SNOW did not wait for night. By eleven o'clock it was falling heavily in big, soft puffs and the sky was not visible at all. Over the town there hung a blackness that was deeper than the cloud, a sullenness and a dry, growing hatred.

In the little palace drawing-room the court was in session. Lanser sat at the head of the table with Hunter on his right, then Tonder, and, at the lower end, Captain Loft with a little pile of papers in front of him.

On the opposite side, Mayor Orden sat on the colonel's left and Prackle was next to him. Beside the

table two guards stood with bayonets fixed. Between them was Alex Morden, a big young man with deep-set eyes. He was wide of shoulder, narrow of hip, and in front of him his manacled hands clasped and unclasped.

Captain Loft read from the paper in front of him, "When ordered back to work, he refused to go, and when the order was repeated, the prisoner attacked Captain Loft with the pick-axe he carried. Captain Bentick interposed his body and received a blow on the head." A medical report is appended. Do you wish me to read it?"

"No need," said Lanser. "Make it as quick as you can."

"These facts have been witnessed by several of our soldiers. This military court finds that the prisoner is guilty of murder and recommends a death sentence."

Lanser sighed and turned to Alex. "You don't deny that you killed the captain, do you?"

Alex said sadly, "I hit him. I don't know that I killed him."

Orden said, "Good work, Alex!" And the two looked at each other as friends.

Colonel Lanser said, "Do you want to offer any explanation? I can't think of anything that will change the sentence, but we will listen."

Loft said, "I respectfully submit

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that the colonel should not have said that. It indicates that the court is not impartial."

Orden laughed dryly. The colonel looked at him and smiled a little. "Have you any explanation?" he repeated.

Alex lifted a hand to gesture and the other came with it. He looked embarrassed and dropped them. "I was angry," he said. "I have a pretty bad temper. He said I must work. I am a free man. I got angry and I hit him. I hit him hard. It was the wrong man." He pointed at Loft. "That's the man I wanted to hit."

Lanser said, "It doesn't matter whom you wanted to hit. Are you sorry you did it?" He said aside to

the table, "It would look well in the record if he were sorry."

"Sorry?" Alex asked. "I'm not sorry. He told me to go to work—me, a free man! I used to be alderman. He said I had to work."

"But if the sentence is death, won't you be sorry then?"

Alex sank his head and really tried to think honestly. "No," he said. "You mean, would I do it again?"

"That's what I mean."

"No," Alex said thoughtfully. "I don't think I'm sorry."

Lanser said, "Put in the record that the prisoner was overcome with remorse. Sentence is automatic. Do you understand? The court has

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THE READER'S DIGEST

no leeway," he said to Alex. "The court finds you guilty and sentences you to be shot immediately. Captain Loft, is there anything I have forgotten?"

"You've forgotten me," said Orden. He stood up and pushed back his chair and stepped over to Alex. "Alexander," he said, "I am the elected mayor."

"I know it, sir."

"Alex, these men are invaders. They have taken our country by surprise and treachery and force."

Captain Loft said, "Sir, this should not be permitted."

Lanser said, "Hush! Is it better to hear it, or would you rather it were whispered?"

Orden went on as though he had not been interrupted. "When they came, the people were confused and I was confused. We did not know what to do or think. Yours was the first clear act. Your private anger was the beginning of a public anger. I know it is said in town that I am acting with these men. I can show the town, but you—you are going to die. I want you to know."

Alex dropped his head and then raised it. "I know, sir."

Lanser said, "Is the squad ready?"

"Outside, sir."

Orden said softly, "Are you afraid, Alex?"

And Alex said, "Yes, sir."

"I can't tell you not to be. I would be, too, and so would these young—gods of war."

Lanser said, "Who is commanding the squad?"

"Lieutenant Tonder, sir."

Orden said, "Alex, go, knowing that these men will have no rest, no rest at all until they are gone, or dead. You will make the people one. It's a sad knowledge and little enough gift to you, but it is so. No rest at all."

Alex shut his eyes tightly. Mayor Orden leaned close and kissed him on the cheek. "Good-bye, Alex," he said.

When the guard took Alex out, the men about the table sat silent. Orden looked towards the window and saw a little round spot being rubbed clear of snow by a quick hand. He stared at it, fascinated, and then he looked quickly away. He said to the colonel, "I hope you know what you are doing."

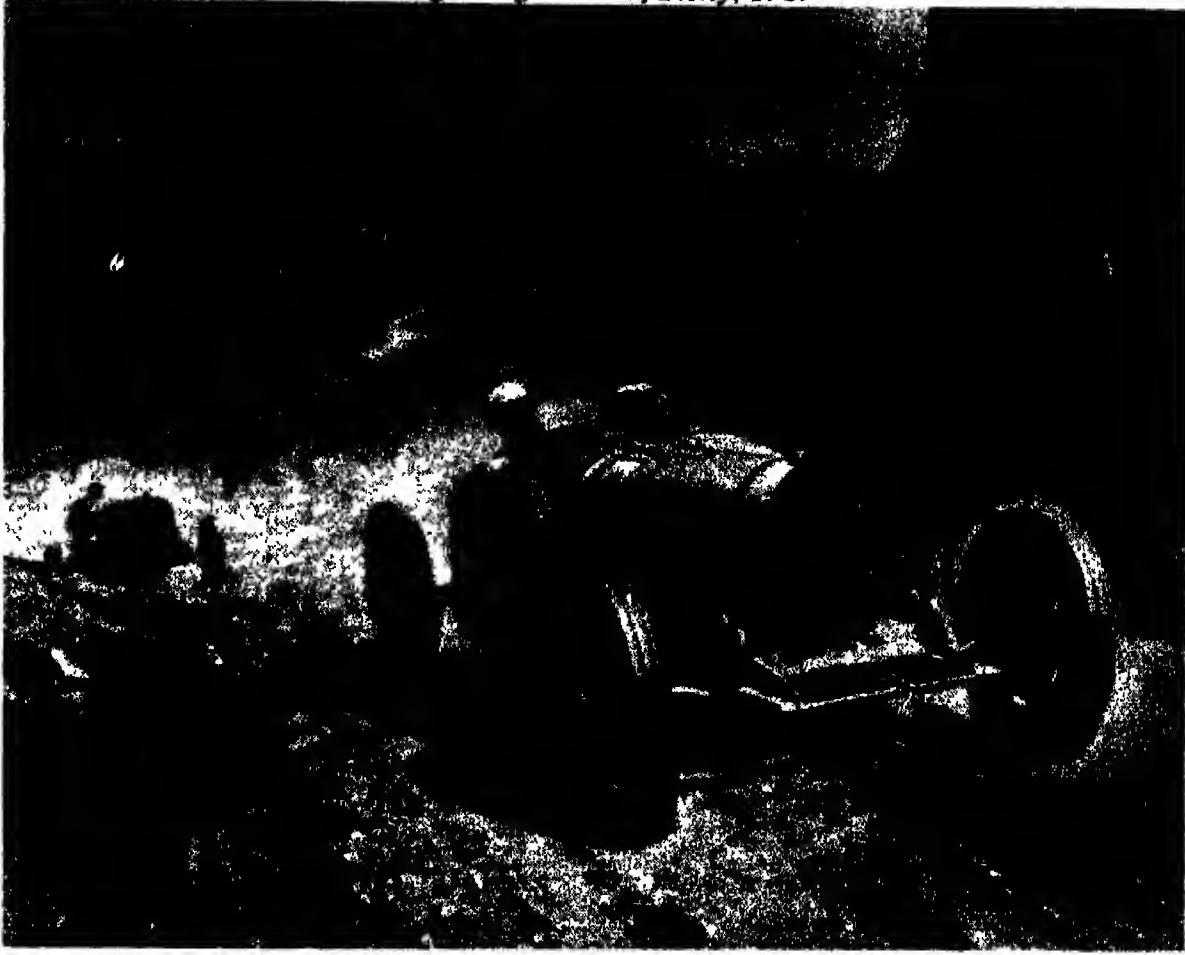
"Man," said the colonel, "whether we know or not it is what must be done."

Silence fell on the room and each man listened. And it was not long. From the distance there came a crash of firing. Lanser sighed deeply. Orden put his hand to his forehead and filled his lungs deeply. Then there was a shout outside. The glass of the window crashed inward and Lieutenant Prackle wheeled about. He brought his hand up to his shoulder and stared at it.

Lanser leaped up, crying, "So it starts! Are you badly hurt, Lieutenant?"

"My shoulder," said Prackle.

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THE MOON IS DOWN

Lanser took command. "Captain Loft, there will be tracks in the snow. Now, I want every house searched for fire-arms. I want every man who has one taken hostage. You, sir," he said to the Mayor, "are placed in protective custody. And understand this, please: we will shoot, five, ten, a hundred for one."

Orden said quietly, "A man of certain memories."

Hatred

THE DAYS and the weeks dragged on, and the months dragged on. The snow fell and melted and fell and melted and finally fell and stuck. The dark buildings of the little town wore bells and hats and eyebrows of white and there were "trenches through the snow to the doorways. In the harbour the coal barges came empty and went away loaded, but the coal did not come out of the ground easily. The good miners made mistakes. They were clumsy and slow. Machinery broke and took a long time to mend. The people of the conquered country settled in a slow, silent, waiting revenge.

Accidents happened on the railway too. Avalanches poured down on the tracks, and rails were bent. No train could move unless the tracks were first inspected. People were shot in reprisal and it made no difference.

Now and then a group of young men escaped and went to England.

And the English bombed the coal mine and did some damage and killed some of both their friends and their enemies. And it did no good. The cold hatred grew with the winter, the silent, sullen hatred, the waiting hatred.

The food supply was controlled—issued to the obedient and withheld from the disobedient—so that the whole population turned coldly obedient. But there was a point where food could not be withheld, for a starving man cannot mine coal, cannot lift and carry. And the hatred was deep in the eyes of the people, beneath the surface.

Now it was that the conqueror was surrounded, the men of the battalion alone among silent enemies. And these men thought always of home. They came to detest the place they had conquered, and they were curt with the people and the people were curt with them, and gradually a little fear began to grow in the conquerors, a fear that it would never be over, that they could never relax or go home, a fear that one day they would crack and be hunted through the mountains like rabbits, for the conquered never relaxed their hatred.

The patrols, seeing lights, hearing laughter, would be drawn as to a fire, and when they came near, the laughter stopped, the warmth went out, and the people were cold and obedient. And the soldiers, smelling warm food from the little restaurants, went in and ordered the warm

food and found that it was over-salted or over-peppered.

Thus it came about that the nerves of the conquerors wore thin and they shot at shadows in the night. The cold, sullen silence was with them always. Then three soldiers went insane in a week and cried all night and all day until they were sent home. And others might have gone insane if they had not heard that mercy deaths awaited the insane at home, and a mercy death is a terrible thing to think of.

"Watch Your Nerves"

FROM the upstairs room of the Mayor's palace the comfort seemed to have gone. On the table were two gas lanterns which threw a hard, brilliant light and they made great shadows on the walls, and their hissing was an undercurrent in the room.

Major Hunter's drawing-board was permanently ready now, because there were so many accidents. His T-square moved up and down the board and his pencil was busy.

Lieutenant Prackle, his arm still in a sling, sat in a straight chair behind the centre table, reading an illustrated paper. At the end of the table Lieutenant Tonder was writing a letter. He looked up to say, "I hate these damn lanterns. Major, when are you going to get that dynamo fixed?"

"It should be done by now," said Major Hunter. "I've got good men working on it."

"Did you get the fellow that wrecked it?" Prackle asked.

And Hunter said grimly, "It might be any one of five men. I got all five." He went on musingly, "It's so easy to wreck a dynamo if you know how. Just short it and it wrecks itself." He said, "The light ought to be on any time now."

Prackle still looked at his magazine. "I wonder when we will be relieved. I wonder when we will go home for a while. Major, wouldn't you like to go home for a rest?"

Hunter looked up from his work and his face was hopeless for a moment. "Yes, of course."

Suddenly the electric lights came on and Tonder automatically reached out and turned off the two gas lanterns. The hissing was gone from the room.

Tonder said, "Thank God for that! That hissing gets on my nerves. It makes me think there's whispering." He folded the letter he had been writing and he said, "It's strange more letters don't come through. I've only had one in two weeks."

Prackle said, "Perhaps nobody writes to you."

"Perhaps," said Tonder. He turned to the major. "If anything happened—at home, I mean—do you think they would let us know—anything bad, I mean, any deaths or anything like that?"

Hunter said, "I don't know."

"Well," Tonder went on, "I want to get out of this hole!"

Prackle broke in, "I thought you were going to live here after the war?" And he imitated Tonder's voice. "Put four or five farms together. Make a nice place . . ."

There was a light tap on the door and Joseph came in with a scuttle of coal. He moved silently through the room and set the scuttle down so softly that he made no noise, and he went towards the door again. Tonder said loudly, "Joseph!" And Joseph turned without replying, without looking up. And Tonder said still loudly, "Joseph, is there any wine or any brandy?" Joseph shook his head.

Tonder started up from the table, his face wild with anger, and he shouted, "Answer, you swine! Answer in words!"

Joseph did not look up. He spoke tonelessly. "No, sir; no, sir, there is no wine."

And Tonder said furiously, "And no brandy?"

Joseph looked down and spoke tonelessly again. "There is no brandy, sir." He stood perfectly still.

"What do you want?" Tonder said.

"I want to go, sir."

"Then go, damn it!"

Joseph went silently out, and Tonder took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his face. Hunter looked up at him and said, "You shouldn't let him beat you so easily."

Tonder sat down in his chair and put his hands to his temples and he said brokenly, "I want a girl. I want

to go home. I want a girl. There's a girl in this town, a pretty girl. I see her all the time. She has blonde hair. She lives beside the old-iron store. I want that girl."

Prackle said, "Watch yourself. Watch your nerves."

The Dream

AT THAT moment the lights went out again and the room was in darkness. Hunter spoke while the matches were being struck and an attempt was being made to light the lanterns; he said, "I thought I had all of them. I must have missed one."

The door opened quietly and Captain Loft came in and there was snow on his helmet and snow on his shoulders.

"What a job!" he said.

"More trouble?" Hunter asked.

"Always trouble. I see they've got your dynamo again. Well, I think I fixed the mine for a while."

"What's your trouble?" Hunter asked.

"Oh, the usual thing—the slowdown and a wrecked dumper wagon. I saw the wrecker, though. I shot him. I think I have a cure for it, Major, now. I can't starve the men or they can't work, but if the coal doesn't come out, no food for the families. We'll make the men eat at the mine, so that there's no dividing at home. That ought to cure it. They work or their kids don't eat. I told them just now."

"What did they say?"

Loft's eyes narrowed fiercely. "Say? What do they ever say? Nothing! Nothing at all. But we'll see whether the coal comes out now." He took off his coat and shook it, and his eyes fell on the entrance door and he saw that it was open a crack. He moved silently to the door, jerked it open, then closed it. "I thought I had closed that door tight," he said.

"You did," said Hunter.

Prackle still turned the pages of his illustrated paper. "Those are monster guns we're using in the east. I never saw one of them. Did you, Captain?"

"Oh, yes," said Captain Loft. "I've seen them fired. They're

wonderful. Nothing can stand up against them."

Tonder said, "Captain, do you get much news from home?"

"A certain amount," said Loft.

"Is everything well there?"

"Wonderful!" said Loft. "The armies move ahead everywhere."

"The British aren't defeated yet?"

"They are defeated in every engagement."

"But they fight on?"

"A few air raids, no more."

"And the Russians?"

"It's all over."

Tonder said insistently, "But they fight on?"

"A little skirmishing, no more."

"Then we have just about won,

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haven't we, Captain?" Tonder asked.

"Yes, we have."

Tonder looked closely at him and said, "You believe this, don't you, Captain?"

Prackle broke in, "Don't let him start that again!"

Loft scowled at Tonder. "I don't know what you mean."

Tonder said, "I mean this: we'll be going home soon, won't we?"

"Well, the reorganization will take some time. The new order can't be put into effect in a day, can it?"

Tonder said, "All our lives, perhaps?"

Loft came very close to Tonder and he said, "Lieutenant, I don't

like the tone of your questions."

Hunter looked up and said, "Don't be hard on him, Loft. He's tired. We're all tired."

"Well, I'm tired, too," said Loft, "but I don't let treasonable doubts get in."

Tonder got out his handkerchief and blew his nose, and he spoke a little like a man out of his mind. He laughed embarrassedly. He said, "I had a funny dream. I suppose it was a dream."

Prackle said, "Make him stop, Captain!"

Tonder said, "Captain, is this place conquered?"

"Of course," said Loft.

A little note of hysteria crept into

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Tonder's laughter. He said, "Conquered and we're afraid; conquered and we're surrounded." His laughter grew shrill. "I had a dream—or a thought—out in the snow with the black shadows and the faces in the doorways, the cold faces behind curtains. I had a thought or a dream."

Prackle said, "Make him stop!"

Tonder said, "I dreamed the Leader was crazy."

And Loft and Hunter laughed together and Loft said, "The enemy have found out how crazy. I'll have to write that one home. They have learnt how crazy the Leader is."

And Tonder went on laughing. "Conquest after conquest, deeper and deeper into molasses." His laughter choked him and he coughed into his handkerchief. "Maybe the Leader is crazy. Flies conquer the fly-paper. Flies capture two hundred miles of new fly-paper!"

Gradually Loft recognized that the laughter was hysterical and he stepped close to Tonder and slapped him in the face. He said, "Lieutenant, stop it!"

Tonder's laughter went on and Loft slapped him again in the face and he said, "Stop it, Lieutenant! Do you hear me?"

Suddenly Tonder's laughter stopped and the room was quiet except for the hissing of the lanterns.

Escape

AT NIGHT no one walked in the streets, for the curfew was strict. The houses were dark lumps against

the snow. Every little while the patrol of six men passed, their boots squeaking on the packed snow.

The small, peak-roofed house beside the old-iron store wore its snow-cap like the others. No light came from its shuttered windows and its storm doors were tightly closed. But inside a lamp burned in the small living-room.

It was a warm, poor, comfortable room, the floor covered with worn carpet, the walls papered in warm brown with an old-fashioned fleur-de-lis figure in gold.

In a cushioned old rocking-chair beside the table Molly Morden sat alone. She was unravelling the wool from an old blue sweater and winding it into a ball. And on the table beside her was her knitting with the needles sticking in it, and a large pair of scissors. She was pretty and young and neat.

Suddenly she stopped her work, and looked towards the door, listening. The tramping feet of the patrol went by in the street and the sound of their voices could be heard faintly. The sound faded away. Molly ripped out more wool and wound it on to the ball. And again she stopped. There was a rustle at the door and then three short knocks.

"Yes?" she called.

A heavily cloaked figure came in. It was Annie, the cook, red-eyed and wrapped in scarves. She slipped in quickly, as though practised at getting speedily through doors and getting them closed again behind her;

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she stood there red-nosed, sniffling, glancing quickly round the room.

Molly said, "Good evening, Annie. I didn't expect you tonight. Take your things off and get warm."

"I can't," said Annie importantly. "They're coming."

"Who are coming?" Molly said.

"His Excellency," said Annie, "and the doctor and the two Anders boys." Annie held out her hand and there was a little package in it. "Take it," she said. "I stole it from the colonel's plate. It's meat."

Molly unwrapped the little piece of meat and put it in her mouth, and she spoke around her chewing. "Did you get some?"

"I cook it, don't I? I always get some."

"Why are they coming?" Molly asked.

Annie sniffed. "The Anders boys are sailing for England. They've got to. They're hiding now."

"Are they?" Molly asked. "What for?"

"Well, it was their brother, Jack, was shot today for wrecking that little truck. The soldiers are looking for the rest of the family. You know how they do."

"Yes," Molly said, "I know how they do. Sit down, Annie."

"No time," said Annie. "I've got to get back and tell His Excellency it's all right here."

Molly said, "Did anybody see you come?"

Annie smiled proudly and said,

"No, I'm awfully good at sneaking."

"How will the Mayor get out?"

Annie laughed. "Joseph is going to be in his bed in case they look in, right in his night-shirt, right next to Madame!" And she laughed again. "Joseph better lie pretty quiet."

Molly said, "How soon are they coming?"

"Oh, maybe three-quarters of an hour," Annie said. "I'll come in first. Nobody bothers with old cooks." She started for the door and she turned halfway, and as though accusing Molly of saying the last words she said truculently, "I'm not so old!" And she slipped out.

A Visit from the Enemy

MOLLY WENT on knitting for a moment and then she got up to put a few lumps of coal in the stove. Before she could get to her chair, there was a knocking on the outer door. As she opened it a man's voice said, "I don't mean any harm. I don't mean any harm."

Molly backed into the room and Lieutenant Tonder followed her in. Molly said, "Who are you? You can't come in here. What do you want?"

Lieutenant Tonder was dressed in his great grey overcoat. He took off his helmet and spoke pleadingly, "I don't mean any harm, Miss. I only want to talk, that's all. I want to hear you talk. That's all I want."

"Are you forcing yourself on me?" Molly asked.

"No, Miss, just let me stay a little

while and then I'll go. Just for a little while, can't we forget this war? Just for a little while, can't we talk together like people—together?"

Molly looked at him for a long time and then a smile came to her lips. "You don't know who I am, do you?"

Tonder said, "I've seen you in the town. I know you're lovely. I know I want to talk to you."

And Molly still smiled. She said softly, "You don't know who I am." She sat in her chair and Tonder stood like a child, looking very clumsy. Molly continued, speaking quietly, "Why, you're lonely. It's as simple as that, isn't it?"

Tonder licked his lips and he spoke eagerly. "That's it," he said. "You understand. I knew you would." His words came tumbling out. "I'm lonely to the point of illness. Can't we talk, just a little bit?"

Molly picked up her knitting. "You can stay not more than fifteen minutes. Sit down, Lieutenant."

She looked quickly at the front door. The house creaked. Tonder became tense and he said, "Is someone here?"

"No, the snow is heavy on the roof. I have no man any more to push it down."

Tonder said gently, "Who did it? Was it something we did?"

And Molly nodded, looking far off. "Yes."

He sat down. "I'm sorry." After

a moment he said, "I wish I could do something. I'll have the snow pushed off the roof."

"No," said Molly, "no."

"Why not?"

"Because the people would think I had joined with you."

Tonder said, "Yes. I see how that would be. You all hate us. But I'll take care of you if you'll let me."

Now Molly knew she was in control, and her eyes narrowed a little cruelly and she said, "Why do you ask? You are the conqueror. Your men don't have to ask. They take what they want."

"That's not what I want," Tonder said. "That's not the way I want it to be."

And Molly laughed, still a little cruelly. "You want me to like you, don't you, Lieutenant?"

He said simply, "Yes," and he raised his head and he said, "You are so beautiful, so warm. Oh, I've seen no kindness in a woman's face for so long!"

"Do you see any in mine?" she asked.

He looked closely at her. "I want to."

She dropped her eyes at last. "You're making love to me, aren't you, Lieutenant?"

And he said clumsily, "I want you to like me. Surely I want you to like me. I have seen you in the streets. I've given orders that you mustn't be molested. Have you been molested?"

And Molly said quietly, "Thank

you; no, I've not been molested."

His words rushed on. "Maybe I want to make love to you. A man needs love. A man dies without love. His insides shrivel and his chest feels like a dry chip. I'm lonely."

Molly got up from her chair. She looked nervously at the door and she walked to the stove and, coming back, her face grew hard and her eyes grew punishing and she said, "Do you want to go to bed with me, Lieutenant?"

"I didn't say that! Why do you talk like that?"

Molly said cruelly, "Perhaps I'm trying to disgust you. I was married once. My husband is dead. You see,

I'm not a virgin." Her voice was bitter.

Tonder said, "I only want you to like me."

And Molly said, "I know. You are a civilized man. You know that love-making is more delightful if there is liking, too."

Tonder said, "Don't talk like that! Please don't talk like that!"

Molly glanced quickly at the door. She said, "We are a conquered people, Lieutenant. You have taken the food away. I'm hungry. I'll like you better if you feed me."

Tonder said, "What are you saying?"

"Do I disgust you, Lieutenant?"



Maybe I'm trying to. My price is two sausages."

Tonder said, "You can't talk like this!"

"What about your own girls, Lieutenant, after the last war? A man could choose among your girls for an egg or a slice of bread. Do you want me for nothing, Lieutenant?" she asked tauntingly. "Is the price too high?"

He said, "You fooled me for a moment. But you hate me, too, don't you? I thought maybe you wouldn't."

Molly laughed. She said, "It's not nice to be hungry. Two sausages, two fine, fat sausages can be the most precious things in the world."

"Don't say those things," he said. "Please don't!"

"Why not? They're true."
"They can't be true!"

She looked at him for a moment and then she sat down and her eyes fell to her lap and she said, "No, it's not true. I don't hate you. I'm lonely, too. And the snow is heavy on the roof."

Tonder got up and moved near to her. He took one of her hands in both of his and he said softly, "Please don't hate me. I'm only a lieutenant. I didn't ask to come here. You didn't ask to be my enemy. I'm only a man, not a conquering man."

Molly's fingers encircled his hand

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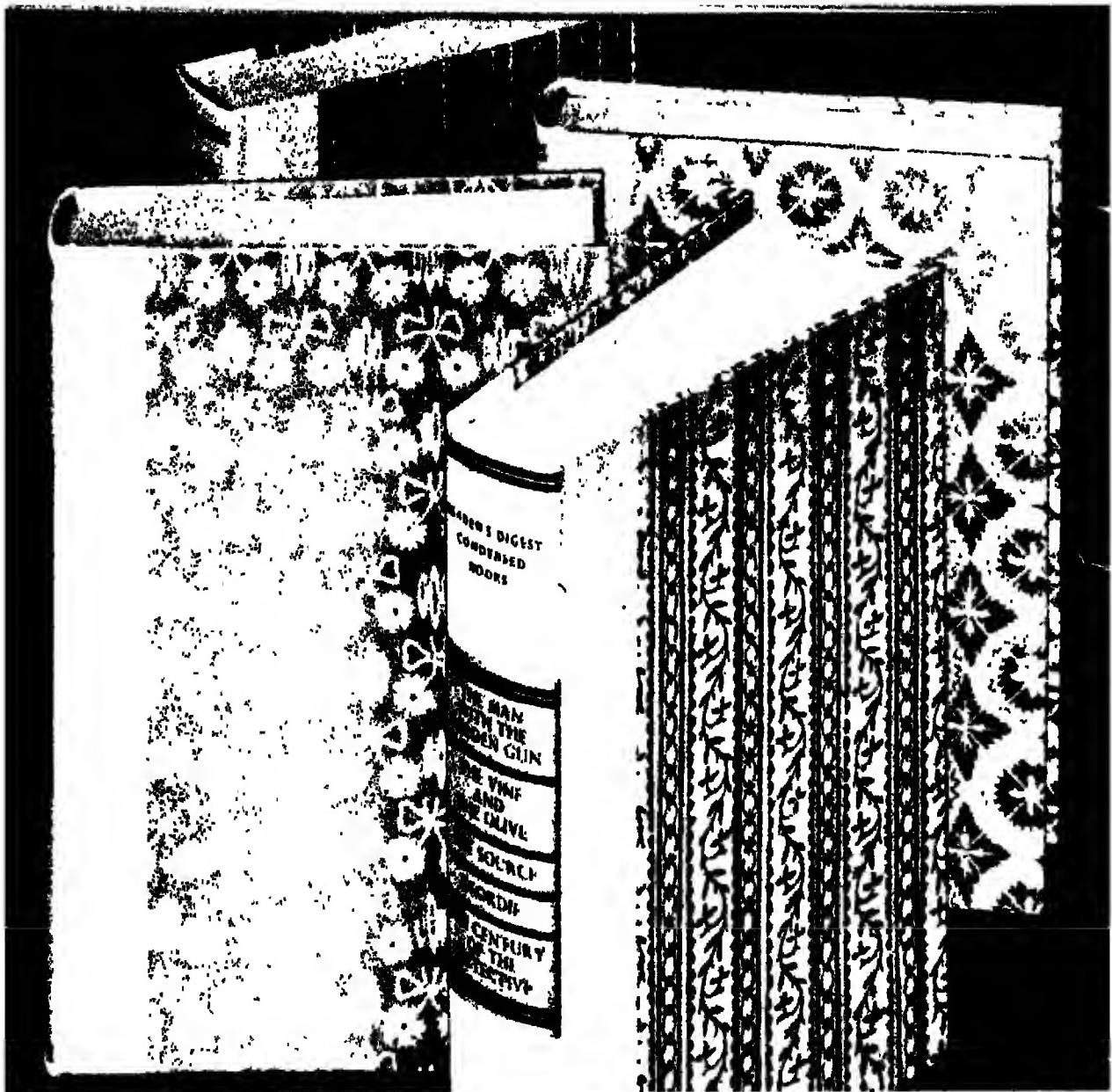
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THE READER'S DIGEST

for a moment and she said softly, "I know; yes, I know."

"I'll take care of you," he said. "We have some right to life in all the killing." His hand rested on her shoulder.

But suddenly she grew rigid and her eyes were wide and staring. "I tried to comfort him but he was beyond comfort. He didn't know what was happening. He didn't even kiss me when he went away."

Tonder's hand released her. "That was your husband?"

Molly said, "Yes, my husband. You took him out and you shot him."

Tonder stood back, his face full of misery. "Good night," he said. "God keep you. May I come back?"

"I don't know."

"I'll come back."

He looked at her and then he quietly went out of the door, and Molly sat staring at the wall. "God keep me!"

Conspiracy

SHE STAYED for a moment staring at the wall. The door opened silently and Annie came in. Molly did not even see her.

Annie said disapprovingly, "There was a man came out. I saw him. He looked like a soldier."

And Molly said, "Yes, Annie, it was a soldier."

"What was he doing?"

"He came to make love to me."

Annie said, "Miss, what are you doing? You haven't joined them?"

"No, I'm not with them, Annie."

Annie said, "If the Mayor's here and they come back, it'll be your fault if anything happens."

"I won't let anything happen. Where are they?"

"They're out behind the fence," said Annie.

"Tell them to come in."

And while Annie went out, Molly got up and smoothed her hair, trying to be alive again.

There was a little sound in the passage. Two tall, fair young men entered. They were dressed in seaman's jackets and dark turtle-neck sweaters. They looked almost like twins, Will Anders and Tom Anders, the fishermen.

"Good evening, Molly. You've heard?"

"Annie told me. It's a bad night to go."

Tom said, "It's better than a clear night. What's the Mayor want, Molly?"

"I don't know. I heard about your brother. I'm sorry."

The two were silent and they looked embarrassed. Tom said, "You know how it is, better than most."

"Yes, yes, I know."

Annie came in the door again and she said in a hoarse whisper, "They're here!" And Mayor Orden and Doctor Winter came in. Orden went to Molly and kissed her on the forehead.

"Good evening, dear."

He turned to Annie. "Stand in

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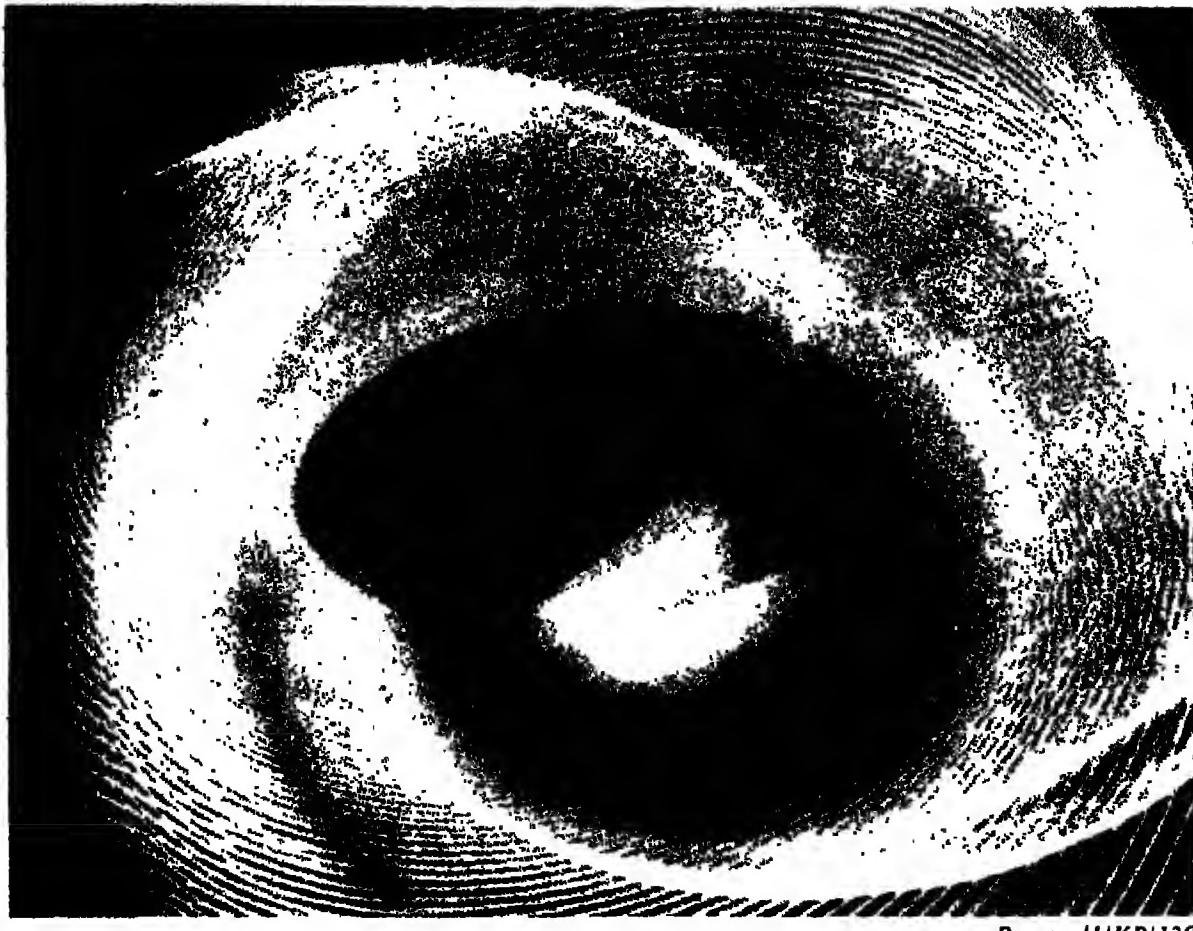
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THE MOON IS DOWN

the passage, Annie. Give us one knock for the patrol, one when it's gone, and two for danger."

Doctor Winter was at the stove, warming his hands.

"We got word you boys were going tonight," he said. "We heard you were going to take Mr. Corell with you."

Tom laughed bitterly. "We thought it would be only right. We're taking his boat."

"Can you take him? Isn't he cautious at all?"

"Oh, yes, he's cautious, in a way. At twelve o'clock, though, he walks to his house usually. We'll be behind the wall. I think we can get him to the boat."

Orden said, "I wish you didn't have to. It's just an added danger. If he makes a noise, the patrol might come."

Tom said, "He won't make a noise, and it's better if he disappears at sea."

Molly took up her knitting again. "Will you throw him overboard?"

Will blushed. "He'll go to sea, ma'am." He turned to the Mayor. "You wanted to see us, sir?"

"Why, yes, I want to talk to you. Doctor Winter and I have tried to think—"

There was a sharp knock on the door and the room was silent. Molly's needles stopped, and the Mayor's outstretched hand remained in the air. First faintly and then growing louder, there came the tramp of the patrol, the squeak of

their boots in the snow. They passed the door and their footsteps faded in the distance. There was a second tap on the door. And in the room the people relaxed.

Orden went on slowly. "I want to speak simply. This is a little town. Justice and injustice are in terms of little things. Your brother's shot and Alex Morden's shot. The people are angry and they have no way to fight back."

Winter said, "It's funny for a doctor to think of destruction, but I think all invaded people want to resist."

Will Anders asked, "What's all this for, sir? What do you want of us?"

"We want to fight them and we can't," Orden said. "They're using hunger on the people now. Hunger brings weakness. You boys are sailing for England. Maybe nobody will listen to you, but tell them from us to give us weapons."

Tom asked, "You want guns?"

"No, Tom, we could not use guns. Tell them we need simple, secret weapons, weapons of stealth, explosives, dynamite to blow up rails, grenades, if possible, even poison." He spoke angrily. "This is no honourable war. This is a war of treachery and murder. Let us use the methods that have been used on us! Let the British bombers drop us little bombs to use, to hide, to slip under the rails. Then we will be armed, secretly armed."

Winter broke in. "They'll never

know where it will strike. The soldiers, the patrol, will never know which of us is armed."

Tom wiped his forehead. "If we get through, we'll tell them, sir, but —well, I've heard it said that in England there are still men in power who do not dare to put weapons in the hands of common people."

Orden stared at him. "Oh! I hadn't thought of that. Well, we can only see. If such people still govern England and America, the world is lost, anyway. Tell them what we say, if they will listen. We must have help, but if we get it"—his face grew very hard—"if we get it, we will help ourselves."

Winter said, "If they will even give us dynamite to hide, to bury in the ground to be ready against need, then the invader can never rest again, never!"

The room grew excited. Molly said, fiercely, "Yes, we could fight his rest, then. We could fight his sleep."

Will asked quietly, "Is that all, sir?"

"Yes." Orden nodded. "That's the core of it."

The door opened and Annie came in quietly.

She said, "There's a soldier coming up the path. He looks like the soldier that was here before. There was a soldier here with Molly before."

The others looked at Molly. Annie said, "I locked the door."

There was a gentle knocking at

the outside door. Orden went to Molly.

"What is this, Molly? Are you in trouble?"

"No," she said, "no! Go out the back way. You can get out through the back. Hurry, hurry out!"

Orden said, "Molly, if you're in trouble, let us help you."

"The trouble I'm in no one can help me with," she said. "Go now," and she pushed them out of the door.

The tapping continued, and a man's voice could be heard.

Molly went to the centre lamp, and her burden was heavy on her. She saw the big scissors lying beside her knitting. She picked them up wonderingly by the blades. The blades slipped through her fingers until she held the long shears and she was holding them like a knife, and her eyes were horrified. Slowly she raised the shears and placed them inside her dress.

The tapping continued on the door. She heard the voice calling to her.

She leaned over the lamp for a moment and then suddenly she blew out the light. Her voice was strained and sweet.

She called, "I'm coming, Lieutenant, I'm coming!"

Gifts from the Sky

IN THE DARK, clear night a white, half-withered moon brought little light. The wind was dry and singing over the snow, a quiet wind that

blew steadily, evenly from the cold point of the Pole. Over the land the snow lay very deep and dry as sand.

Near the mine entrance the guards watched the sky and turned their listening-instruments against the sky, for it was a clear night for bombing. On nights like this the feathered steel spindles came whistling down and roared to splinters.

Down towards one end of the village a dog complained about the cold and loneliness. He raised his nose to his god and gave a long and fulsome account of the state of the world as it applied to him. The six men of the patrol slogging dejectedly up and down the streets heard the singing of the dog, and one of the muffled soldiers said, "He's getting worse every night. I suppose we ought to shoot him."

And another answered, "Why? Let him howl. He sounds good to me. I used to have a dog at home that howled. They took my dog when they took the others," he said factually, in a dull voice.

And the corporal said, "Couldn't have dogs eating up food that was needed."

"Oh, I'm not complaining. I know it was necessary. I can't plan the way the leaders do. It seems funny to me, though, that some people here have dogs, and they don't even have as much food as we have. They're pretty gaunt, though, dogs and people."

"They're fools," said the corporal. "That's why they lost so quickly.

They can't plan the way we can."

"I wonder if we'll be allowed to have dogs again even after it's over," said the soldier. "I've heard the Leader doesn't like dogs. I've heard they make him itch and sneeze."

"You hear all kinds of things," the corporal said. "Listen!" The patrol stopped and from a great distance came the hum of planes.

"There they come," the corporal said. "It's been two weeks, hasn't it, since they came before?"

The guards at the mine heard the high drone of the planes. "They're flying high," a sergeant said, and Captain Loft tilted his head back to listen. "I judge over 20,000 feet," he said. "Maybe they're going on over."

"Aren't very many." The sergeant listened. "Not more than two or three."

High in the air the two bombers cut their throttles and soared, circling. And from the belly of each one tiny little objects dropped, hundreds of them, one after another. They plummeted a few feet and then little parachutes opened and drifted small packages silently and slowly down towards the earth. Then the planes flew away.

The tiny parachutes floated like thistledown and the breeze spread them out and distributed them as seeds on the ends of thistledown are distributed. They drifted so slowly and landed so gently that sometimes the ten-inch packages of dynamite



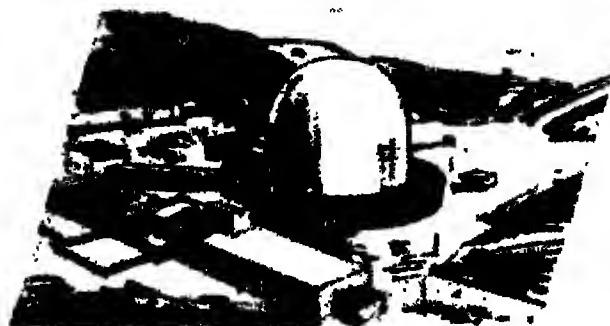
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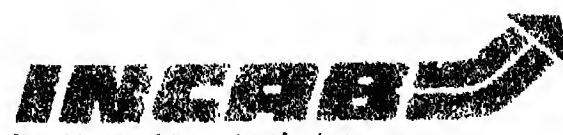
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T. D. KANSARA, General Manager

RAAS/B/83

THE MOON IS DOWN

stood upright in the snow, and the little parachutes folded gently down around them. They looked black against the snow. They landed in the white fields and among the woods of the hills and they landed in trees and hung down from the branches. Some of them landed on the housetops of the little town, some in the small front gardens.

One of the little parachutes came down in the street ahead of the patrol and the sergeant said, "Careful! It's a time bomb."

"It ain't big enough," a soldier said.

"Well, don't go near it." The sergeant turned his torch on the object, a little parachute no bigger than a handkerchief, light blue, and hanging from it a package wrapped in blue paper.

"Now don't anybody touch it," the sergeant said. "Harry, you go down to the mine and get the captain. We'll keep an eye on this damn thing."

The late dawn came and the people moving out of their houses in the country saw the spots of blue against the snow. They went to them and picked them up. They unwrapped the paper and read the printed words. They saw the gift and suddenly each finder grew furtive, and he concealed the long tube under his coat and went to some secret place and hid the tube.

And word got to the children about the small package of chocolate wrapped with each tube, and

they combed the countryside in a terrible Easter egg hunt, and when some lucky child saw the blue colour, he rushed to the prize and opened it and then he hid the tube and told his parents about it. There were some people who were frightened, who turned the tubes over to the military, but they were not very many. And the soldiers scurried about the town in another Easter egg hunt, but they were not as good at it as the children were.

What is the Remedy?

IN THE drawing-room of the palace of the Mayor, Captain Loft stood beside the table.

"All right," he called, "bring it in."

A soldier entered; in his arms he held a number of the blue packages.

Loft said, "Put them on the table." The soldier gingerly laid the packages down. "Now go upstairs and report to Colonel Lanser that I'm here with the—things," and the soldier wheeled about and left the room.

Loft picked up one of the packages, and his face wore a look of distaste. Colonel Lanser came quickly into the room, followed by Major Hunter.

"Have you examined these, Hunter?" asked Lanser.

Hunter pulled out a chair and sat down, "Not very carefully," he said. "There are three breaks in the railway line all within ten miles."

"Well, take a look at them and

see what you think," Lanser said.

Hunter reached for a tube and stripped off the outer covering. "It's commercial dynamite," he said. "It has a regular cap and fuse—about a minute, I suppose." He tossed the tube back on to the table. "It's very cheap and very simple," he said.

"It's kind of devilish, this thing," said Colonel Lanser. "The wrapper is blue, so that it's easy to see. Unwrap the outer paper and here"—he picked up the small package—"here is a piece of chocolate. Everybody will be looking for it. I'll bet our own soldiers steal the chocolate. Why, the kids will be looking for them, like Easter eggs."

Hunter looked up from the copper cap he was examining, and he asked, "How general is this? Did they drop them everywhere?"

Lanser was puzzled. "Now, that's the funny thing. I've talked to the capital. This is the only place they've dropped them."

"What do you make of that?" Hunter asked.

"Well, it's hard to say. I think this is a test place. I suppose if it works here they'll use it everywhere. The capital orders me to stamp this out so ruthlessly that they won't drop it anywhere else."

"Yes, sir," Loft broke in. "We must stop this thing at once, sir. We must arrest and punish people who



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pick these things up, before they use them."

Lanser was smiling at him. "Take it easy, Captain Loft. Let's see what we have first, and then we'll think of remedies."

He took a package and unwrapped it. Then he studied the print on the inside of the wrapper. He read aloud, "'To the unconquered people: Hide this. It is a present from your friends to you and from you to the invader of your country. Do not try to do large things with it.'" He began to skip through the instructions. "Now here, 'rails in the country.' And, 'work at night.' And, 'tie up transport.' Now here, 'Instructions: rails. Place stick under rail

close to the joint, and tight against a tie. Pack mud or hand-beaten snow around it so that it is firm. When the fuse is lit you have a slow count of sixty before it explodes.'"

He looked up at Hunter and Hunter said simply, "It works."

Lanser looked back at his paper and he skipped through. "'Bridges: Weaken, do not destroy.' And here, 'telegraph poles,' and here, 'culverts, trucks.'" He laid the blue paper down. "Well, there it is."

Loft said angrily, "We must do something! There must be a way to control this. What does headquarters say?"

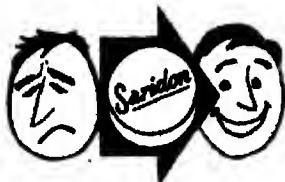
Lanser pursed his lips and his fingers played with one of the tubes. "I



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Persons/J-APL

THE MOON IS DOWN

could have told you what they'd say before they said it. I have the orders. 'Set booby traps and poison the chocolate.'" He paused for a moment and then he said, "Hunter, I'm a good, loyal man, but sometimes when I hear the brilliant ideas of headquarters, I wish I were a civilian, an old, crippled civilian. What will happen? One man will pick up one of these and get blown to bits by our booby trap. One kid will eat chocolate and die of strich-nine poisoning. And then?" He looked down at his hands. "They will poke them with poles, or lasso them, before they touch them. They will try the chocolate on the cat. Stupid traps won't catch them twice."

Loft cleared his throat. "Sir, this is defeatist talk," he said.

Lanser turned on him. "Loft, I think I'll recommend you for the General Staff. You want to get to work before you even know what the problem is."

A soldier looked through the doorway. "Mr. Corell to see you, sir."

Lanser replied, "Tell him to wait." He continued to talk to Loft. "Now it's dynamite. Captain. Pretty soon it may be poison."

Loft said anxiously, "They haven't dropped poison yet."

"No, but they will. Can you think what will happen to the morale of our men if they knew that arsenic was about? Would you or they drink or eat comfortably?"

Hunter said dryly, "Are you writing the enemy's campaign for them, Colonel?"

"No, I'm trying to anticipate it."

Loft said, "Sir, we sit here talking when we should be searching for this dynamite."

"Yes," said Lanser, "we must search, of course. You take a detail, Loft. Get Prackle to take one. I wish we had more junior officers. Tonder getting killed didn't help us a bit. Why couldn't he leave women alone?"

Loft said, "I don't like the way Lieutenant Prackle is acting, sir. He's jumpy and gloomy."

"Yes," Lanser said. "I know. But try to keep him in hand. Start your search. I don't want any shooting unless there's an overt act, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Loft, and went out of the room.

"And I suppose, Hunter, you'd better get to your rails. You might as well expect that tonight is the time when they'll really blow them up, though."

Hunter stood up and he said, "Yes, I suppose the orders are coming in from the capital?"

"Yes."

"Are they—"

"You know what they are," Lanser interrupted. "You know what they'd have to be. Take the leaders, shoot the leaders, take hostages, shoot the hostages, take more hostages, shoot them"—his voice had risen but now it sank almost to a

whisper—"and the hatred growing and the hurt between us deeper and deeper."

Hunter hesitated. "Have they condemned any from the list of names?" and he motioned slightly towards the Mayor's bedroom.

Lanser shook his head. "No, not yet. They are just arrested so far. Well, get to your work, Major. I have to see Corell."

Pledges Against Rebellion

WHEN Mr. Corell came in, he was a changed man. His left arm was in plaster, and his face was sharp and bitter.

"I should have come before, Colonel," he said, "but your lack

of co-operation made me hesitant."

Lanser said, "You were waiting for a reply to your report, I remember."

"I was waiting for much more than that. You refused me a position of authority. You said I was valueless. You left the Mayor in his office, contrary to my advice."

Lanser said, "Without him here we might have had more disorder than we have."

"That is a matter of opinion," Corell said. "This man is a leader of a rebellious people."

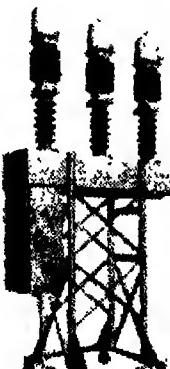
"Nonsense," said Lanser; "he's just a simple man."

With his good hand Corell took a black notebook from his right



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pocket and opened it. "You forgot, Colonel, that I had my sources, that I had been here a long time before you. I have to report to you that Mayor Orden has been in constant contact with every happening in this community. On the night when Lieutenant Tonder was murdered, he was in the house where the murder was committed. Whenever men have escaped, Orden has known about it and has helped them. And I even strongly suspect that he is somewhere in the picture of these little parachutes."

Lanser said eagerly, "But you can't prove it."

"No," Corell said, "I can't prove it. The first thing I know; the last I

only suspect. Perhaps now you will be willing to listen to me."

Lanser said quietly, "What do you suggest?"

"These suggestions, Colonel, are a little stronger than suggestions. Orden must now be a hostage and his life must depend on the peacefulness of this community. His life must depend on the lighting of one single fuse on one single stick of dynamite."

He reached into his pocket again and brought out a paper. "This, sir, was the answer to my report from headquarters. You will notice that it gives me certain authority."

Lanser looked at the paper and he spoke quietly. "You really did go

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THE READER'S DIGEST

over my head, didn't you?" He looked up at Corell with frank dislike in his eyes. "I heard you'd been injured. How did it happen?"

Corell said, "On the night when your lieutenant was murdered I was waylaid. The patrol saved me. Some of the townsmen escaped in my boat that night. Now, Colonel, must I express more strongly that Mayor Orden must be held hostage?"

Lanser said, "He is here. What more do you suggest?"

"Orden's life must be a pledge against rebellion."

"And if they rebel and we shoot Orden?"

"Then that little doctor is next; he's next in authority in the town."

"And when we shoot him?"

"Then we have authority. When we have killed the leaders, the rebellion will be broken."

Lanser asked quizzically, "Do you really think so?"

"It must be so."

Lanser shook his head slowly and then he called, "Sentry!" The door opened and a soldier appeared in the door. "Sergeant," said Lanser, "place Mayor Orden and Doctor Winter under arrest. Bring Winter here immediately."

Lanser looked up at Corell and he said, "You know, I do hope you know what you're doing."

Under Arrest

IN THE drawing-room of the palace of the Mayor the table had been cleaned up, and a soldier stood

guard at Mayor Orden's bedroom door.

Annie was on her knees in front of the grate, putting little pieces of coal on the fire. She looked up at the sentry standing in front of Mayor Orden's door and she said truculently, "Well, what are you going to do to him?" The soldier did not answer.

The outside door opened and another soldier came in, holding Doctor Winter by the arm. Doctor Winter said, "Hallo, Annie, how's His Excellency?"

And Annie pointed at the bedroom and said, "He's in there."

"He isn't ill?" Doctor Winter said.

"No, he didn't seem to be," said Annie. "I'll see if I can tell him you're here."

She went to the sentry and spoke imperiously. "Tell His Excellency that Doctor Winter is here, do you hear me?"

The sentry did not answer and did not move, but behind him the door opened and Mayor Orden stood in the doorway. He ignored the sentry and brushed past him and stepped into the room. For a moment the sentry considered taking him back, and then he returned to his place beside the door. Orden said, "Thank you, Annie. Don't go too far away, will you? I might need you."

Annie said, "No, sir, I won't."

Orden said, "Is there something you want, Doctor?"



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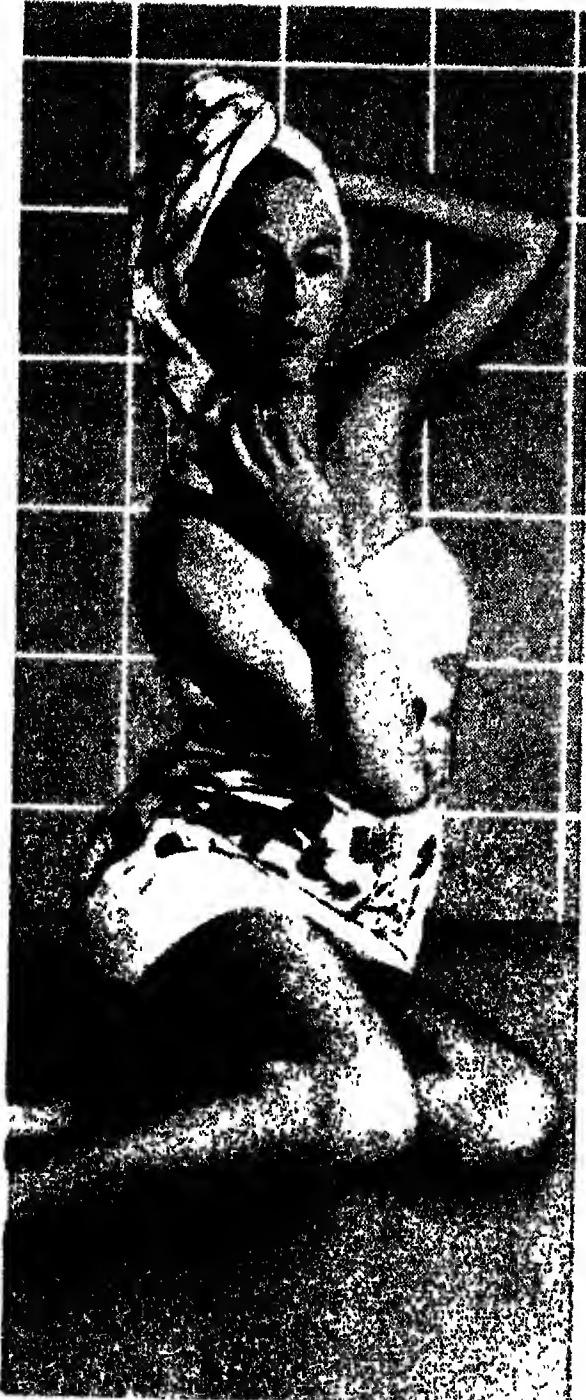
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October



SHOORJI'S TOWELS

Creative Unit

Winter grinned sardonically and pointed over his shoulder to his guard. "Well, I suppose I'm under arrest. My friend here brought me."

Orden said, "I suppose it was bound to come. What will they do now, I wonder?" And the two men looked at each other for a long time and each one knew what the other one was thinking.

And then Orden continued as though he had been talking. "You know, I couldn't stop it if I wanted to."

"I know," said Winter, "but they don't know." And he went on with a thought he had been having. "A time-minded people," he said, "and the time is nearly up. They think that just because they have only one leader and one head, we are all like that. They don't know that in a time of need leaders pop up among us like mushrooms."

Orden put his hand on Winter's shoulder and he said, "Thank you. I knew it, but it's good to hear you say it. The little people won't go under, will they?" He searched Winter's face anxiously.

And the doctor reassured him, "Why, no, they won't."

"I wonder why they arrested you, too," Orden said. "I expect they will have to kill you, too."

"I expect so," said Winter.

"You know so." Orden was silent for a moment and then he said, "You know, Doctor, I am a little man and this is a little town, but

there must be a spark in little men that can burst into flame. I am afraid, I am terribly afraid, but at the same time I feel a kind of exultation, as though I were bigger and better than I am."

Colonel Lanser entered the room, and the sentries stiffened. "Orden," said Lanser sternly, "these things must stop."

The Mayor smiled helplessly at him. "They cannot stop, sir."

Colonel Lanser said harshly, "I arrested you as a hostage for the good behaviour of your people. Those are my orders."

"But that won't stop it," Orden said simply. "You don't understand. When I have become a hindrance to the people, they will do without me."

Lanser said, "Tell me truly what you think. If the people know you will be shot if they light another fuse, what will they do?"

The Mayor looked helplessly at Doctor Winter. Lanser pressed him. "What will they do?"

"I don't know," said the Mayor. "I think they will light the fuse."

"Suppose you ask them not to?"

Winter said, "Colonel, this morning I saw a little boy building a snowman, while three grown soldiers watched to see that he did not caricature your leader. He made a pretty good likeness, too, before they destroyed it."

Lanser ignored the doctor. "Suppose you ask them not to?"

Orden seemed half asleep; his



SHOORJI'S SHEETS

Creative Unit.

eyes drooped, and he tried to think. He said, "I am not a very brave man, sir. I think they will light it, anyway."

He struggled with his speech. "I hope they will, but if I ask them not to, they will be sorry."

"But you think they will light it?" Lanser insisted.

Flies Conquer the Fly-paper!

THE MAYOR spoke proudly. "Yes, they will light it. I have no choice of living or dying, you see, sir, but—I do have a choice of how I do it. If I tell them not to fight, they will be sorry, but they will fight. If I tell them to fight, they will be glad, and I who am not a very brave man will have made them a little braver." He smiled apologetically. "You see, it is an easy thing to do, since the end for me is the same."

Lanser said, "If you say yes, we can tell them you said no. We can tell them that you begged for your life."

And Winter broke in angrily, "They would know. You do not keep secrets. One of your men got out of hand one night and he said the flies had conquered the fly-paper, and now the whole nation knows his words. They have made a song of it. The flies have conquered the fly-paper. You do not keep secrets, Colonel."

Orden went on quietly, "You see, sir, nothing can change it. You will be destroyed and driven out." His voice was very soft. "The people

don't like to be conquered, sir, and so they will not be. Free men cannot start a war, but once it is started, they can fight on in defeat. Men of the herd, followers of a leader, cannot do that, and so it is always the herd men who win battles and the free men who win wars. You will find that is so, sir."

Lanser was erect and stiff. "My orders are clear. Eleven o'clock was the deadline. I have taken hostages. If there is violence, the hostages will be executed."

And Doctor Winter said to the colonel, "Will you carry out the orders, knowing they will fail?"

Lanser's face was tight. "I will carry out my orders no matter what they are, but I do think, sir, a proclamation from you might save many lives."

From the distance there was a sound of an explosion. And the echo of it rolled to the hills and back again.

The whistle at the coal mine tooted a shrill, sharp warning. Orden stood very tensely for a moment and then he smiled. A second explosion roared—nearer this time and heavier—and its echo rolled back from the mountains. *

Orden looked at his watch and then he took his watch and chain and put them in Doctor Winter's hand.

"How did it go about the flies?" he asked.

"The flies have conquered the fly-paper," Winter said. THE END

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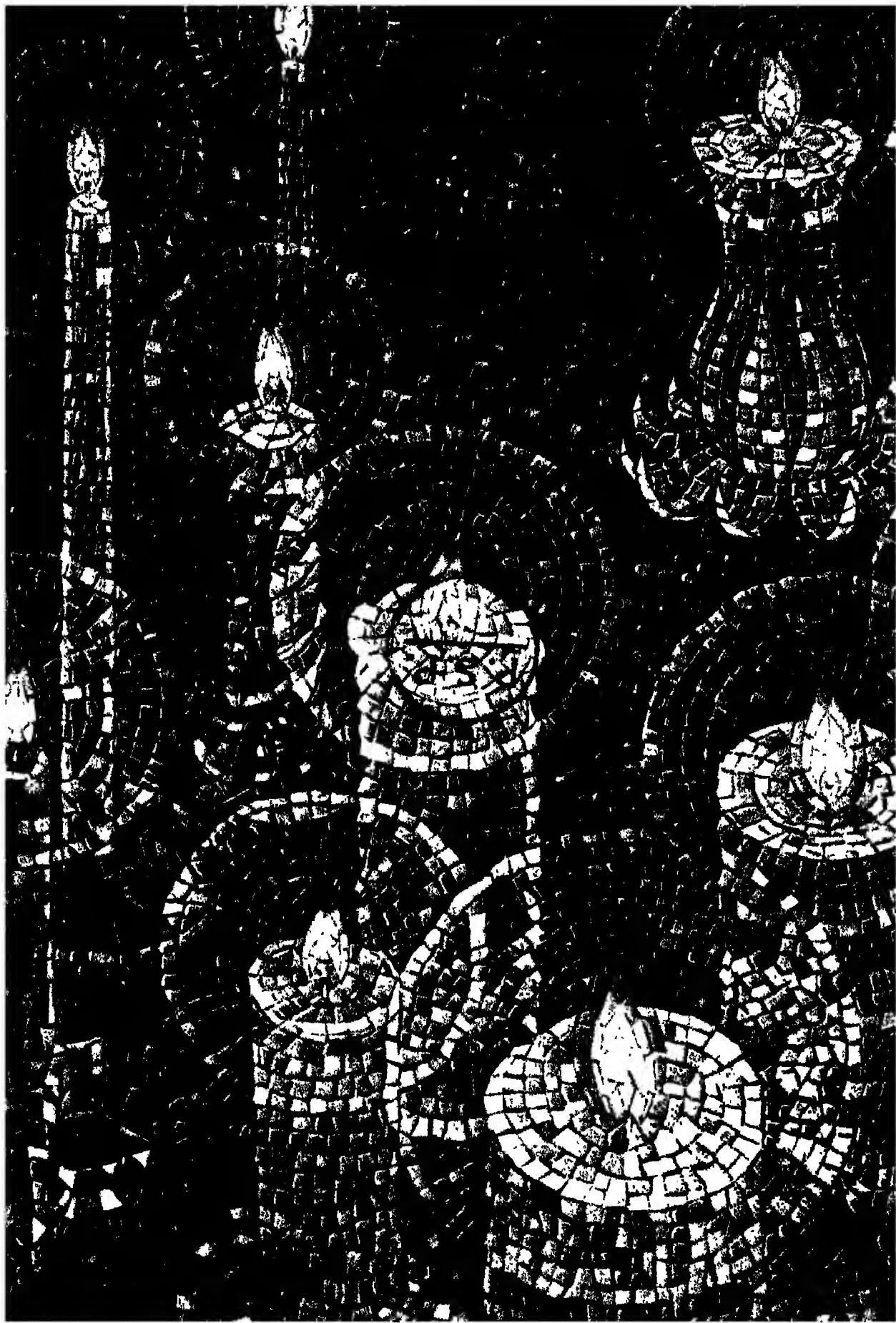
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October

fell from a cliff in the hills this morning.”*

“You’re sure it wasn’t thrown?”

“What do you mean?” Corell asked. “These aren’t violent people. They’ve forgotten about fighting.”

“Well, you’ve lived among them,” said the colonel. “You ought to know.” He stepped close to Corell. “But if you are safe, these people are different from any in the world. I’ve helped to occupy countries before. I was in Belgium twenty years ago.” He shook his head a little as though to clear it, and he said gruffly, “You did a good job. We should thank you. I mentioned your work in my report.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Corell. “I did my best.”

Lanser said, a little wearily, “Well, now what shall we do? Would you like to go back to the capital?”

“No, sir; I’ll stay here.”

Hunter glanced up from his board and remarked, “You’d better start wearing a helmet.”

Now Corell moved forward in his chair. “I thought I might help with the civil administration, Colonel.”

Lanser walked to the window and looked out, and then he swung round and said quietly, “What have you in mind?”

“Well, you must have a civil authority you can trust. I thought perhaps that Mayor Orden might step down now and—well, that I might take over his office.”

Lanser looked at him sharply.

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1966

"Do you know what the people think of you?" he asked..

"I have many friends here. I know everyone."

"You will have their hatred in time," said the colonel.

"I can stand that, sir. They are the enemy."

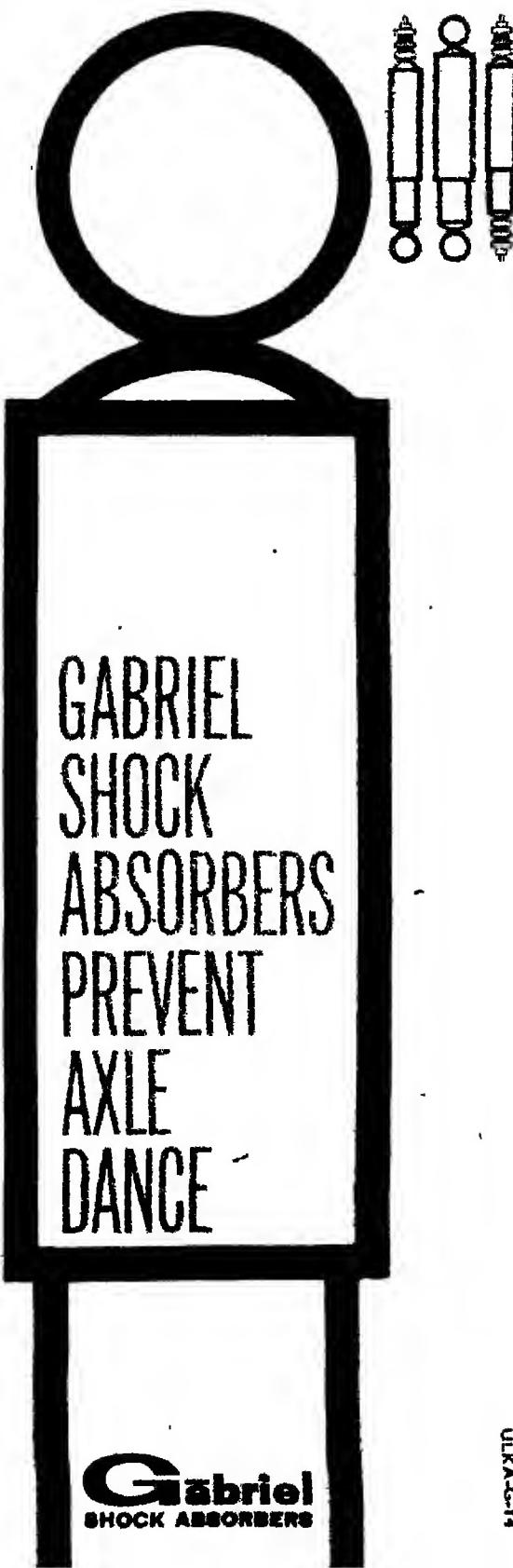
Now Lanser hesitated a long moment before he spoke, and then he said softly, "You will not even have *our* respect."

Corell jumped to his feet excitedly. "This is contrary to the Leader's words!" he said. "The Leader has said that all branches are equally honourable."

Lanser went on very quietly, "I hope the Leader knows. I hope he can read the minds of soldiers." And then almost compassionately he said, "Yours is a difficult and brave branch of the service. You should be greatly rewarded." For a moment he sat quietly and then he pulled himself together and said, "Now we must come to exactness. I am in charge here. My job is to get coal out. To do that I must maintain order and discipline, and to do that I must know what is in the minds of these people. I must anticipate revolt. Do you understand?"

"Well, I can find out what you wish to know, sir. As mayor here, I will be very effective," said Corell.

Lanser shook his head. "I think you will never again know what is going on here. I think no one will speak to you. I think without a guard you will be in great danger. It



will please me if you go back to the capital, there to be rewarded for your fine work."

"But I wish to stay here, sir," said Corell.

Lanser went on as though he had not heard. "Mayor Orden is more than a mayor," he said. "He is his people. He knows what they are doing, thinking, without asking, because he will think what they think. By watching him I will know them. He must stay. That is my judgement."

Corell said, "My work, sir, merits better treatment."

"Yes, it does," Lanser said slowly. "But to the larger work I think you are only a detriment now. If you are not hated yet, you will be."

Corell said stiffly. "You will, of course, permit me to wait until there is an official ruling on my application to remain?"

Lanser's voice was tight. His eyes were slits. He said harshly, "Wear a helmet, keep indoors, do not go out at night, and, above all, do not drink. Trust no woman nor any man. Do you understand that?"

Corell looked pityingly at the colonel. "I don't think you understand. These are simple, peaceful people. I know them."

"There are no peaceful people. When will you learn it? We have invaded this country—you, by what they call treachery, prepared for us. Can't you understand that we are at war with these people?"

"We have defeated them."

Lanser said disgustedly, "I'm tired of people who have not been at war who know all about it." He held his chin in his hand and said, "I remember a little old woman in Brussels—sweet face, white hair; delicate old hands. She used to sing our national songs to us in a quivering, sweet voice." He dropped his hand from his chin, and he caught himself as though he had been asleep. "We didn't know her son had been executed," he said. "When we finally shot her, she had killed twelve men with a long, black hatpin. I have it still at home. It has an enamel button with a bird over it, red and blue."

Corell said, "But you shot her?"

"Of course we shot her."

"And the murders stopped?"

"No, the murders did not stop. And when we finally retreated, the people cut off stragglers and they burnt some and they gouged the eyes from some, and some they even crucified."

"There's Trouble . . ."

CORELL said loudly, "These are not good things to say, Colonel."

"They are not good things to remember," said Lanser.

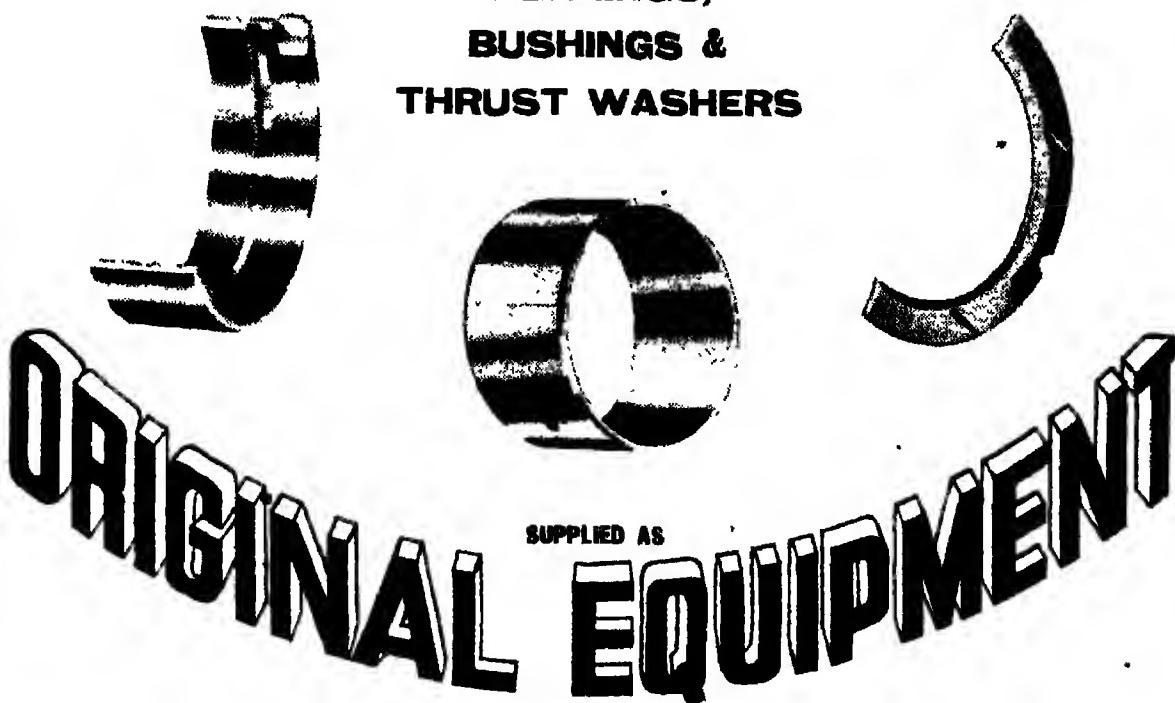
Corell said, "You should not be in command if you are afraid——"

As he spoke there was a tumble of feet on the stairs; the door burst open, and Captain Loft came in. Loft was rigid and cold and military; he said, "There's trouble, sir."

"Trouble?"

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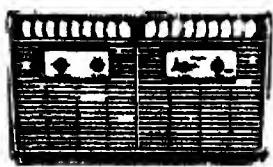
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"I have to report, sir, that Captain Bentick has been killed."

Lanser said, "Oh — yes — Bentick!"

There was the sound of a number of footsteps on the stairs and two stretcher-bearers came in, carrying a figure covered with blankets

The lieutenants came in from the bedroom, their mouths a little open Lanser said, "Put him down there," and he pointed to the wall beside the windows When the bearers had gone, Lanser knelt and lifted a corner of the blanket and then quickly put it down again And still kneeling, he looked at Loft and said, "Who did this?"

"A miner," said Loft

"Well, make your report!"

Loft drew himself up and said formally, "I had just relieved Captain Bentick on duty at the mine Captain Bentick was about to leave to come here when I had some trouble about a recalcitrant miner who wanted to stop work He shouted something about being a free man When I ordered him to work, he rushed at me with his pick Captain Bentick tried to interfere" He gestured slightly towards the body

Lanser, still kneeling, nodded slowly "Bentick was a curious man," he said "I don't think he liked to fight very much . . You captured the man?"

"Yes, sir," Loft said

Lanser stood up slowly and spoke as though to himself "So it starts again. We will shoot this man and

make twenty new enemies. It's the only thing we know, the only thing we know."

For the Sake of Order

IN THE TOWN the people moved sullenly through the streets. Some of the light of astonishment was gone from their eyes, but still a light of anger had not taken its place. In the coal shaft the men pushed the coal cars sullenly. The small tradesmen stood behind their counters and served the people; but talk was in monosyllables.

In the drawing-room of the palace of Mayor Orden a small fire burned and the lights were on, for it was a grey day outside and there was frost in the air. The Mayor and Doctor Winter stood talking in front of the fire. In the middle of the room was a large square table, with chairs placed stiffly about it.

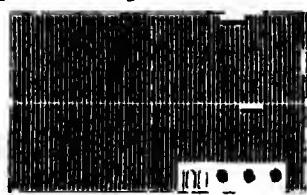
"I wonder how much longer I can remain mayor," Orden was saying. "There are things I don't understand." He pointed to the table. "I don't know why they have to hold this trial in here. They're going to try Alex Morden here for killing that fellow with a pick. You remember Alex? He has that pretty little wife, Molly."

"I remember," said Winter. "She used to teach in the grammar school. Well, Alex killed an officer, all right. Nobody's questioned that."

Mayor Orden said bitterly, "Nobody questions it. But why do they try him? Why don't they shoot



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him? This is not a matter of doubt. Why must they try him—and in my house?"

Winter said, "I would guess it is for the show. There's an idea about it: if you go through the form of a thing, you have it, and sometimes people are satisfied with the form of a thing. Particularly if it comes from your house, where the people expect justice—"

He was interrupted by the opening of the door. A young woman entered. She was about thirty and quite pretty. She said quickly, "Annie told me to come in, sir."

"Why, of course," said the Mayor. "You're Molly Morden."

"Yes, sir, I am. They say that Alex is to be tried and shot."

Orden looked down at the floor, and Molly went on, "They say you will sentence him. It will be your words that send him out."

Orden looked up, startled. "What's this? Who says this?"

"The people in the town." She held herself very straight and she asked, half-pleadingly, half demandingly, "You wouldn't do that, would you, sir?"

"How could the people know what I don't know?"

Doctor Winter said, "That is a mystery that has disturbed rulers all over the world—how the people know."

"Alex is not a murdering man," Molly said. "He's a quick-tempered man, but he's never broken a law. He's a respected man."

Orden rested his hand on her shoulder and he said, "I have known Alex since he was a little boy. I knew his father . . ."

Molly interrupted. "You wouldn't sentence Alex?"

"No," he said. "How could I sentence him?"

"The people said you would, for the sake of order."

Mayor Orden stood behind a chair and gripped its back with his hands. "No," he said. "I'll not sentence him. He has committed no crime against our people."

Molly was hesitant now. She said, "But will they—kill Alex?"

Orden stared at her and he said, "Dear child, my dear child."

She held herself rigid. "Thank you." Then she turned stiffly and went out.

She had just closed the door when Joseph entered. "Excuse me, sir, the colonel wants to see you. I said you were busy. I knew she was here. And Madame wants to see you, too."

Orden said, "Ask Madame to come in."

Joseph went out and Madame came in immediately.

"I don't know how I can run a house . . ." she began.

"Hush!" Orden said. Madame looked at him in amazement. "Sarah, I want you to go to Alex Morden's house. Do you understand? I want you to stay with Molly Morden while she needs you. Don't talk, just stay with her."

Madame said, "I've a hundred things—"

"Sarah, I want you to stay with Molly Morden. Don't leave her alone. Go now."

She comprehended slowly. "Yes," she said. "Yes, I will. When will it be over?"

"I don't know," he said. "I'll send Annie when it's time."

She kissed him lightly on the cheek and went out. Orden called, "Joseph, I'll see the colonel now."

Man to Man

LANSER came in. "Good morning, Your Excellency," he said. "I should like to speak to you alone." As Winter went out, Lanser waited courteously. He watched the door close. "I will not tell you, sir, how sorry I am about this."

Mayor Orden bowed, and Lanser went on, "I like you, sir, and I respect you, but I have a job to do. You surely recognize that."

Orden did not answer.

"There are rules laid down for us. This man has killed an officer."

At last Orden said, "Why didn't you shoot him then? That was the time to do it."

Lanser shook his head. "If I agreed with you, it would make no difference. You know as well as I that punishment is largely for the purpose of deterring the potential criminal. Thus, since punishment is for others than the punished, it must be publicized. It must even be dramatized."

Orden turned away and looked out of the window at the dark sky. "It will snow tonight," he said.

"Mayor Orden, you know our orders are inexorable. We must get the coal. If your people are not orderly, we will have to restore that order by force." His voice grew stern. "We must shoot people if it is necessary. If you wish to save your people from hurt, you must help us to keep order. Now, it is considered wise by my government that punishment emanate from the local authority. It makes for a more orderly situation."

Orden said softly, "So the people did know. That is a mystery." And louder he said, "You wish me to pass sentence of death on Alexander Morden after a trial here?"

"Yes, and you will prevent much bloodshed later if you will do it."

Orden went to the table and pulled out the big chair at its head and sat down. And suddenly he seemed to be the judge, with Lanser the culprit. He drummed with his fingers on the table. He said, "You and your government do not understand. In all the world yours is the only government and people with a record of defeat after defeat for centuries and every time because you did not understand people." He paused. "This principle does not work. There is no law between you and us. This is war. Don't you know you will have to kill all of us or we in time will kill all of you? You destroyed the law when you came in,



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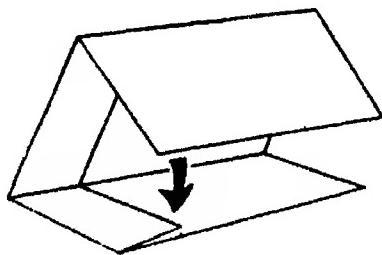
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THE MOON IS DOWN

and a new law took its place. Don't you know that?"

Lanser said, "May I sit down?"

"Why do you ask? That is another lie. You could make me stand if you wished."

Lanser said, "Personally, I have respect for you and your office, and"—he put his forehead in his hand for a moment—"you see, what I think, sir, I, a man of a certain age and certain memories, is of no importance. I might agree with you, but that would change nothing. The military, the political pattern I work in has certain tendencies and practices which are invariable."

Orden said, "And these tendencies and practices have been proved wrong in every single case since the beginning of the world."

Lanser laughed bitterly. "I, an individual man with certain memories, might agree with you. But I am not a man subject to memories. The coal miner must be shot publicly, because the theory is that others will then restrain themselves from killing our men."

Orden said, "We need not talk any more, then."

"Yes, we must talk. We want you to help."

Orden sat quietly for a while and then he said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. How many men were on the machine-guns which killed our soldiers?"

"Oh, not more than twenty, I guess," said Lanser.

"Very well. If you will shoot

them, I will condemn Morden."

"You're not serious!" said the colonel.

"But I am serious."

"This can't be done. You know it."

"I know it," said Orden. "And what you ask cannot be done."

Lanser said, "I suppose I knew. Corell will have to be mayor after all." He looked up quickly. "You will stay for the trial?"

"Yes, I'll stay. Then Alex won't be so lonely."

Lanser looked at him and smiled a little sadly. "We have taken on a job, haven't we?"

"Yes," said the Mayor, "the one impossible job in the world, the one thing that can't be done."

"And that is?"

"To break a man's spirit permanently."

The Trial

THE SNOW did not wait for night. By eleven o'clock it was falling heavily in big, soft puffs and the sky was not visible at all. Over the town there hung a blackness that was deeper than the cloud, a sullenness and a dry, growing hatred.

In the little palace drawing-room the court was in session. Lanser sat at the head of the table with Hunter on his right, then Tonder, and, at the lower end, Captain Loft with a little pile of papers in front of him.

On the opposite side, Mayor Orden sat on the colonel's left and Prackle was next to him. Beside the

table two guards stood with bayonets fixed. Between them was Alex Morden, a big young man with deep-set eyes. He was wide of shoulder, narrow of hip, and in front of him his manacled hands clasped and unclasped.

Captain Loft read from the paper in front of him, "When ordered back to work, he refused to go, and when the order was repeated, the prisoner attacked Captain Loft with the pick-axe he carried. Captain Bentick interposed his body and received a blow on the head." A medical report is appended. Do you wish me to read it?"

"No need," said Lanser. "Make it as quick as you can."

"These facts have been witnessed by several of our soldiers. This military court finds that the prisoner is guilty of murder and recommends a death sentence."

Lanser sighed and turned to Alex. "You don't deny that you killed the captain, do you?"

Alex said sadly, "I hit him. I don't know that I killed him."

Orden said, "Good work, Alex!" And the two looked at each other as friends.

Colonel Lanser said, "Do you want to offer any explanation? I can't think of anything that will change the sentence, but we will listen."

Loft said, "I respectfully submit

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that the colonel should not have said that. It indicates that the court is not impartial."

Orden laughed dryly. The colonel looked at him and smiled a little. "Have you any explanation?" he repeated.

Alex lifted a hand to gesture and the other came with it. He looked embarrassed and dropped them. "I was angry," he said. "I have a pretty bad temper. He said I must work. I am a free man. I got angry and I hit him. I hit him hard. It was the wrong man." He pointed at Loft. "That's the man I wanted to hit."

Lanser said, "It doesn't matter whom you wanted to hit. Are you sorry you did it?" He said aside to

the table, "It would look well in the record if he were sorry."

"Sorry?" Alex asked. "I'm not sorry. He told me to go to work—me, a free man! I used to be alderman. He said I had to work."

"But if the sentence is death, won't you be sorry then?"

Alex sank his head and really tried to think honestly. "No," he said. "You mean, would I do it again?"

"That's what I mean."

"No," Alex said thoughtfully. "I don't think I'm sorry."

Lanser said, "Put in the record that the prisoner was overcome with remorse. Sentence is automatic. Do you understand? The court has

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THE READER'S DIGEST

no leeway," he said to Alex. "The court finds you guilty and sentences you to be shot immediately. Captain Loft, is there anything I have forgotten?"

"You've forgotten me," said Orden. He stood up and pushed back his chair and stepped over to Alex. "Alexander," he said, "I am the elected mayor."

"I know it, sir."

"Alex, these men are invaders. They have taken our country by surprise and treachery and force."

Captain Loft said, "Sir, this should not be permitted."

Lanser said, "Hush! Is it better to hear it, or would you rather it were whispered?"

Orden went on as though he had not been interrupted. "When they came, the people were confused and I was confused. We did not know what to do or think. Yours was the first clear act. Your private anger was the beginning of a public anger. I know it is said in town that I am acting with these men. I can show the town, but you—you are going to die. I want you to know."

Alex dropped his head and then raised it. "I know, sir."

Lanser said, "Is the squad ready?"

"Outside, sir."

Orden said softly, "Are you afraid, Alex?"

And Alex said, "Yes, sir."

"I can't tell you not to be. I would be, too, and so would these young—gods of war."

Lanser said, "Who is commanding the squad?"

"Lieutenant Tonder, sir."

Orden said, "Alex, go, knowing that these men will have no rest, no rest at all until they are gone, or dead. You will make the people one. It's a sad knowledge and little enough gift to you, but it is so. No rest at all."

Alex shut his eyes tightly. Mayor Orden leaned close and kissed him on the cheek. "Good-bye, Alex," he said.

When the guard took Alex out, the men about the table sat silent. Orden looked towards the window and saw a little round spot being rubbed clear of snow by a quick hand. He stared at it, fascinated, and then he looked quickly away. He said to the colonel, "I hope you know what you are doing."

"Man," said the colonel, "whether we know or not it is what must be done."

Silence fell on the room and each man listened. And it was not long. From the distance there came a crash of firing. Lanser sighed deeply. Orden put his hand to his forehead and filled his lungs deeply. Then there was a shout outside. The glass of the window crashed inward and Lieutenant Prackle wheeled about. He brought his hand up to his shoulder and stared at it.

Lanser leaped up, crying, "So it starts! Are you badly hurt, Lieutenant?"

"My shoulder," said Prackle.

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THE MOON IS DOWN

Lanser took command. "Captain Loft, there will be tracks in the snow. Now, I want every house searched for fire-arms. I want every man who has one taken hostage. You, sir," he said to the Mayor, "are placed in protective custody. And understand this, please: we will shoot, five, ten, a hundred for one."

Orden said quietly, "A man of certain memories."

Hatred

THE DAYS and the weeks dragged on, and the months dragged on. The snow fell and melted and fell and melted and finally fell and stuck. The dark buildings of the little town wore bells and hats and eyebrows of white and there were "trenches through the snow to the doorways. In the harbour the coal barges came empty and went away loaded, but the coal did not come out of the ground easily. The good miners made mistakes. They were clumsy and slow. Machinery broke and took a long time to mend. The people of the conquered country settled in a slow, silent, waiting revenge.

Accidents happened on the railway too. Avalanches poured down on the tracks, and rails were bent. No train could move unless the tracks were first inspected. People were shot in reprisal and it made no difference.

Now and then a group of young men escaped and went to England.

And the English bombed the coal mine and did some damage and killed some of both their friends and their enemies. And it did no good. The cold hatred grew with the winter, the silent, sullen hatred, the waiting hatred.

The food supply was controlled—issued to the obedient and withheld from the disobedient—so that the whole population turned coldly obedient. But there was a point where food could not be withheld, for a starving man cannot mine coal, cannot lift and carry. And the hatred was deep in the eyes of the people, beneath the surface.

Now it was that the conqueror was surrounded, the men of the battalion alone among silent enemies. And these men thought always of home. They came to detest the place they had conquered, and they were curt with the people and the people were curt with them, and gradually a little fear began to grow in the conquerors, a fear that it would never be over, that they could never relax or go home, a fear that one day they would crack and be hunted through the mountains like rabbits, for the conquered never relaxed their hatred.

The patrols, seeing lights, hearing laughter, would be drawn as to a fire, and when they came near, the laughter stopped, the warmth went out, and the people were cold and obedient. And the soldiers, smelling warm food from the little restaurants, went in and ordered the warm

food and found that it was over-salted or over-peppered.

Thus it came about that the nerves of the conquerors wore thin and they shot at shadows in the night. The cold, sullen silence was with them always. Then three soldiers went insane in a week and cried all night and all day until they were sent home. And others might have gone insane if they had not heard that mercy deaths awaited the insane at home, and a mercy death is a terrible thing to think of.

"Watch Your Nerves"

FROM the upstairs room of the Mayor's palace the comfort seemed to have gone. On the table were two gas lanterns which threw a hard, brilliant light and they made great shadows on the walls, and their hissing was an undercurrent in the room.

Major Hunter's drawing-board was permanently ready now, because there were so many accidents. His T-square moved up and down the board and his pencil was busy.

Lieutenant Prackle, his arm still in a sling, sat in a straight chair behind the centre table, reading an illustrated paper. At the end of the table Lieutenant Tonder was writing a letter. He looked up to say, "I hate these damn lanterns. Major, when are you going to get that dynamo fixed?"

"It should be done by now," said Major Hunter. "I've got good men working on it."

"Did you get the fellow that wrecked it?" Prackle asked.

And Hunter said grimly, "It might be any one of five men. I got all five." He went on musingly, "It's so easy to wreck a dynamo if you know how. Just short it and it wrecks itself." He said, "The light ought to be on any time now."

Prackle still looked at his magazine. "I wonder when we will be relieved. I wonder when we will go home for a while. Major, wouldn't you like to go home for a rest?"

Hunter looked up from his work and his face was hopeless for a moment. "Yes, of course."

Suddenly the electric lights came on and Tonder automatically reached out and turned off the two gas lanterns. The hissing was gone from the room.

Tonder said, "Thank God for that! That hissing gets on my nerves. It makes me think there's whispering." He folded the letter he had been writing and he said, "It's strange more letters don't come through. I've only had one in two weeks."

Prackle said, "Perhaps nobody writes to you."

"Perhaps," said Tonder. He turned to the major. "If anything happened—at home, I mean—do you think they would let us know—anything bad, I mean, any deaths or anything like that?"

Hunter said, "I don't know."

"Well," Tonder went on, "I want to get out of this hole!"

Prackle broke in, "I thought you were going to live here after the war?" And he imitated Tonder's voice. "Put four or five farms together. Make a nice place . . ."

There was a light tap on the door and Joseph came in with a scuttle of coal. He moved silently through the room and set the scuttle down so softly that he made no noise, and he went towards the door again. Tonder said loudly, "Joseph!" And Joseph turned without replying, without looking up. And Tonder said still loudly, "Joseph, is there any wine or any brandy?" Joseph shook his head.

Tonder started up from the table, his face wild with anger, and he shouted, "Answer, you swine! Answer in words!"

Joseph did not look up. He spoke tonelessly. "No, sir; no, sir, there is no wine."

And Tonder said furiously, "And no brandy?"

Joseph looked down and spoke tonelessly again. "There is no brandy, sir." He stood perfectly still.

"What do you want?" Tonder said.

"I want to go, sir."

"Then go, damn it!"

Joseph went silently out, and Tonder took a handkerchief out of his pocket and wiped his face. Hunter looked up at him and said, "You shouldn't let him beat you so easily."

Tonder sat down in his chair and put his hands to his temples and he said brokenly, "I want a girl. I want

to go home. I want a girl. There's a girl in this town, a pretty girl. I see her all the time. She has blonde hair. She lives beside the old-iron store. I want that girl."

Prackle said, "Watch yourself. Watch your nerves."

The Dream

AT THAT moment the lights went out again and the room was in darkness. Hunter spoke while the matches were being struck and an attempt was being made to light the lanterns; he said, "I thought I had all of them. I must have missed one."

The door opened quietly and Captain Loft came in and there was snow on his helmet and snow on his shoulders.

"What a job!" he said.

"More trouble?" Hunter asked.

"Always trouble. I see they've got your dynamo again. Well, I think I fixed the mine for a while."

"What's your trouble?" Hunter asked.

"Oh, the usual thing—the slowdown and a wrecked dumper wagon. I saw the wrecker, though. I shot him. I think I have a cure for it, Major, now. I can't starve the men or they can't work, but if the coal doesn't come out, no food for the families. We'll make the men eat at the mine, so that there's no dividing at home. That ought to cure it. They work or their kids don't eat. I told them just now."

"What did they say?"

Loft's eyes narrowed fiercely. "Say? What do they ever say? Nothing! Nothing at all. But we'll see whether the coal comes out now." He took off his coat and shook it, and his eyes fell on the entrance door and he saw that it was open a crack. He moved silently to the door, jerked it open, then closed it. "I thought I had closed that door tight," he said.

"You did," said Hunter.

Prackle still turned the pages of his illustrated paper. "Those are monster guns we're using in the east. I never saw one of them. Did you, Captain?"

"Oh, yes," said Captain Loft. "I've seen them fired. They're

wonderful. Nothing can stand up against them."

Tonder said, "Captain, do you get much news from home?"

"A certain amount," said Loft.

"Is everything well there?"

"Wonderful!" said Loft. "The armies move ahead everywhere."

"The British aren't defeated yet?"

"They are defeated in every engagement."

"But they fight on?"

"A few air raids, no more."

"And the Russians?"

"It's all over."

Tonder said insistently, "But they fight on?"

"A little skirmishing, no more."

"Then we have just about won,

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haven't we, Captain?" Tonder asked.

"Yes, we have."

Tonder looked closely at him and said, "You believe this, don't you, Captain?"

Prackle broke in, "Don't let him start that again!"

Loft scowled at Tonder. "I don't know what you mean."

Tonder said, "I mean this: we'll be going home soon, won't we?"

"Well, the reorganization will take some time. The new order can't be put into effect in a day, can it?"

Tonder said, "All our lives, perhaps?"

Loft came very close to Tonder and he said, "Lieutenant, I don't

like the tone of your questions."

Hunter looked up and said, "Don't be hard on him, Loft. He's tired. We're all tired."

"Well, I'm tired, too," said Loft, "but I don't let treasonable doubts get in."

Tonder got out his handkerchief and blew his nose, and he spoke a little like a man out of his mind. He laughed embarrassedly. He said, "I had a funny dream. I suppose it was a dream."

Prackle said, "Make him stop, Captain!"

Tonder said, "Captain, is this place conquered?"

"Of course," said Loft.

A little note of hysteria crept into

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Tonder's laughter. He said, "Conquered and we're afraid; conquered and we're surrounded." His laughter grew shrill. "I had a dream—or a thought—out in the snow with the black shadows and the faces in the doorways, the cold faces behind curtains. I had a thought or a dream."

Prackle said, "Make him stop!"

Tonder said, "I dreamed the Leader was crazy."

And Loft and Hunter laughed together and Loft said, "The enemy have found out how crazy. I'll have to write that one home. They have learnt how crazy the Leader is."

And Tonder went on laughing. "Conquest after conquest, deeper and deeper into molasses." His laughter choked him and he coughed into his handkerchief. "Maybe the Leader is crazy. Flies conquer the fly-paper. Flies capture two hundred miles of new fly-paper!"

Gradually Loft recognized that the laughter was hysterical and he stepped close to Tonder and slapped him in the face. He said, "Lieutenant, stop it!"

Tonder's laughter went on and Loft slapped him again in the face and he said, "Stop it, Lieutenant! Do you hear me?"

Suddenly Tonder's laughter stopped and the room was quiet except for the hissing of the lanterns.

Escape

AT NIGHT no one walked in the streets, for the curfew was strict. The houses were dark lumps against

the snow. Every little while the patrol of six men passed, their boots squeaking on the packed snow.

The small, peak-roofed house beside the old-iron store wore its snow-cap like the others. No light came from its shuttered windows and its storm doors were tightly closed. But inside a lamp burned in the small living-room.

It was a warm, poor, comfortable room, the floor covered with worn carpet, the walls papered in warm brown with an old-fashioned fleur-de-lis figure in gold.

In a cushioned old rocking-chair beside the table Molly Morden sat alone. She was unravelling the wool from an old blue sweater and winding it into a ball. And on the table beside her was her knitting with the needles sticking in it, and a large pair of scissors. She was pretty and young and neat.

Suddenly she stopped her work, and looked towards the door, listening. The tramping feet of the patrol went by in the street and the sound of their voices could be heard faintly. The sound faded away. Molly ripped out more wool and wound it on to the ball. And again she stopped. There was a rustle at the door and then three short knocks.

"Yes?" she called.

A heavily cloaked figure came in. It was Annie, the cook, red-eyed and wrapped in scarves. She slipped in quickly, as though practised at getting speedily through doors and getting them closed again behind her;

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she stood there red-nosed, sniffling, glancing quickly round the room.

Molly said, "Good evening, Annie. I didn't expect you tonight. Take your things off and get warm."

"I can't," said Annie importantly. "They're coming."

"Who are coming?" Molly said.

"His Excellency," said Annie, "and the doctor and the two Anders boys." Annie held out her hand and there was a little package in it. "Take it," she said. "I stole it from the colonel's plate. It's meat."

Molly unwrapped the little piece of meat and put it in her mouth, and she spoke around her chewing. "Did you get some?"

"I cook it, don't I? I always get some."

"Why are they coming?" Molly asked.

Annie sniffed. "The Anders boys are sailing for England. They've got to. They're hiding now."

"Are they?" Molly asked. "What for?"

"Well, it was their brother, Jack, was shot today for wrecking that little truck. The soldiers are looking for the rest of the family. You know how they do."

"Yes," Molly said, "I know how they do. Sit down, Annie."

"No time," said Annie. "I've got to get back and tell His Excellency it's all right here."

Molly said, "Did anybody see you come?"

Annie smiled proudly and said,

"No, I'm awfully good at sneaking."

"How will the Mayor get out?"

Annie laughed. "Joseph is going to be in his bed in case they look in, right in his night-shirt, right next to Madame!" And she laughed again. "Joseph better lie pretty quiet."

Molly said, "How soon are they coming?"

"Oh, maybe three-quarters of an hour," Annie said. "I'll come in first. Nobody bothers with old cooks." She started for the door and she turned halfway, and as though accusing Molly of saying the last words she said truculently, "I'm not so old!" And she slipped out.

A Visit from the Enemy

MOLLY WENT on knitting for a moment and then she got up to put a few lumps of coal in the stove. Before she could get to her chair, there was a knocking on the outer door. As she opened it a man's voice said, "I don't mean any harm. I don't mean any harm."

Molly backed into the room and Lieutenant Tonder followed her in. Molly said, "Who are you? You can't come in here. What do you want?"

Lieutenant Tonder was dressed in his great grey overcoat. He took off his helmet and spoke pleadingly, "I don't mean any harm, Miss. I only want to talk, that's all. I want to hear you talk. That's all I want."

"Are you forcing yourself on me?" Molly asked.

"No, Miss, just let me stay a little

while and then I'll go. Just for a little while, can't we forget this war? Just for a little while, can't we talk together like people—together?"

Molly looked at him for a long time and then a smile came to her lips. "You don't know who I am, do you?"

Tonder said, "I've seen you in the town. I know you're lovely. I know I want to talk to you."

And Molly still smiled. She said softly, "You don't know who I am." She sat in her chair and Tonder stood like a child, looking very clumsy. Molly continued, speaking quietly, "Why, you're lonely. It's as simple as that, isn't it?"

Tonder licked his lips and he spoke eagerly. "That's it," he said. "You understand. I knew you would." His words came tumbling out. "I'm lonely to the point of illness. Can't we talk, just a little bit?"

Molly picked up her knitting. "You can stay not more than fifteen minutes. Sit down, Lieutenant."

She looked quickly at the front door. The house creaked. Tonder became tense and he said, "Is someone here?"

"No, the snow is heavy on the roof. I have no man any more to push it down."

Tonder said gently, "Who did it? Was it something we did?"

And Molly nodded, looking far off. "Yes."

He sat down. "I'm sorry." After

a moment he said, "I wish I could do something. I'll have the snow pushed off the roof."

"No," said Molly, "no."

"Why not?"

"Because the people would think I had joined with you."

Tonder said, "Yes. I see how that would be. You all hate us. But I'll take care of you if you'll let me."

Now Molly knew she was in control, and her eyes narrowed a little cruelly and she said, "Why do you ask? You are the conqueror. Your men don't have to ask. They take what they want."

"That's not what I want," Tonder said. "That's not the way I want it to be."

And Molly laughed, still a little cruelly. "You want me to like you, don't you, Lieutenant?"

He said simply, "Yes," and he raised his head and he said, "You are so beautiful, so warm. Oh, I've seen no kindness in a woman's face for so long!"

"Do you see any in mine?" she asked.

He looked closely at her. "I want to."

She dropped her eyes at last. "You're making love to me, aren't you, Lieutenant?"

And he said clumsily, "I want you to like me. Surely I want you to like me. I have seen you in the streets. I've given orders that you mustn't be molested. Have you been molested?"

And Molly said quietly, "Thank

you; no, I've not been molested."

His words rushed on. "Maybe I want to make love to you. A man needs love. A man dies without love. His insides shrivel and his chest feels like a dry chip. I'm lonely."

Molly got up from her chair. She looked nervously at the door and she walked to the stove and, coming back, her face grew hard and her eyes grew punishing and she said, "Do you want to go to bed with me, Lieutenant?"

"I didn't say that! Why do you talk like that?"

Molly said cruelly, "Perhaps I'm trying to disgust you. I was married once. My husband is dead. You see,

I'm not a virgin." Her voice was bitter.

Tonder said, "I only want you to like me."

And Molly said, "I know. You are a civilized man. You know that love-making is more delightful if there is liking, too."

Tonder said, "Don't talk like that! Please don't talk like that!"

Molly glanced quickly at the door. She said, "We are a conquered people, Lieutenant. You have taken the food away. I'm hungry. I'll like you better if you feed me."

Tonder said, "What are you saying?"

"Do I disgust you, Lieutenant?"



Maybe I'm trying to. My price is two sausages."

Tonder said, "You can't talk like this!"

"What about your own girls, Lieutenant, after the last war? A man could choose among your girls for an egg or a slice of bread. Do you want me for nothing, Lieutenant?" she asked tauntingly. "Is the price too high?"

He said, "You fooled me for a moment. But you hate me, too, don't you? I thought maybe you wouldn't."

Molly laughed. She said, "It's not nice to be hungry. Two sausages, two fine, fat sausages can be the most precious things in the world."

"Don't say those things," he said.
"Please don't!"

"Why not? They're true."
"They can't be true!"

She looked at him for a moment and then she sat down and her eyes fell to her lap and she said, "No, it's not true. I don't hate you. I'm lonely, too. And the snow is heavy on the roof."

Tonder got up and moved near to her. He took one of her hands in both of his and he said softly, "Please don't hate me. I'm only a lieutenant. I didn't ask to come here. You didn't ask to be my enemy. I'm only a man, not a conquering man."

Molly's fingers encircled his hand

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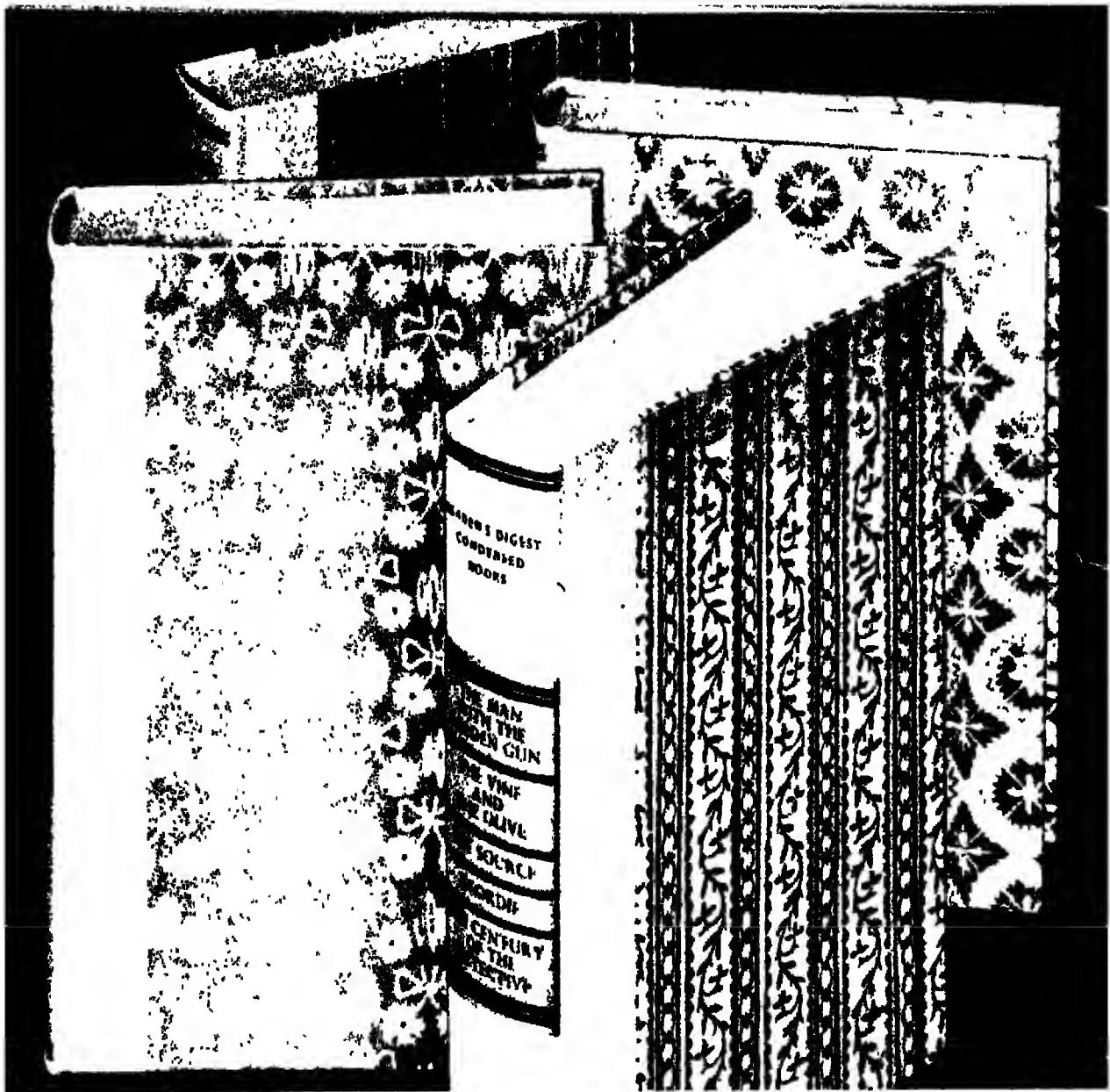
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THE READER'S DIGEST

for a moment and she said softly, "I know; yes, I know."

"I'll take care of you," he said. "We have some right to life in all the killing." His hand rested on her shoulder.

But suddenly she grew rigid and her eyes were wide and staring. "I tried to comfort him but he was beyond comfort. He didn't know what was happening. He didn't even kiss me when he went away."

Tonder's hand released her. "That was your husband?"

Molly said, "Yes, my husband. You took him out and you shot him."

Tonder stood back, his face full of misery. "Good night," he said. "God keep you. May I come back?"

"I don't know."

"I'll come back."

He looked at her and then he quietly went out of the door, and Molly sat staring at the wall. "God keep me!"

Conspiracy

SHE STAYED for a moment staring at the wall. The door opened silently and Annie came in. Molly did not even see her.

Annie said disapprovingly, "There was a man came out. I saw him. He looked like a soldier."

And Molly said, "Yes, Annie, it was a soldier."

"What was he doing?"

"He came to make love to me."

Annie said, "Miss, what are you doing? You haven't joined them?"

"No, I'm not with them, Annie."

Annie said, "If the Mayor's here and they come back, it'll be your fault if anything happens."

"I won't let anything happen. Where are they?"

"They're out behind the fence," said Annie.

"Tell them to come in."

And while Annie went out, Molly got up and smoothed her hair, trying to be alive again.

There was a little sound in the passage. Two tall, fair young men entered. They were dressed in seaman's jackets and dark turtle-neck sweaters. They looked almost like twins, Will Anders and Tom Anders, the fishermen.

"Good evening, Molly. You've heard?"

"Annie told me. It's a bad night to go."

Tom said, "It's better than a clear night. What's the Mayor want, Molly?"

"I don't know. I heard about your brother. I'm sorry."

The two were silent and they looked embarrassed. Tom said, "You know how it is, better than most."

"Yes, yes, I know."

Annie came in the door again and she said in a hoarse whisper, "They're here!" And Mayor Orden and Doctor Winter came in. Orden went to Molly and kissed her on the forehead.

"Good evening, dear."

He turned to Annie. "Stand in

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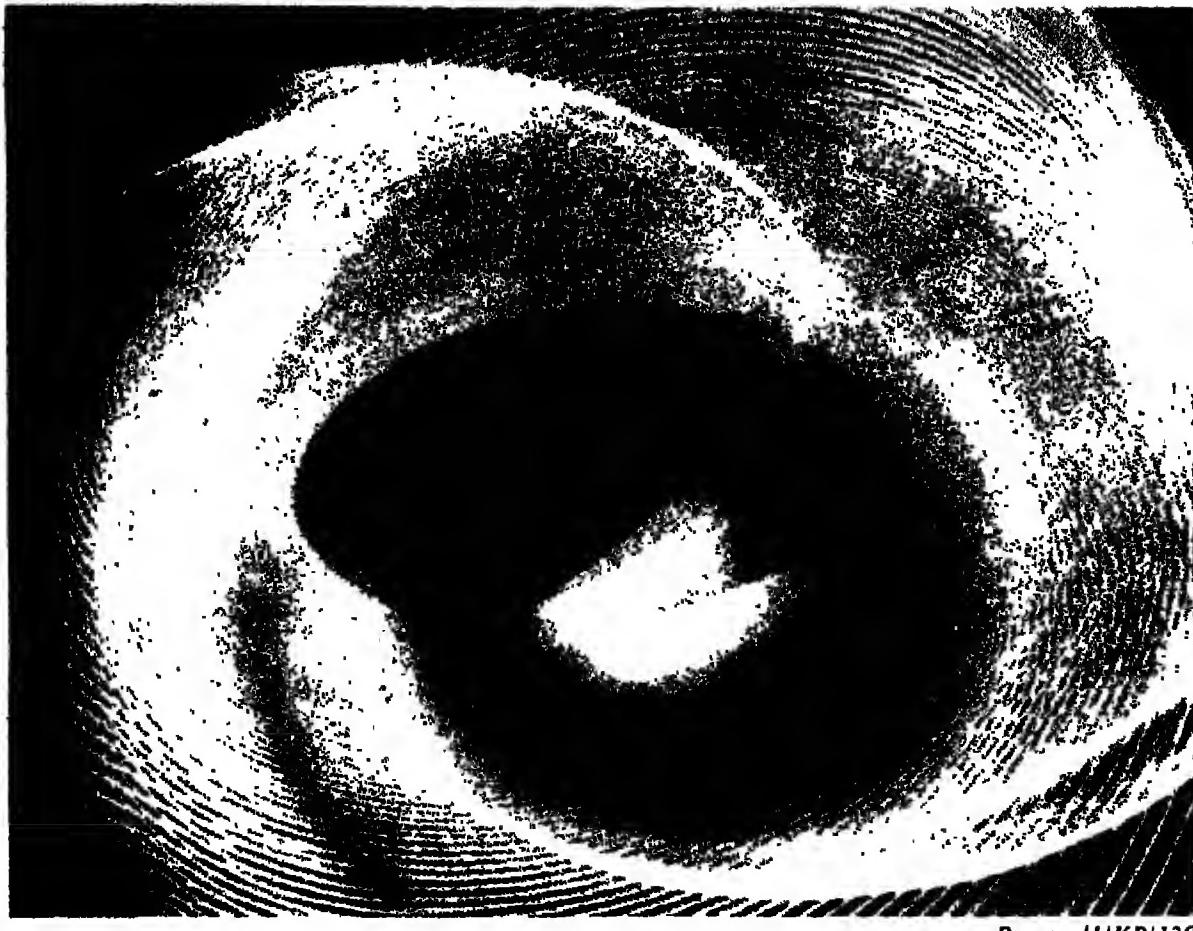
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THE MOON IS DOWN

the passage, Annie. Give us one knock for the patrol, one when it's gone, and two for danger."

Doctor Winter was at the stove, warming his hands.

"We got word you boys were going tonight," he said. "We heard you were going to take Mr. Corell with you."

Tom laughed bitterly. "We thought it would be only right. We're taking his boat."

"Can you take him? Isn't he cautious at all?"

"Oh, yes, he's cautious, in a way. At twelve o'clock, though, he walks to his house usually. We'll be behind the wall. I think we can get him to the boat."

Orden said, "I wish you didn't have to. It's just an added danger. If he makes a noise, the patrol might come."

Tom said, "He won't make a noise, and it's better if he disappears at sea."

Molly took up her knitting again. "Will you throw him overboard?"

Will blushed. "He'll go to sea, ma'am." He turned to the Mayor. "You wanted to see us, sir?"

"Why, yes, I want to talk to you. Doctor Winter and I have tried to think—"

There was a sharp knock on the door and the room was silent. Molly's needles stopped, and the Mayor's outstretched hand remained in the air. First faintly and then growing louder, there came the tramp of the patrol, the squeak of

their boots in the snow. They passed the door and their footsteps faded in the distance. There was a second tap on the door. And in the room the people relaxed.

Orden went on slowly. "I want to speak simply. This is a little town. Justice and injustice are in terms of little things. Your brother's shot and Alex Morden's shot. The people are angry and they have no way to fight back."

Winter said, "It's funny for a doctor to think of destruction, but I think all invaded people want to resist."

Will Anders asked, "What's all this for, sir? What do you want of us?"

"We want to fight them and we can't," Orden said. "They're using hunger on the people now. Hunger brings weakness. You boys are sailing for England. Maybe nobody will listen to you, but tell them from us to give us weapons."

Tom asked, "You want guns?"

"No, Tom, we could not use guns. Tell them we need simple, secret weapons, weapons of stealth, explosives, dynamite to blow up rails, grenades, if possible, even poison." He spoke angrily. "This is no honourable war. This is a war of treachery and murder. Let us use the methods that have been used on us! Let the British bombers drop us little bombs to use, to hide, to slip under the rails. Then we will be armed, secretly armed."

Winter broke in. "They'll never

know where it will strike. The soldiers, the patrol, will never know which of us is armed."

Tom wiped his forehead. "If we get through, we'll tell them, sir, but —well, I've heard it said that in England there are still men in power who do not dare to put weapons in the hands of common people."

Orden stared at him. "Oh! I hadn't thought of that. Well, we can only see. If such people still govern England and America, the world is lost, anyway. Tell them what we say, if they will listen. We must have help, but if we get it"—his face grew very hard—"if we get it, we will help ourselves."

Winter said, "If they will even give us dynamite to hide, to bury in the ground to be ready against need, then the invader can never rest again, never!"

The room grew excited. Molly said, fiercely, "Yes, we could fight his rest, then. We could fight his sleep."

Will asked quietly, "Is that all, sir?"

"Yes." Orden nodded. "That's the core of it."

The door opened and Annie came in quietly.

She said, "There's a soldier coming up the path. He looks like the soldier that was here before. There was a soldier here with Molly before."

The others looked at Molly. Annie said, "I locked the door."

There was a gentle knocking at

the outside door. Orden went to Molly.

"What is this, Molly? Are you in trouble?"

"No," she said, "no! Go out the back way. You can get out through the back. Hurry, hurry out!"

Orden said, "Molly, if you're in trouble, let us help you."

"The trouble I'm in no one can help me with," she said. "Go now," and she pushed them out of the door.

The tapping continued, and a man's voice could be heard.

Molly went to the centre lamp, and her burden was heavy on her. She saw the big scissors lying beside her knitting. She picked them up wonderingly by the blades. The blades slipped through her fingers until she held the long shears and she was holding them like a knife, and her eyes were horrified. Slowly she raised the shears and placed them inside her dress.

The tapping continued on the door. She heard the voice calling to her.

She leaned over the lamp for a moment and then suddenly she blew out the light. Her voice was strained and sweet.

She called, "I'm coming, Lieutenant, I'm coming!"

Gifts from the Sky

IN THE DARK, clear night a white, half-withered moon brought little light. The wind was dry and singing over the snow, a quiet wind that

blew steadily, evenly from the cold point of the Pole. Over the land the snow lay very deep and dry as sand.

Near the mine entrance the guards watched the sky and turned their listening-instruments against the sky, for it was a clear night for bombing. On nights like this the feathered steel spindles came whistling down and roared to splinters.

Down towards one end of the village a dog complained about the cold and loneliness. He raised his nose to his god and gave a long and fulsome account of the state of the world as it applied to him. The six men of the patrol slogging dejectedly up and down the streets heard the singing of the dog, and one of the muffled soldiers said, "He's getting worse every night. I suppose we ought to shoot him."

And another answered, "Why? Let him howl. He sounds good to me. I used to have a dog at home that howled. They took my dog when they took the others," he said factually, in a dull voice.

And the corporal said, "Couldn't have dogs eating up food that was needed."

"Oh, I'm not complaining. I know it was necessary. I can't plan the way the leaders do. It seems funny to me, though, that some people here have dogs, and they don't even have as much food as we have. They're pretty gaunt, though, dogs and people."

"They're fools," said the corporal. "That's why they lost so quickly.

They can't plan the way we can."

"I wonder if we'll be allowed to have dogs again even after it's over," said the soldier. "I've heard the Leader doesn't like dogs. I've heard they make him itch and sneeze."

"You hear all kinds of things," the corporal said. "Listen!" The patrol stopped and from a great distance came the hum of planes.

"There they come," the corporal said. "It's been two weeks, hasn't it, since they came before?"

The guards at the mine heard the high drone of the planes. "They're flying high," a sergeant said, and Captain Loft tilted his head back to listen. "I judge over 20,000 feet," he said. "Maybe they're going on over."

"Aren't very many." The sergeant listened. "Not more than two or three."

High in the air the two bombers cut their throttles and soared, circling. And from the belly of each one tiny little objects dropped, hundreds of them, one after another. They plummeted a few feet and then little parachutes opened and drifted small packages silently and slowly down towards the earth. Then the planes flew away.

The tiny parachutes floated like thistledown and the breeze spread them out and distributed them as seeds on the ends of thistledown are distributed. They drifted so slowly and landed so gently that sometimes the ten-inch packages of dynamite



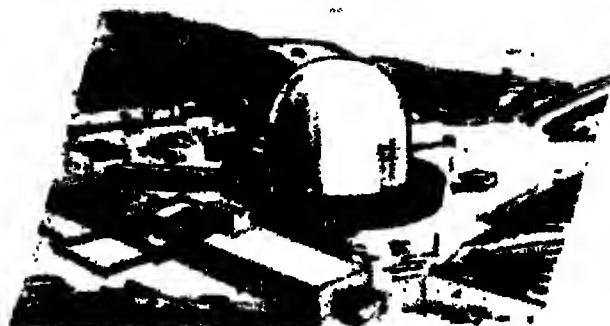
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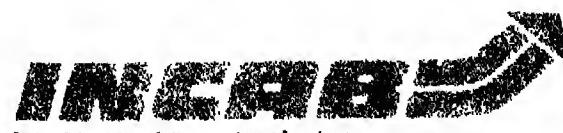
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THE MOON IS DOWN

stood upright in the snow, and the little parachutes folded gently down around them. They looked black against the snow. They landed in the white fields and among the woods of the hills and they landed in trees and hung down from the branches. Some of them landed on the housetops of the little town, some in the small front gardens.

One of the little parachutes came down in the street ahead of the patrol and the sergeant said, "Careful! It's a time bomb."

"It ain't big enough," a soldier said.

"Well, don't go near it." The sergeant turned his torch on the object, a little parachute no bigger than a handkerchief, light blue, and hanging from it a package wrapped in blue paper.

"Now don't anybody touch it," the sergeant said. "Harry, you go down to the mine and get the captain. We'll keep an eye on this damn thing."

The late dawn came and the people moving out of their houses in the country saw the spots of blue against the snow. They went to them and picked them up. They unwrapped the paper and read the printed words. They saw the gift and suddenly each finder grew furtive, and he concealed the long tube under his coat and went to some secret place and hid the tube.

And word got to the children about the small package of chocolate wrapped with each tube, and

they combed the countryside in a terrible Easter egg hunt, and when some lucky child saw the blue colour, he rushed to the prize and opened it and then he hid the tube and told his parents about it. There were some people who were frightened, who turned the tubes over to the military, but they were not very many. And the soldiers scurried about the town in another Easter egg hunt, but they were not as good at it as the children were.

What is the Remedy?

IN THE drawing-room of the palace of the Mayor, Captain Loft stood beside the table.

"All right," he called, "bring it in."

A soldier entered; in his arms he held a number of the blue packages.

Loft said, "Put them on the table." The soldier gingerly laid the packages down. "Now go upstairs and report to Colonel Lanser that I'm here with the—things," and the soldier wheeled about and left the room.

Loft picked up one of the packages, and his face wore a look of distaste. Colonel Lanser came quickly into the room, followed by Major Hunter.

"Have you examined these, Hunter?" asked Lanser.

Hunter pulled out a chair and sat down, "Not very carefully," he said. "There are three breaks in the railway line all within ten miles."

"Well, take a look at them and

see what you think," Lanser said.

Hunter reached for a tube and stripped off the outer covering. "It's commercial dynamite," he said. "It has a regular cap and fuse—about a minute, I suppose." He tossed the tube back on to the table. "It's very cheap and very simple," he said.

"It's kind of devilish, this thing," said Colonel Lanser. "The wrapper is blue, so that it's easy to see. Unwrap the outer paper and here"—he picked up the small package—"here is a piece of chocolate. Everybody will be looking for it. I'll bet our own soldiers steal the chocolate. Why, the kids will be looking for them, like Easter eggs."

Hunter looked up from the copper cap he was examining, and he asked, "How general is this? Did they drop them everywhere?"

Lanser was puzzled. "Now, that's the funny thing. I've talked to the capital. This is the only place they've dropped them."

"What do you make of that?" Hunter asked.

"Well, it's hard to say. I think this is a test place. I suppose if it works here they'll use it everywhere. The capital orders me to stamp this out so ruthlessly that they won't drop it anywhere else."

"Yes, sir," Loft broke in. "We must stop this thing at once, sir. We must arrest and punish people who



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pick these things up, before they use them."

Lanser was smiling at him. "Take it easy, Captain Loft. Let's see what we have first, and then we'll think of remedies."

He took a package and unwrapped it. Then he studied the print on the inside of the wrapper. He read aloud, "'To the unconquered people: Hide this. It is a present from your friends to you and from you to the invader of your country. Do not try to do large things with it.'" He began to skip through the instructions. "Now here, 'rails in the country.' And, 'work at night.' And, 'tie up transport.' Now here, 'Instructions: rails. Place stick under rail

close to the joint, and tight against a tie. Pack mud or hand-beaten snow around it so that it is firm. When the fuse is lit you have a slow count of sixty before it explodes.'"

He looked up at Hunter and Hunter said simply, "It works."

Lanser looked back at his paper and he skipped through. "'Bridges: Weaken, do not destroy.' And here, 'telegraph poles,' and here, 'culverts, trucks.'" He laid the blue paper down. "Well, there it is."

Loft said angrily, "We must do something! There must be a way to control this. What does headquarters say?"

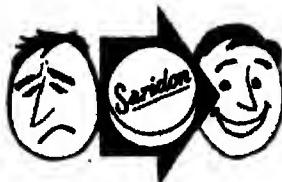
Lanser pursed his lips and his fingers played with one of the tubes. "I



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THE MOON IS DOWN

could have told you what they'd say before they said it. I have the orders. 'Set booby traps and poison the chocolate.'" He paused for a moment and then he said, "Hunter, I'm a good, loyal man, but sometimes when I hear the brilliant ideas of headquarters, I wish I were a civilian, an old, crippled civilian. What will happen? One man will pick up one of these and get blown to bits by our booby trap. One kid will eat chocolate and die of strich-nine poisoning. And then?" He looked down at his hands. "They will poke them with poles, or lasso them, before they touch them. They will try the chocolate on the cat. Stupid traps won't catch them twice."

Loft cleared his throat. "Sir, this is defeatist talk," he said.

Lanser turned on him. "Loft, I think I'll recommend you for the General Staff. You want to get to work before you even know what the problem is."

A soldier looked through the doorway. "Mr. Corell to see you, sir."

Lanser replied, "Tell him to wait." He continued to talk to Loft. "Now it's dynamite. Captain. Pretty soon it may be poison."

Loft said anxiously, "They haven't dropped poison yet."

"No, but they will. Can you think what will happen to the morale of our men if they knew that arsenic was about? Would you or they drink or eat comfortably?"

Hunter said dryly, "Are you writing the enemy's campaign for them, Colonel?"

"No, I'm trying to anticipate it."

Loft said, "Sir, we sit here talking when we should be searching for this dynamite."

"Yes," said Lanser, "we must search, of course. You take a detail, Loft. Get Prackle to take one. I wish we had more junior officers. Tonder getting killed didn't help us a bit. Why couldn't he leave women alone?"

Loft said, "I don't like the way Lieutenant Prackle is acting, sir. He's jumpy and gloomy."

"Yes," Lanser said. "I know. But try to keep him in hand. Start your search. I don't want any shooting unless there's an overt act, do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," said Loft, and went out of the room.

"And I suppose, Hunter, you'd better get to your rails. You might as well expect that tonight is the time when they'll really blow them up, though."

Hunter stood up and he said, "Yes, I suppose the orders are coming in from the capital?"

"Yes."

"Are they—"

"You know what they are," Lanser interrupted. "You know what they'd have to be. Take the leaders, shoot the leaders, take hostages, shoot the hostages, take more hostages, shoot them"—his voice had risen but now it sank almost to a

whisper—"and the hatred growing and the hurt between us deeper and deeper."

Hunter hesitated. "Have they condemned any from the list of names?" and he motioned slightly towards the Mayor's bedroom.

Lanser shook his head. "No, not yet. They are just arrested so far. Well, get to your work, Major. I have to see Corell."

Pledges Against Rebellion

WHEN Mr. Corell came in, he was a changed man. His left arm was in plaster, and his face was sharp and bitter.

"I should have come before, Colonel," he said, "but your lack

of co-operation made me hesitant."

Lanser said, "You were waiting for a reply to your report, I remember."

"I was waiting for much more than that. You refused me a position of authority. You said I was valueless. You left the Mayor in his office, contrary to my advice."

Lanser said, "Without him here we might have had more disorder than we have."

"That is a matter of opinion," Corell said. "This man is a leader of a rebellious people."

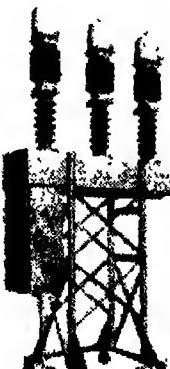
"Nonsense," said Lanser; "he's just a simple man."

With his good hand Corell took a black notebook from his right



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pocket and opened it. "You forgot, Colonel, that I had my sources, that I had been here a long time before you. I have to report to you that Mayor Orden has been in constant contact with every happening in this community. On the night when Lieutenant Tonder was murdered, he was in the house where the murder was committed. Whenever men have escaped, Orden has known about it and has helped them. And I even strongly suspect that he is somewhere in the picture of these little parachutes."

Lanser said eagerly, "But you can't prove it."

"No," Corell said, "I can't prove it. The first thing I know; the last I

only suspect. Perhaps now you will be willing to listen to me."

Lanser said quietly, "What do you suggest?"

"These suggestions, Colonel, are a little stronger than suggestions. Orden must now be a hostage and his life must depend on the peacefulness of this community. His life must depend on the lighting of one single fuse on one single stick of dynamite."

He reached into his pocket again and brought out a paper. "This, sir, was the answer to my report from headquarters. You will notice that it gives me certain authority."

Lanser looked at the paper and he spoke quietly. "You really did go

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THE READER'S DIGEST

over my head, didn't you?" He looked up at Corell with frank dislike in his eyes. "I heard you'd been injured. How did it happen?"

Corell said, "On the night when your lieutenant was murdered I was waylaid. The patrol saved me. Some of the townsmen escaped in my boat that night. Now, Colonel, must I express more strongly that Mayor Orden must be held hostage?"

Lanser said, "He is here. What more do you suggest?"

"Orden's life must be a pledge against rebellion."

"And if they rebel and we shoot Orden?"

"Then that little doctor is next; he's next in authority in the town."

"And when we shoot him?"

"Then we have authority. When we have killed the leaders, the rebellion will be broken."

Lanser asked quizzically, "Do you really think so?"

"It must be so."

Lanser shook his head slowly and then he called, "Sentry!" The door opened and a soldier appeared in the door. "Sergeant," said Lanser, "place Mayor Orden and Doctor Winter under arrest. Bring Winter here immediately."

Lanser looked up at Corell and he said, "You know, I do hope you know what you're doing."

Under Arrest

IN THE drawing-room of the palace of the Mayor the table had been cleaned up, and a soldier stood

guard at Mayor Orden's bedroom door.

Annie was on her knees in front of the grate, putting little pieces of coal on the fire. She looked up at the sentry standing in front of Mayor Orden's door and she said truculently, "Well, what are you going to do to him?" The soldier did not answer.

The outside door opened and another soldier came in, holding Doctor Winter by the arm. Doctor Winter said, "Hallo, Annie, how's His Excellency?"

And Annie pointed at the bedroom and said, "He's in there."

"He isn't ill?" Doctor Winter said.

"No, he didn't seem to be," said Annie. "I'll see if I can tell him you're here."

She went to the sentry and spoke imperiously. "Tell His Excellency that Doctor Winter is here, do you hear me?"

The sentry did not answer and did not move, but behind him the door opened and Mayor Orden stood in the doorway. He ignored the sentry and brushed past him and stepped into the room. For a moment the sentry considered taking him back, and then he returned to his place beside the door. Orden said, "Thank you, Annie. Don't go too far away, will you? I might need you."

Annie said, "No, sir, I won't."

Orden said, "Is there something you want, Doctor?"



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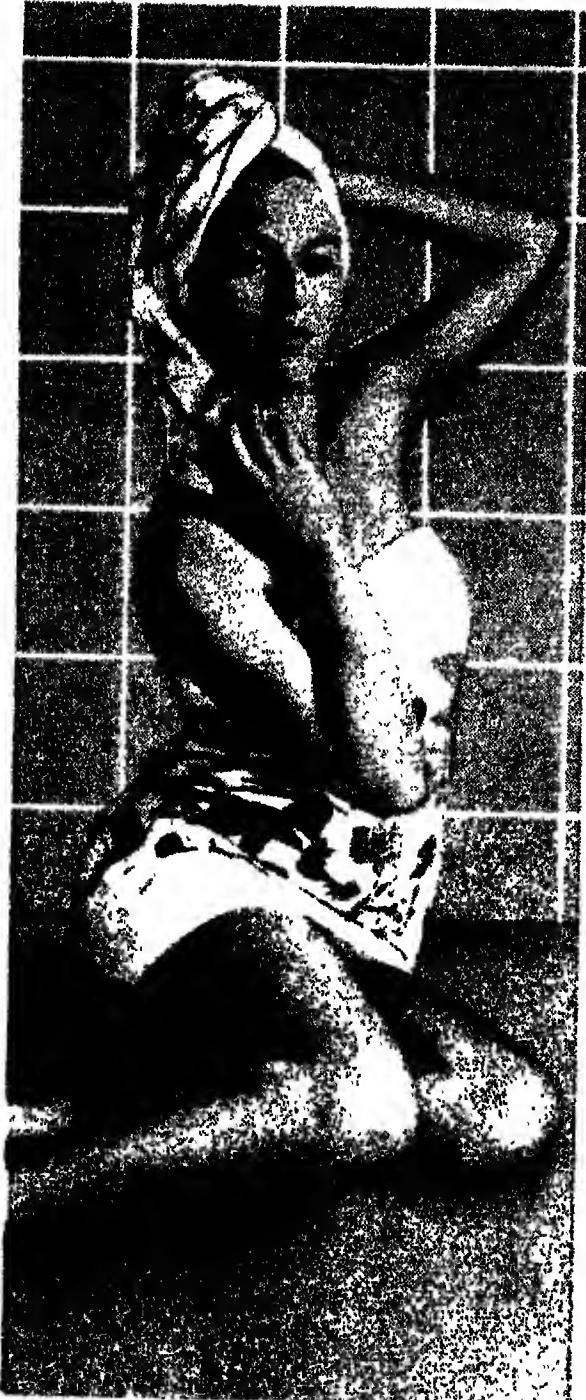
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SHOORJI'S TOWELS

Creative Unit

Winter grinned sardonically and pointed over his shoulder to his guard. "Well, I suppose I'm under arrest. My friend here brought me."

Orden said, "I suppose it was bound to come. What will they do now, I wonder?" And the two men looked at each other for a long time and each one knew what the other one was thinking.

And then Orden continued as though he had been talking. "You know, I couldn't stop it if I wanted to."

"I know," said Winter, "but they don't know." And he went on with a thought he had been having. "A time-minded people," he said, "and the time is nearly up. They think that just because they have only one leader and one head, we are all like that. They don't know that in a time of need leaders pop up among us like mushrooms."

Orden put his hand on Winter's shoulder and he said, "Thank you. I knew it, but it's good to hear you say it. The little people won't go under, will they?" He searched Winter's face anxiously.

And the doctor reassured him, "Why, no, they won't."

"I wonder why they arrested you, too," Orden said. "I expect they will have to kill you, too."

"I expect so," said Winter.

"You know so." Orden was silent for a moment and then he said, "You know, Doctor, I am a little man and this is a little town, but

there must be a spark in little men that can burst into flame. I am afraid, I am terribly afraid, but at the same time I feel a kind of exultation, as though I were bigger and better than I am."

Colonel Lanser entered the room, and the sentries stiffened. "Orden," said Lanser sternly, "these things must stop."

The Mayor smiled helplessly at him. "They cannot stop, sir."

Colonel Lanser said harshly, "I arrested you as a hostage for the good behaviour of your people. Those are my orders."

"But that won't stop it," Orden said simply. "You don't understand. When I have become a hindrance to the people, they will do without me."

Lanser said, "Tell me truly what you think. If the people know you will be shot if they light another fuse, what will they do?"

The Mayor looked helplessly at Doctor Winter. Lanser pressed him. "What will they do?"

"I don't know," said the Mayor. "I think they will light the fuse."

"Suppose you ask them not to?"

Winter said, "Colonel, this morning I saw a little boy building a snowman, while three grown soldiers watched to see that he did not caricature your leader. He made a pretty good likeness, too, before they destroyed it."

Lanser ignored the doctor. "Suppose you ask them not to?"

Orden seemed half asleep; his



SHOORJI'S SHEETS

Creative Unit.

eyes drooped, and he tried to think. He said, "I am not a very brave man, sir. I think they will light it, anyway."

He struggled with his speech. "I hope they will, but if I ask them not to, they will be sorry."

"But you think they will light it?" Lanser insisted.

Flies Conquer the Fly-paper!

THE MAYOR spoke proudly. "Yes, they will light it. I have no choice of living or dying, you see, sir, but—I do have a choice of how I do it. If I tell them not to fight, they will be sorry, but they will fight. If I tell them to fight, they will be glad, and I who am not a very brave man will have made them a little braver." He smiled apologetically. "You see, it is an easy thing to do, since the end for me is the same."

Lanser said, "If you say yes, we can tell them you said no. We can tell them that you begged for your life."

And Winter broke in angrily, "They would know. You do not keep secrets. One of your men got out of hand one night and he said the flies had conquered the fly-paper, and now the whole nation knows his words. They have made a song of it. The flies have conquered the fly-paper. You do not keep secrets, Colonel."

Orden went on quietly, "You see, sir, nothing can change it. You will be destroyed and driven out." His voice was very soft. "The people

don't like to be conquered, sir, and so they will not be. Free men cannot start a war, but once it is started, they can fight on in defeat. Men of the herd, followers of a leader, cannot do that, and so it is always the herd men who win battles and the free men who win wars. You will find that is so, sir."

Lanser was erect and stiff. "My orders are clear. Eleven o'clock was the deadline. I have taken hostages. If there is violence, the hostages will be executed."

And Doctor Winter said to the colonel, "Will you carry out the orders, knowing they will fail?"

Lanser's face was tight. "I will carry out my orders no matter what they are, but I do think, sir, a proclamation from you might save many lives."

From the distance there was a sound of an explosion. And the echo of it rolled to the hills and back again.

The whistle at the coal mine tooted a shrill, sharp warning. Orden stood very tensely for a moment and then he smiled. A second explosion roared—nearer this time and heavier—and its echo rolled back from the mountains. *

Orden looked at his watch and then he took his watch and chain and put them in Doctor Winter's hand.

"How did it go about the flies?" he asked.

"The flies have conquered the fly-paper," Winter said. THE END

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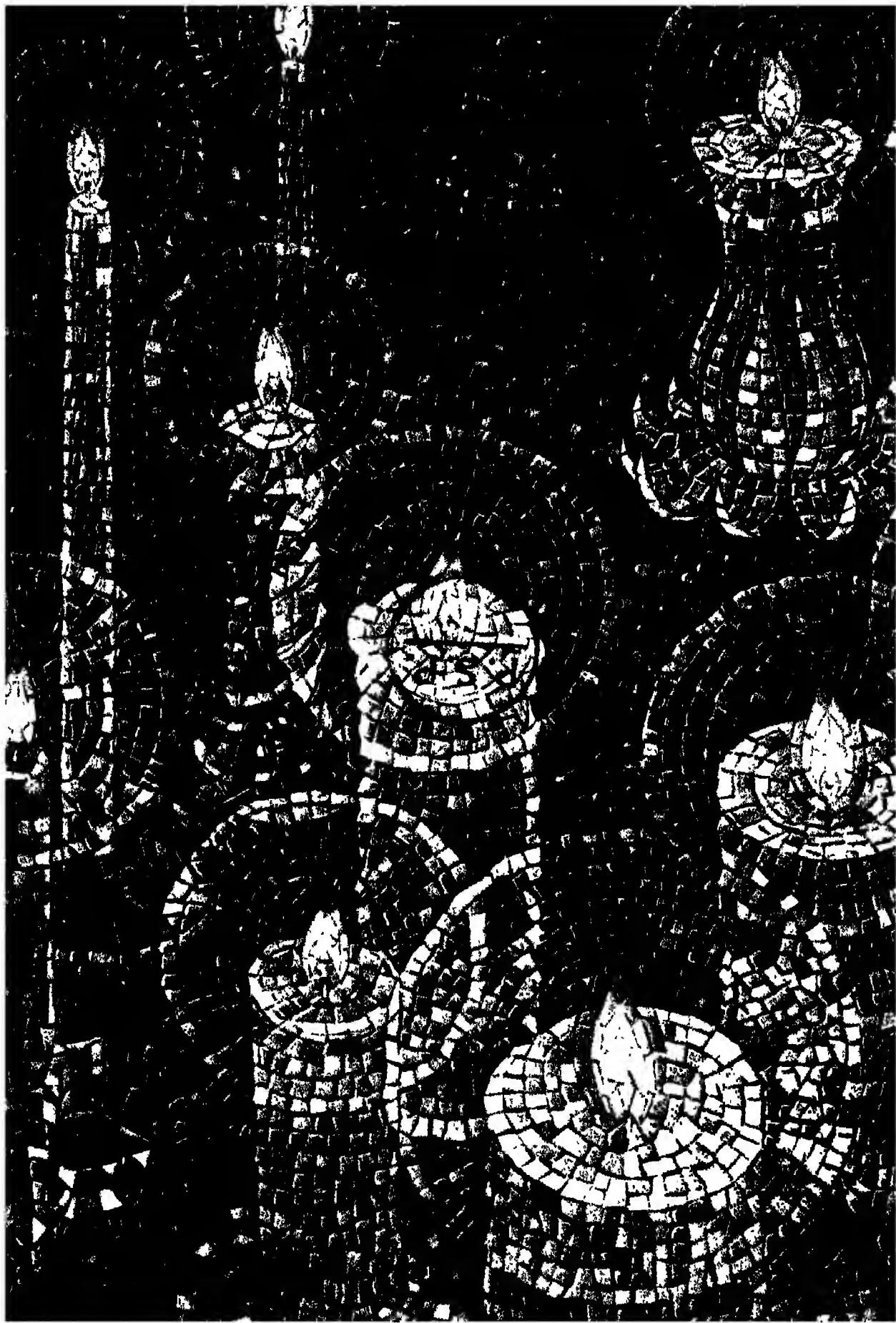
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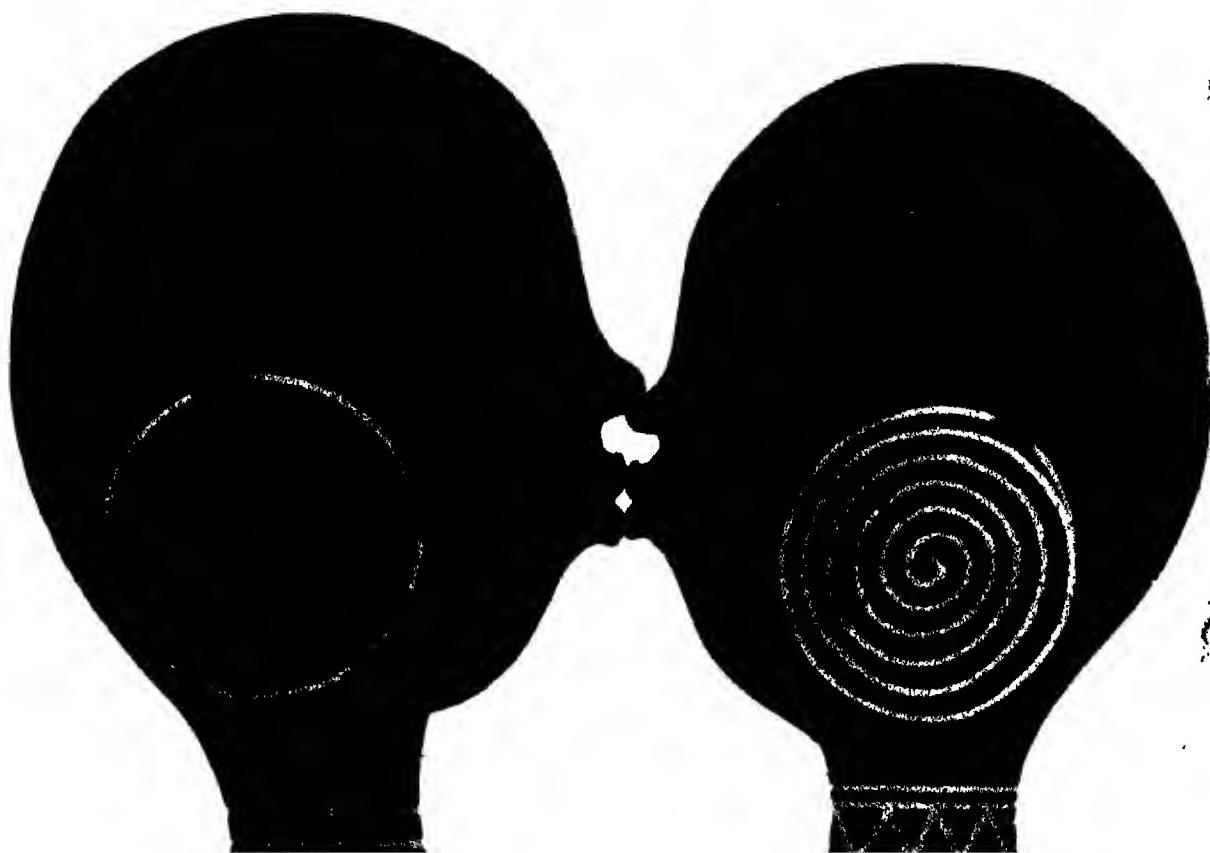
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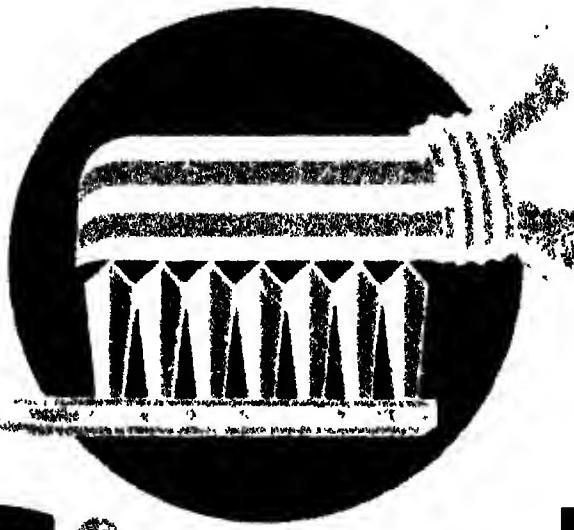


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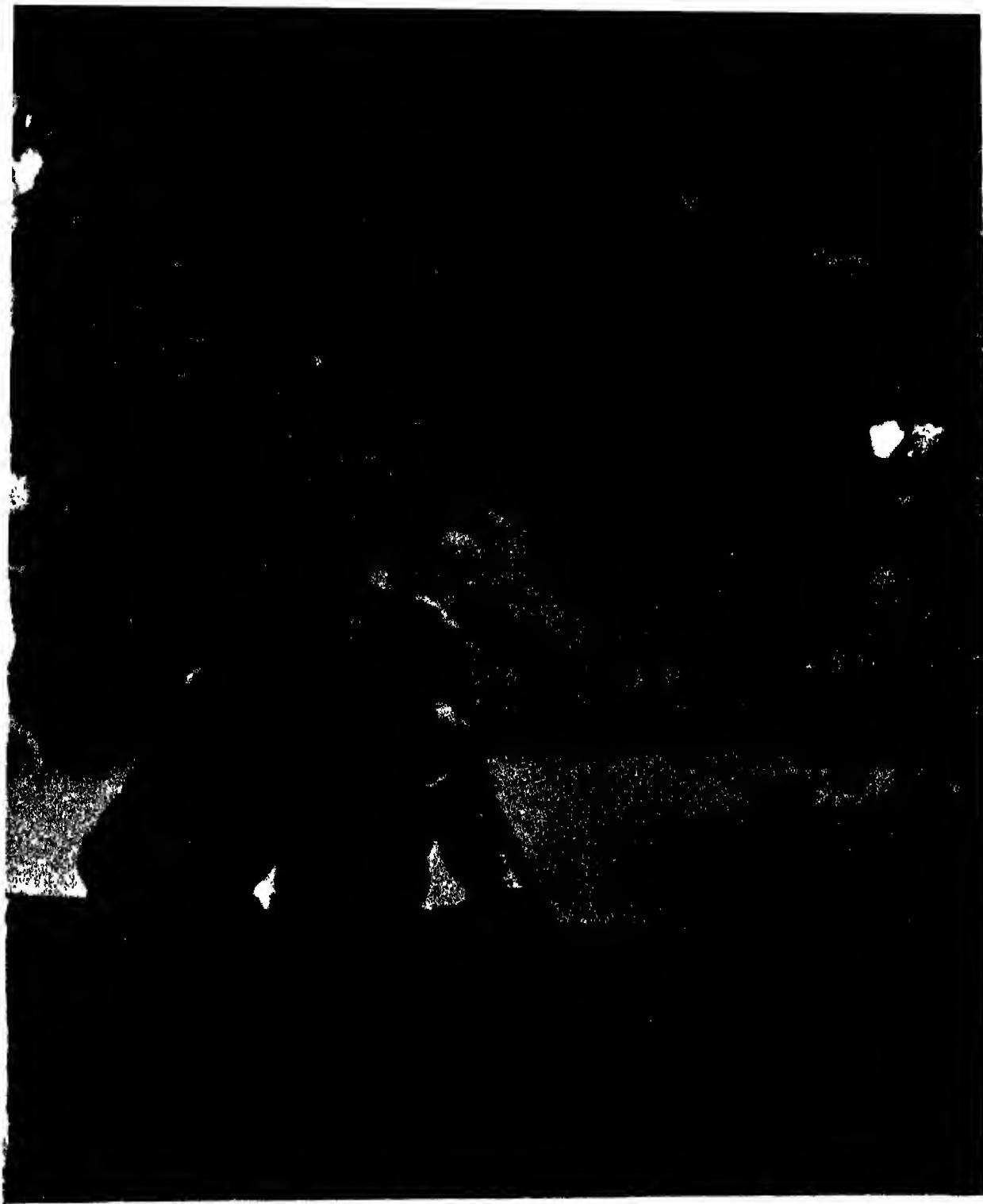
First of all, depend on the skill and experience of a trusted jeweller. Ask him about cut, colour and purity, because these are the three factors which determine quality. The value of a stone is based on quality and size. Both, of course, vary widely, but every diamond has lasting beauty and value. The size of a diamond is measured by its weight in carats—there are 100 points to the carat. Shown here are diamonds ranging in size from 15 points to 100 points.



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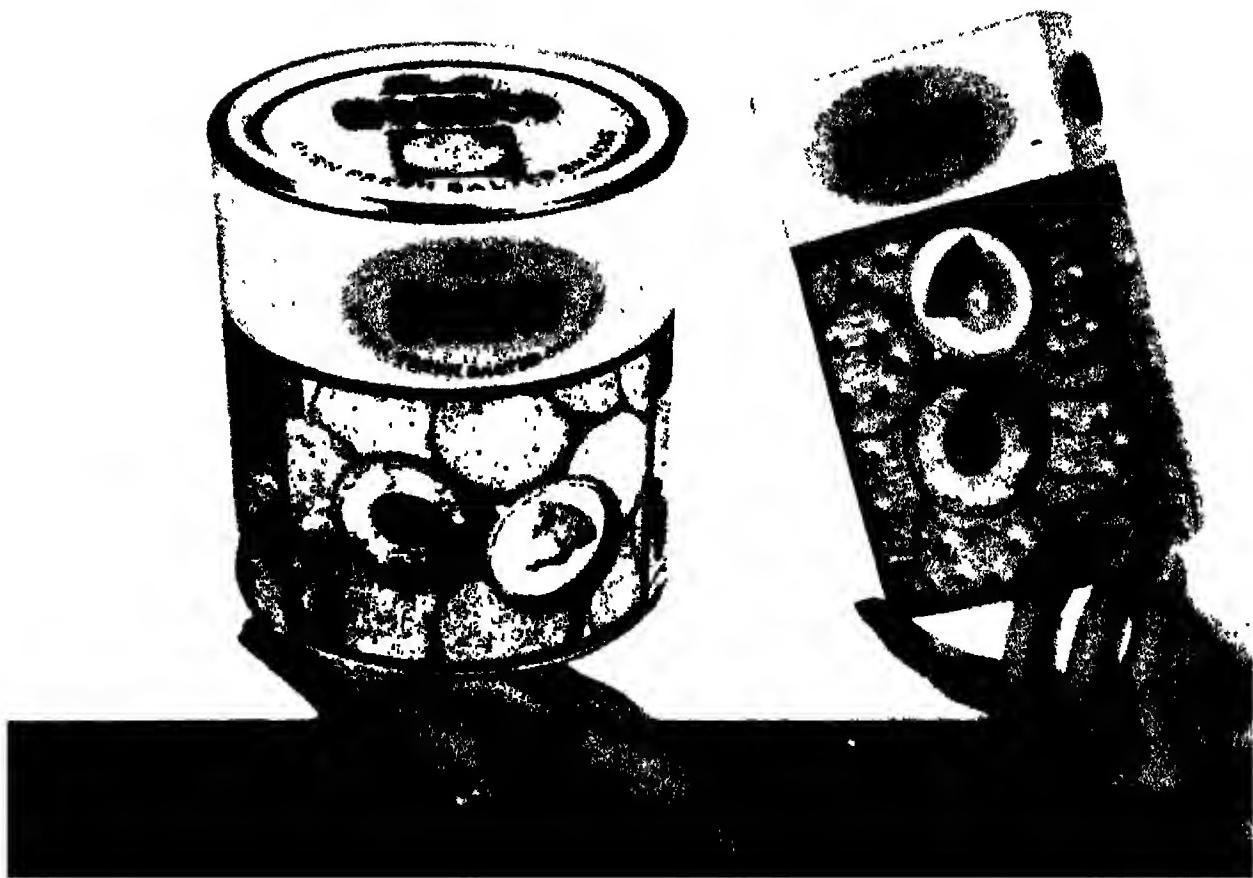


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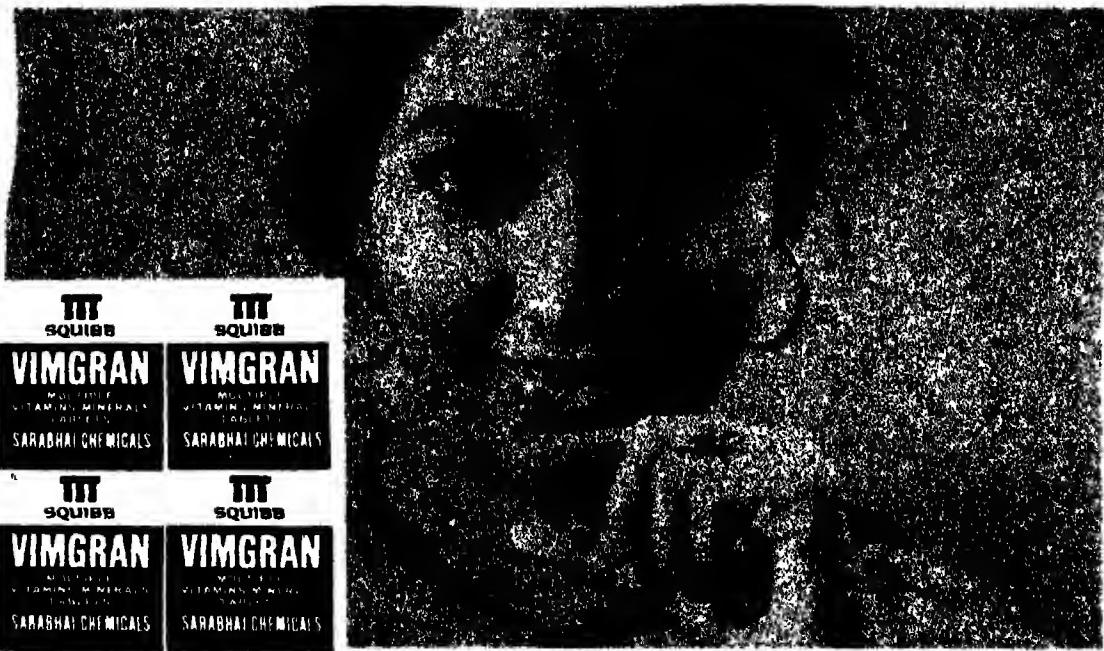
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IT PAYS TO INCREASE YOUR WORD POWER

BY DUDLEY BARKER



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR's invasion of England 900 years ago enriched the English language. In the following test, based on words introduced by the Normans, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on the next page.

- (1) **abeyance** (ä bay' äns)—A: respectfulness. B: dormant condition. C: submission. D: transference.
- (2) **arraign** (ä rān')—A: to accuse. B: adjust. C: raise. D: declaim.
- (3) **carrion**—A: massacre. B: peal of bells. C: porter. D: putrefying flesh.
- (4) **chafe**—A: to fret. B: crack. C: banter. D: sing.
- (5) **chattel**—A: written contract. B: small bird. C: priest's vestment. D: property.
- (6) **crosier** (krō' zī er)—A: rose-garden. B: episcopal staff. C: earthen jar. D: stake.
- (7) **dais** (day' is)—A: journal. B: reverie. C: raised platform. D: confusion.
- (8) **dalliance**—A: idle conversation. B: affinity. C: persistent effort. D: stupidity.
- (9) **dower**—A: plumage. B: widow's share of husband's estate. C: gift. D: headless pin.
- (10) **encumbrance** (en küm' bräns)—A: camp. B: battle. C: intrusion. D: burden.
- (11) **garnet**—A: sea bird. B: decoration. C: gem. D: wreath.
- (12) **indict** (in dite')—A: to persuade. B: bring a charge against. C: install. D: point out.
- (13) **palsy** (pawl' zi)—A: paralysis. B: fence. C: cloth. D: straw bed.
- (14) **penance**—A: meditation. B: flag. C: self-punishment. D: bronze coin.
- (15) **pertinent** (per' tīn ent)—A: obstinate. B: saucy. C: to the point. D: agitated.
- (16) **quash** (kwösh)—A: to annul. B: flatten. C: divide into four. D: cool.
- (17) **rancour** (rän' ker)—A: foul smell. B: pillage. C: blackmail. D: bitterness.
- (18) **schism** (sizm)—A: plan. B: cleft. C: disbelief. D: arena.
- (19) **tally**—A: bird's claw. B: lucky charm. C: fat. D: score.
- (20) **warranty**—A: admonishment. B: caution. C: covenant. D: soldier.

(Now turn to the next page)

Answers to It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

- (1) **abeyance**--B: Dormant condition; state of suspension; as, an ancient law now in *abeyance*. Anglo-Norman *abeiance*, from *abeer*, "to gape."
- (2) **arraign**--A: To accuse; call to answer on a criminal charge; as, to *arraign* a prisoner in court. Anglo-Norman *arainer*, from Latin *ad*, "to," and *ratiōnare*, "to talk reasonably."
- (3) **carrion**--D: Putrefying flesh, unfit for food; as, horses left as *carrion* on a battlefield. Old Norman French *caroine*, possibly from Latin *caro*, "flesh."
- (4) **chafe**--A: To fret; be angry; rage; as, to *chafe* at delay. Old French *chausier*, "to warm."
- (5) **chattel**--D: Property; movable possession; as, personal goods and *chattels*. Old Norman French *chateil*.
- (6) **crozier**--B: Episcopal staff; crook; as, a bishop's *crozier*. Old French *croisier*, "cross-bearer."
- (7) **dais**--C: Raised platform; as, the main table's *dais* in a banqueting hall. Old French *deis*, from Latin *discus*, "a dish" and, later, "table."
- (8) **dalliance**--A: Idle conversation; chat; as, *dalliance* with friends. Old French *dalier*, "to talk lightly."
- (9) **dower**--B: Widow's share of husband's estate, allowed by law for life. Old French *douaire*.
- (10) **encumbrance**--D: Burden; useless addition; that which impedes; as, an *encumbrance* of debt. Old French *encombrer*, "to obstruct."
- (11) **garnet**--C: Gem of deep transparent red; as, a *garnet* ring. Old French *grenat*, from Latin *granatum*, "pomegranate," the seeds of which resemble the gem in colour.
- (12) **indict**--B: Bring a charge against; as, to *indict* a witness for perjury. Anglo-Norman *enditer*, "to make known."
- (13) **palsy**--A: Paralysis; paralytic trembling; as, stricken with *palsy*. Anglo-Norman *parlesie*, "paralysis."
- (14) **penance**--C: Self-punishment; religious discipline; as, barefoot pilgrims doing *penance*. Old French *peneance*.
- (15) **pertinent**--C: To the point; apposite; relating to the matter in hand; as, a judge's *pertinent* summing-up of a case. Old French *partenant*.
- (16) **quash**--A: To annul; reject; stop completely; as, to *quash* a court conviction. Old French *quasser*, "to annul."
- (17) **rancour**--D: Bitterness; malignant hate; grudge; as, the *rancour* of a man wronged. Old French *rancor*.
- (18) **schism**--B: Cleft; division; breach of unity; as, a *schism* in the Church. Old French *scisme*, "discord, ill-will."
- (19) **tally**--D: Score; account; record of debt or payment, kept originally by notches on a stick; as, a *tally* of goods sold. Anglo-Norman *tallie*.
- (20) **warranty**--C: Covenant; assurance. Also, guarantee of quality; as, goods sold under *warranty*. Anglo-Norman *varantie*, "guarantee."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-19 correct	excellent
18-16 correct	good
15-13 correct	fair



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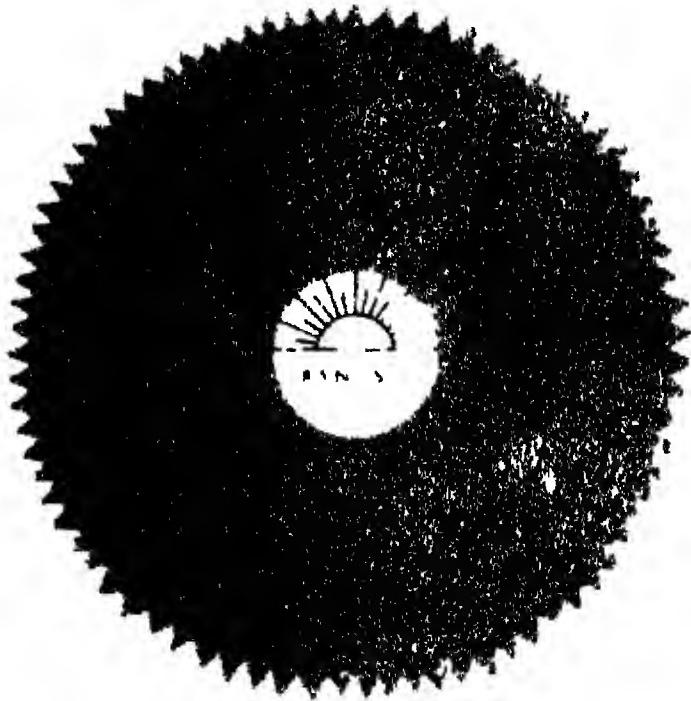
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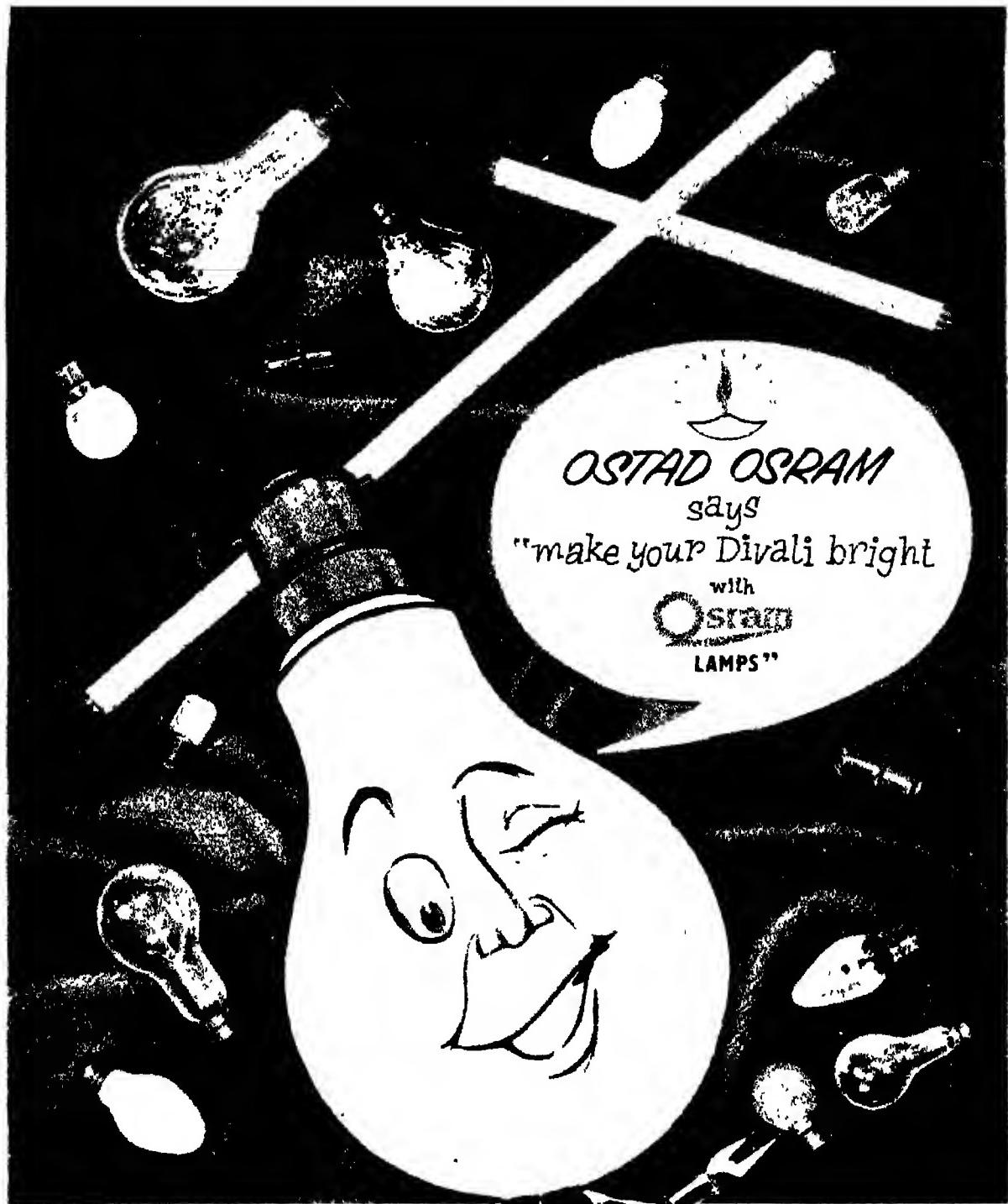


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BRITAIN's Prime Minister Harold Wilson thrives on the honoured political tradition of heckling. At a recent rally, when a heckler shouted, "Rubbish!" he shot back, "We'll take up your special interest in a moment, sir."

—*Time*

A REPORTER interviewing Jimmy Durante asked the veteran comedian why, after years of bachelorhood, he had succumbed to marriage. Explained Durante: "To tell ya the truth, I was going with this girl Margie, a very sweet kid. She said I could have her for a song. The song turned out to be the Weddin' March." —Lloyd Shearer

LADY OLAVE Baden-Powell, widow of the founder of the Scout movement, tells of their shipboard romance. "It was in 1910," she says, "that Lord Baden-Powell had seen me walking in a London park. He'd never seen my face. He never looked at women—he was too busy with his work. It was my walk he looked at that day as I exercised my spaniel. He was writing a book on tracking for Scouts, and he had a theory that a person's character was reflected in his walk.

"Two years later we met face to face, when Lord Baden-Powell saw me on

board ship. He said to himself, 'I've seen that walk before!' After we had been properly introduced, he asked, 'Do you live in London? Don't you have a spaniel?' By the time the ship docked, we were engaged."

—Virginia Greer

PRESIDENT LYNDON JOHNSON recently asked his Secretary for Defence, Robert McNamara, to let the White House have a Pentagon speech writer —who shall be known here as Joe Doakes —whose work the White House staff admired.

McNamara admired it too and, not wanting to lose Doakes, assured the President solemnly that Doakes could not possibly turn out work of White House calibre. Johnson appeared surprised and let the matter drop.

Weeks later, LBJ asked for Doakes again, catching McNamara off balance. "But I can't spare him," the Secretary protested.

"Why, you told me yourself he wasn't any good at all," the President replied. "I just want to take him off your hands."

Doakes came to the White House.

—Tom Wicker

OPERA STAR Birgit Nilsson was at a contract session in Vienna—where she says they do not like to pay singers much—when her string of pearls broke and scattered over the floor. All the negotiators dived to retrieve them, including the conductor, Herbert von Karajan, who picked up the biggest pearl and looked at it closely. "Real, Madame Nilsson?" he asked. "From your fabulous La Scala fees?"

She retorted, "No, only imitation—from my Vienna fees!" —Walter Meyer



great expectations!

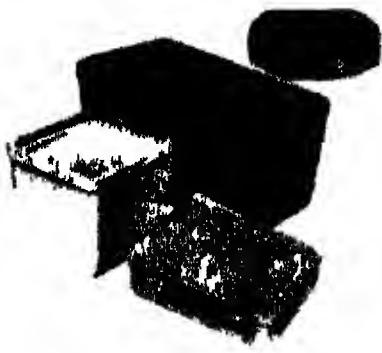
'What the Dickens!' said Charley's Aunt. 'You never know what to expect these days! You choose a sari, and you can never get a choli to match. Or, if you're lucky to get both, you go out and there—everybody's wearing the same combination!' 'Why don't you try Handloom House,' we suggested. 'There's a festival of fabrics in infinite variety...you'll realise your great expectations!'

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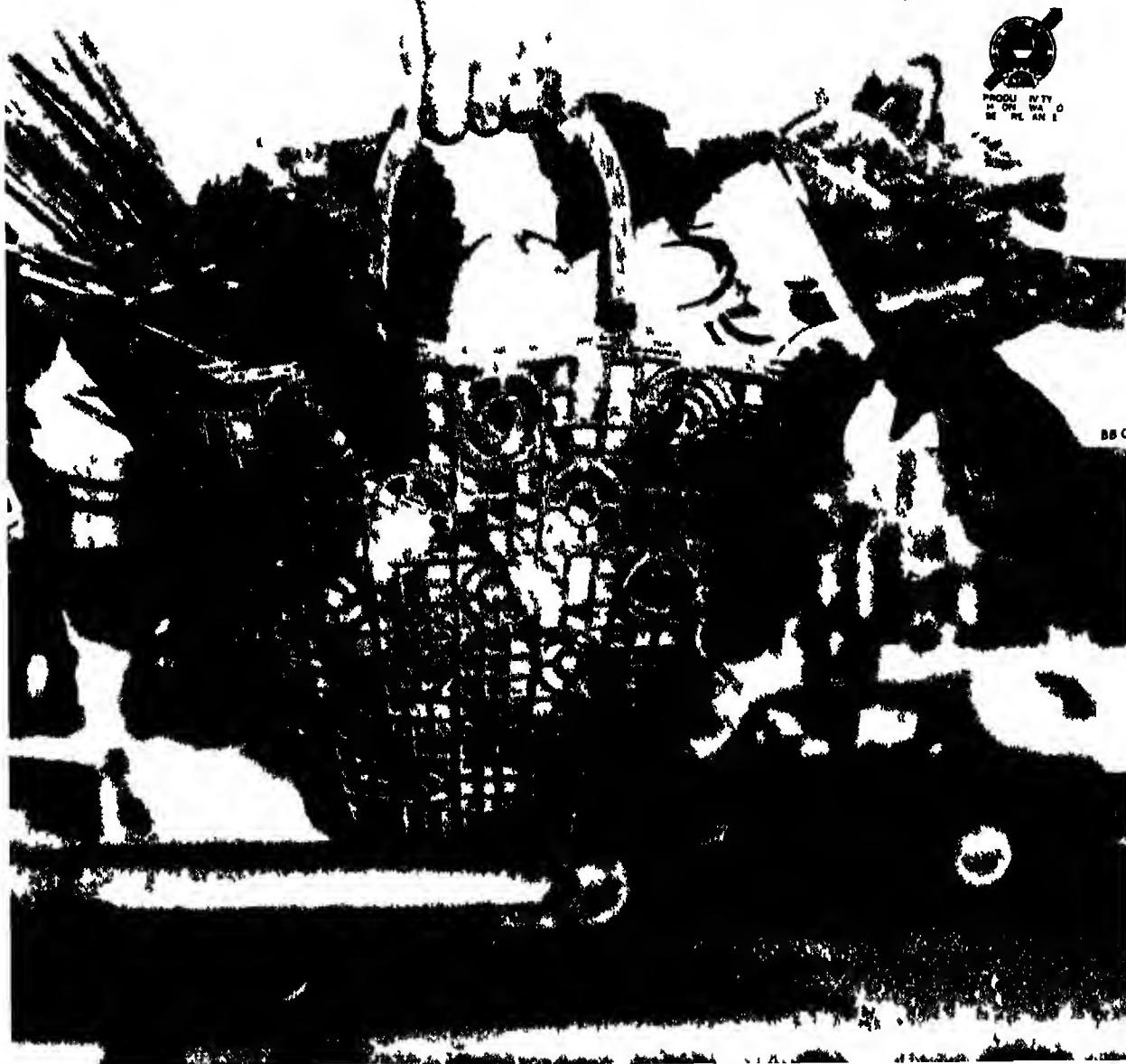


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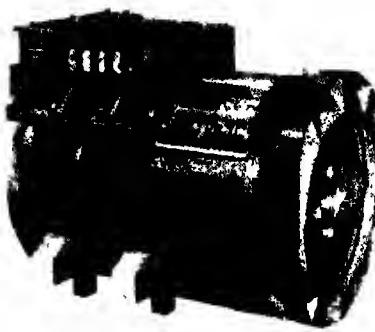
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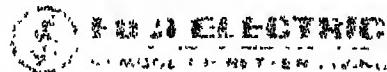
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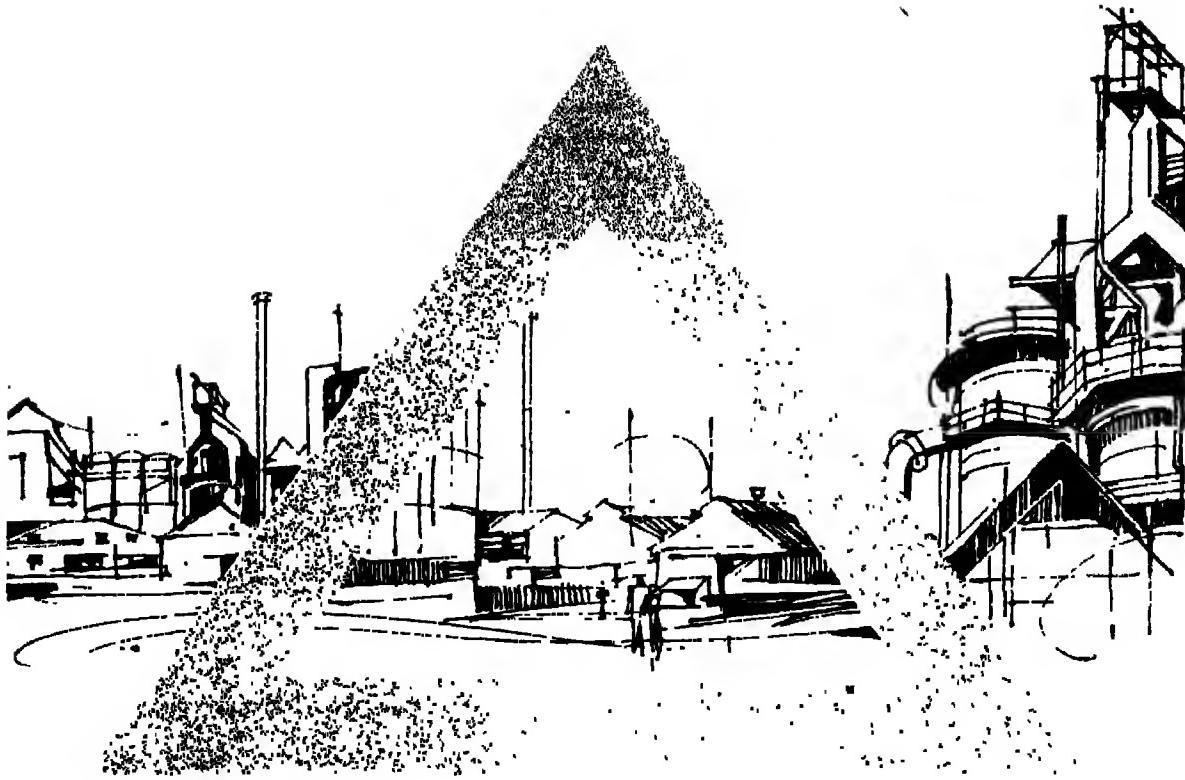
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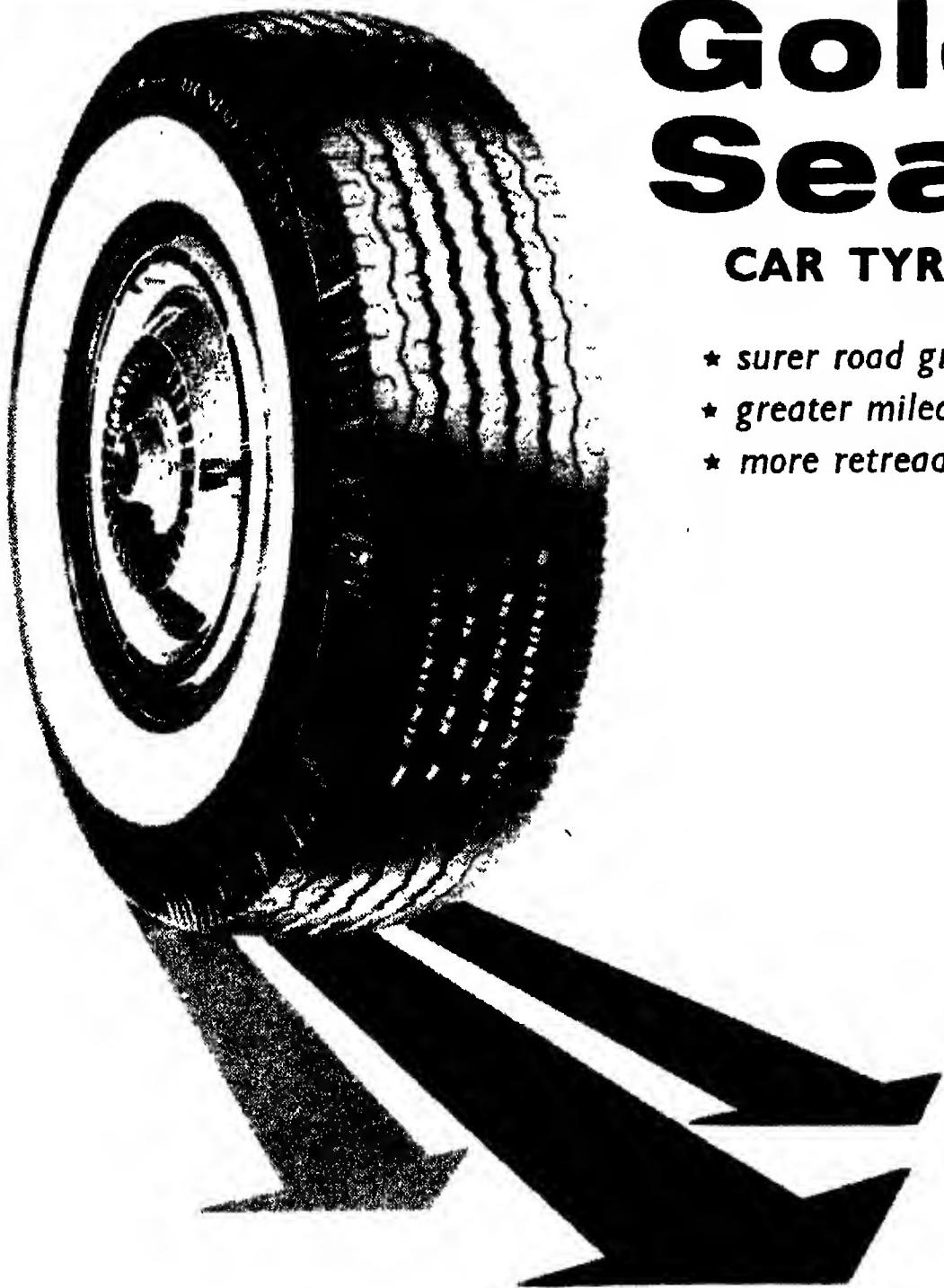
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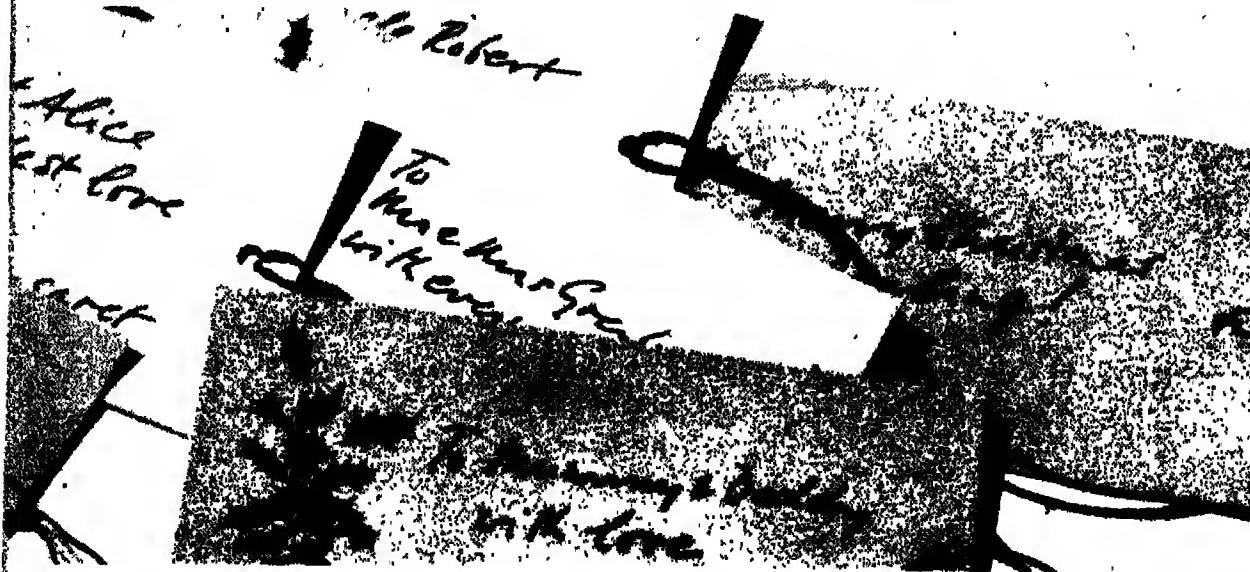
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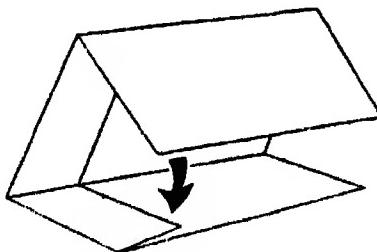
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The
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NOVEMBER 1966



Ambush on the Roof of the World

By GEORGE PATTERSON

*A British explorer's vivid account
of dauntless guerrilla warfare waged
against Chinese oppression in Tibet*

TIBET, the tiny nation lying between India and China in the towering Himalayas, has been occupied and terrorized by China ever since 1950. But Tibet's communist masters are reluctant to admit that they have been considerably harassed by guerrilla warfare

waged against them by the Khambas—poorly armed and illiterate, yet formidable fighting men from the mountains of eastern Tibet. It was these tribesmen who, in 1959, spirited the Dalai Lama into India, in spite of 50,000 Chinese troops guarding Lhasa, Tibet's capital.

When Tibetans resist, they usually do so by non-co-operation. The Khambas resist by killing. Today, because of them, Chinese troops in Tibet fear for their safety.

In the spring of 1964, three

GEORGE PATTERSON, 46, is the author of *Tibetan Journey*, *Tragic Destiny*, *Tibet in Revolt* and other books. He is a member of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society, the Royal Anthropological Society and the Himalayan Mountaineering Club.

Britons set off from India for Nepal where great numbers of Tibetan refugees have settled. They hoped to make contact with the Khamba guerrillas and, if possible, to film a raid on a Chinese convoy. One of those men was George Patterson; here he reports on their meeting with the Khambas.

AFTER we had passed the last Indian outpost on the Nepalese border, the trail to the mountains of the north led through savage gorges, over hair-raising bridges spanning roaring rivers, across precipitous mountain slopes. Then our porters told us that just ahead lay the sacred valley of Dzum, headquarters of the 5,000 Khambas we hoped to meet. Now the trail flattened out, winding through scrub bushes in a narrow cleft. And at last, 17 days after leaving India, we were there.

A breathtakingly beautiful valley stretched two miles to the northwest. On all sides, snow-covered mountains swept up to a deep blue sky. Dotting the valley were several stone-walled villages, the largest being known as Chokang. At the entrance to this village we were met by the chieftain, a towering figure in Tibetan dress—maroon-coloured robe caught up at the waist by a silk scarf to form a knee-length kilt; a high-necked shirt made of green camouflage parachute silk.

The Khambas, tall and powerfully-built, are the nomadic and war-like natives of the province of

Kham in eastern Tibet. Now, they are scattered throughout Tibet itself, or are in Indian or Nepalese exile. Numbering between 150,000 and 200,000, the Khambas are known as Chu-zhi Kang-druk—Four Rivers, Six Mountains—an ancient name for Tibet, and their guerrilla forces are organized in groups based on tribal or district ties. When a large operation is planned, these guerrilla units join forces, and later disband again into their separate groups. They have links with informers all over Tibet.

In the mountainous country, these experienced and superbly-trained mountain fighters harass Chinese outposts, either by blowing them up or starting landslides to cut them off from help.

After greeting our hosts at Chokang, Tibetan custom required that we drink interminable cups of butter tea—tea mixed with a lump of butter, a dash of salt, and churned to a creamy mixture. During this polite interchange, our hosts were surprised that I spoke the Khamba Tibetan dialect, which I had learnt several years before while travelling in Tibet. Soon we got down to the reason for our visit.

"We have come," I said, "so that the world may know what is happening in your country. Tibet is important not only to you, but also to India, China, Asia and the rest of the world. But few people realize this because you lack the means to publicize your situation. Tibet is less

than five million people refusing to submit to 700 million. Tibet is some 10,000 poorly-armed Khamba guerrillas fighting against 300,000 well-equipped Chinese troops. This is what we want to tell the world.

"You say that it is your strategy to cut the two main arterial roads in Tibet, or to attack convoys travelling on these or other important roads, so that supplies are destroyed and Chinese confidence undermined. We must convince the outside world that this is possible, and the only way to do so is to film you in action."

Plan of Attack. Now Ten-dar, the commander, spoke. His magnificent physique and independent carriage indicated authority. But he struck me as cautious and ruthless. He said that 15 days before they had crossed the Tibetan border and attacked a Chinese convoy on a route just south of the main Aksai Chin-Lhasa road. If we were determined to go on a raid, they could attack again near the same spot. This would surprise the Chinese since the Khambas usually struck at widely-separated targets. Ten-dar warned us that the raid would be very dangerous. Chinese soldiers are tough and fearless, the mountains savage and we, of course, would have the added burden of heavy cameras and equipment. Undismayed, we felt that we would survive.

Maps were brought out, the attack planned. The target area was only

three hours to the south of a Chinese garrison of 100 soldiers. Twenty-three men would take part in our raid. To get the party out of the valley without alerting local pro-Chinese spies, guards would be posted at all the valley exits. After a Delphic consultation with a high priest, the date for the raid was set for June 6.

We moved out of the valley in three groups by different routes to reduce the chances of being seen, and met up again further on. Two days later, we crossed a 20,000-foot pass in a blinding blizzard at 5 p.m. and plunged downwards until midnight. We lay in our frozen sleeping-bags for the rest of the night and all next day. At dusk we slipped away again, and at 9 p.m. reached a deserted monastery.

Inside, by shielded torchlight, we could see the desecration: images had been thrown to the floor, rich silk hangings ripped to shreds, religious manuscripts burnt, murals defaced. The Khambas swore softly. This threat to their religion and way of life kept the revolt in Tibet alive. They were without land, without support, but with a passionate love for their country, for their independence, for their Dalai Lama and, above all, for their religion.

From the monastery we moved down the long slope of the mountain in complete darkness, and prepared ourselves for the attack. When the sun rose we could see how effectively the Khambas had

planned the ambush. The road from the north was clearly visible for over a mile as it wound between a wide river and the steep side of the mountain on which we were hidden. Just below us the valley narrowed abruptly to no more than 40 yards, and twisted in a tight bend to contain only the uncrossable river and the road. The Khambas, clad in khaki gowns over their usual maroon woollen clothing, were stationed at intervals behind shallow stone parapets, faces smeared with dirt, and twigs in their headgear. We lay behind a small stone "cover," our cameras blackened to avoid possible reflection.

At 1.50 p.m. came the distant murmur of engines. There were four three-ton military trucks in the Chinese convoy, and as the first one reached the bend there was a sharp single crack. This first shot was Ten-dar's, by previous arrangement the signal to fire. I had asked earlier how the convoy would be stopped. Ten-dar had looked at me in puzzlement. "We just shoot the drivers," he said.

At Ten-dar's shot, the driver of the first truck slumped against the steering wheel. A rising fusillade of shots followed. The second truck slewed slightly to the right as the dead driver's companion leaped out of the far side. The third and fourth trucks halted a little behind the others. By this time most of the Chinese soldiers had taken cover under the last three trucks.

There was no other place for them to go, for behind them raged the river. The firing increased as machine-gunners on both sides opened up and soon the mountains caught up the ear-splitting echoes.

Hand-grenades. Suddenly, to my amazement, Ten-dar moved out from cover and walked calmly to the first truck to see what it was carrying. A Chinese soldier crawled out from beneath the second truck and followed him. Ten-dar began walking towards his cover again, but all at once he turned, swung his arm and fell face downwards on the ground. He's hit! I thought. There was an explosion near the second truck and I realized that he had thrown a hand-grenade. Then other Khambas were throwing hand-grenades and smoke billowed across the valley.

Now the Chinese under the fourth truck broke cover and made towards us, firing as they came. A Khamba ran to meet them, shooting. He staggered as he was hit but closed with one Chinese. After the hand-to-hand struggle it was the Khamba who lay still. But as the Chinese ran towards the truck, another Khamba hurled a hand-grenade. The Chinese soldier blew apart.

One of our look-outs shouted that it was time to go. It was 2.10 p.m., after exactly 20 minutes of action. I threw cameras and films into their containers and lunged up the trail in a retreat which had been as carefully

planned as the ambush. Just then there was a shout and a sentry came up the trail at a fast pace. "Gay-bo—the old one who grappled with the Chinese—is badly shot," he said.

"Where?" I asked.

"Here," he said, pointing just above his heart. "But there is also a large hole in his back. And he has been shot in the face."

Some years before I had taken a course designed for medical missionaries, but even with my small knowledge I was sure that the man could not possibly live. I said that I needed 15 minutes to remove the bullet, wash and dress the wound. If Chinese reinforcements caught up with us, the Khambas would have to fight a rearguard action.

Soon Ten-dar arrived—without Gay-bo. "We could do nothing," Ten-dar said. "He died in our arms."

We travelled all afternoon at a killing pace, crossing two passes of 10,000 and 15,000 feet without stopping. Still, that evening we heard the distant sound of dogs barking. The Chinese were not far behind.

The Khambas went straight up the face of the mountain. Because of its almost vertical angle, we had to climb five paces to the right, then to the left, then to the right, in zigzag fashion. Soon we were a staggering, stumbling line, silent except for great sobbing breaths. I could no longer lift my head to look at the black outline of the pass against the sky. I existed in



a world of painful automatic movement of leaden legs, of a terrible compulsion which drove me on.

We reached the top of the pass just as dawn was breaking. The Khambas were grinning as they looked back. They had escaped by a hair's breadth, but already they were joking about the next raid.

Resurrection? Two days later, a messenger came running into the guerrilla camp, shouting for Ten-dar. For a moment I thought that the Chinese had followed us into camp, but Ten-dar turned and asked me to bring my medical kit. "Gay-bo is alive," he said.

We stopped, speechless, for there was Gay-bo walking towards us. His face was a mask of caked mud and streaks of sweat. His head was covered with blood. His pullover was black with dried blood and dirt. High on the back of his left shoulder was a gaping hole where the bullet that had entered his chest had come out.

Gay-bo's story was hazy, for he had had many stretches of unconsciousness. But he had always remembered to drag himself under cover before he lost consciousness, thus avoiding the Chinese search parties. Somehow he had worked his way up a valley to a remote and very difficult pass, which had

brought him down almost directly above our camp. For a man in his condition, it was a miraculous performance. After I had given him drugs, he quickly began to recover—and in a few days joined in plans for the next attack.

Such nuisance raids, of course, are mere pinpricks to the Chinese. But just before we bade the Khambas good-bye, Ten-dar said to me: "In our splendid land of sunshine and mountains and snows, many Tibetan men, women and children have died, and will continue to die until the Chinese oppressor is cleared from our country. We Khambas need so little—warm clothes, simple food, pack horses so that we can move quickly in looting Chinese convoys and garrisons of their guns. Given sufficient arms, we could make it impossible for the Chinese to remain in Tibet."

In the light of China's current ruthless hold on Tibet, Ten-dar's words may appear over-optimistic. But they convey something of the dauntless spirit of the Khamba people, who cling stubbornly to the hope of freedom from communist oppression.

Eventually, perhaps, a more important role may be found for the Khamba tribesmen, the indomitable fighters on the roof of the world.

*P*SYCHIATRIST to income-tax collector on couch: "Nonsense! The whole world isn't against you. The people of this country, perhaps, but not the whole world."

—B. A.

Common Sense and the Femininity Pill

BY GRACE NAISMITH

*Pioneered to help the over-fifties,
this hormone treatment has
acquired the reputation of being able
to restore lost youth—a claim that is
not only misleading but dangerous*

ALL WOMEN want to be young. All women want to be feminine. Now there is a pill which promises women that they can stay for ever young, for ever feminine.

What is this pill? How valid are the promises?

The pill is a hormone, one of the chemical substances secreted by the endocrine glands whose purpose is to stimulate and regulate almost all bodily activity. The female hormones, called oestrogens and progesterones, are released from the ovaries. These hormones have become the basic ingredients of the "stay young, stay feminine" pill.

No pill can make one young again. Nor can a pill make one feminine—either gentle and charming in the womanly, wifely,

motherly sense, or attractive in the sex-appealing, eye-appealing sense. The pill is not related to sexual activity, nor is it a cure-all for the strains and stresses of a woman's life.

Yet thousands of women, mostly in middle age, have been influenced by the claims made for the oestrogen pill. Wooed by enthusiastic articles and, in some countries, by sensational advertisements, they have overwhelmed doctors with pleas to "make me young again."

The trend is becoming a matter of concern to many reputable doctors. "Women who don't need the pill come to see me," says an American endocrinologist who has pioneered hormone treatment. "They say that they are depressed or want the therapy because they

Condensed from U.S. Lady

have read that it makes a woman young or more female. It won't."

Furthermore, doctors warn that this kind of therapy, like all medication, carries risks as well as benefits.

Some doctors, aware of the hazards of misguided hormone therapy, refuse to give any oestrogens at all. But, says Dr. Hugh Barber, director of obstetrics and gynaecology at a New York hospital, "It is just as cruel to withhold hormone treatment from women who do need it as it is to give it to those who don't."

What is the truth about female hormones for the middle-aged? When should they be prescribed?

First, it is necessary to know about the menopause. This is a natural physical process signifying the end of a woman's childbearing life; the ovaries no longer produce eggs. Ovarian hormones lessen, and the entire hormonal system must be re-adjusted.

The discomfort that some women experience at the time of the menopause—usually between the ages of 45 and 50—is merely the result of this shifting of hormone balances throughout the body. Since the nervous system is also supported by the hormones, the nerves and blood vessels may react with annoying symptoms such as hot flushes, irritability, backache and headache.

Only about 15 per cent of women passing through the menopause

find it so troublesome that they need treatment. For these, mild sedatives may be prescribed to make nervous reactions less unpleasant, or tranquillizers to help relieve tension or anxiety. For others, who are distressed by hot flushes of varying intensity, hormone pills or injections are effective. The therapy is discontinued when the symptoms disappear. This treatment has been accepted as safe and successful menopausal therapy for years—when it is carried out under appropriate medical supervision, for limited periods of time.

Misleading. But what about the post-menopausal life of a woman? If she follows the advice of some doctors who prescribe "oestrogens for ever," the patient will menstruate once again—"as a token of her restored femininity." (Her child-bearing ability is *not* restored.) Actually, this is not menstruation. The bleeding is caused when the lining of the uterus, built up by the oestrogen, is shed. This occurs once a month for pre-menopausal women and, under certain therapy, about five times a year for older ones.

A few doctors give smaller doses of oestrogen, tailored to the woman's own hormone system, sometimes adding a bit of the male hormone, which usually prevents the bleeding. But since this powerful male hormone can produce masculine characteristics such as whiskers on the chin and deepening

of the voice, practically all doctors have discontinued its use.

In any event, before any hormone-replacement therapy is undertaken for the post-menopausal patient, careful tests should be made to see what oestrogens the woman's ovaries, and sometimes the adrenal glands, are producing. Only about 25 per cent of post-menopausal women have hormone deficiencies. For those who don't need supplemental hormones, they are a waste of time and money and, as one gynaecologist says, "downright silly."

The tests are quite simple. Dr. George Papanicolaou, father of the well-known "Pap-smear" test for cancer, found it possible, in 1917, to evaluate the oestrogenic hormone on the same microscopic slide. Also, every gynaecologist can determine quickly from the condition of a woman's genital organs, whether there is satisfactory oestrogen production.

Now let's take up the *claims* made for post-menopausal hormone treatment:

1. That it controls the drying irritating condition of the ageing woman's genital organs. The pills or injections do this, but suppositories or ointments available by prescription are also effective.

2. That it will restore youthful breasts. Scientists agree that hormone pills, or creams for external use, will not restore mammary tissues in ageing women. The older woman who wants a youthful

figure should buy a good brassière and hold herself up straight.

3. That it will restore facial contour or texture. This still awaits confirmation by controlled experiments.

4. That it prevents or cures osteoporosis. Osteoporosis is a metabolic disorder of the bones from which women and men suffer when they grow old. The bones become porous, spongy, weakened; the body tends to shrink, become humped. Risk of falling increases, and bones are broken more easily. Since oestrogen is necessary for the production of bone connective tissue, a handful of doctors claim that they can *restore* normal bone density in old people by giving them oestrogens. But leading bone specialists and gynaecologists doubt this achievement. In their opinion, more exercise and activity, plus a proper diet with more milk, are important in preventing osteoporosis.

What are the dangers of hormone therapy? The greatest is the judgement of the woman herself. Lured by the promise of restored youth, she often disregards the doctor's advice and takes more pills than he prescribes. When told to stop taking oestrogen from time to time, she may fail to do so. She may neglect to return to the doctor for the required physical check-up at least once a year. She may bleed without telling him.

But any bleeding after the menopause must be accepted as an

THE READER'S DIGEST

"alarm" for possible cancer. If the bleeding is produced by oestrogen treatment, it may be ruled out by the doctor as a cancer signal. But it always demands diagnosis.

While there is practically no evidence that short courses of oestrogen treatment, properly prescribed and supervised, for specific menopausal and post-menopausal symptoms, will cause cancer of the uterus, cell growth *can* be stimulated. Pre-cancer-like conditions may develop, which in persons sensitive to oestrogens could result in malignancy.

There seems to be no evidence that the treatment causes breast cancer. However, the hormones should not be used if there is, or has been, breast or genital cancer in the patient or her family.

There are other times when women should not take the hormones: when there is a possibility

of liver disease or diabetes; under certain vascular conditions which might lead to blood clotting and heart failure; when fibroid tumours are present. Many women cannot take the hormones because of distressing side effects.

Finally, excessive hormone medication will extend the troublesome menopausal transition period and can delay the achievement of a new glandular balance.

IN SPITE of the risks of hormone replacement therapy, hormone pills are unquestionably here to stay. Their effectiveness in many conditions has been proved and is accepted by millions of people, but they must be treated with respect. They will not restore lost youth but, used sensibly, these pills can bring relief and comfort, safely and effectively, to women who need them.



Highway Code

ONE EVENING in Rome, I saw a pedestrian crossing the street right in the path of an oncoming car. The driver swerved and the pedestrian jumped —both in the same direction. Again the pedestrian moved, and so did the driver. The distance between them was shortening. The pedestrian reversed his direction, only to find himself once more in the path of the approaching car.

This was the last straw. The pedestrian raised his hand in the universal gesture meaning STOP. His Italian temperament now long past boiling point, he strode towards the driver. "Idiot!" he screamed. "You don't dodge me—I dodge *you!*"

—R. O. W.



July 1966: De Gaulle pays an official visit to the Soviet Union

What is De Gaulle Up To?

For over 15 years, U.S. membership of Nato and her military presence in Europe have been essential ingredients in Western defence. Now the French President has displayed open disagreement with Atlantic Alliance policy. An American commentator discusses the implications for his country's diplomacy—and for the future of Europe

BY CHARLES MURPHY

DE GAULLE," says one highly civilized European diplomat, "looks at the world through a deadly prism—the Roman view of politics as power." Charles de Gaulle visited the Soviet Union because, for him, Russia is simply another nation-state,

to be feared or respected as other powerful states are respected.

Whatever the motivation of the visit, it is indisputably true that General Charles de Gaulle, president of France, has forced the United States to face up to the fact that Nato, the magnificent

Condensed from Life

triumphal arch of American diplomacy in the Western world, is in collapse.

Nor is de Gaulle alone on this issue. West Germany's retired Chancellor, Konrad Adenauer, says, "Nato policy, Nato organization and Nato arms are completely obsolete." Enoch Powell, Britain's "shadow" defence minister, is more categorical: "Taking into account the Sino-Soviet split and the new leadership in Moscow, we would not have occasion now to form Nato if Nato did not exist."

It is uncertain how or when a new transatlantic balance will be struck; or how, for that matter, the nations of Europe will organize their future. But it is certain that U.S. political influence in Europe is on the wane.

And in what remains of the Western Alliance, European power is polarized in the figure and personality of de Gaulle. This 75-year-old warrior-statesman, so serene in considered action, so intellectually and physically fearless, is now *the* personal force to be reckoned with in Europe. In fact, Europe has seen nothing to equal him as a statesman-philosopher since Bismarck, the "Iron Chancellor," who unified Germany in the nineteenth century.

"Resist de Gaulle," warns a Nato diplomat who did, "and he will hate you. Obey him, and he will scorn you. But if you don't stand up to him, he will ignore you, and that's the end of you."

Many who admired de Gaulle—for rescuing the French body politic from the paralysis of petty factionalism and for bringing about France's brilliant economic recovery—have now become apprehensive about him. During the eight years he has been in power, it has become commonplace to say that de Gaulle is driven by a desire to re-establish the primacy and the grandeur of France; that he is determined to make France absolutely independent, and that he is manoeuvring to break the influence of the "Anglo-Saxons" on the Continent.

If this were really all there was in his mind, we could have put him down long ago as the last (and most brilliant) of the archetypal French nationalists, and then counted on the wear and tear of domestic politics to finish him. But it hasn't worked out that way.

Instead, de Gaulle has steadily gathered influence and purpose in the heart of Europe, though the dimensions of his power base have actually shrunk. Recently M. Couve de Murville, France's brilliant foreign minister, said he considered that the settlement of the Algerian civil war had solved the last of France's great problems: "[France] had no ambitions outside, unless to participate in the construction of a real Europe, to work everywhere for equilibrium and peace."

But de Gaulle has his own view of what equilibrium is. Three years ago, by throwing Britain off the

doorstep of the Common Market, he demolished President Kennedy's so-called Grand Design for Atlantic partnership, which envisaged a United States of Europe that de Gaulle suspected (for excellent reasons) would actually be run from Washington and London. Now he has not only ended the 15-year sway of American strategic doctrine in the defence of Europe but has recaptured for himself freedom of manoeuvre in foreign policy.

Current Views. Since de Gaulle is a master of speaking his mind in any given situation just as much as he wishes—but not a bit more—these views, expressed in conversation recently with a distinguished visitor, may be accepted as the most current answer to the perpetual question of what de Gaulle is “up to.” De Gaulle said:

- The Russians experimented with imperialism; it failed them.
- Mutual appreciation of the consequences makes nuclear war in Europe, except through ghastly accident, unthinkable to *both* sides.
- Since the Nato command structure has outlived its usefulness, the indefinite presence of foreign troops on French soil, under foreign command, is not only unnecessary but denigrating.
- The problem of a divided Germany is central to Europe's peace. Until we can see more clearly a solution which will leave both the United States and the Soviet Union

easy in mind, French, British and U.S. troops should stay in Germany.

• It is conceivable, although not probable, that Russian leadership could revert to the bad old days—there just *could* be another Stalin. Because of that possibility, a Western Alliance—but without U.S.-dominated command trappings—must be kept in existence.

De Gaulle disclosed in February that France would, in 1969, alter its military relationship within the Nato alliance (an option which the 20-year clause in the North Atlantic Treaty of 1949 does, in fact, provide). But the General and several of his most senior officials took pains to assure the principal Nato partners that the issue would not be pressed as long as the United States was in difficulty in Vietnam.

Then, in March, de Gaulle hurled a thunderbolt from the Elysée Palace. Handwritten notes went to Nato chiefs of state: France would withdraw its forces from Nato commands, and Nato itself would have to quit French territory. The manner of the doing was so un-French in its brusqueness that it is believed something made de Gaulle speed up his time-table. But what? No one is sure. “All that is certain,” said one observer, “is that for the first time de Gaulle is acting like an old man in a hurry.”

Any European settlement must begin and end with the German question. But whereas de Gaulle and most Frenchmen are convinced

that the two parts of Germany must sooner or later come together, Soviet policy has focused on keeping Germany divided. In Moscow, de Gaulle suggested that France and the Soviet Union could begin preparing ground for "the settlement that will one day have to determine the destiny of all Germany." But he also warned his hosts not to get bright ideas by disregarding "the essential role that the United States has to play in the pacification and transformation of the world."

Despite this significant caveat, there is a feeling in London, Bonn, Paris and Washington that de Gaulle is considering, in a speculative way, not one but several schemes for resolving the German question. Some knowledgeable people would not be surprised, should Moscow prove responsive, to see de Gaulle attempt to revive the Triple Entente of France, Britain and Tsarist Russia that united against a rising aggressor—the Kaiser's Germany.

Others suspect that de Gaulle is secretly advancing a more sinister project: to freeze Britain out of any settlement while aligning France with the Soviet Union as a nuclear partner in a deal that would permit the eventual reunification of Germany—but only as a denuclearized and neutralized nation. This would, of course, entail the withdrawal of the United States from Germany, and the way would be cleared for the reorganization of Europe under a Franco-Soviet guarantee.

Though it must be said that French policy has never suggested German reunification in precisely these terms, the mere idea gives the Bonn Government the shivers. Former Defence Minister Strauss warns, "There could be no greater triumph for the Russians than for the French to leave Germany."

Some deformation of the German nation as it has existed since 1871 would appear to be an inescapable condition in de Gaulle's "Atlantic-to-the-Urals" concept of Europe. One of its weaknesses may well be that a great deal of what de Gaulle calls "Russia" has moved *east* of the Urals. But de Gaulle has maintained, over the years, a sharper curiosity about Soviet politics than any other Western head of state.

Yellow Peril. He grasped, more quickly than most, the magnitude and meaning of the Sino-Soviet split. He concluded that it was concerned less with doctrine than with issues of geography and power. And, probably more than any other event, it impelled him on his present course. (Frenchmen who have heard him on the subject detect echoes of the old "Yellow Peril" theory.)

Premier Georges Pompidou believes that Asia has replaced Europe "as a closed arena in which the mighty confront each other." In a conversation in Paris, Pompidou acknowledged that Russia's sharpened sense of vulnerability in Asia was one—but only one—of a number of new circumstances which had

persuaded de Gaulle that *rapprochement* with Russia was possible. "For that matter," Pompidou went on, "Asia is the first area where the Americans and the Russians share the same strategic interests."

A great many Europeans accept the Gaullist proposition that the fate of Europe must be settled by Europeans. Lord Avon speaks of a "modernized" Nato; and Lord Harlech, former British Ambassador to the U.S.A., speculates that the real problem is how to turn Nato from a primarily military instrument into a diplomatic tool.

M. Couve de Murville insists that there is no mystery about French foreign policy. "The 'mystery,'" he observes in his dry way, "is that people don't believe what we are saying and doing, and think we mean something else. Is it so strange to *have* a policy that it cannot be accepted?"

High Stakes. As for "equilibrium" in Europe, one Nato diplomat said, "God knows, it's what the rest of us want, too, along with an end to the Cold War." But de Gaulle is the man who stopped the Alliance dead in its tracks. This is something that the Russians were unable to bring off on their own. Yet it can hardly be a secret to Moscow that de Gaulle is playing for high stakes with little in his purse. For the Russians, Germany is the door between them and Europe, and East Germany is the bolt on the door. If they should ever decide to

allow the Germans to come together, logic suggests that it would be on their own terms.

Meanwhile, it suits Soviet aims that de Gaulle should make Germany a disputatious subject within the Western Alliance, and that the Germans themselves should lose faith in the willingness of the West to stand up for them. If the younger generation of Germans should decide the eastern horizon is brighter, the way into Europe, for Russia, would be open through subversion.

This is the danger in de Gaulle's game. It worries even his admirer, Konrad Adenauer, who feels that the Soviet Union is still a threat to Europe.

The fact is that de Gaulle possesses one immensely valuable counter: the geography of France. Without the great space of France—the ports, the roads, the railways, the pipelines—a rational defence of Germany is impossible, except by resorting to nuclear weapons from the outset. This fact has made France's neighbours and allies reluctant to accept as complete or permanent the breach that de Gaulle has opened up.

Gaullism is very likely to survive its creator; few heads of state in modern times have reinforced themselves with such a talented collection of lieutenants as de Gaulle has. Meanwhile, in the words of one of the most influential ambassadors to Nato, "We have no choice but to dance the ballet with him."

A cure for the deadly disease of non-living

WHEN IN DOUBT, *DO!*

By ARTHUR GORDON

ONE DAY last winter I found myself having lunch at the seaside cottage of some friends, a couple in their twenties. The other guest was a retired professor, a marvellous old gentleman, still straight as a lance after seventy years of living. The four of us had planned a walk on the beach after lunch. But as gusts of wind shook the house and occasional pellets of sleet hissed against the windows, our hosts' enthusiasm dwindled.

"Sorry," said the wife, "but nobody's going to get *me* out in this weather."

"That's right," her husband agreed. "Why catch a cold when you can sit by a fire and watch the world go by on television?"

We left them preparing to do just that. But when we came to our cars, I was astonished to see the professor open the boot of his ancient vehicle

and take out an axe. "Lots of driftwood out there," he said, gesturing towards the windswept beach. "Think I'll get a load for my fireplace."

I stared at him. "You're going to chop wood? On this sort of afternoon?"

He gave me a quizzical look. "Why not?" he said as he set off across the dunes. "It's better than practising the deadly art of non-living, isn't it?"

I watched him with the sudden odd feeling that something was curiously inverted in the proper order of things: two youngsters were content to sit by the fire; an old man was striding off jauntily into an icy wind. "Wait!" I heard myself calling. "Wait, I'm coming!"

A small episode, to be sure. We chopped some armfuls of wood. We got a bit wet, but not cold. There

Condensed from Woman's Day

WHEN IN DOUBT, DO!

was a kind of exhilaration about it all, the axe blade biting into the weathered logs, the chips flying, the sea snarling in the background. But what really stuck in my mind was that phrase about the deadly art of non-living.

The professor had put his finger on one of the most insidious maladies of our time: the tendency in most of us to observe rather than act, avoid rather than participate; the tendency to give in to the sly, negative voices that constantly counsel us to be careful, to be wary in our approach to this complicated thing called living.

By and large the silent watchers are solid citizens. They will discuss with genuine concern such national problems as drug addiction or delinquency. But which, really, is the more urgent issue of our time: the lawless behaviour of the few or the ever-increasing inertia of the many?

I am always sceptical of claims that the world is getting worse. But in this one area I think the claim may well be true: we *are* more inert than our ancestors, and cleverer at inventing excuses for indolence. Far from burning candles at both ends, more and more of us seem reluctant even to light a match.

Part of the blame can be laid squarely on the doorstep of over-protective parents. In thousands of homes, well-meaning fathers and mothers blunt their children's eagerness and sense of adventure with an endless barrage of don'ts: "Don't

climb that tree, you might fall." "No, you can't camp out this weekend, it might rain." The drive to live is a leaping flame in most children, but it can't survive an endless succession of wet blankets.

Another reason for such a watch-not-do attitude is an over-preoccupation with health. Once you cross the threshold of the middle years, everywhere you look someone is separating himself from some activity or pleasure because someone else has convinced him that giving it up is good for him.

And the disease of non-living can be progressive. A contemporary of mine who gave up tennis several years ago because he feared the game might be bad for his arteries has now taken to going to bed every night at nine o'clock. He says he needs his rest; and, to be fair, he does look remarkably rested. But you can't help wondering what he plans to do with all the energy he's conserving.

The march of science has handed us such bonuses in health and energy and life-span that we should be living hugely, with enormous gusto and enjoyment, not tiptoeing through the years as if we were treading on eggs. For thousands of decades, man's chief concern was simply how to survive. Now the crucial question has become not how to stay alive but what to do with a life that is more or less guaranteed.

The whole thing hangs on a series of decisions each of us is constantly

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called upon to make decisions that spell the difference between living and non-living.

As a youngster I remember being given a solemn bit of advice supposed to apply to almost any situation: "When in doubt, don't." Well, perhaps this cautious approach has occasional value as a brake on the impetuosity of youth. But its usefulness diminishes rapidly once you're past 20. It can be dangerously habit-forming after 30, and after 40 it probably should be reversed altogether, becoming: "When in doubt, do." If you keep that formula in mind, the problems of non-living are not likely to become much of a threat.

On my desk lies a letter from a friend, a clergyman: "The trouble with most of us," he writes, "is lethargy, absence of caring, lack of involvement in life. To keep ourselves comfortable and well-fed and entertained seems to be all that matters.

But the more successful we are at this, the more entombed the soul becomes in solid, immovable flesh. We no longer hear the distant trumpet and go towards it; we listen to the pipes of Pan and fall asleep."

And he goes on wistfully: "How can I rouse my people, make them yearn for something more than pleasant, socially acceptable ways of escaping from life? How can I make them want to thrust forward into the unknown, into the world of testing and trusting their own spirit? How I wish I knew!"

There's only one answer, really. Each of us must be willing, at least sometimes, to chop wood instead of sitting by the fire. Each of us must fight his own fight against the betrayal of life that comes from refusing to live it.

Every day, for every one, some distant trumpet sounds—but never too faint nor too far for our answer to be: "Wait! I'm coming!"



It's a Small World

AT AN embassy reception the Ambassador from Ghana asked me, a new Foreign Service wife, where my husband expected to be stationed on our first post overseas. "Heaven knows," I answered flippantly. "Timbuktu, perhaps."

"That's a very nice place," the Ambassador replied. "Let me give you a friend's name there."

The world suddenly seemed smaller—and I felt microscopic.

—Sarah Conroy

The stranger forced his way in—and two innocent people were caught up in an ordeal that seemed as if it would never end

By JOSEPH BLANK

TERROR AT THE DOOR

IT COULD happen to anybody at any time. It happened to Jeanette and Charles Fawbush of Springfield, Oregon, at 5.30 on the still-dark morning of March 24, 1966. At that moment, a sharp knock sounded on the front door of their one-bedroom house.

Charlie, a small, wiry, balding man of 46, had just got out of bed and switched on the light. This Thursday morning he had to be at his job early. Jeanette, an attractive, red-haired woman of 45, planned to sleep for another hour.

The knock at such an early hour sent a twinge of anxiety through Jeanette. She assumed that it was her next-door neighbour, whose mother was seriously ill. Jeanette feared that her friend had just received bad news, and the same thought occurred to Charlie as he hurriedly opened the door.

The man facing him was a tall, thin, dark-haired stranger with an intense look in his deep-set eyes. His clothes were wet and muddy, and he wore no shoes. Pointing a small pistol at Charlie's heart, the man



backed him through the living-room towards the bedroom and said, "I've just shot a cop and I'll shoot you if you don't do as I say. I need dry clothes."

The man was 33-year-old Harry Acree, and this morning his life was reaching its seemingly inevitable climax. After serving in the Korean War, Acree wandered from place to place, and began sliding into trouble in 1954. He was sent to prison twice for burglary, once for grand larceny. Released in December 1965, he found a job in his home town—Springfield—with a dumb animals society. He left after five weeks. "He said he wasn't making enough money, and he couldn't stand seeing the dogs and cats put down," Mrs. Wuanita Tucker, a divorcee with whom Acree had become friendly, explained later.

On the previous day Acree had telephoned Mrs. Tucker from Salem, an hour's drive away, said his car had broken down, and asked her to pick him up. He had gone to Salem to visit his father, and learnt that he had died months earlier. "Why didn't anybody tell me?" he kept repeating during the drive back to Springfield. He cried frequently.

At Mrs. Tucker's house Acree spent the evening with two men he had met in prison. He was silent and depressed, and several times he borrowed Mrs. Tucker's car to go for a short, solitary drive. At 4.30

a.m. he left the house with the two other ex-convicts, Acree driving.

As the three men drove somewhat haphazardly through town, Acree was spotted by Lieutenant Hartman of the Springfield police. He was familiar with Acree's record, and decided to stop the trio and try to find a motive for their aimless prowling. As a customary precaution, he radioed for a patrol car to back him up.

Hartman signalled Acree to the side of the street and strolled up to the car. A young police driver, Terry Wilson, drew up behind and joined the lieutenant.

Acree got out. He must have known that a crisis was looming. In the previous month he had committed three masked, armed robberies in the Springfield area. Now he was carrying a pistol and had a shot-gun hidden under the front seat.

Hartman asked if he could search the car.

"It's not mine," Acree answered.

"We'd like to search it anyway."

Terry Wilson searched the car and discovered the shot-gun. As he straightened up, Acree jerked out the pistol and shot him in the abdomen. Then he fired at Hartman, missed him, and sprinted away into the darkness. He stumbled across a building site, lost his shoes, and fell into a puddle of water. Then he noticed the lights flash on in the Fawbush house.

Confronted by Acree's serious,

emotionless face, Charlie Fawbush felt cold fear. "Jeanette," he said in a loud whisper, "there's a man here with a gun, and he wants some clothing."

Jeanette, still in bed, watched as the two men came in. Her first reaction was resentment at a stranger entering her bedroom. She is not easily frightened. In the last nine years she has undergone five serious operations, including heart surgery.

Acree stared hard at her as he reached for a pair of trousers. She turned her head while Acree changed and then, feeling particularly vulnerable in bed, said, "Why don't you go into the living-room so I can put on some clothes?"

"No, you stay in bed," the criminal ordered.

"This is my house," she said, "and nobody tells me whether or not I can get out of bed."

"I told you to stay in bed!" The gun shook in his grasp.

"I don't care what you say," she said softly.

She threw her husband's dressing-gown round her shoulders and got out of bed. Charlie felt his heart pounding.

The three moved into the living-room. Acree told Jeanette to draw all the curtains. Then they sat facing one another. Acree switched on the radio, and they listened to a news bulletin announcing that Harry Joseph Acree was still at large. Police driver Terry Wilson

was in a critical condition, and Springfield was ringed with road-blocks.

Acree went to the telephone and dialled Mrs. Tucker's number. Police, checking houses frequented by Acree, had entered only a moment before. One of them motioned for Mrs. Tucker to answer the phone and said, "If that's Acree, find out where he is."

She picked up the phone, listened, and nodded. "What happened, Harry?" she asked. "Where are you?"

"I'm hiding," he said. "I had to shoot a cop. I have a couple of people hostage."

"Harry, let me speak to them."

Acree handed the phone to Jeanette, who listened, then turned to him and said, "She wants our name and address."

"Give it to her."

Mrs. Tucker wrote down the address. A policeman grabbed it and ran to his patrol car to radio the information.

Mrs. Tucker said to Jeanette, "Don't worry. Help is coming," and asked to speak to Acree again: "Harry, promise me you won't harm that couple."

"Not unless I have to. I want to find out about that cop. If he dies, no matter what I do, it won't make things worse. Hold on. I'll turn on the radio."

Already news was being given that Acree had been located and was

being surrounded. "The phone is bugged!" Acree screamed.

"Harry! Harry, I'll come over. You give me the gun."

"I'll kill anybody that comes near."

By the time Acree hung up, the police had cordoned off the street and stationed themselves with rifles and machine-guns in adjacent houses and behind hedges. Acree told Jeanette, "Open the curtains a little and tell me what you see." He stood behind her with his pistol at her ear. She looked out and saw a rifle barrel glint, then disappear. "Nothing," she reported.

"Got any liquor?" Acree asked.

"Just cooking sherry."

"Get it."

Acree sat for a few minutes swigging from the bottle, then said, "Let's take another look outside." This time he saw a policeman. "Look at that," he exclaimed. "A tommy gun!" Jeanette realized that he was getting a thrill out of the situation.

The principal concern of Chief William Trout of the Springfield police was the hostages. At 8 a.m. he telephoned the Fawbush house and warned Acree: "You can't escape. You don't have a chance."

"Get the cops away," Acree replied. "Let me take these people in a car. I'll let them out on the main road."

"I can't do it," the chief said. He knew that the inevitable chase and gunfight would imperil more people. Acree hung up.

The three sat silently, each feeling the tension mount. Acree drained the bottle and placed it on the highly polished television set.

Jeanette gave him an angry stare. "Get that bottle off the furniture!" she said sharply. "I don't allow that."

Taken aback, Acree said, "I'm sorry," and hastily removed the bottle. Then he said, "We're going to the door and you can tell that police chief to telephone me." Before she opened the door he stepped behind her, encircled her neck with his left arm and held the gun to her head. Jeanette yelled out the request, and Acree pulled her back.

The telephone rang almost immediately. Acree asked for some beer, but the police, reasoning that the criminal's irrational behaviour would only increase with his drinking, refused. Acree then said, "Will you get my sister to come over here? Maybe after talking to her I'll give her my gun."

Trout telephoned Acree's sister. When she arrived, Police Captain Raymond Howard escorted her to the door, where Acree, his gun at Jeanette's head, listened impassively as she pleaded with him to surrender.

"Sis," he interrupted, "flip a coin."

Puzzled, she took one from her purse and flipped it in the air.

"Heads or tails?" Acree asked.

"Heads."

"I was afraid of that," he said

mysteriously and melodramatically. "Let's go into the house."

Inside, she continued pleading with her brother, showing him photographs of her children. "Put them away," Acree said. Then he laughed. "Go out and get a bottle of wine from the cops. Then I'll write a confession and give myself up. I'm not going back to prison sober."

Acree's sister was met half-way down the drive by Howard and Trout. They refused Acree's request.

"If I come unarmed, can I come in to talk to you?" Howard shouted. He removed his gun from its holster and handed it to a policeman.

"O.K.," Acree answered.

Howard, middle-aged, greying, direct, the epitome of a professional policeman, casually walked through the door with Acree's sister. Acree stood at the back of the room, his gun at Charlie's head. "Sit down," Acree said. "And don't move." He pointed the gun at Howard and worked the hammer with his thumb. Howard leaned back, and lit a cigarette. If Acree's thumb slipped, Howard would get a bullet.

"Let's get something straight," Howard said calmly. "I'm not afraid of you. Now why don't you stop this? Mrs. Fawbush has a bad heart, and this isn't doing her any good."

Acree played with the hammer

again. "I've got two bullets in this gun, and I can use them."

"If you plan to shoot anyone, shoot me," Howard said. "I'm getting paid to take risks. Let these people go, and keep me hostage."

"Get out," Acree said.

Howard reluctantly left. Acree had seemed cool and deliberate, but a little drunk, and capable of killing the hostages. Howard told Trout that they couldn't wait much longer.

In the house, Acree said he wanted to see "Jo"—Mrs. Tucker.

Mrs. Tucker had tried several times to persuade the police to let her talk to Acree, but they had refused. They thought Acree might realize that she had given away his hide-out, and might shoot her. But now they decided to take the risk.

The moment Mrs. Tucker appeared outside, Acree raised his gun to break a pane of glass. When the hostages exclaimed, "No!" Acree pointed the gun at Jeanette and said, "All right, you and I will go outside now." She noted a new expression in his eyes. Again he put his arm round her neck and stood behind her at the doorway. Acree yelled, "If you'll come to the door, I'll give you my gun, Jo. I want to see you."

Mrs. Tucker began walking up the drive when Howard heard Acree's sister say, "Don't do it, Harry. Don't." Howard stopped Mrs. Tucker half-way to the house.

"Get closer," Acree said. "I love

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you, Jo. You love me?" She hesitated until one of the officers nudged her. "Yes."

"You'll remember that always?"

He dropped his left arm from Jeanette's neck, encircled it with his gun arm and placed the barrel in his mouth. Mrs. Tucker cried, "Don't! Don't! Put it down, Harry!" Charlie sobbed, "Oh no, not while you've got Jeanette!"

Jeanette tried to twist her head away from the gun. She waited for the shot. Suddenly, Acree took the gun from his mouth and jerked her back into the house.

After catching her breath, she looked at Acree. She felt an unquenchable rage. "I'm getting tired of you," she shouted. "You're an intruder in my home, and I want you out!"

The atmosphere both inside and outside the house suddenly changed. Inside, it was charged with anger, tension and growing fear. Outside, Howard and Trout, hearing the shouting, knew that it was time to make an end. Acree had been in the house for more than eight hours. Trout walked towards the house and called, "We'll give you ten minutes, Harry. Then we throw tear gas." It was 1.50.

Acree said nothing. He and the three hostages sat watching the

minute hand on the clock slowly edge past 12. Acree smiled slightly and said, "Bless their hearts, it's after two. They were bluffing."

He had hardly completed the last word when a tear-gas grenade burst through the bay window, setting fire to the curtains. Four more grenades crashed through windows in other rooms.

Acree backed towards the bedroom and Jeanette whirled out of her chair towards the door. Charlie shoved her through, then pushed Acree's sister out. Half-blinded by the gas, Jeanette ran for the back door of her neighbour's house, stumbled against a policeman with a rifle, struck her back on a car and staggered into the house. Charlie stumbled after her, saying, "It's awful. Awful. You'll never know."

Then a single shot rang out.

A few minutes later, a police officer said, "He shot himself. He backed into the shower, put the gun barrel in his mouth, and fired."

After a long silence the neighbour said, "This is something you read about. But on your own doorstep? Impossible."

Jeanette and Charlie nodded agreement, then stared incredulously at each other, realizing the impossible *had* happened to them.

Helpmate

"*Y*es," said the wife, "my husband is a great help around the house. At the moment he's taking the baby's nap for him."

—L. A.

SEA GIANTS AHOY!

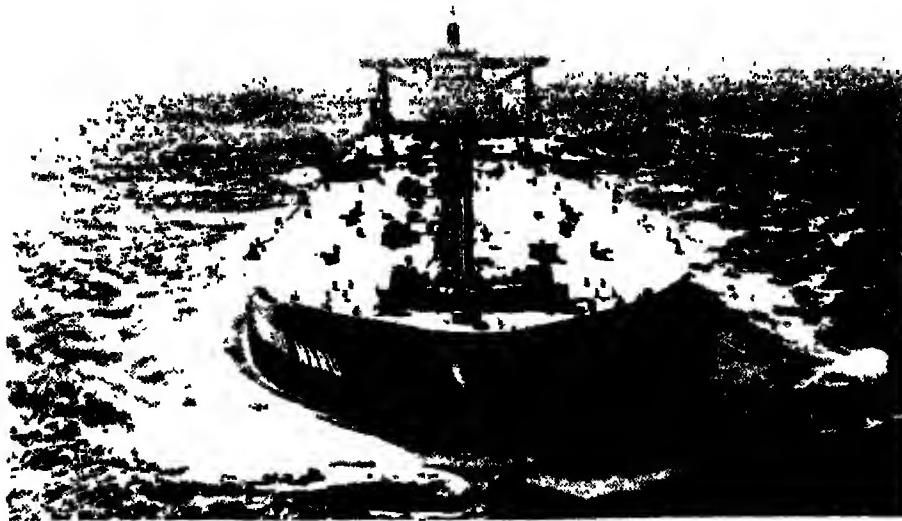
Speed, salesmanship and willingness to take risks have won the Japanese first place in shipbuilding. This is the story of one of the greatest industrial gambles in history

By J. D. RATCLIFF

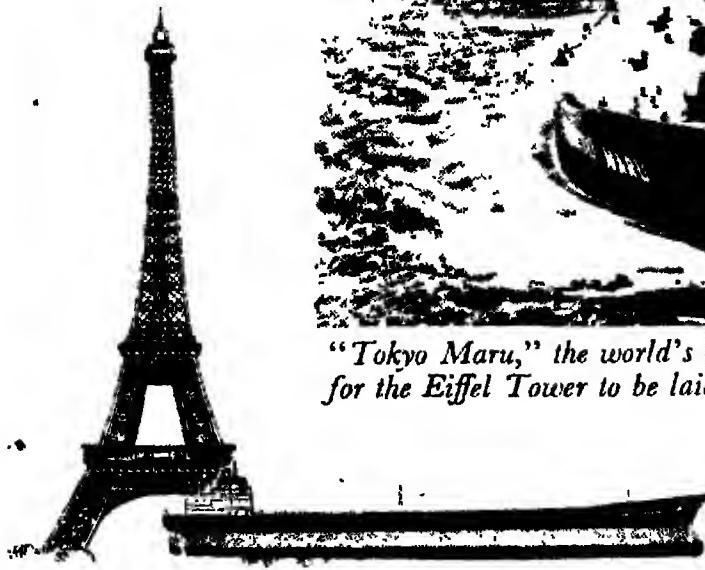
THREE HAS never been a ship quite like *Tokyo Maru*. Launched in September 1965 at Yokohama, Japan, the giant tanker dwarfs anything built before. At over 150,000 tons fully loaded, her displacement is almost twice that of *Queen Elizabeth*, the world's largest passenger liner. Her bow is so far from her bridge, nearly a

fifth of a mile, that the Eiffel Tower could lie on her deck with hardly any overhang, and there is room for two and a half football fields.

Tokyo Maru exhibits dozens of striking features. For example, she has only two lifeboats. Flagrant disregard for safety? Not at all. Totally automated, she needs a crew of only 29 men. (*Queen Mary* has almost



"Tokyo Maru," the world's biggest tanker—long enough for the Eiffel Tower to be laid on her deck



Condensed from Empire

that many bartenders!) Equipped with protective fireproof covers, the lifeboats are designed to navigate safely through a sea of burning oil.

As *Tokyo Maru* plies her course, carrying oil from the Persian Gulf to Japan, days may pass without an engineer setting foot in her engine room. Instead, the man on duty sits at a console in a soundproof, air-conditioned room, reading dials and flipping switches. Remote and automatic control systems can load and unload her tanks in 24 hours. Other ships a quarter her size might take twice as long.

Quite a story in herself, *Tokyo Maru* tells a far more important one—of Japan's emergence as the greatest shipbuilder the world has ever seen. In the early 1950's, Japan was an inconsequential producer. Last year she constructed 43 per cent of all new ships launched anywhere—nearly five times the tonnage of second-place Sweden. And the pace quickens: this year Japan is launching four new ships a week. In June she had 3.8 million tons under construction.

"We have only two natural resources," says a Japanese industrialist. "Rocks and air." Hence the question: How could such a have-not nation gain shipbuilding pre-eminence?

It is a story of one of history's greatest industrial gambles.

After the war, Japan was prostrate, her economy in ruins. But the shipyards where she had built her

great navy were virtually undamaged, and the companies that owned them—Mitsubishi, Mitsui, Nippon Kokan and a few others—foresaw the shape of things to come. The world needed huge ships. By cutting shipping costs by a half or even two-thirds, the giants could grease the wheels of world trade. They could, for instance, open new markets for Alaskan pulpwood, Australian iron ore, Arabian oil, African potash. For the consumer this new flow of commerce would mean more goods at lower prices.

Japan lacked basic ingredients for steel—iron ore and coking coal. But if shipping rates were low enough, Japanese manufacturers could haul ore from Africa and coal from West Virginia, make steel, and ship it half-way round the world again to sell at competitive prices in America.

It was a heady dream. Gambling that enough customers would materialize—and in doing so risking what might have been a disastrous series of bankruptcies—Japanese industrialists poured staggering sums into modernizing and re-equipping their shipyards to make them the most efficient in the world. Salesmen took to the road to sell to shipowners. Let's start thinking *really* big, they said—and they produced figures to show that the annual operating costs for a 150,000-ton tanker would be Rs. 75 lakhs less than for two 75,000-ton tankers. They dangled enticing credit terms:

20 per cent before delivery, with eight years to pay the balance at 5½ per cent interest. Thus the big ships could be put to work to help pay their own cost. Shipowners were beguiled. The buying rush was on.

A U.S. shipper said recently, "I buy in Japan for three reasons: they build good ships; they deliver them when they say they will, down to the exact hour; and their prices are the lowest in the world."

Indeed, Japanese prices are 5 to 20 per cent lower than those of European yards, and less than half those in the United States. The low prices are generally attributed to low wages, but this is only part of the story. In fact, pay for shipyard workers in Japan is higher than in Italy, and there is a bizarre array of fringe benefits.

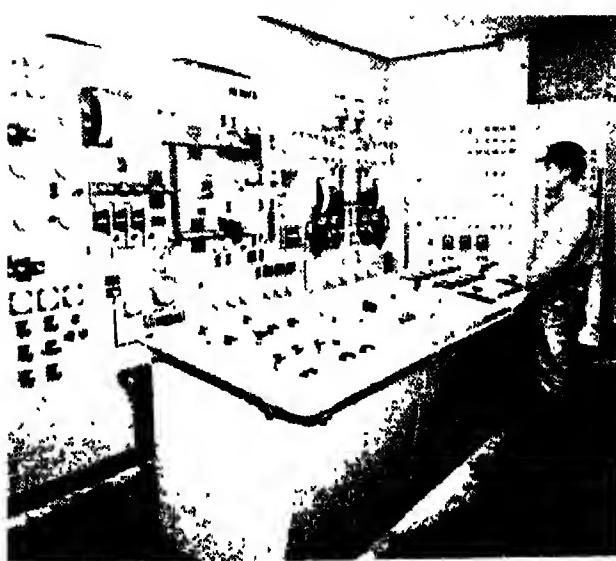
The biggest contribution to low costs is the efficiency of both men and yards. A P&O lines official

says that the number of man-hours needed to build a big tanker in Britain is roughly twice the number required in Japan.

Says Koichi Toyama of Nippon Kokan: "We have learnt a lesson from Detroit. If every car were individually designed and built, costs would be astronomical. So we have come up with 'standard' models for our freighters and tankers."

Building innovations, too, have increased efficiency enormously. Is there a 700-foot ship under construction in a 1,000-foot dock? If so, the workers build the stern of a second ship in the other 300 feet. Is a ship under construction too long for available building-dock space? Then build it in halves and join the two pieces later. The Japanese have also refined the "block construction" technique. Giant steel "blocks," weighing up to 300 tons, are put together assembly-line fashion on vast building docks. At the proper time, huge cranes drop them into place, and they are welded into the ship. Boilers, turbines and sections of living quarters are then lifted into them.

All these factors speed production enormously. The Japanese plan on an average of three months from keel-laying to launching, plus another three months for fitting-out. Thus, six months after keel-laying the new owner has his ship. Comparable time elsewhere: 9 to 12 months on the Continent; 18 to 24



"Tokyo Maru's" control room, which can be operated by one man

months in Britain and the United States.

Equally striking are the labour-saving innovations in the ships themselves. Epoxy resin coatings that can be cleaned with hot water have replaced expensive interior paintwork. Some ships are equipped with "side thrusters"—devices that pump water in one side and out the other to sidle the ship gently into dock without the assistance (and expense) of tugs.

Hydraulic devices operated by push buttons lift heavy hatch covers that used to be raised by several men operating a deck crane. Giant vacuum hoses suck up wheat. Electromagnetic cranes pick up hard-to-handle scrap iron. Not long ago Mitsui delivered a ship so automated that it needs 40 per cent fewer crew members than a standard ship of comparable size.

Although Japan's shipyards are booked from two to three years in advance, the search for new business has not slackened. The Japanese are prepared to build anything from 30-foot cabin cruisers to presidential yachts, from skimming hydrofoils to 400-passenger catamarans and Antarctic exploration vessels.

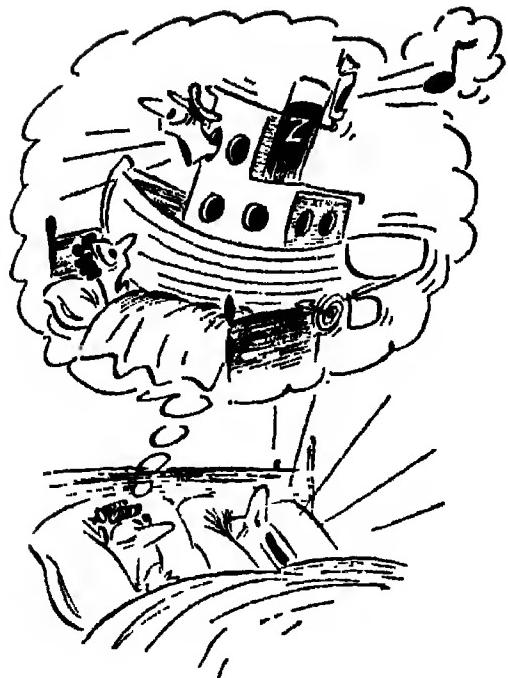
Fish factories are big sellers at the moment. Like the early whalers, these floating factories may stay away from home port as long as three years. They freeze fillets, tin tuna and other fish meat, extract fish oil and make fish meal on the

spot in the fishing grounds. When cargo holds are full, they head for market—which may be almost any port in the world.

While such specialized ships provide good business, Japanese builders still keep their main sights on the giants. *Tokyo Maru*'s position as the world's biggest ship won't last long. Mitsubishi is building a 181,000-ton tanker for Norway, and IHI (Ishikawajima-Harima Heavy Industries) is constructing the 205,000-ton *Idemitsu Maru*. Together, the two companies are designing a 276,000-ton tanker. Starting in mid-'68, six of these monsters will ship oil from Nigeria and Kuwait to Europe.

Many spots in the world seaways are too shallow to handle such tonnages. The Suez and Panama canals are too small, of course, and several trouble spots in the English Channel and the North Sea are foreseen. But this doesn't worry either builders or buyers. Since operating costs are so low, the big tankers can afford to go an extra thousand miles or so to avoid shallow water. If ports can't handle them, they can stand offshore and load or unload with floating pipelines, as *Tokyo Maru* does in Kuwait.

It is axiomatic that vigorous trade leads to interdependence of nations, and that this in turn is a strong force for peace and prosperity. So, the world may one day be grateful to the industrious and imaginative Japanese shipbuilders.



Perchance to Snore

By ABIGAIL VAN BUREN

An American columnist who helps troubled readers of nearly 900 newspapers examines a serious threat to nocturnal togetherness

I HAVE long suspected that more people are sleeping apart because of snoring than are sleeping together for all the other reasons combined. Recently I received a plea for help signed "Snorer's Wife":

Dear Abby,

I woke up at three o'clock this morning, wondering who was mowing our lawn. Another time I dreamed a tugboat was stuck in our bedroom, frantically signalling for help. This has been going on for 15 years. I can't remember the last time I had a good night's sleep. When I threaten to go into another bedroom, my husband says he didn't marry me to sleep alone. I have begged him to see a doctor, or to try remedies I have heard about. But he won't. He says *I* snore. Can you help me?

On a hunch, I published the letter in my column, which is a sort

of supermarket confessional, and asked for readers' comments.

I got more than 150,000 replies! More than 90 per cent said that they had begun sleeping apart the moment another bed became available. I learned that love may be blind, but it's not deaf. One wife wrote:

You asked for a postcard. A postcard? I could write a book! For nine years I have endured the most unbelievable racket. My husband not only snores, he grunts, groans, shouts, whistles and jerks. When I tell him about it later, he denies having made a sound, and accuses *me* of having nightmares.

Here's another letter:

I spent 14 years listening to my husband snore, while I hung on to the side of the bed to keep as far away from him as possible. Herbert is the affectionate type. He

THE READER'S DIGEST

kept reaching for me, and when he found me he'd snuggle up and snore right into my ear. I eventually learned to yield my side of the bed and walk round and get into bed on the other side. But after 10 or 12 round trips per night, believe me, I am a tired woman.

According to one wife, medical science hasn't been of much help:

My husband doesn't just snore. It's a combination of things he does with his nose, throat and teeth. Besides that, he steps on the brakes all night. I finally sent him to an ear, nose and throat specialist with orders to do something—or else. Guess what the doctor told him. "Look, if I knew a cure for snoring, I'd use it myself. I am the world's worst. My wife refuses to go on holiday with me unless we take two rooms—on separate floors!"

I got a lot of letters from doctors. Women, they said, snore too. But, according to my survey, men out-snore the ladies 60-to-1. And almost every man who wrote to report a snoring wife added; "But you could

never get her to admit it." For some reason, if a woman is accused of snoring she takes it as a personal insult.

Even here, though, there are exceptions, which may explain this reaction from hundreds of women:

My husband snores. So what? I snore, too. And if he can stand my snoring, I can stand his. Besides, I love him, and just hearing him snore makes me sleep better. At least I know where he is all night.

Many anti-snoring devices have been patented. They include garrotte-like neckbands to keep the neck in a stretched position, adhesive coverings to keep the mouth closed, chin straps with pronged attachments to keep the tongue flat. There is a musical-box gadget to be clamped to the pyjama jacket: the moment the sleeper turns on to his back—the favoured snoring position—a low, soothing voice murmurs, "Turn over, darling." One woman said it worked fine—for a while. Now she has returned to the more direct approach, and yells, "Dammit, Harry, shut up!"

Perhaps not in our time, but one day surely there will be a "cure" for snoring. Until it comes, take comfort from this letter:

Dear Abby,

About snoring: That was my complaint three years ago, but I got over it when I read something in your column. It was, "Snoring is the sweetest music this side of heaven. Ask any widow."



Helen Hayes, the famous actress, presents a loving portrait of her playwright husband

“CHARLIE”

BY HELEN HAYES
WITH LEWIS FUNKE



*'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
That Charlie came to our town,
The young Chevalier.*

—Scottish Song

WHEN HE strolled into town at the peak of the roaring '20's, Charlie MacArthur was almost immediately adopted by New York's wits and hunted by the town's Dianas. This young chevalier had come well armed for conquest. He had wit, a dark, sloe-eyed kind of beauty, and he wove Homeric tales about the two great wars of the time, the First World War and the war in Chicago's gangland. Not only had he fought his way through every major engagement in which the American doughboys participated, but he had been a Chicago newspaper reporter. He was elusive and bore himself with a bland indifference. The crowning glory of my life was that somehow I saw below the surface to the real Charlie and recognized him for my true love.

The first time I met Charlie was at a late-afternoon studio party

given by the illustrator Neysa McMein. Although I was already a star in the theatre, I was leading a most secluded life for an actress. I hardly knew a soul at the party. I sat in a corner going through the usual pantomime of listening and cocking my head at what was being said.

And then a beautiful young man came up to me with a bag of peanuts in his hand and said, "Want a peanut?" I was startled, but answered, "Yes, thank you." He poured several peanuts into my hand, smiled at me and said, "I wish they were emeralds."

Years later, to my regret, I told this story to an interviewer in Hollywood. It was repeated over and over again until it nearly drove Charlie out of his mind. And so, when he came home one year from a long trip abroad, he did bring me a bag of emeralds. And he said, "I wish they were peanuts."

When I met Charlie, I was living in a three-room apartment with my mother and a friend. Charlie and I spent much of our courtship looking for places where we could be alone. We spent a great deal of time riding on ferries and trains and taking long walks along the Hudson. Charlie had grown up in Nyack, New York, on the bank of that river, when his father was a minister there, and he loved the town.

We had a rather long courtship. Also, it was a troubled one. Someone said that the community always tries its best to pull lovers

apart before, and keep them together after, marriage. In our case, the sides were sharply drawn between my protectors, who feared that I would be run over and squashed, and Charlie's admirers, who thought he would be bored to death. It took all of Charlie's wisdom to pilot us through their nonsensical interference.

I had scored a great success in *Coquette*, and Charlie made up his mind that he wasn't going to marry me until he had a triumph equal to mine. So the 1928 opening of *The Front Page*, which he and Ben Hecht had written, was the most important of my life. I went to the première in a state of terrible tension and sat alone up in the balcony near a fire exit. I wanted to be able to get out fast after each act in order to report to Charlie and Ben, who had elected to sit out on the fire-escape.

The curtain went up, and it wasn't long before the audience began warming to that rowdy play about the gentlemen of the Press. At the end of the act, I raced out. The heroes of the night were huddled on the iron steps, all pinched and white in the half-light. Reaching Charlie's arms in two bounds, I babbled wildly about the audience's reaction—Charlie Chaplin in stitches, Heywood Broun slapping his knees and roaring, Alexander Woollcott puffing up like a blowfish, "and you should have seen—" Charlie silenced me by holding me tight against his chest. Then he pushed

me off and said, "Helen, will you marry me?" And I said, "You took the words right out of my mouth."

During all the years of our marriage, Charlie was a gallant lover. He knew how to lift a woman's heart. In the Second World War he served as assistant to the Chief of Chemical Warfare Service. Shortly after D-Day I was looking out of the window of our house in Nyack when suddenly I saw him coming up the path. My excitement, indescribable, was increased by something at once ludicrous and marvelously romantic. There Charlie was, in full uniform, battle ribbons across his chest, silver lieutenant-colonel's oak leaves on his shoulders—carrying a somewhat beat-up rose in his hand. He had plucked that rose in a garden in Normandy and kept it in a container of water all the way home on the plane!

His letters were ardent. I think this one, written in Washington in 1943, speaks for itself:

Angel,

It's 5.30 a.m., and I've given up the idea of sleep, so I might as well be writing you a letter. I've been remembering so many things, from our buggy ride to Fraunces Tavern on down the years—all my boobish love antics return to entertain me. I run upstairs in East 40th Street with you in my arms (I believe I could do it still without getting too much out of breath) . . . The first time I ever kissed you in a cab, and how you lied ever after when you said you

didn't lean towards me first. And sitting up with you in Childs restaurant and the swing at Syosset and the open fire at Otto Kahn's.

And the Victrola I bought you for your birthday and the way your stomach felt at the Santa Barbara Biltmore when the embryo Mary was only a few weeks old, and how I rubbed your stomach later with cocoa butter and got my face slapped for further familiarities. The bed at 15 Park we were never going to sell. And my horror the first time I went back and saw you in a bustle after a performance of Victoria . . .

Don't worry about me, I hope I always have this particular form of insomnia. Thank you for a very pleasant night, my dearest, only love.

All this is so little of my happiness,

Charlie

He understood human beings. Old friends—F. Scott Fitzgerald was one, and Robert Benchley another—would come to see Charlie in troubled moments. These friends knew that Charlie was never going to be righteous with them. They could talk and unburden themselves without hurt or embarrassment.

I do not mean to imply that Charlie was a saint. He wasn't. He was full of mischief and laughter, and there are those who can still spend nights on end regaling listeners with stories of their adventures with him. It is also true that from time to time he had a few more drinks than were good for him. I witnessed one

THE READER'S DIGEST

bout that continues to astound me whenever I recall it. John Barrymore came visiting, and the two of them downed goodness knows how much Scotch. They polished off a great deal of wine at dinner, and after dinner they were at it again, finishing every bottle in the house I just watched in awe.

At one point I was dispatched to Charlie's study to get a copy of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*, which contains a poem Charlie wanted John to read to him. John put on a pair of steel-rimmed glasses—I hadn't seen anyone for years wearing those things. He turned the pages until he came to "Song of the Open Road." Awash in alcohol, he started. He read with such beauty, with never a hesitation over a word or an emphasis. It was like a concert. Charlie revelled in it—and I did, too.

Sometime the next afternoon Charlie and Jack wobbled down to our swimming pool for a cold, cold dip; but the water seemed tepid to them. So Charlie called the local ice company and ordered its entire supply, two truck-loads of ice. The trucks were backed up to the pool, and out shot the great blocks. Jack, lolling on his ice floe, was most appreciative and said he felt like a fly in a highball.

Charlie always had a clear picture of himself and his place in the world. "He was born," Ben Hecht

said, "without the illusion of permanence." As for Charlie's success in the theatre, he was constantly aware of how fleeting it could be. Even when I first met him—when he was on the way up, and people like H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan had great regard for his potential—he was preparing himself for the way down.

When Charlie's productive force slackened, there was much that he still wanted to say, yet somehow he was unable to say it in a manner that pleased him. I was miserable for him because I knew how troubled he was. One night, especially blue, he disappeared into his room and I was alone with F. Scott Fitzgerald, who had come on a visit. I talked with Scott, a man who knew his own despairs, his own loss of productive force. He said something I never forgot and which consoled me: "There are some people who have to *do* in order to make their mark. They have to perform, to contribute. And there are some people who only have to *be*. Charlie is one who just has to *be*."

As Ben Hecht said in a eulogy after Charlie died in 1956, "He seemed never interested in attracting anyone, yet people scampered towards him as if pulled by a magnet. Alexander Woollcott, who loved him, once said, 'What a perfect world this would be if it were peopled by MacArthurs!'"

When you give honest advice, have one foot out of the door. —A. H. G.

WOODLAND WONDERWORLD

BY JACK DENTON SCOTT

*A miniature safari into Nature's theatre
of life-and-death dramas*



Ruffed Grouse

IN THE SANDY strip at the edge of the woods were ten little disk-shaped depressions that looked like traps. As I watched, a creature came from the forest, started to cross the open area and tumbled into one of the cavities. There it struggled frantically, fighting for its life, as

large jaws reached up through the sand and dragged it beneath the surface. All that remained was a slight pulsation in the depression in the ground.

Thirty feet from where I sat motionless behind a bush, another animal stalked in the woods. It moved

slowly at first; then, in a wink-quick motion, it leaped, screaming, into grass whence I could hear the violent scuffling of animals locked in a death struggle. Walking softly, I came upon a scene of horror: the stalker was eating his prey alive!

This was not the African jungle; it was a small woodland of perhaps five acres. Such woodlands are places of perpetual theatre, of endless life-and-death drama, with changes of actors and action as day folds into dusk. Violence does not always dominate. There are peaceful night-time visitors that frolic in the moonlight; there are tender examples of parental care and devotion.

The price of admission to this woodland world, however, is high: patience, silence, the ability to sit quietly for hours. Still, the reward is complete fascination.

The activities of strange creatures such as the grey ant lions that dig their sandy death traps everywhere from the Sahara to the savannas of Georgia put you in awe of the wondrous, sometimes chilling ways of nature. The creature I saw trapped was a carpenter ant, about the same size as the ant lion. I have also seen a gipsy-moth caterpillar, six times the size of its creepy conqueror, caught in the same trap.

I was once lucky enough to see one of these two-inch, funnel-shape traps under construction. Its spider-like builder had a humped back, was perhaps a third of an inch long.

His small head held two jutting, swordlike jaws. Moving backwards, he kept throwing his head up, flinging sand into the air. Backing into the sand until he was nearly hidden, the ant lion continued to hurl out the sand. Working inward, in a spiral, he reached its centre. The result was a pit with sloping sides in which he quickly buried himself with only his jaws exposed, and waited.

Because the sloping pit is so cleverly constructed, the sands shift when anything falls into the cavity.

Ant Lion



The carpenter ant that I saw almost escaped despite the treacherous footing. When the ant lion sensed this, he started a sandstorm, thereby pushing his prey back to the bottom. Then he struck with his twin swords, injecting the victim with a poison that killed swiftly.

The second assassin, a four-inch, short-tailed shrew, also used poison to paralyse his prey. One of the fiercest mammals on earth, this tiny terror poisons with a slash of his teeth. A toxin from his salivary glands slows the breathing and heartbeat of his victim. The shrew

then eats it alive. Resembling a mouse with half a tail, this slight creature has enough poison stored in his glands to paralyse 200 field mice. In his quest for meat (he eats more than his own weight every day) he has been known to kill animals four times his size. Shrews are flame-fast, and you must be alert to catch a glimpse of them.

A MEADOW borders my woodland; many animals feed there, using the thick woods as an escape hatch. Late one afternoon, I saw a fox hunting. She was a strange fox, grey, not red, and about every 100 feet she pounced like a cat. She was catching field mice, bolting them whole. Finished hunting, the vixen passed within 200 feet of me, walking daintily as a debutante. I followed noiselessly. Half an hour later, she stopped, at a cave beneath a giant, storm-felled pine. Waiting there were three tiny, velvet-grey cubs. The vixen calmly regurgitated the results of her meadow hunt—four mice. She hadn't eaten a thing; she had saved everything for her babies by means of her unusual storage system.

After the youngsters had gobbled their supper, I carelessly shifted position. They all heard, ears twitching and moving like radar scanners. In seconds, the cubs had vanished into the cave while their mother nervously darted her head, searching for the sound. As I stepped out of tree shadow, she fled. I followed, accelerating my pace as she gained

speed. I was just in time to see her do an incredible thing: climb a tree. Seconds later I would have lost her, for one never looks in trees for foxes. I watched her hug the trunk with her forelegs, forcing herself upward with her hind legs. High in the oak, she balanced on a limb like a trapeze artist.

ONE SPRING I heard a strange sound in my woodland—a resonant thrumming as if a drummer were marching through the woods. Stealing towards its source, I came upon a gorgeous ruffed grouse sending out thump after deep thump in perfect rhythm. He whirred his wings in short, strong strokes, thus creating air vibrations that caused the tom-tom beat. Then he would stop, shake himself, fluff his feathers. The concert was resumed every five minutes for more than half an hour.

Two months later, I saw the result of that lusty love call. A female

Shrew



grouse came tripping into the woodland theatre followed by eight fluffy, brown-and-black chicks. I must have moved, for when they were within 30 feet of me, the mother clucked like a barnyard hen, sending the chicks scattering into the undergrowth. Now she played the role of a superb actress—a crippled bird with a broken wing, fluttering and dragging helplessly in a direction away from her brood. When she had decoyed me some 300 yards, she whirled, ran five feet, then took off, flying through the trees as swiftly as a swallow.

ON A sun-bright summer afternoon, I sat watching a copse of oaks. A crow's caw dropping through the clear air from on high was the only sound to break in on the concerted shrilling of cicadas. Only the male cicada can sing, and these males were in full voice.

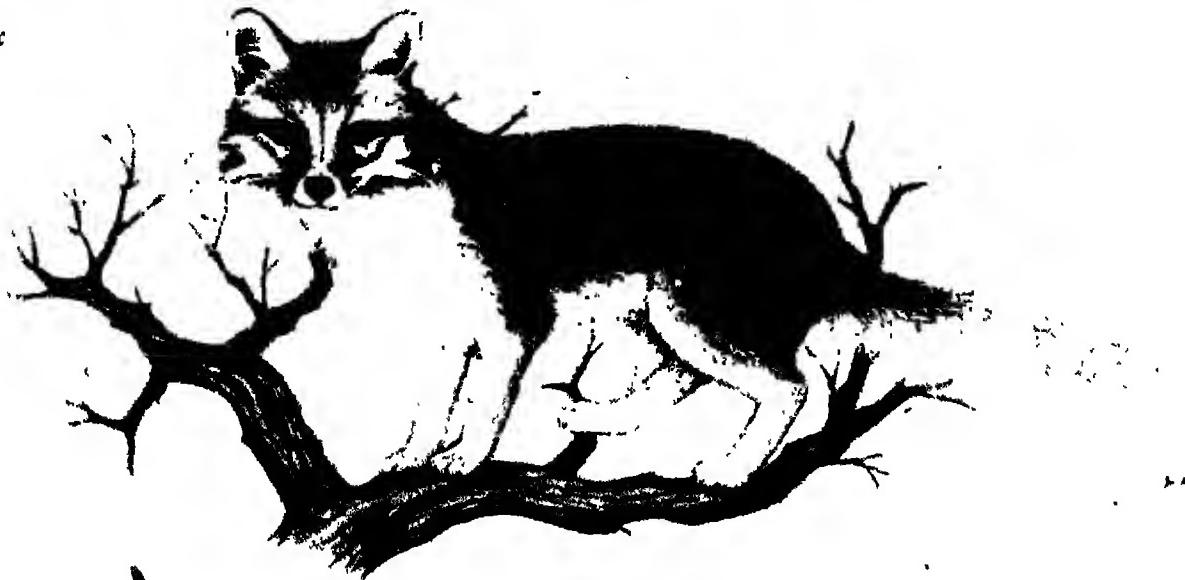
I looked for a cicada through the

binoculars which I always carry with me to study our insect population. On earth 250 million years against man's mere million, the versatile, weird, ruthless, industrious and beautiful insects, whose species make up more than half of all living creatures, can supply endless entertainment.

I spotted a cicada on the trunk of a birch, looking like a big fly, wings iridescent, body touched with brilliant red and green. He was twitching slightly as he sang by vibrating two plates at the base of his abdomen. It was to be his last song.

Darting in like a jet fighter, a large wasp, known as the giant cicada-killer, attacked swiftly. The two fought furiously. They writhed on the tree trunk, falling to the ground, the killer on top. Jabbing with her sting (it is the female that does the killing), the wasp was using venom to immobilize the cicada. As the struggling stopped, I watched

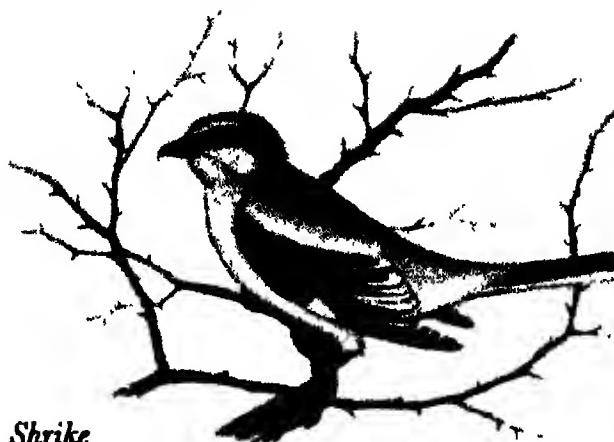
Fox



her grab her prey with four feet and take off, looking like a helicopter lugging a crate of about the same size. She was on her way to her underground nest. When she has collected enough victims she proceeds to lay her eggs on top of them, so that her young will have sufficient food during their larval period. No villain, she gives all to her offspring.

THE WOODLAND does have a true villain—the deadly shrike, which many naturalists call the “butcher-bird.” I spotted him one day, poised to kill on the branch of a young hickory. Not much larger than the songbirds upon which he preys, he was dressed in sombre hues of grey, a doom-black stripe down the side of his face.

The attack of a shrike, unlike the swift, efficient “stoop” of the hawk, is a bloody business. Not having the talons of most birds of prey, he uses his powerful, hooked beak as his principal killing weapon. That day he chose a goldfinch for victim, streaking after it, screaming. The chase was a bloodchiller, the little finch flashing like a flung gold coin. The shrike beat it to earth with wings and beak, tearing at its head. Then, picking up the shattered



Shrike

body, he carried it to a barbed-wire fence near the edge of the woods. There he impaled it on a barb, removed the head and flew off searching for another victim.

NEXT night, as I stood in the moonlight, I witnessed a performance that erased the unpleasantness of the shrike drama: I saw skunks dancing. There were seven of them, probably a family, and they formed a circle in the forest glade. They moved in rhythmic jumps, until they were nose-to-nose. Then, with tails waving like fan dancers' plumes, they hopped backwards to the circle's edge, then shuffle-jumped forward again. Observers have been unable to read anything into this dance except good nature and social playfulness. I'm happy with that definition.

Nothing to It

WHEN NOVELIST Robert Carson had an ulcer his doctor told him, “The only thing I’m going to prescribe for you is exercise—a little skipping. Like skip smoking, skip drinking, skip rich foods.”

—Bill Kennedy

Turning Point in Vietnam?

Will the decision to bomb North Vietnam's oil lifeline persuade Hanoi to end its armed infiltration of the South?

IT WAS siesta time in Vietnam's humid cities as the droop-nosed F-4 Phantom jets catapulted off the U.S.S. *Ranger*'s dipping flight deck. Next into the crystalline sky burst four flights of A-4 Skyhawks. Then the mission, 46 planes strong, streaked low across the Gulf of Tonkin towards the craggy, familiar coastline of North Vietnam—and a target never before attacked by American pilots.

The strike area was two miles north-west of Haiphong, North Vietnam's biggest port and second-largest city. The leading Phantoms bombed and rocketed the formidable concentration of radar-directed anti-aircraft batteries ringing the port's walled oil-storage facilities. Then Skyhawk attack bombers swooped in.

Within eight minutes they

dropped 19 tons of bombs and five-inch Zuni rockets on North Vietnam's principal oil-storage complex, its only pipeline for off-loading tankers, and three piers through which 95 per cent of its fuel supplies were funnelled. Within seconds a wall of red flame leaped 3,000 feet, followed by a coiling pillar of oily black smoke that rose five miles and was visible 150 miles offshore.

As the Navy craft headed back to the carrier, some 70 U.S. Air Force jets from bases in Thailand rained 72 tons of bombs in 25 minutes on North Vietnam's second-biggest petroleum depot, three and a half miles north-east of Hanoi, and A-4's from the U.S.S. *Constellation* blasted a smaller fuel-tank area at Do Son.

Thus, more than a year after U.S. commanders in the field first urged

Condensed from Time

TURNING POINT IN VIETNAM?

bombing raids on the North's vital industrial targets, the United States, in June, finally attacked the hitherto sacrosanct Hanoi-Haiphong complex, destroying an estimated 65 to 75 per cent of the two facilities. In this triumph of tactical planning and destructive efficiency, at least 50 per cent of North Vietnam's POL (for petroleum, oil, lubricants) supplies went up in smoke. The loss will make incalculably more difficult the flow of troops and supplies for the communists' ever more desperate war in South Vietnam.

Late-Night Talks. In Washington, it was past 3 a.m. as the last U.S. plane headed home! In the White House, a bedside lamp glowed as President Johnson talked in a low voice with the situation room in the west wing basement and with the National Military Command Centre in the Pentagon. By instantaneous teleprinter circuit with the Far East, military duty officers were checking in the returning jets, one by one. Planners had feared that a dozen or more planes might be shot down.

The *Ranger* mission was the first to touch down, and relief showed on Lyndon Johnson's face as he got the news: all planes were back safely. The score from Thailand clattered in: one plane was missing.

That morning at 9.30, Secretary of Defence Robert McNamara strode into the Pentagon's conference room to brief newsmen. Flanked by maps and aerial photographs, he rattled off the detailed

results of the raids and the reasons for them. The attacks, he said, should in time impose "a lower ceiling on the number of men that can be supported in the South." The North Vietnamese would not find it easy to replace the wrecked facilities, he pointed out, since "they have only a limited rebuilding capability"; the repairs called for "stocks and materials—large steel plates, for example—which are in very, very short supply in North Vietnam."

In 16 months of sustained air offensive against the North before the POL raids, the United States had accomplished three major objectives: (1) bolstered South Vietnamese morale; (2) "substantially" increased the cost of infiltration for the communists, forcing them to divert an estimated 200,000 workers to road-repair gangs; (3) demonstrated to the aggressors that "as long as they continued their attempts to subvert and destroy the political institutions of the South, they would pay a high price not only in the South but in the North."

None the less, reported McNamara, round-the-clock surveillance of the Ho Chi Minh trail had not checked the relentlessly increasing infiltration from the North. The communists had feverishly built and camouflaged new roads to the South, stepped up their movements 150 per cent, and made increasing use of motorized barges to haul war supplies down the country's maze of inland waterways. During the

first five months of this year, south-bound enemy lorry traffic was double that of the same 1965 period, while delivery of Red supplies south of the 17th parallel jumped 150 per cent and of troops 120 per cent, to an estimated 4,500 men a month. The Reds, warned the Defence Secretary, were shifting "from a small-arms guerrilla action against South Vietnam to a quasi-conventional military action."

Lorry and barge convoys obviously cannot move without oil—which North Vietnam does not produce or even refine, depending wholly on imports, mostly from Russia. Since January, these imports had soared by 60 per cent, and Hanoi began dispersing and burying its vulnerable storage tanks. Given the fact that the United States had long been hitting every means of transport from lorry to barge in the North, the decision to bomb the major sources of fuel on which they depend was a compelling, consistent progression.

Why did the President spare Ho Chi Minh's biggest oil pool for so long? Plans for POL strikes in the Hanoi-Haiphong area had been actively advanced ever since Lyndon Johnson's Christmas pause in the air war proved that Hanoi was interested not in the conference table but in conquest. McNamara himself was sceptical for a time, fearing that the raids might prove excessively costly in U.S. aircraft losses.

But, as American combat deaths

were up to almost 400 a month, no responsible commander could overlook the enemy's logistical base indefinitely. Accordingly, at a news conference on June 18, the President clearly signalled his intentions. "We must continue to raise the cost of aggression at its source," he said.

Careful Plans. Seldom has a military operation been more meticulously prepared. It was fitted into a time when no Russian tankers would be at Haiphong's off-loading facilities. Allied governments with troops in Vietnam were consulted, other allies advised. Above all, immense pains were taken to avoid civilian casualties.

The Pentagon insisted on perfect visibility as an essential safeguard against accidental bombing of residential areas. Pilots, hand-picked for their bombing prowess and knowledge of the terrain, studied hundreds of photographs and maps of the area—and were sternly warned to cancel their bombing runs if they had any doubts about hitting the assigned target.

Though the administration had dire misgivings in advance about world reaction, most foreign comment was either fairly mild or else routinely violent, as if the tirades had been ready waiting for weeks in expectation of the raids. The South-East Asia Treaty Organization, except for Britain and France, was virtually solid in its support of the United States. "Only those on the

side of the aggressors are against this move," said Thailand's Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman. "The sinews of war must be destroyed." Added Philippine Foreign Affairs Secretary Narciso Ramos: "About time!"

Sheets of Shrapnel. The North Vietnamese had assembled around Haiphong and Hanoi a lethal concentration of anti-aircraft guns and missiles. Haiphong's complex was guarded by 56 multi-calibre anti-aircraft guns and seven surface-to-air missile sites. Hanoi's installation bristled with more than 90 ack-ack guns, countless massed machine-guns and nearly a score of missile sites. Weaving in from different headings and altitudes, the attacking jets approached at medium height, climbed abruptly, then dive-bombed their targets, plunging through sheets of bullets and shrapnel.

Reconnaissance photographs showed all bomb hits in the target areas. By one U.S. official's estimate, the only North Vietnamese in the capital who could have been killed were those few employed in the storage area—possibly ten. (By contrast, the Vietcong and North Vietnam regulars killed 10,000 South Vietnamese civilians in 1965 alone.)

North Vietnam, with a primitive, resilient economy, can probably meet its bare needs with whatever petroleum replenishments it can dribble in through minor ports and air-harassed rail and road routes

from Red China. As for its war effort below the 17th parallel, Vietcong and Northern regulars were in many cases beginning to lack supplies even before the oil-storage raids.

Following the raids, it did not appear that Russia or Red China would do much to escalate a largely verbal commitment to the war. Experts believed that Russia would probably supply North Vietnam with more anti-aircraft equipment, but the Russians did not seem eager to send in "volunteers." Communist China went curiously out of its way to knock down fears that the escalation in Vietnam could lead to an extension of the war. In a Chinese news-agency dispatch, Peking denounced what it called the Soviet "nonsense that the U.S. expansion of the aggressive war against Vietnam is fraught with the danger of an atomic war."

The Russians, the statement explained, have "tried to alarm people with such sensational talk" in order to persuade the Vietnamese to give up their "struggle against U.S. imperialism." Plagued by internal difficulties, militarily no match for U.S. power, and with its embryo nuclear installations highly vulnerable to U.S. retaliation, Red China, in the view of most knowledgeable people, can only exhort Hanoi to keep fighting.

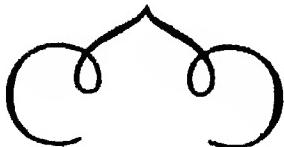
That, in all likelihood, is North Vietnam's only course of action. From all indications, Hanoi has

THE READER'S DIGEST

come to the conclusion that its trump card will be the U.S. public's increasing disenchantment with the war. "American polls, as well as many of the politicians in Congress," notes one Hanoi-watcher, "give North Vietnam some rational reason for banking on a lack of U.S. determination." Thus, ironically, the major test of the war may not be in Indo-China but in the United States itself.

To dispel any illusions about the American will, President Johnson delivered a resolute restatement of the U.S. commitment and intent the

day after the raids. Once again he pleaded that if North Vietnam's leaders "will only let me know when and where they would like to ask us directly what can be done to bring peace to South Vietnam, I will have my closest and most trusted associates there in a matter of hours." Until then, U.S. air strikes on the North "will continue to impose a growing burden and a high price on those who wage war against the freedom of their neighbours." Vowed Johnson: "We will see this through; we shall persist; we shall succeed."



Pardon, Your Slip Is Showing

"THE dance was the climax of a week-end jammed with parties for the debt set before the onset of school."

—From the *Cleveland Press*

"THE incumbent mayor exhumed confidence before the polls closed."

—From *Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph*

"A PARTY of young people followed the bride and groom, hoping to surprise them in the hotel lobby. When they arrived the newlyweds had already gone up to their doom."

—From the *San Diego Tribune*

* * *

Finishing Touch

WHILE Lord Alexander of Hillsborough was Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty during the war the WRNS won a battle for silk stockings to become part of their uniform.

Someone protested to Alexander about this and asked how he could justify such extravagance in wartime. "Well," he said, "the Wrens like the feel of them and so do my sailors."

—"Peterborough" in *The Daily Telegraph*, London

If I Had My Time Over Again

By DON HEROLD

OF COURSE, you can't unfry an egg, but there is no law against thinking about it.

If I had my life to live again, I would try to make more mistakes. I would relax. I would be sillier than I have been on this trip. I know of very few things that I would take seriously.

I would be less hygienic. I would travel more. I would climb more mountains and swim more rivers. I would eat more ice-cream and less cabbage.

I would have more real troubles and fewer imaginary troubles.

You see, I have been one of those fellows who live prudently and sanely, hour after hour, day after day. Oh, I have had my moments. But if I had my life over again, I would have more of them—a lot more. I never go anywhere without a thermometer, a gargle, a raincoat and a parachute. If I had my time again, I would travel lighter.

It may be too late to unteach an old dog old tricks, but perhaps a word from the unwise may be of benefit to a coming generation. It

may help them to fall into some of the pitfalls I have avoided.

If I had my life to live again, I would pay less attention to people who teach tension. In a world of specialization we naturally have a superabundance of individuals who shout at us to be serious about their individual speciality. They tell us we *must* learn Latin or History; otherwise we will be disgraced and ruined. After a dozen or so of these protagonists have worked on a young mind, they are apt to leave it in hard knots for life. I wish they had sold me Latin and History as a joke.

I would seek out more teachers who inspire relaxation and fun. I had a few of them, fortunately, and I believe it was they who kept me from going entirely to the dogs. From them I learned how to gather what few straggly daisies I have found along life's stony pathway.

If I had my life to live again, I would start barefooted a little earlier in the spring and stay like that a little later in the autumn. I would play truant more often. I would

THE READER'S DIGEST

throw more paper darts at my teachers. I would have more dogs. I would keep later hours. I'd have more girl friends.

I would fish more. I would go to more circuses. I would go to more dances. I would ride on more merry-go-rounds. I would be carefree for as long as I could, or at least until I got some care—instead of having my cares in advance.

More errors are made solemnly than in fun. The difficulties of family life occur in moments of intense seriousness rather than in moments of light-heartedness. If nations—to magnify my point—declared international carnivals instead of international war, how much better that would be!

G. K. Chesterton once said, "A characteristic of the great saints is their power of levity. Angels can fly because they can take themselves lightly. One 'settles down' into a sort of selfish seriousness; but one has to rise to a gay self-forgetfulness. A man falls into a 'brown study'; he reaches up at a blue sky."

In a world in which practically everybody else seems to be consecrated to the gravity of the situation, I would rise to glorify its levity. For I agree with Will Durant that "gaiety is wiser than wisdom."

I doubt, however, whether I'll do much damage with my creed. The opposition is too strong. Too many serious people are trying to make everybody else too darned serious.



On Active Service

IN SAIGON they tell the story of the 20,000-dollar prize Texan bull sent under the U.S. aid programme to improve the breed of Vietnamese cattle. He was put in a field with local cows, but displayed no interest at all. After hasty consultations, the bull's Texan breeder was flown out to Saigon by courtesy of the U.S. Air Force. He walked up to the bull and held what appeared to be a whispered conversation with him. The beast promptly began making vigorous approaches to the cows. Afterwards, U.S. and Vietnamese officials asked what had happened. "Well," drawled the Texan, "I was able to clear up a misunderstanding. He thought he was over here purely as an adviser."

—*New Statesman*

* * *

Fire Drill

THE FIRE had been extinguished, and the firemen were pulling in their hoses and putting away the equipment. I overheard a mother telling her little boy, "See, Joey, when the firemen have finished, they put all their toys away."

—Naomi Nathan

The need for brotherly compassion is one of the enduring needs of human society. Seldom has its lack been felt more acutely than today

Is There a Samaritan in the Neighbourhood?

BY LEONARD GROSS

A MAN STABBED 28-year-old Catherine Genovese as she was returning home from work in New York City. Although she repeatedly called to her neighbours for help, and although at least 38 of them heard her, none helped, and she died.

The story stunned all Americans. Newspapers the country over produced local versions. In Santa Clara, California, several motorists saw a taxi driver being robbed, but none even summoned police. In San Pedro, California, other motorists drove past two policemen struggling to prevent a man from jumping off a 185-foot-high bridge. "We were hanging on for dear life and trying to get someone to stop. But they all

drove past as if they didn't want to be bothered or get involved," one of the officers reported later.

Back in New York City, a Broadway crowd stood by while eight men kicked and trampled two; a Bronx crowd would not rescue a naked girl from a rapist's attack, and bystanders fled from a 19-year-old university student who had just been stabbed by one of a gang of toughs. His statement to the *New York Times* is unforgettable: "I put my hand down and saw blood. I went over to a car that had stopped to watch. 'Please help me to a hospital,' I said. 'They wound up their windows and drove away. I went to another car and asked for help, but they did the same thing, drove

Condensed from Look

away. Then I went to a lorry and asked the driver for help. He pulled past me and drove away and left me there. Nobody on the street helped me."

Who cares? Seldom in American history has such a question seemed so necessary. Obviously, millions of Americans do care—witness the swollen ranks of volunteer charity workers, the numerous civilian heroes. Many cities report excellent citizen co-operation. Even in New York, where a single telephone call might have saved Catherine Genovese, there were 436,149 cases in one year in which one or more people did summon help.

But some Americans do not care—not, at least, enough to act. Many explanations are being offered for their failure to respond. None very pleasant. One is that Americans fear the costs of involvement. Getting involved means being a witness. You lose time, even popularity. A man in a building close to the one in which the young girl from the Bronx was raped railed at reporters for calling attention to the story. It was bad for business, he said: now women wouldn't come to his office any more.

In New Orleans, Mabel Simmons saw a woman lying unconscious on a pavement. Mrs. Simmons went into a shop to call the police. When they asked for the address, she asked the shop-keeper—but he refused to give it to her. He didn't want the shop to be connected with a police

incident. In disgust she put down the phone, found the address herself and phoned it in.

Fear of involvement is sometimes the fear of hurting someone. More often it is the fear of getting hurt. Thus, Americans are sometimes loath to testify at trials or serve on juries. Judge Nathan Cohen of Chicago's Criminal Court excused more than 200 people before he could complete a jury to hear a recent case involving organized crime. Male prospects asking to be released spoke in low voices, fidgeted and refused to look the judge in the eye. The case was finally heard by an all-woman jury.

Authorities blame cumbersome legal processes and a tendency to "understand" rather than punish confessed criminals, as causes of citizen reluctance. Despairing of getting satisfaction, people simply do not press charges. Meanwhile, whatever the causes, there is a decisive feeling of estrangement between the public and law-enforcement agencies.

Aaron Kohn, managing director of the Metropolitan Crime Commission of New Orleans, Inc., speaks with dismay about the "metropolitan complex," which enables the citizen to rationalize away some of his obligations to society.

Dr. Joel Elkes, psychiatrist-in-chief at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, blames in part the synthetic quality of contemporary experience, "when staring at

television replaces talk with a neighbour; or the gramophone, community singing in the church." So much do people simulate, says Dr. Elkes, that when a real, live situation impels action, they are out of the habit. In Las Vegas some time ago, a man was shot while sitting in his car in a residential neighbourhood. Many people ran to their doors and peered into the darkness, but none ventured outside to investigate. Several explained later they had been watching a television programme and wanted to see the end of it.

A frequently mentioned source of non-involvement is what the technicians call "a breakdown in primary groups"—groups united by culture, language, religion or common purpose. One American in five moves every year—the small-town resident to the city in search of opportunity, the city dweller to the suburbs in search of peace. In his new environment he feels no identity, sinks no roots, has no stake. Strangeness frightens him; to eliminate risks he stays in line, he conforms. His world is now so complex that "the only way to survive is to cut a lot of it out," says Dr. Alfred Kahn, professor of social work at Columbia University.

The problem appears to be greatest in cities where a sense of community is lowest. California offers a striking example. San Francisco is noted for community pride. Police Chief Thomas Cahill speaks glowingly of the co-operation he receives

from the public. If an assault of the Catherine Genovese type occurred in San Francisco? "We'd get 50 calls in five minutes." In contrast, Oakland, just across the Bay, is an unobtrusive city, with many migrants and little civic verve. Its police chief, E. M. Toothman, lists ten recent cases of public refusal to become involved—including one in which six people failed to help a 63-year-old man who was being fatally beaten up.

The relationship of an aroused, unified neighbourhood to individual safety shows clearly in Hyde Park on Chicago's South Side. Once a secure, middle-class area dominated by the beautiful University of Chicago campus, Hyde Park by 1952 had experienced an alarming rise in crimes. Then one incident—the abduction and disrobing of a woman—aroused the neighbourhood. Hyde Park's residents planned a clean-up. Slums were razed, new housing and a shopping centre built. A gospel of co-operation was preached.

Today, a cry for help brings instant action. Responding to a scream one evening, Philip Hauser rushed from his house to find a number of his neighbours, brandishing baseball bats, pokers and other makeshift weapons, chasing a would-be bag snatcher down the street. Such community response has helped to cut the crime rate nearly 50 per cent since 1953.

What is needed is community

The Good Samaritan

And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way : and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was : and when he saw him, he had compassion on him,

And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?

And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

—Luke 10:30-37

feeling—when inhabitants have a central feeling of belonging, states *Mental Health in the Metropolis*, the work of several prominent scholars. But, since the tendency is away from the kind of life in which community feelings can flourish, more reliance must be placed on the individual's will to act.

"The self-image is what propels one—if one has it," says Dr. Elkes. One gets it from the expected sources—father and mother, primarily; teacher and preacher as well.

If that self-image is strong enough, it makes you confront events you would rather avoid. You call the police. You stop and give aid. At times, you even take risks.

The question of individual responsibility, of willingness to take risks, goes back to some pretty old-fashioned fundamentals in human relationships, including self-respect. In the end, the man who responds is the man who feels something for others. If a child is loved, he can take the risk of loving—or helping—others in turn. The man on the sidelines may well be one who was never given a sense of his own worth. Such a man cannot appreciate the worth of others. When others are in trouble, he will not respond.

Because a man on shore does not rush into the water to save another man from drowning, it does not

IS THERE A SAMARITAN IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD?

necessarily mean that he is apathetic. It may simply mean that he can't swim.

But if he *can* swim, and does not, then he sentences himself to the self-punishment endured by the haunted narrator in Albert Camus's *The Fall*. An established French lawyer, he has his world totally under control until he hears a drowning woman's cry one night, and turns away. Years later, ruined, he

winds up talking to himself in an Amsterdam bar: "... tell me what happened to you one night on the quays of the Seine, and how you managed never to risk your life. You yourself utter the words that for years have never ceased echoing through my nights:

'O young woman, throw yourself into the water again, so that I may a second time have the chance of saving both of us!'



Measure for Measure

DOES THE fruit belong to the owner of the land on which the tree grows or to the neighbour on whose land the fruit falls? This age-old question was resolved neatly by my friend. As he collected the nuts which had fallen on his drive from the tree next door, his neighbour arrived and said that he had intended gathering the nuts himself.

"That's fine," agreed my friend. Then he added, "And don't forget to pick up the leaves, too."

—K. N.

A GOLF CLUB in Florida issued a formal warning that dogs caught on the course would be captured and held for the authorities to take away. A dog-owning resident of a house facing a fairway responded with a letter to the club, giving notice that any golfers caught searching for lost balls in his garden would be bound to the garage, and the police notified of their trespassing. Furthermore, the writer warned, if a golfer should bite his gardener during the struggle, the trespasser would be confined for five days, awaiting the results of a rabies test.

—T. T.

* * *

Two's Company . . .

MILLIONAIRE Nubar Gulbenkian once commented: "The best number for a dinner party is two—myself and a damn good head waiter."

—*The Observer*, London

Automation: Servant or Master?

BY LESTER VELIE

Millions would lose their jobs, warned the prophets of disaster, when automation was born.

But the biggest scare of our time seems to have turned into the biggest boom

THROUGHOUT the world the arrival of automation, which enables factories to operate virtually without workers, has been observed with amazement and a deep sense of uneasiness. What penalties of widespread unemployment would have to be paid for this electronic wonder?

Nowhere were such fears more profound than in the United States, where automation had its first major application. Yet after ten years in which entire industries have been transformed, American unemployment is at its lowest level since 1958; last year its economy generated nearly 2.5 million new jobs. Today any American who wants employment can get it. So what happened to the millions that automation was supposed to put out of work?

For answers, let's go back to 1948

when the computer was emerging from the laboratory. At that time, one of its fathers—Massachusetts Institute of Technology mathematician Norbert Wiener—foretold a new breed of machines that would steer other machines, and would need neither man's hands nor his brain.

Wiener's book, *Cybernetics*, predicted that the factory worker would go out of style by 1970, that unemployment would top that of the 1930's, and that many industries would be ruined, even those using the new labour-saving machines.

Since few of the new machines had yet appeared, no one paid much attention. But a decade later Professor Wiener's chilling prophecies were resurrected. More than 4.5 million Americans were out of work—almost seven per cent of the labour force. On the horizon were millions

AUTOMATION: SERVANT OR MASTER?

of 18-year-olds, the war babies, who would require some one million new jobs yearly. Yet, if the evidence of one's eyes was to be believed, jobs were being destroyed and workers were being discarded just as Wiener had predicted.

Before long, for instance, an automatic typesetting (linotype) machine would be clacking away by itself in a newspaper composing room with an empty chair in front of it where a linotype operator once sat. A pre-punched tape would replace his hands and brain. In one big bank, an automatic device read 900 cheques a minute, then electronically transmitted the amounts and account numbers to a computer that adjusted the customers' balances. Some 700 book-keepers had been replaced by 90 programmers and maintenance men.

Looking at machines like these, other prophets took up where Professor Wiener had left off. They foresaw countless workers sitting at home wondering what to do with their enforced idleness, and predicted that machines "requiring little co-operation from human beings" would cause "unprecedented economic and social disorder." A historic campaign of fear was on.

And, indeed, in the 1950's, these prophets could point to many examples of human displacement. Yet, something exciting was happening which the automation alarmists failed to see. The new machines and the wealth they were creating

were opening up great new families of jobs. Programmers, systems analysts, nuclear engineers were in demand. Technicians were needed to operate and service the new machines; salesmen were needed to sell them. Altogether, some 6,000 new kinds of jobs and careers were created between 1949 and 1965!

At the same time, office managers couldn't get enough typists. Hospitals were desperately seeking nurses. Schools searched for teachers. Restaurants hunted for chefs, and garages had a crying need for mechanics. Jobs were opening up steadily in the growing service industries.

In dramatic contrast to the dire automation predictions, men who worked with their hands did not become obsolete after all. Today, U.S. factory workers are working overtime because employers cannot get enough of them. And there are one million more factory workers today than in 1963—a nine per cent rise. Jobs are up, too, for others who were supposed to be hard hit: only two per cent of negro married men are unemployed—about the same as white married men. And 16 per cent more teenagers are working today than in 1963.

Linked to the advent of this new technology are three separate but interlocking revolutions in education, in government financial policy and in business management. To meet the need for new skills, America's commitment to education has

THE READER'S DIGEST

become a national crusade. Interest-free government loans aid needy students, new neighbourhood colleges and vocational schools are being built. Employers are spending some 17,000 million dollars (Rs. 12,750 crores) on training their employees in higher skills. A 11,500 million dollar (Rs. 8,625 crores) income-tax cut in 1964, tax credits to businessmen who invested in new equipment, and cuts in excise all helped to spur the economy. In America's executive suites, a new breed of young managers has come to power. Because more of these executives now come from engineering and other technical fields, they invest more in research and innovation. Their 1965 expenditures for expansion were 51,800 million dollars (Rs. 38,850 crores), almost 50 per cent more than in 1961.

From these developments, three happy results have flowed. The economy created enough jobs to offset those lost through automation. It provided work for most of the millions of teenagers coming into the work force. And, for good measure,

it generated enough new opportunities to put unemployed workers back on the payroll.

The lesson is clear. Automation and more efficient production do not cause nationwide unemployment. A faltering economy, a recession or a depression does. When the economy hums, there are jobs for all.

Economists now say that the U.S. economy will grow faster over the next 15 years than at any time in the past half-century. By 1980, it is estimated that only six per cent of all families will have yearly incomes under 3,000 dollars (Rs. 22,500), the point at which the U.S. Government currently considers an American family poverty-stricken. Almost 30 per cent will be earning 10,000 1965 dollars (Rs. 75,000) or more.

Harnessing automation to the job of creating greater national wealth, a free and flexible society has managed to ease the birth pangs of a new technical era—and even touched off a boom. Automation is giving Americans the greatest prosperity in their history.

For the Pun of It

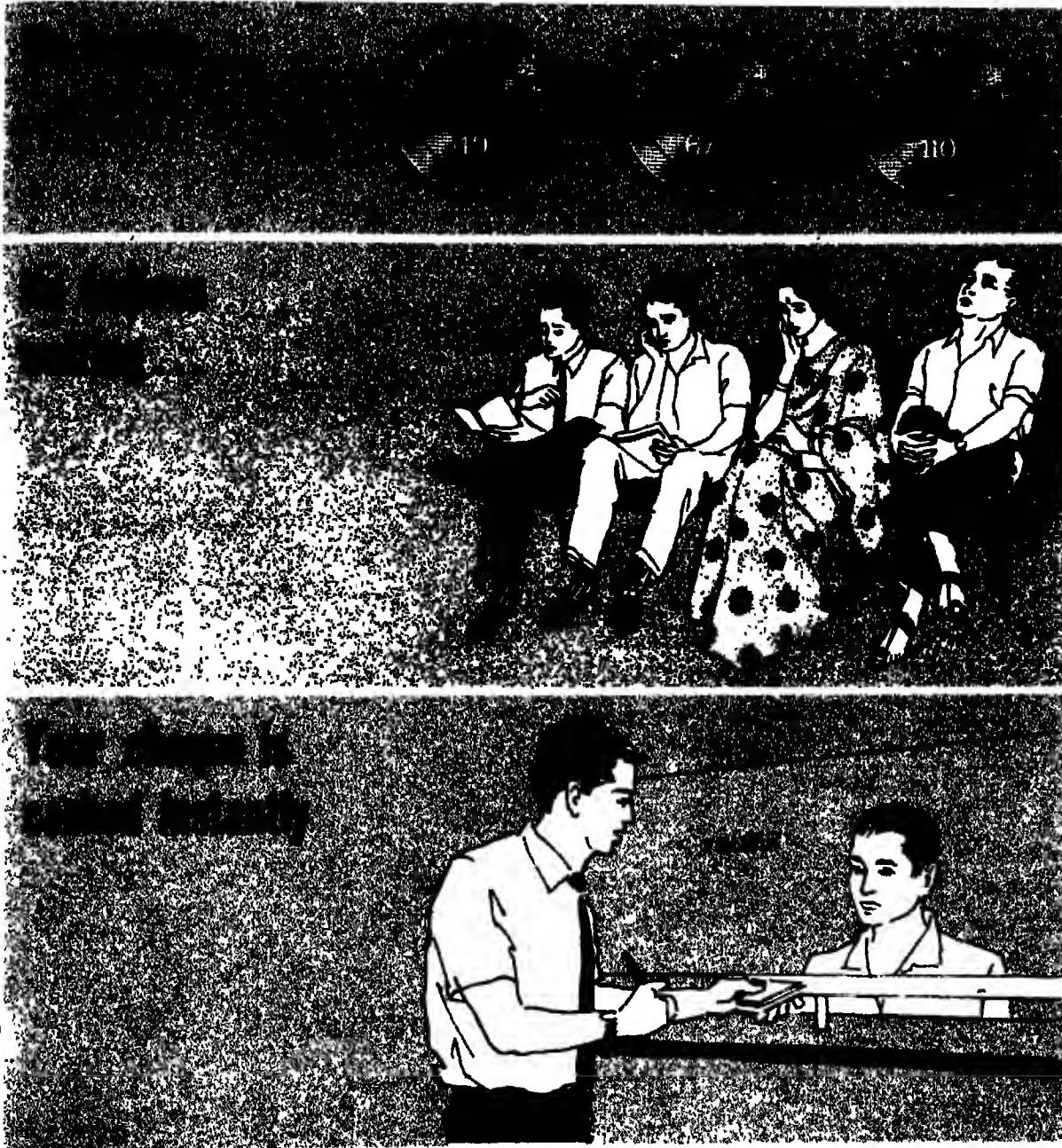
A MOTEL along a Washington highway describes the quality of its service as "Just a Little Bedder."

—R. C.

BROADWAY producer David Merrick, who didn't like his likeness on the cover of *Time*, wrote to the magazine : "I'm suing you for defamation of caricature."

ST. LOUIS's 630-foot monument, "Gateway to the West," is in the form of a huge croquet wicket. Local wits have renamed St. Louis "The Wicket City."

—Charlie Rice



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School for Housewives

3

By ELEANOR PERRY

This enterprising venture combines top-quality instruction with the informality of a gathering of friends

JUST BEFORE the opening of Everywoman's Village in Van Nuys, California, a young woman arrived one morning on the office doorstep. "I've come," the visitor said, "to get some birth-control information."

Lynn Selwyn, one of Everywoman's founders, looked startled. "We haven't got any."

The young woman pointed to a sign on a post overhead. "Then what *is* Everywoman's Village?"

That was in October 1963. The same week other passers-by mistook the school for a home for unmarried mothers, some kind of religious retreat or a motel. The staff itself uses

various terms to describe the Village: "A school for housewives." "A cultural centre for women." "A kind of club where you can take classes." "A place where you can relax while you learn."

The curriculum at Everywoman's Village offers cures for advanced cases of housewife's boredom—papiermâché design, sculpture and painting for those with untapped creative energies, and ballet for those who want to stay "slim and trim." It also offers a wide choice of subjects in the humanities taught by 53 qualified professional instructors. The school gives no marks or degrees, has few students under 35. Its

Condensed from Life

present enrolment is 800, and it has been a success from the day it opened.

The original idea for Everywoman's Village came to Diane Rosner, a housewife and the mother of two children, aged 16 and 21. She had worked as a lay-therapist with groups of disturbed women in the Los Angeles area for several years, and knew the kind of organization housewives yearned for: a place where they could come for a few hours each day and study with other mature women.

There must be no raised eyebrows about lack of degrees or certificates, no laborious competition for high marks. There must be art studios, craft workshops and a variety of courses in the humanities. Most of all, Diane realized, there must be an opportunity for friendliness, a genuine person-to-person involvement—plus a real concern for the individual.

Diane discussed her thoughts with two friends, Lynn Selwyn and Chris Edwards. Although, like Diane, Lynn and Chris are housewives with children, they had wished to broaden their horizons by taking some college courses, but they felt dissatisfied with the rigidity of university requirements and the impersonality of adult extension courses. They decided to help Diane make her idea a reality. The project became Everywoman's Village.

Today students at the Village can be found in classrooms and studios

in the six battered-looking little bungalows that are the school's "buildings," or strolling in animated discussion across the half acre which is its "campus." If it's lunchtime, they picnic under the school's few, unstately oaks. The one thing that sets these suburban women apart from others is their absorption and dedication to their project.

The attraction of the school is what the organizers thought it would be when they sprinkled their brochure with extravagant phrases: "combines the quality of a college course with the informality of a gathering of friends"; and "learning can be fun." (After a philosophy class recently, an excited woman burst into the dean's office and exclaimed, "We've just had a riotous time with Spengler!")

No questions are ever asked at registration. Nobody cares about a student's age or her husband's occupation, or even how much education she has had.

What the directors *do* care deeply about is that the student feels that she is her own self at the Village (not Jack's wife or Linda's mother), that she gets individual attention from her teachers (classes are limited to 15) and that there are no demands made on her. She is allowed to progress at her own pace.

For some women, the school has provided an ideal substitute for university courses. "How could I hope to compete with all those bright young kids on campus!" exclaimed

a 46-year-old mother of five. For others, it provides additional professional training in their special fields or helps them continue their education where they dropped it when they married. Some come to keep their talents alive at a period when their children are young and they have little time for their own creative or scholarly work.

If a student arrives at the Village insisting that she has no talents, skills or special interests, she is invited to try any number of subjects. There is no stigma attached to those who drop out. The only people the Village really disapproves of are ones who drop out from life.

No one has been more astonished at the success of the Village than Bernard Selwyn and Herbert Edwards, young executives of the Rammco Corporation, a land-investment company in Van Nuys. The school's founders, Lynn and Chris, are their wives.

The campus site their wives wanted for Everywoman's Village—consisting of the six small dilapidated houses, two garages and a grassless plot—just happened to be owned by Rammco.

Selwyn and Edwards advised their wives on a rental price for the land and put them in touch with a lawyer who helped them become incorporated as a non-profit-making organization. It wasn't until months later, when a local newspaper ran a feature story on Everywoman's Village, that the husbands realized

how ambitious the educational project really was.

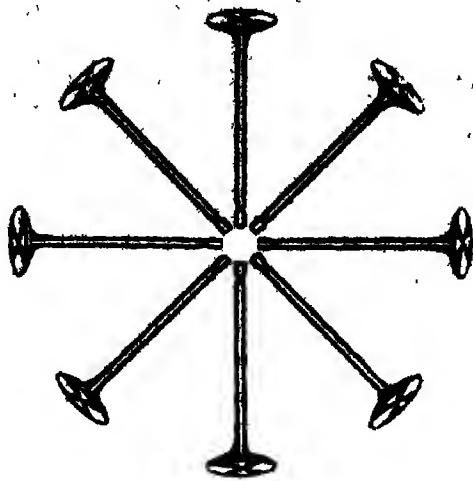
The search for a staff of qualified, understanding teachers was a long one. Some teachers were worried about being associated with a school where there were no entrance requirements or final exams. Some backed out because they felt the school might be amateurish.

The Village opened with a curriculum of 21 courses. Typical fees for eight- or nine-week courses were 24 to 36 dollars—Rs. 180 to Rs. 270. Two hundred students registered during the first week.

The classroom equipment consisted of doors laid across trestles for tables, second-hand wooden chairs, and blackboards. When the word began to spread, through cocktail parties and coffee mornings, the phones rang constantly. In a few months the enrolment doubled, then doubled again to its current 800; to date, 4,800 women have been enrolled in courses at the Village.

From the beginning, arts-and-crafts courses have been the most popular. But academic subjects and the lecture and discussion courses in human relations have shown a steady gain. One recent session, the Village announced a class in "The Philosophy of Anthropology." Nobody signed up. The title was changed to "An Impolite Look at the Nature of Man," and the class was soon a success.

Most housewives, when they



A word of apology to users of **TRANCO** **VALVES**

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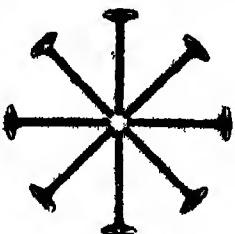
Tranco Valves have established themselves as components of distinction and as products of quality and precision. No wonder the demand for these has been consistently on the increase.

Unfortunately, however, the difficult raw material and power supply position have hitherto stood in the way of our working to capacity. In fact we were in the most unenviable and embarrassing position of not being able to meet a large share of your needs for reasons beyond our control.

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SCHOOL FOR HOUSEWIVES

marry, feel that having a family is to be their life plan. Not until the children are grown up do they suddenly become aware that a family may be only a 15- or 20-year plan.

Then in their 40's, still young and energetic, they are faced with themselves. They lack confidence; their

self-image is blurred from having lived too long apart from what is happening outside their own houses. They need a chance to find out who they are and what they want to do. The Village serves as a "halfway house" between the kitchen and the future.



Ways of the World

ACCORDING to figures released recently, the average Englishman throws away five times his own weight in rubbish every year and the American ten times his weight. However, the frugal citizen of Israel discards only three-and-a-half times his own weight.

—T.J.S.

THIEVES will find U.S.-built cars a tougher proposition next year. General Motors, which already has more than 1,000 different lock patterns on its present cars, is to increase the number so that a kit of some 700 skeleton keys will be needed to open all GM cars. (Fewer than 100 are now needed.) Ford, which has even more lock variations, also plans to increase the number for its new models.

—Newsweek

A SCHOOL in Liberia has overcome its truancy problem. When a child refuses to go to school, he is made to sweep floors and clean windows in the police station. After a day or two of this, he is willing—anxious even—to return to his lessons.

—D. M. P.

A SURPRISING statistic on nudism in the United States reveals that the highest incidence of nudist camps or colonies is found not in sunny California or Florida, as one might expect. It's in Alaska, where the sun may not shine as often, but the spaces are wide and free from prying eyes.

—John Bell

* * *

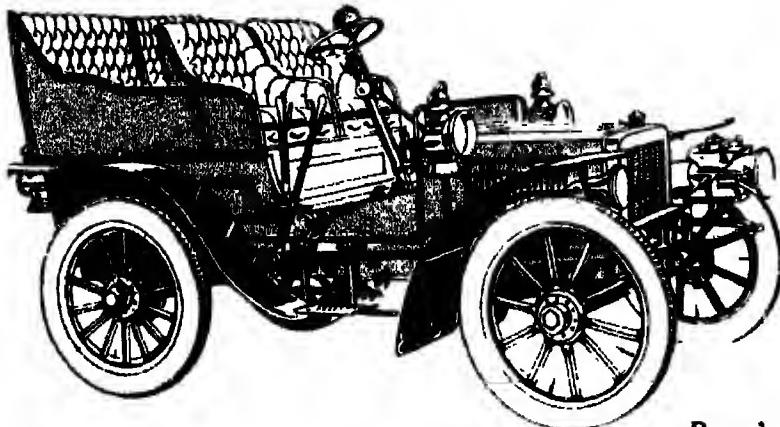
Back to Nature

"NO INTELLIGENT person believes in anything that can't be explained by his reason," said the scientist.

"Well," asked an old farmer, "why is it that, though they all feed from the same field, hair comes up on the cow, wool on the sheep and feathers on the chicken?"

—*The Irish Digest*

The Noble Quest of Henry Royce, Mechanic



Royce's first car, one of the 1904 prototypes

Worldwide symbol of elegance and skill,
the Rolls-Royce is a monument to its creator's
single-minded pursuit of perfection

BY JAMES NATHAN MILLER

AS IT comes gliding down the street—shiny and noiseless, its square chest thrown out, its shoulders held as stiffly back as a Guardsman's on parade—you don't need the two overlapping black R's on the radiator to tell you what car this is. Nowhere in the world does the Rolls-Royce pass unrecognized.

Yet to most of us the man who created it is unknown: Frederick Henry Royce, perfectionist. His story is well worth knowing, for his car has become almost a legend, and simply because he created it as an image of himself—quiet, gentle, tough as nails.

The car was born in 1904 from a financial crisis caused by Royce's obsession with perfection. He was then 41 years old, a handsome six-foot-two with piercing eyes and a neat beard. From an early age he had had an innate appreciation of the integrity of mechanical things, plus an almost fanatical compulsion to see them designed and built properly. "My greatest happiness is to be among

THE NOBLE QUEST OF HENRY ROYCE, MECHANIC

machinery," he once said. He used tools as an artist uses a brush; to him a metal part, properly machined and proportioned, was a thing of surpassing beauty. "If it's right," he would say when studying a blueprint, "it will look right."

High Standards. Starting from apprenticeship at the Great Northern Railway works in Peterborough, he gradually rose through a series of toolmaking and electrical jobs to part-ownership of the F. H. Royce Company, with a prosperous business manufacturing electrical cranes.

Then the crisis came. Royce cranes—being, naturally, the best that Royce knew how to produce—were not cheap, and suddenly the market was swamped by low-priced American and German cranes. Refusing to lower his standards, he was saved from bankruptcy by an idea he had long had in mind.

To a good mechanic, noisy machinery represents inefficient design, and Royce's perfectionist ears reacted to the grating, clattering cars of the day as to screeching chalk on a blackboard. Here was a product that needed the touch of a master. So, in 1903, Royce took a section of the crane factory and with a group of his machinists began to build, by hand, a car of his own design. His aim was to eliminate every possible flaw in every part of his machine *before* it was produced. "If we do it properly

the first time," he would say, "we won't have to come back to it for years." Even a simple little drain-cock, to be turned by thumb and forefinger, was laboriously designed and re-designed until it was a thing of strength and beauty, the proportions perfect, the movement effortless, the stresses so perfectly calculated that it would last for ever.

Once a worker made the mistake of handing him a newly-machined part with the comment that it was "good enough." The man was sacked on the spot. By this grim method of elimination, Royce eventually surrounded himself with men who were as dedicated to perfection as he was.

In 1904, after a year's gruelling work, he produced three prototypes of the Royce car. It had a two-cylinder, ten-horse-power engine and a measure of its quality was the amazed comment from the London *Times*' motoring correspondent: "When the engine is running, one can neither hear nor feel it."

An even more impressive reaction was to come from a young man named Rolls, at 27 already one of the best-known figures in the nascent automobile world. Born to enormous wealth, the Honourable Charles S. Rolls was, like Royce, an engineer at heart. At university he had bought—and endlessly taken apart and put together again—a series of cars, at a time when horseless carriages were so new that the speed limit

THE READER'S DIGEST

was four miles an hour. Now with a motor-car agency in London he divided his time between selling and racing high-quality French, German and Italian cars and making balloon ascents. (He was one of the founders of the Royal Aero Club, the holder of Pilot's Licence No. 2, and the first aviator to fly the English Channel both ways.)

Rolls, who insisted on selling only cars of which he personally approved, had found no British car up to his standards—until he drove Royce's. At once he made a proposition: "You make the cars, I'll sell them, and we'll call it the Rolls-Royce."

Three years later, in 1907, Rolls arranged a demonstration that established the car's reputation for all time. In relays with three other drivers, he drove the company's new Silver Ghost model to and fro between London and Glasgow from late June into August. Except for a one-minute hitch and Sunday observances, it was a nonstop 15,000-mile, 48-day performance, much of it on roads that today would be used only for the most brutal test-driving.

Then the car was handed over to Royal Automobile Club mechanics, who were instructed to strip it down bolt by bolt and replace any part that was not as good as factory-new. Their repair bill—the main items were regrinding the valves and repacking the water pump—amounted to £2 2s. 7d.



ROLLS-ROYCE LTD.

Henry Royce

(about Rs. 45) for parts and labour. As a result of this incredible performance the Silver Ghost became a legend. For the next 18 years the company made only this model—a production run that outdistanced even that of Henry Ford's Model T.

The legend almost died as it was born. In 1910 Rolls, taking part in a flying contest in Hampshire, was killed when the tail of his plane disintegrated in the air. Two years later Royce underwent a drastic operation and was left an invalid for life, forbidden ever to return to the factory.

But the company did not even slow up. Wherever Royce made his home became, in the words of one of his engineers, "the brain-box of

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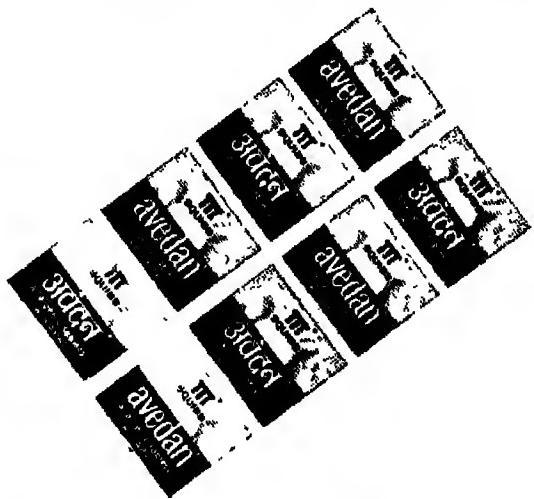


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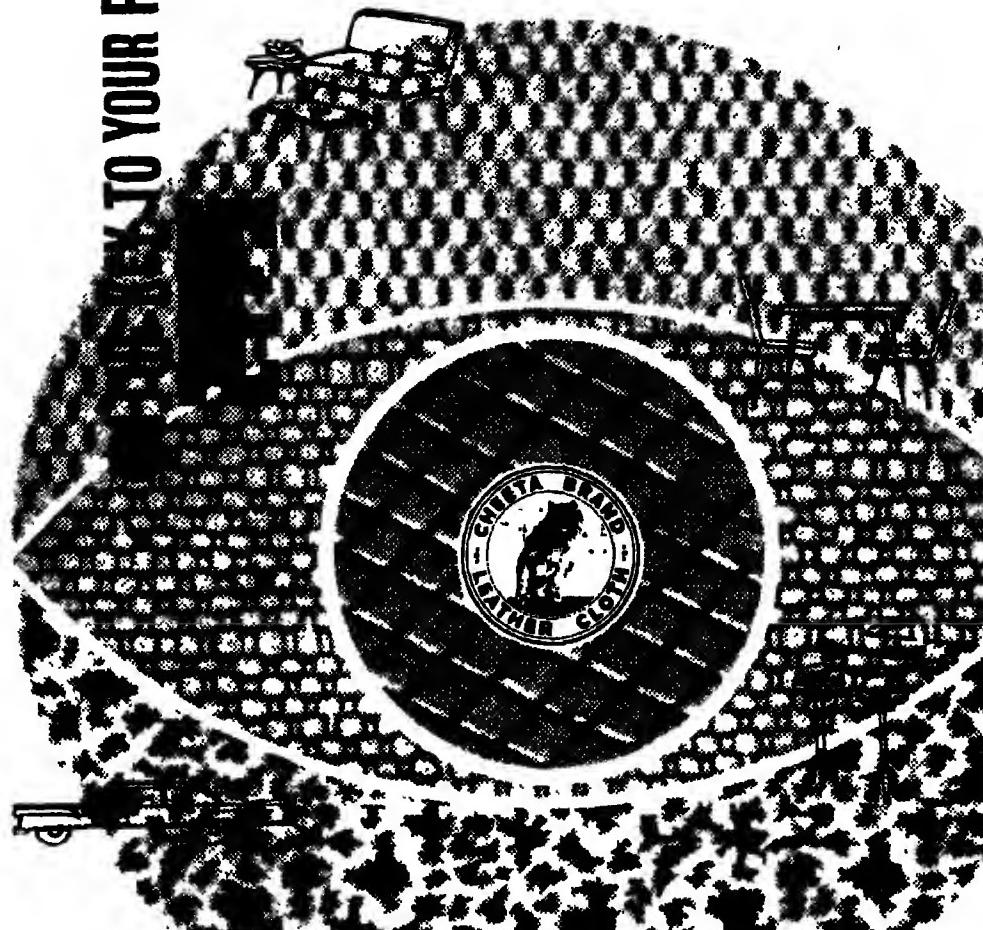
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THE NOBLE QUEST OF HENRY ROYCE, MECHANIC

"Rolls-Royce"—with an endless shuttle of blueprints, parts and test cars to and from the works. The tiniest change could not be made in the car without his approval, and his approval came hard. "When I think an improvement is in a fit state to sell to our customers, we'll sell it," he said.

This often meant coming out with new developments years after their competitors. In the early 1920's, when other firms were introducing four-wheel brakes, Rolls-Royce sold its cars with the promise that when Royce developed a four-wheel braking system that satisfied him, it would be installed free. He finally perfected a power-braking system in 1926; universally regarded as the best in the world, it was used by Rolls-Royce until last year. When the car industry turned its spotlight on horse-power, Rolls-Royce simply stopped announcing its horse-power. When asked, it answered (and still does), "Adequate."

Custom-built. The car sold like genteel hot-cakes, between 1,000 and 2,000 a year—fewer than Henry Ford produced in a day, but not bad for the world's most expensive vehicle. It came to be the embodiment of an era of wealth and the unashamed display of it.

In the process the magnificent toughness that Royce was building into it disappeared from public view. Car bodies were at that time made of wood. Rolls-Royce sold to the customer only the engine and

chassis; the job of supplying the body was left to coach-builders. "We are engineers, not carpenters," said Royce.

These custom-built bodies were what took the public's eye, for in planning them the owners spared no expense. Sketches would be drawn up, colours selected (once to complement a princess's nail polish). Hides and cloth for the upholstery and veneer for the interior woodwork would be painstakingly sampled and matched. Indian princes had special bodies made for tiger-hunting, with gun platforms and swivelling searchlights. A London man commissioned one for his wife with an interior that looked like Marie Antoinette's boudoir.

Whenever you saw a head of state, the chances were it was protruding from a Rolls. The Nizam of Hyderabad owned 50. (Strangely enough, the major holdout among monarchs was the British royal family, which used the Daimler state car until the Queen came to the throne; she now has four Rolls-Royces.)

During the 1914-18 war, the British Army turned the Rolls into an armoured car, loading four tons of steel plate and a revolving machine-gun turret on to the chassis; the only major change in design necessitated by the extra load was tougher rear springs.

The cars proved ideal as desert fighters in Africa and the Middle East. "A Rolls in the desert was

above rubies," wrote Lawrence of Arabia, who commanded nine of them. When the war was over, many of these, the armour removed, were sold to civilians and reclad in their coachwork. Some of them, collector's items, are in running order today.

New Challenge. Besides providing armoured cars, Royce made a contribution to the war effort that 26 years later was to have repercussions of the profoundest significance and has now radically changed the nature of the company he founded.

In 1914 the British Government asked him to design, in a great hurry, a 12-cylinder, air-cooled aircraft engine. To Royce and his staff, used to the water-cooled engine, it was an enormous challenge. But after a three-month struggle to satisfy the government's requirements, Royce marched into his engineers' office and announced, "Tear up your plans, boys. We're going to make what we know how to make." So they started again, designed a water-cooled engine, named it the Eagle, and then produced it in such quantity that it eventually accounted for 63 per cent of Britain's war aircraft horse-power.

The company kept its hand in the aircraft field (an R-R engine was the first to fly the Atlantic, with Alcock and Brown in 1919), and during the 1930's went ahead, without government backing, to develop an aircraft engine that it

called the PV (Private Venture) 12. This became the famous Merlin that powered the RAF's Hurricanes and Spitfires, helping to give them the margin of superiority that won the Battle of Britain in 1940.

Rolls-Royce has done so well with its aircraft engines that last year the car that made the two R's famous accounted for less than ten per cent of the company's Rs. 265 crores sales. Only three months ago the United States Defence Department announced plans to use the Rolls-Royce Spey jet engine in its new subsonic aircraft—an order worth Rs. 75 crores. Today R-R is an aerospace company producing, among other things, rocket fuel and nuclear submarine equipment—strange stable companions for a luxury limousine.

But the prestige value of the Rolls is still enormous, both to the company and to Britain's reputation as a manufacturing nation. Rolls-Royce have a saying: "We started on wheels and we'll end on them." At last year's International Motor Exhibition in London they underlined this determination when they introduced the Silver Shadow.

Their first major model change in ten years, it shows no compromise in the grandeur of its design (three independent hydraulic braking systems, an electrically-assisted gear-change lever) or of its price. Sales of the car are booming, and it promises to become the most popular model ever produced;



From far and wide they came, bearing gifts
for the baby. "I give you my strength," said the
elephant. "I, my energy," murmured the deer. "My
strong teeth," offered the rabbit. "Keen eyesight,"
mewed the pussy. "Sturdy bones," roared the lion.
"Resistance to ills," huffed the bear.

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THE READER'S DIGEST

at the same show they put themselves more firmly than ever in the prestige market with the Phantom V State Landaulette. This has a hydraulically operated folding roof to the rear compartment, and the seat can be raised electrically by three-and-a-half inches to give spectators a better view of the occupants.

During his lifetime, Royce never gave up trying to perfect his car. "Test to destruction" was one of his favourite commands, and he developed a battery of machines that combined sledge-hammer brutality with scalpel precision in probing for design weaknesses. When he died in 1933—he was by

then Sir Henry Royce—he had stamped his perfectionist mould indelibly on the company. Carved in the stone mantelpiece of his house at West Wittering, in Sussex, is a Latin inscription which, translated, reads, "Whatever is rightly done, however humble, is noble." By living his life uncompromisingly according to that motto he created his own monument—the car that bears his name.

Today it is still as technically advanced as the company knows how to make it, and has the same degree of quality in design and construction as when old Father Royce was around and likely to take a sharp-eyed look under the bonnet.



Fishy Story

ONE DAY, my countryman friend Bob, who was fishing in a river near his home, hooked a trout. He tried to pull the fish in; but it came off the hook and went sailing up over his head and on to a near-by golf course, where four city folk were playing.

Bob laid down his rod, walked up to the golf links, and peered around in the grass looking for his trout. He had his waders on and his basket still slung round his neck, and one of the people asked, "What in the world are you doing?"

Bob thought this was a silly question, considering how he was dressed, but he's used to city folk, so he said, "Fishing."

"You fool," said one of the men. "The fish are down in the river!"

"No," said Bob, "they come up here to eat grasshoppers, and I catch them in my hand." Just then Bob spied his trout flopping about in the grass and said, "Here's one now!" He grabbed the trout by the gills and lifted it up so that they could see it. Bob put it in his basket and bent down as if he was going to hunt for another one.

The four city-dwellers put down their golf bags and spent the rest of the day looking round the golf links for trout.

—J. G.

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They Speed Up Slow Minds

A new informal method of treatment is helping the mentally retarded to achieve self-reliance and a productive life

By STANLEY SCHULER

• **W**HEN 14-year-old Dorothy Smith arrived at Connecticut's Seaside Regional Centre for the mentally retarded, she had been in a big state institution for eight years. She had an I.Q. of 15, was blind, withdrawn and unable to do anything for herself. The report that preceded her warned that she would need "constant attention and custodial care" all her life.

That was in 1961. Today, in Seaside's workshop, Dorothy puts in a 30-hour week helping to assemble veterinary syringes. Her work has given her a small bank account. She takes care of her simple needs, her I.Q. has risen ten points, and she talks happily when spoken to.

When Mary Brown was transferred to Seaside, she was 54, had been in Connecticut's big Southbury institution for so many years that she could not contemplate any other life. Today she lives in a near-by town, and has a full-time job as companion to an elderly woman. A Seaside social worker checks on her only once every three months.

Such heartwarming transformations are the result of a new approach to the old problem of caring for America's three out of every 100 people born who are mentally retarded. Until the Seaside Regional Centre was established, Connecticut, like other U.S. States, cared for its retarded residents in large public

Condensed from Today's Health

institutions. The one at Southbury (2,000 patients) was so highly regarded throughout the world that, when the need for additional facilities became urgent in the late '50's, it seemed inevitable that another big institution like it would be built. But Bert Schmickel, head of Connecticut's Office of Mental Retardation, thought otherwise.

The big, impersonal institution, he argued, isolates the retarded person from his family, robs him of his identity and reduces him to complete dependency. No institution can do for the retarded what his family can do, provided the appropriate services and help are made available. What is needed, said Schmickel, is a number of small centres that will permit the retarded to remain near or in their homes and that will co-ordinate the many programmes and services they require.

The State legislature approved the idea, and Seaside was set up in a handsome old sanatorium at Waterford, Connecticut. Its patients ranged from 2 years to 60, and from mildly to severely retarded. In most cases their improvement was dramatic.

One of today's patients at Seaside, for example, is a 14-year-old boy with an I.Q. in the 50's, who used to have violent, destructive tantrums. Neither his mother, who had been deserted by his father, nor his schoolteachers could cope with him. When I met him, he had been in

Seaside for four years, and was friendly and placid. He works in the Seaside kitchen, is making good progress at school, visits his mother occasionally and can now control his temper. His social worker is confident that he will eventually be able to go out into the world on his own.

What accounts for Seaside's success? It is not one thing, but a combination of new elements. One of the most important is the encouragement of close family relationships. The families of the 240 resident patients are able to visit them frequently because they are close to home. Families of the 310 outpatients keep their retarded members at home and call on the centre for help when they need it. Some of the outpatients receive year-round day care at the centre; some attend only the summer day camp; others are simply under the supervision of case workers who visit them frequently in their homes.

Most institutions for the retarded have strict regulations. Seaside is informal. It keeps its doors open. It says to parents: Come any time; walk straight in; you don't need a pass. Feed your child, dress him. Just say the word and take him home. We're delighted—you can do something for him that we can't.

Patients enter and leave as their own or their families' needs dictate. One child lives at home during the week, but moves into Seaside over the week-end, so that her father, recently released from prison, may

have a chance to re-establish himself with the rest of the family. Three older girls who live with their widowed working mothers join the day-care programme and are admitted to Seaside full-time whenever their mothers need a rest from the strain of being with retarded children day in, day out.

Another factor in Seaside's success is the unusual amount of personal attention its patients receive. They live, play and go to class in small groups. The ratio of staff members to resident patients is 1 to 1.5, compared with the 1-to-2.3 ratio at Connecticut's large institutions.

In addition, voluntary workers abound—about 30 in winter, 70 in summer, when most of the patients are out of doors. One woman comes daily to give the same child a meal. Seven coastguards come whenever they are free in the evening for games with seven older boys. A retired teacher gives remedial-reading lessons to several patients. In summer, each of the hyperactive patients—children who can create chaos—is put in the care of a local teenager, who keeps up with her charge while letting him run off some of his otherwise disruptive energy.

To help patients feel a part of the outside world and thus prepare them to live in it when they are discharged, Seaside is closely linked to the communities it serves. Residents go to church and to the cinema. The Connecticut State Employment Service finds local jobs for the mildly

retarded adult patients who are ready for employment. Local schools provide buses and special classes for some 65 Seaside patients who meet admission requirements.

But Seaside's greatest single contribution to the care of the retarded is its training programme for men and women of 17 and older who can be taught to do useful work. The average I.Q. of these trainees is about 60. When they arrive, they usually have personality disorders, no feeling of self-respect, and little experience in normal living. At Seaside, the 42 trainees live on the same floor of one of the staff buildings, men at one end of a long corridor, women at the other. Each trainee has a private room or shares a room with one other person.

Contrary to the traditional belief that inmates of an institution should work for nothing, Seaside insists that trainees be paid Rs. 75 a week for their work in the centre as kitchen and maintenance staff, child helpers and the like. Says Fred Finn, Seaside's burly, youthful superintendent: "Until the trainees can make money, hold it in their hands and spend it as they wish, they develop no sense of personal value or desire to help themselves."

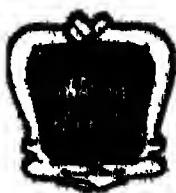
Once a trainee has developed an adequate skill, has learnt to shop for himself and to handle money, and has become accustomed to moving around in the community, he is placed in a job outside the centre. Most jobs are at normal wages in



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APSHERON

THEY SPEED UP SLOW MINDS

hospitals, supermarkets and other service businesses; a few are in factories. The trainee usually moves into a rented room outside. Although a Seaside social worker continues to look after him, he is now on his own. When he shows that he can fend for himself completely, Seaside discharges him.

With the success of Seaside's programme, the families of retarded

children are at last finding a solution to the once terrible problem of deciding whether to commit their children to a big institution or try to bring them up at home without assistance. By permitting families to maintain close ties, and at the same time to secure professional help with their problems, Seaside is bringing new hope and brightness into many lives.



Holding Firm

A WOMAN who seemed to be recovering well from an operation was driven by her mother to the doctor's surgery for a check-up. The patient opened the door, started to get out, and suddenly fell back against the seat. "Not as strong as I thought," she gasped. "You'd better help me."

Alarmed, her mother rushed round to the other side of the car. "Easy, now," she pleaded. "Let's try it together."

It wasn't until the third try that they thought of unfastening the seat belt.

—J. C. M.

MR. AND MRS. X got into an argument at a dance, and by the time they left they were no longer speaking to each other. Mr. X drove the car into the garage, switched off the engine, got out, slammed the door and went to bed.

After a long time he woke up and realized his wife wasn't there. Fearing she had left him, he went out to the garage to see if the car was there. It was. Mrs. X was there, too. She was held fast by her safety belt. In her anger she had pulled the belt so tightly it had jammed.

"Why didn't you shout for help?" asked Mr. X.

"I couldn't," she said. "We weren't speaking."

—R. M.



Question Time

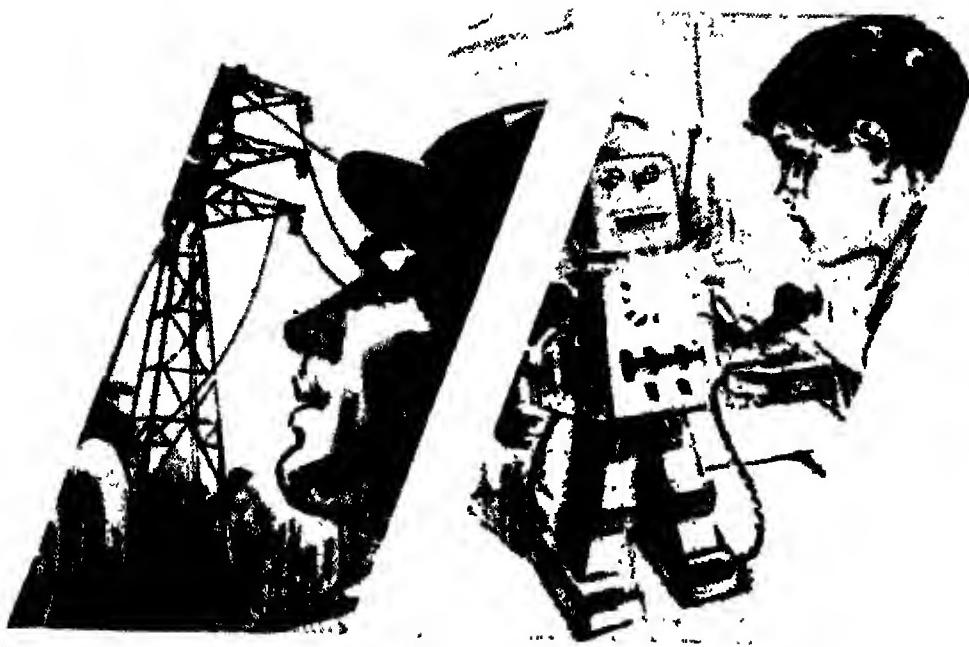
A SENIOR cabinet minister and a high ranking civil servant were travelling by car to address a meeting but lost their way and ended up in a remote village. "Where am I?" the minister called to a villager. "In your car," the villager replied. The minister turned to his companion and said, "That was a perfect parliamentary reply. It was short, it was true, and it told us nothing we did not know already."

—L. P.



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WHY CHINA CAN'T KEEP NUCLEAR SECRETS

CHINA's nuclear-bomb test last May—the biggest of its three so far—took no one by surprise. After careful analysis the United States was able to estimate the bomb's yield (more than 200 kilotons, or ten times the power of the A-bomb dropped on Hiroshima in 1945), the "dirt" in its fall-out (much more than in the two previous tests), and dozens of other key details the Chinese would have liked to keep secret.

How did the United States know?

The answer is spy planes, military satellites, and a variety of electronic devices able to uncover almost any vital secret. No country on earth

can any longer keep itself a closed society where big military activities are concerned. Experts, agreeing on that, provide the following details:

American U-2 planes, flown by pilots of Nationalist China, spotted almost from the start the distinctive nuclear factories on the mainland, and the remote testing site near Lop Nor in Sinkiang Province, near the Russian border.

Since the Soviet Union stopped supplying China with the latest Russian missiles, the country has been almost helpless against high-flying photographic planes.

American "spy in the sky" satellites also make passes over China. With recent improvements, the

Condensed from U.S. News & World Report

THE READER'S DIGEST

cameras aboard these satellites are said to be able to "read" a sign on a factory from a height of 100 miles.

Long before China's first test in 1964, the United States established that roads were being built deep in the Sinkiang desert, and that supply areas and housing were being constructed there. Then, just before the first (and subsequent) tests, Chinese weather stations went on the alert to monitor radioactive fall-out; air traffic picked up as experts flew to the test scene; radio traffic greatly increased.

The blast itself was "seen" and "heard" by U.S. scientists, although they were not at the scene. This is how it was done:

- Electronic ears picked up the shock waves that travelled through the air from the huge explosion. These sensitive devices indicate the size of the blast.

- As electrified particles shot out of the nuclear blast, electronic eyes spotted disturbances in the earth's electromagnetic field. From signals picked up by radio direction-finders, scientists could pinpoint the site and time of detonation within a fraction of a second.

- As the radioactive cloud passed over China, Japan and the Pacific, samples of the debris were gathered by reconnaissance planes such as the U-2, the RB-57 and the RB-50, with air filters mounted on their wings.

These samples were flown to laboratories where it was possible to determine the explosive fuel used in the device, its size, how it was made and its design complexity.

The Chinese themselves, experts surmised, did not know much more about their own test than did the United States.



Cartoon Quips

CIVIL servant to small office group : "We're all going to have to work extra hard until we have time to get overstuffed."

ONE GOLFER to another : "First it was my marriage. Now the magic has gone out of my nine iron."

WIFE to friend as husband reads newspaper : "We have a code. One grunt means 'yes.' Two grunts mean 'yes, dear!'"

MAN to boss : "Computer No. 14 isn't working properly—at least that's the information Computer No. 13 is putting out."



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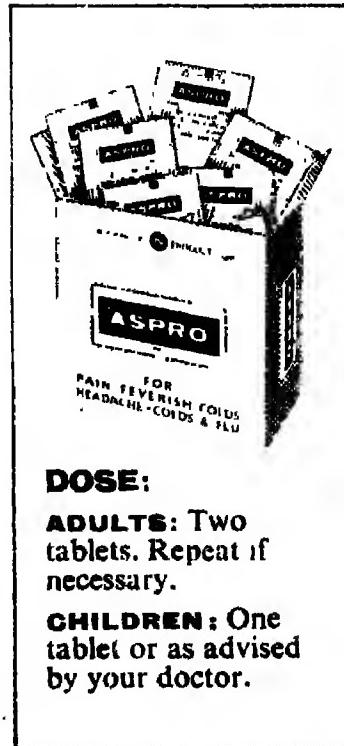
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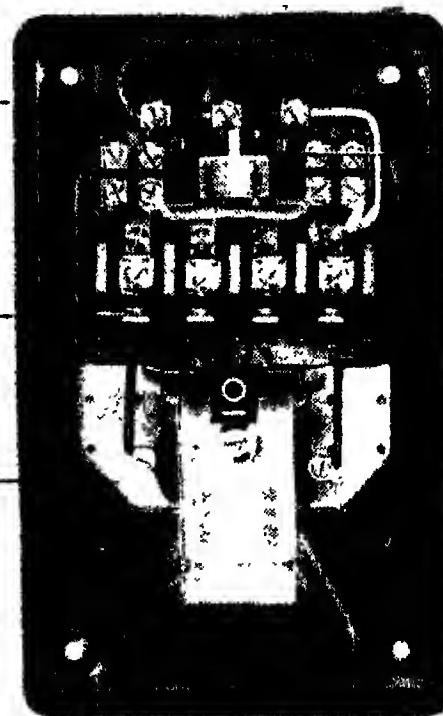
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With deerstalker hat firmly in place and magnifying glass at the ready, Sherlock Holmes has been pursuing his dastardly adversaries for 80 years—and the hunt is still on

The Case of the Immortal Detective

By JAMES STEWART-GORDON

IN THIS AGE of the screaming jet, atomic power and the electric toothbrush, it is astonishing to find Sherlock Holmes, the hawk-nosed, pipe-smoking, horse-drawn detective of 221B Baker Street, London, still very much alive.

Imperturbable hero of 126 films and over 20 plays, Holmes's first deductive triumph was chronicled by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle 80 years ago. Since then, Holmes's adventures, recorded in five books composed of 56 short stories and four novelettes, have been translated into 45 languages.

One estimate is that the world sale of these books has long since



passed the 100-million mark. The copyright, which runs until 1980, has produced the largest literary estate in history.

Groups of Holmes fans, including professors, doctors, writers and artists, continue to meet regularly, the world over, to delve into obscure bits of Holmesiana. Britain's Sherlock Holmes Society last year celebrated the 75th anniversary of the publication of *The Hound of the Baskervilles* with an expedition to Dartmoor. Next year they will visit the newly-opened Conan Doyle museum in Castle Lucens, near Lausanne; here the famous Baker Street sitting-room of Holmes and

Condensed from The Ottawa Journal

THE READER'S DIGEST

Watson lives on—in a meticulously faithful reconstruction.

Variations of the scientific detection methods introduced to the public by Sherlock Holmes 80 years ago are commonly used today. He employed plaster-of-Paris moulds to protect delicate bits of evidence and to register tyre marks and footprints; the microscopic study of dust in clothing to establish the occupation of a victim and to confirm or destroy the alibi of a suspect; the minute, detailed study of the area surrounding the crime for physical evidence linking the suspect to the locale.

Translated into Arabic, Sherlock Holmes is used as a textbook by the Egyptian police. France's Sûreté has honoured his creator by naming its great crime laboratories in Lyons after him.

Arthur Conan Doyle was born to a family in modest circumstances in Edinburgh. He entered medical school there at 17, and worked his way through. He caught the eye of Dr. Joseph Bell, the noted surgeon and diagnostician, and became his assistant. Bell had a highly developed talent for observation and logical process of thought. At his clinic, he delighted his students by identifying not only the patients' ailments but their racial origin, occupation, and geographical background. "You, sir," he would say to a patient, "are a recently discharged non-commissioned officer just returned from Barbados. You

are suffering from elephantiasis."

After both patient and students had registered their surprise, Bell would explain: "This gentleman is obviously a soldier by his carriage. The fact that he did not remove his hat on entering the room shows that he is newly out of the service. He has an aura of authority such as would be found in a non-commissioned officer. Both his tan and his complaint show he comes from the tropics—and I add that he is from Barbados, because the disease is prevalent there."

Conan Doyle dreamed of becoming a surgeon and diagnostician like Bell, but lack of money made it necessary for him to take a job as a ship's doctor in a whaler. Following his return from seafaring, he set up practice in Southsea, Hampshire. Patients were few, and he took up writing in the hope of getting a bit of income until his medical practice grew.

He wrote several adventure stories for boys' magazines, but his payments were small. His first novel failed to find a publisher. Despondent, he thought of Dr. Bell's diagnostic tricks and decided to use them in a detective story. He picked up a pen and scribbled a title, *A Study in Scarlet*. For his hero, it is believed he combined the first name of a popular cricketer with the last name of the American author Oliver Wendell Holmes—and Sherlock Holmes was born.

In this first story, a Dr. Watson,

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THE READER'S DIGEST

wounded by a bullet in the Afghan wars, comes to London and takes lodgings with Sherlock Holmes at 221B Baker Street. Holmes is described as being tall, thin, hawk-nosed, with close-set eyes (a reasonable description of Dr. Bell).

Watson was introduced to his room-mate's amazing powers when, seeing a man looking anxiously at house numbers in the street below, he murmured, "I wonder what that fellow is looking for?" "You mean the retired sergeant of Marines," said Holmes. (He had noticed that the man had a military bearing, regulation side-whiskers, an air of command and an anchor tattooed on his hand.) This device of Dr. Bell's, incorporated in a murder story, turned out to be the proper prescription for the immortal Holmes.

The first Holmes story was barely noticed in Britain, and mildly successful in the United States. The second, entitled *The Sign of Four*, established Holmes on both sides of the Atlantic. Conan Doyle signed an agreement to do 12 Holmes stories for the *Strand Magazine*. As each new tale appeared, Holmes and Watson took a firmer grip on the public.

Although Conan Doyle soon became wealthy from his writing, he still considered it a source of income only, not a career. In fact, he grew tired of writing Sherlock Holmes stories and, in 1893, killed his hero off in a hand-to-hand battle with

Professor Moriarty at the Reichenbach Falls in Switzerland. (A plaque now commemorates that mortal combat.)

Conan Doyle's public was enraged. Letters poured in, denouncing him. But he held firm; he felt that Holmes had been keeping him from more important work.

Then, in 1900, Dr. Doyle volunteered for the Anglo-Boer War and became senior surgeon in a field hospital. Faced with epidemics and inadequate supplies, he worked day and night against both wounds and disease. At the war's end, he was knighted for his services.

In 1903, Sir Arthur consented at last to revive Sherlock Holmes. The unsinkable Sherlock, it now came to light, had not been killed after all. *The Empty House* explains how he had miraculously survived, beaten his way to Tibet to consult with the head Lama, and returned to London to investigate the mysterious death of an earl's son. Sherlock's return in the *Strand* produced enthusiasm from his devotees and huge sales for the magazine.

Conan Doyle had, in fact, created a character so vivid that many people refused to believe he was fictional. The author regularly received letters addressed to Holmes asking for help in solving real cases; some of them led to a demonstration of Conan Doyle's own ability as a detective.

One such incident concerned a man who had drawn all his money

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from his bank, taken a hotel room in London, attended a music hall, returned to his hotel, changed clothes and vanished. The police had failed to locate him, and his family feared foul play.

Conan Doyle solved the problem with dispatch. "You will find your man in Glasgow or Edinburgh," he said, "and he is there of his own free will. Drawing all his money out of the bank indicates premeditated flight. The music hall he attended finishes at 11. Since he changed clothes after returning to his hotel, he planned to take a trip. The Scottish expresses leave King's Cross station at midnight." The man was found in Edinburgh.

But Conan Doyle could be taken by surprise. Once travelling abroad, he was startled when a cab-driver addressed him as Dr. Doyle. "How did you know?" he asked. "It's written on your trunk," the cab-driver answered calmly.

In 1906, shocked by the death of his wife (he had married in 1885), Conan Doyle stopped writing and seemed to take very little interest in life. His worried secretary, hoping to arouse his interest, handed him a sheaf of clippings concerning one George Edjali, convicted of writing threatening letters and of cruelty to animals.

Sentenced to seven years' imprisonment, Edjali had been released after three years because of doubt as to his guilt, but the government still refused to pardon him,

and he had lost his licence to practise law.

After interviewing Edjali and studying all the circumstances of the case, Conan Doyle concluded that Edjali had been framed. The man to look for, he said, was someone who had been to sea—the anonymous letters had come at intervals, suggesting long sea voyages, and contained references to seagoing life. The wounds inflicted on the animals indicated that the unknown criminal had worked as a butcher.

Amazingly, every one of these hypotheses proved true. The man was tracked down; it turned out that he had worked as a butcher's apprentice, and had then shipped on a cattle boat. The government pardoned Edjali. Largely as a result of the case, a Court of Criminal Appeal was instituted.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle died in 1930 at the age of 71, three years after he had written his last Sherlock Holmes story. More than 40 years had passed since Holmes and Watson had first embarked on their careers, but their world was still London in the elegant '80's with hansom cabs, rolling fogs, the slipping of a revolver into the pocket of a caped coat, the electric crackle of Holmes's voice saying to Watson, "The game's afoot," and the terse command to the cab-driver: "Charing Cross, and a sovereign if you make it under ten minutes!"

The magic still remains. It will for a long time to come.

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INTERADS

Family experience teaches a mother that sex education is for the birds and the bees



Let's Call a Stork a Stork

By NOREEN CREELMAN HOOPER

THE OTHER DAY my 12-year-old daughter said, "Mum, how old should kids be before you tell them about the birds and bees?"

"Oh—around 10 or 11, I'd say."

She looked a bit taken aback. "Then why haven't you told me?"

"But I *did!*" I said. "Two years ago before you went to camp . . ."

She frowned, trying to remember. "Perhaps I wasn't listening properly," she said. "Did I say anything?"

How could I forget? "Yes," I said. "You said, 'How stupid!'"

She shook her head. "I still don't remember. What did you tell me?"

"You can't have forgotten! About sex and babies and so on?"

She gasped and clapped her forehead. "Oh, no! Is *that* all 'the birds and bees' means? I've been saying, 'No,' when kids ask if you've told me."

I suppose this proves that I am a modern mother. My children didn't learn a euphemism for "sex instruction." When they were small, the books were advising, "Don't hide

Condensed from *Contemporary*

THE READER'S DIGEST

behind baby talk. Teach your children the proper names for things." So I did.

One day when Bobby was two, the baby-sitter took him to the bathroom while I finished getting dressed. I heard him announce, "We don't call this by any baby name." Then he told her what we do call it. The sitter said, "Don't be silly. A pianist is someone who plays the piano."

There's part of my trouble—other parents haven't taught from the same curriculum that I used. But there's more to it than that. The children themselves don't react in the way the books predict.

Before our first child was born, I'd studied the standard baby-care books and was prepared to answer each question immediately, honestly, but without elaboration.

According to the authorities I read, the child's natural maturation would space the questions out so that by the time he was 12 he would have the whole picture, clearly assembled, and he would incidentally have acquired a lifelong respect for his parents' honesty.

This didn't work with Bobby. As soon as he could talk, he started asking the questions—including a lot of extras like, "Do horses come from horse seeds?" By the age of

four he had asked every possible question, except the *big killer*. I told my husband he should be taking over his son's sex education; it was getting beyond me.

He pooh-poohed the idea. "He's still a baby, for heaven's sake!"

The question came the very next day while I was ironing. "Mum, there's one thing I still don't see about babies. How does the father plant . . . ?"

I answered honestly, but with no elaboration. Don't ask how I worded it. If I could remember, I'd write a book and make my fortune.

Bobby didn't believe me, though. Not only that; his reason told him this was so outrageous a lie that he reassessed all my earlier answers and came to the conclusion that I'd been stringing a line from the very beginning.

Then a nasty little boy came right out and told him that the *stork* brings babies. It was years before he recovered his faith in me. He would even wait for his Dad to come home to ask things like, "How hot is boiling?"

I've come to the conclusion that the whole business of sex instruction is completely unnecessary and more than a little ridiculous. As the kids would say, "Who needs it? It's for the birds and bees."

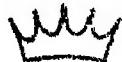
Out of Tune

THE TROUBLE with the harmony of nations is that some want to beat the big drum, few face the music and none will play second fiddle. —R. N. N.



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Humour in Uniform

WHEN Victory Day, August 1945, arrived, 671 Squadron of the RAF were on a desolate airfield in India, longing to come home. Hopes were dashed, however, by the C.O. announcing that repatriation would be badly delayed by a shortage of transport.

"It may be 18 months before you leave," he warned his officers. "We'll meet again next week, and I expect you to have some good ideas for employing the time usefully."

The following week he asked: "Well, you chaps, what ideas? Remember, you have more than a year to fill."

A bright young flight-lieutenant sprang to his feet. "We suggest walking home, sir," he said.

—ALAN HUMPHRIES

THE Local Defence Volunteer Force, hurriedly mustered in 1939 to defend Britain against invaders, had plenty of keen recruits but few proper weapons.

A youngster sent empty-handed on patrol with an old soldier who was armed with a shotgun, asked anxiously how he was supposed to help.

Replied the veteran reassuringly: "I do the shooting, son. You keep the score." —F. C. R.

IT WAS 1942, and the Commandos were raiding the Lofoten Islands off the coast of Norway. One young second-lieutenant had succeeded in capturing a post office.

Standing at the counter, his tommy-gun dangling nonchalantly, he waited while the German Army postal clerk dispatched an urgent telegram for him. It was addressed to Adolf Hitler,



Reichschancellery, Berlin : YOU SAID IN YOUR LAST SPEECH THAT YOU WOULD REPEL THE BRITISH WHEREVER THEY LANDED STOP I AM HERE STOP WHERE ARE YOU?

—R. C. WILSON

AN OFFICER walking through the mess deck of an aircraft carrier noticed a cook with his feet propped up on a table.

"Do you put your feet on the furniture at home?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied the mess cook.

"Then why do you do it here?"

"Well, sir, at home aeroplanes don't land on the roof." —D. E. W.

THE LATE Air Marshal William Avery Bishop, one of the greatest Allied aces of the First World War, shot down 72 German planes. His son, Arthur Bishop, who flew Spitfires during the last war, says, "Dad and I did very well. Between us, we shot down 73 German planes." —N. M.

THE READER'S DIGEST

MADE up of officers from a variety of countries, our Combined H.Q. staff presented a dazzling appearance on parade. Almost everyone sported at least two rows of medal ribbons; the exception was my friend, a Territorial who could display only the modest Territorial Decoration. He was particularly embarrassed when we were inspected by Field-Marshal Montgomery, who arrived with almost the entire left side of his blouse obscured by ribbons.

Montgomery marched down the glittering line, not stopping until he reached my friend. He peered for what seemed an age at the solitary TD ribbon, then remarked, "How interesting. You're about the only man here with a decoration that I haven't got!"

—K. D. STOREY

AT an overseas airport which adjoins a harbour, a RAF transport plane overshot the runway and ran into the water.

Luckily no one was hurt and the plane was recovered. For months afterwards the squadron had to put up with endless ribbing.

The last straw was when the captain of an incoming destroyer signalled the RAF station commander : "Spending night here. May we use your runway?"

—MRS. R. A. LOGAN

WHEN I appeared before a regimental board to be considered for promotion I answered several questions on current events, sports, military courtesy, map reading and so on. Then the colonel asked what I would do if I encountered him in the street with my arms full of parcels. My answer was quick and correct : "No salute is necessary,

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sir—just the appropriate greeting of the day." Then he asked what I would do if I had no parcels, but was surrounded by women, and he was approaching.

Nervously I asked the colonel if he wanted an honest answer. He assured me he did. "Well, sir," I replied, "I doubt very much if I would even see you."

The results, announced the next day, proved that honesty pays. My name was fourth on the list.

—ROBERT RICHARDS

BOB HOPE has done a great deal of entertaining in Vietnam. One day, when he had done several shows, a marine called to him : "You look tired, Bob. Next time, why don't you stay at home and send for us?"

—LEONARD LYONS

A NEW submarine officer was being tested on the "man overboard" drill. A five-gallon drum was tossed over the side to represent the victim. The inexperienced officer got a little flustered, did not respond immediately, and the drum was sucked under by the wash from the submarine's screws. The officer then reversed course—and ran over the drum. Changing to forward speed, he made a full circle to approach the victim, and ran it down with the bow. The drum, obviously drowned, rattled alongside the boat. Finally the officer came to a stop to ponder his next move.

The quartermaster on watch had been observing the disaster. "Sir," he said, "could I ask a favour? If I ever fall overboard, will you just switch off all engines and let me swim back?"

—D. H.



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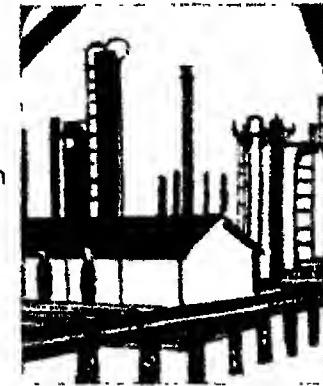


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The total investments of the LIC have risen from Rs. 349.29 crores in 1956 to Rs. 961.04 crores in 1966. The savings of the people are steadily and increasingly invested in industry and agriculture. The people and the country benefit.



Loans for Social welfare projects

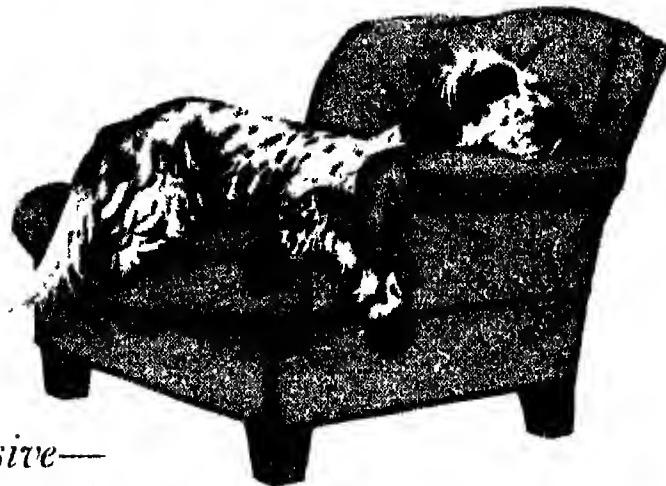
Special consideration is given to social welfare projects by giving loans for housing, water works and drainage schemes, co-operative sugar factories, industrial estates, State Electricity Boards, etc.

While much has been done, LIC looks ahead, working steadfastly towards bringing security and peace of mind to all people everywhere in India.



Life Insurance Corporation of India

A Dog Named Cider



A loving portrait of a companion who was proud, domineering, possessive—and every inch a gentleman

By COREY FORD

WHEN a friend tells me he can't play golf tomorrow because his wife wants him to stay at home, I don't jeer and make snide remarks about apron strings. I reply ruefully, "I know how it is. I have a dog . . ."

We met for the first time when he was five months old. I had gone to some kennels to pick out a puppy (or so I thought), and found myself subjected to the intent scrutiny of six young English setters in a pen.

Five stood with their front paws against the wire, barking and panting. The sixth sat on his haunches and regarded me solemnly until he caught my eye.

Evidently he made up his mind that he wanted me, for he thrust a forepaw through the mesh and reached towards

Condensed from The Rotarian

THE READER'S DIGEST

me. We belonged to each other from that moment.

It was clear at the outset that he had a mind of his own. That night I put him in an outdoor run away from the house and surrounded by an eight-foot fence. Some time in the small hours I was wakened by a soulful wail directly under my bedroom window. I have no idea how he climbed out of the run, still less how he knew which window was mine. Sleepily I stumbled downstairs to let him in.

He'd never seen a flight of stairs before, but he trotted up them confidently beside me, inspected my bedroom, and selected an overstuffed chair in which he slept every night for the rest of his life.

I named him Cider—it suggested autumn, the time of year I like best—and bought a book on house-training and obedience. I never had to use it. He came from a long line of gentlemen, and good manners were born in him. His only fault, which he never outgrew, was the habit of pawing a rug into a rumpled heap to make a softer bed.

After several futile attempts to dissuade him, I found it was less trouble to straighten the rug afterwards. Once I had made this simple discovery, the whole training problem was solved. All I needed was to determine in advance what he wanted to do, and then tell him to do it. We got along famously.

Somehow I never thought of Cider as a dog, and I doubt whether

he ever considered me a master. Ours was a mutual partnership, like marriage. The leash in my hand attached me to him as much as it attached him to me. We could not converse, but that didn't matter; he read my thoughts, and I in turn nearly always knew what he was thinking.

From the start there was a sort of telepathy between us. He never barked to wake me up, but sat beside my bed and stared at me patiently until I opened my eyes. In the woods, we could locate each other without calling.

He had one object in life—to make sure that I took him wherever I went. When he caught me packing a suitcase, he would droop his ears and gaze at me with an expression of utter melancholy, accented by one raised eyebrow, which gave him a look designed to melt the hardest heart. If that failed, he would curl up in his chair with his back to me and refuse to come downstairs to see me off.

This would so prey on my mind that I sometimes cut my trip short. And since even a brief absence upset him, I found myself cancelling social engagements. But if Cider was possessive, it was as much my doing as his. For I am a bachelor, and to a single man a dog is a substitute for wife and children.

Even as a pup Cider had great pride, and a natural reserve about displaying emotion. Not once in his life did he lick my hand; when I

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A DOG NAMED CIDER

patted him, he showed his appreciation by dry-swallowing several times, or stretching out his legs and spreading his toes in obvious contentment. If something vexed him, his only protest was a quick, false yawn, a device that I've tried to emulate. Not only is it safer to yawn than to make a remark which might be regretted later, but there's no better way to insult the other party.

He grew more dignified as he matured. The lanky legs feathered out, the chest deepened, the tail became a waving silver plume. His majestic head and sagging jowls suggested a High Court judge. I would no more have dreamed of tumbling him playfully on to his back and scratching his belly than I could imagine myself tickling the stomach of a Chief Justice.

He looked on toys and games with lofty scorn. If I rolled a tennis ball across the floor to him, he'd open his red, rheumy eyes and watch it disappear under the sofa—and then close them again while I got down on hands and knees to fish it out. On the other hand, he had his own idea of fun, and would study a caterpillar for hours, his brow furrowed in deep concentration.

I was never sure when he was pulling my leg, for his sober face betrayed no sign of amusement. Once in his awkward puppy days, he overturned a table on the terrace, shattering two glasses and a china ashtray. Immediately he let out a

shriek of anguish and started hopping round on three legs, while I ignored the damage he had caused and bent over him solicitously to ease his pain. It was not until he spotted a squirrel on the lawn, and leaped after it with all four legs functioning perfectly, that I realized how completely I had been taken in.

The older Cider grew, the more we depended on each other. He would not go upstairs without me. If I entertained guests past his bed-time, he would flop down heavily in the centre of the living-room and sigh, like an impatient wife trying to signal her husband to say good night and come to bed. Like an old married couple, we had adjusted to each other, our likes and dislikes were similar, we had the same diseases (we were both subject to sinus trouble) and took the same antihistamine tablets. Several people remarked that I was actually getting to look like him: the one raised eyebrow, the sagging jowls, the red, rheumy eyes.

I mated him, very late in life, to an obliging female recommended by the kennelman. I was far more excited about the affair than Cider was, and couldn't wait to see the puppies when they were born. One ball of fluff sat in the palm of my hand and yawned, and I promptly marked him for mine. As soon as he was weaned I brought him home, but Cider would have no part of his son and resented him as a rival for my affection. He was so heartbroken

THE READER'S DIGEST

that I had to take the pup back to the kennels and leave him, to be kept for me.

Cider was ageing fast. They say that each year in a dog's life is equal to seven in a man's, and time ticks by more rapidly than we realize. It seemed only yesterday that he was a gangling puppy trotting at my side; then overnight he was a companion my own age; now suddenly his years were half again as much as mine, as he became a venerable gentleman somewhere in his 90's.

He grew increasingly feeble. Then came the night when his legs collapsed. I had to carry him upstairs in my arms and place him in his overstuffed chair. In the morning he lay in a coma, though the tip of his tail twitched once or twice when I spoke to him. When the vet arrived to take him away, I removed his collar, and kissed him for the first and last time. I knew that I would never see him again.

I was resolved not to have another

dog. I decided to take a holiday; there was nothing to prevent it now. I was free at last, I reminded myself —free to pack my bag and go fishing.

On my way I stopped at the kennels to give instructions to sell Cider's pup. "Want to have a look at him?" the kennelman asked. I told him I hadn't got time. "Only take a minute," he urged. "He's the spitting image of his old man."

The pup was in a wire pen, sitting on his haunches. His young body had not filled out yet, but the markings were identical, even to the cocked eyebrow. He looked at me steadily until our eyes met, and then thrust a forepaw through the mesh and reached towards me. It was as though his father, by some transcendent effort, had given himself back to me so that I would not be alone.

Cider's collar is round his neck now. It hangs loosely, but he will fill it in time.



Keeping Mum!

MUM AND Dad were driving back from a week-end visit and bringing Mum's mother home with them. When Dad pulled into a petrol station, all three got out to stretch their legs. Dad got back in the car later and asked, "All set?" Grandma, in the front seat, said, "Yes," and off he drove.

A few miles down the road he glanced behind—at an empty back seat. Bewildered, he asked Grandma why she hadn't told him he was leaving Mum behind. She said quietly, "I just thought you knew what you were doing."

—Mrs. T. J. Newcomb

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ASSASSINATION!

The Plot that Failed

*How Abraham Lincoln
narrowly escaped the first
attempt on his life*

By ALAN HYND

MARK my words! Abe Lincoln will never live to reach Washington."

The tall gaunt man in the back seat of the carriage gave no hint he had heard the driver's chilling prophecy. His craggy face, half hidden

under a soft hat, seemed not to change expression. But detective Allan Pinkerton, on his right, looked grim; the young lawyer on his left, Ward Lamon, moved closer in a protective gesture.

In those emotion-torn days before

Condensed from *The Kiwanis Magazine*





the first guns of the American Civil War sounded at Fort Sumter, the passengers in the horse-drawn carriage that clattered through the near-silent streets of Philadelphia on that night of February 22, 1861, well knew what peril lay ahead for the President-elect of the United

States on his way to his inauguration in Washington. For Pinkerton had learnt that in Baltimore, that hot-bed of secessionists, eight men were preparing the assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

A few weeks earlier, Pinkerton had arrived in Baltimore on what he

THE READER'S DIGEST

thought would be a routine investigation. Officials of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad had asked him to track down rumours that secessionists were planning to blow up the steamers that ferried the trains across the Susquehanna River.

Pinkerton set out to gain the confidence of the secessionists who had flocked to Baltimore in an attempt to swing border-state Maryland to the side of the seven southern states that already had seceded from the Union. Adopting a southern accent and posing as one John Hutchinson, Pinkerton opened a broker's office as cover. Then he established himself as a nightly figure in the bar of Barnum's hotel, favourite haunt of the secessionists.

Conspiracy. He soon learned more was at stake than a few railway carriages—in fact, nothing less than the life of the President-elect. The patrons of Barnum's bar, their tongues loosened by drink, stated unequivocally that Lincoln would be assassinated as he passed through Baltimore on Saturday, February 23.

Of all the Lincoln haters, the most fanatic, Pinkerton discovered, was Cypriano Fernandina, the hotel's head barber, an Italian immigrant with anarchistic sentiments. Fernandina was soliciting funds to charter a steamer for an escape to the South following Lincoln's murder. Pinkerton made a contribution, but the barber failed to divulge any details of the murder plot.

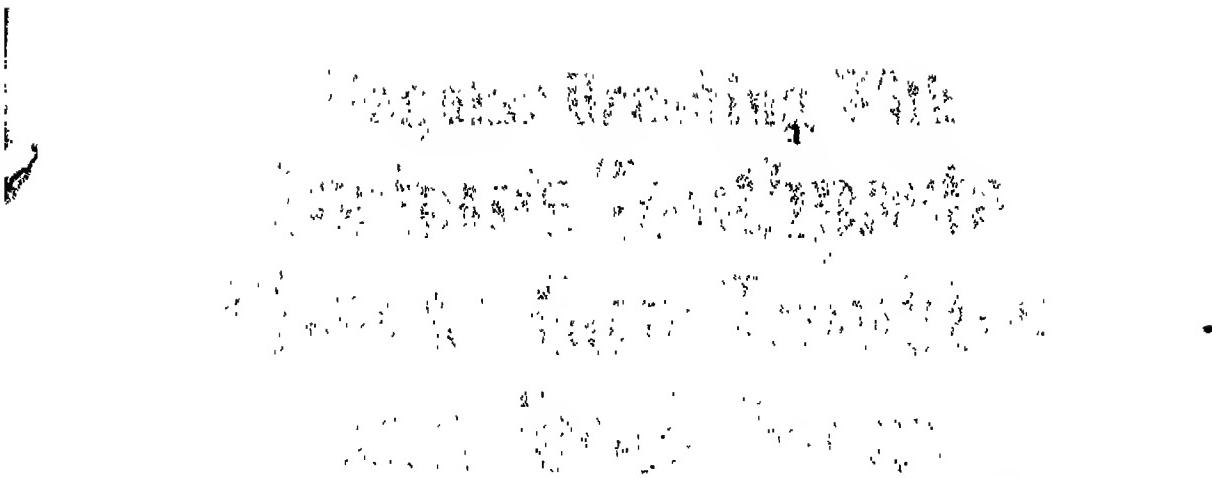
Leaving Fernandina, Pinkerton met Harry Davies, a colleague who had accompanied him to Baltimore. Davies, also posing as a wealthy southerner, had struck up a friendship with an alcoholic aristocrat named Hillard. Davies told Pinkerton that Hillard was receiving telegraphic reports on Lincoln's exact movements for an assassination conspiracy to which Hillard belonged. Pinkerton concluded that the Hillard group was tailing the Lincoln party, which had left Springfield, Illinois, on February 11, to make 15 goodwill stops before reaching Washington. Presumably the conspirators would flash word of any changes in itinerary.

"Try to join Hillard's group as quickly as possible," Pinkerton instructed Davies. "I suspect that he and the barber belong to the same conspiracy."

Next day, Davies told Hillard that he shared his anti-Lincoln sentiments and wished to become a member of the conspiracy. Hillard said he would see what could be done. Only a few days before Lincoln was due to pass through Baltimore, Hillard told Davies that he was to be sworn into the group.

At eight o'clock that night Davies met the conspirators, about 20 men from all walks of life, including, as Pinkerton had suspected, the barber Fernandina, who was, in fact, their leader.

After swearing Davies in to the "cause," Fernandina called the



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November

gathering to order. On the following Saturday, he explained, Lincoln would arrive in Baltimore on the 12.30 p.m. train from Harrisburg, and change trains for Washington. Crowds were sure to gather in the narrow vestibule that he would walk through, and the conspirators were to mingle with the crowd. Just before Lincoln entered the vestibule, other secessionists would create a disturbance in the street outside, thus drawing away the station police. At that moment, the assassin was to step close to the President elect, and either stab or shoot him to death.

Now, Fernandini said, the time had come to draw lots to determine the identity of the assassin. All the ballots were white except one. Who ever drew the single red ballot would murder Lincoln. As a precaution against any leakage of information, every man was to keep secret the colour of the ballot he drew.

When the drawing of lots was over (Davies' ballot was white), the tense gathering quickly broke up. Davies, who was the last to leave, was saying good-night to his host when something impelled Hillard to take the detective into his confidence. It wasn't true, he said, that the hat contained only one red ballot; it contained eight. The top plotters were taking no chances that their plans might go wrong if one man lost his nerve.

Davies recounted the plot to

1966

Pinkerton in the small hours of Tuesday morning, February 19. Trying to arrest the plotters would be useless, Pinkerton knew, because the Baltimore police were largely pro-secessionist. Moreover, if action were taken against one group of plotters, another could spring up secretly overnight. He decided that the proper strategy called for silence and a counterplot.

But there was no time to waste. Lincoln's itinerary was tight. He would be in New York City until Thursday, when he was to leave for Philadelphia, arriving at 4 p.m. Next day he was scheduled to reach Harrisburg at 2 p.m. On Saturday morning he would head for the rendezvous in Baltimore.

When the Lincoln party reached Philadelphia on Thursday, Pinkerton was there waiting. But some hours passed before he could reach Norman Judd, an attorney who was one of Lincoln's closest friends and a member of the President-elect's party. When Pinkerton finished outlining the Baltimore plot, Judd, genuinely alarmed, asked Pinkerton what he thought should be done. Pinkerton glanced at his watch. It was a few minutes after 9 p.m. "There is a Washington carriage on the last train out of here for Baltimore at 10.50 tonight," Pinkerton said. "I think Mr. Lincoln should be on it."

"So do I," said Judd.

In those days, there were no through trains from Philadelphia

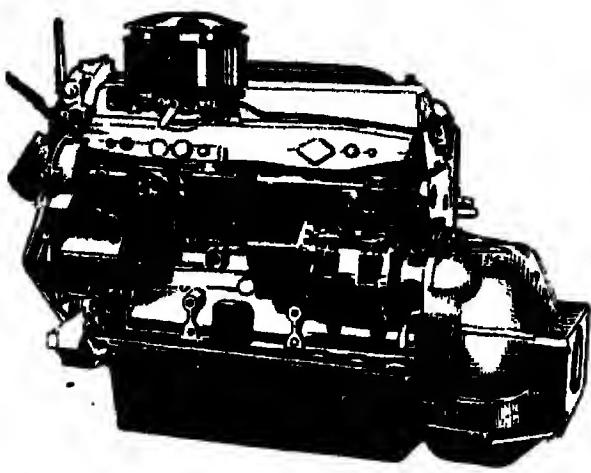
the perfect set



Heet

BALL PENS

Creative Unit

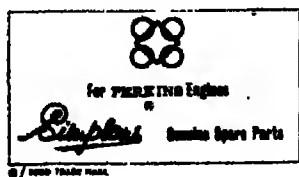


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ASSASSINATION! THE PLOT THAT FAILED

to Washington. Washington-bound sleepers were uncoupled at Baltimore, drawn by horses through almost two miles of streets to another terminal, and coupled to trains for the rest of the journey. The 10.50 out of Philadelphia reached Baltimore at 3.30 a.m., and the Washington train departed an hour later.

It was nearly 10 p.m. when Pinkerton and Judd reached the hotel where Lincoln and his party were staying. They found him still receiving the ladies and gentlemen of Philadelphia. Crucial minutes ticked away. Finally, the President-elect came to Judd's room where the two were waiting. The detective described the murder plot to its intended victim.

Counterplot. Lincoln listened impassively, now and then requesting more details. Then he asked Judd how the situation should be handled. Judd replied that he thought Lincoln, Pinkerton and he should slip out of the hotel immediately and catch the 10.50 train.

Lincoln studied the carpet, "No," he said at last, "I cannot consent." He pointed out that the next day was George Washington's birthday, one of the nation's most important patriotic holidays. "I must be at a flag-raising ceremony here in Philadelphia," he said, "and then go on to Harrisburg. If you both think there is real danger in my going through Baltimore openly, I shall try to get away quietly from the

people at Harrisburg tomorrow evening. *Then* I'll place myself in your hands."

Pinkerton worked through the night and well into the next day, perfecting his counterplot. Lincoln was to elude the conspirators by arriving in Baltimore almost half a day ahead of his announced schedule, and be in Washington some six hours before the time set for his Baltimore assassination.

On Friday evening Lincoln was to have dinner with a few friends in a Harrisburg hotel where, his schedule reported, he would spend the night. Just as Lincoln was sitting down to dinner, a carriage quietly drew up at the side of the building. Lincoln, called from the room on the pretext of official business, was able to slip out unobserved.

Lincoln and Ward Lamon drove off into the darkness to a special two-carriage train that was waiting for them in a siding about two miles outside Harrisburg. The little special pulled away for the four-hour, 100-mile trip to take the President-elect back to Philadelphia in time to catch the 10.50 for Baltimore. To make sure that no spy could pass on suspicions to plotters, the telegraph lines to Baltimore had been cut. The journey back to Philadelphia was made in total darkness, the oil lamps unlit.

Meanwhile, in Philadelphia, Pinkerton was assured by a coded telegram that Lincoln was on the way. In a hired carriage, Pinkerton drew

THE READER'S DIGEST

up at the railway station shortly before Lincoln's train arrived. He instructed the driver to wait near by and started a whispered conference with Henry Kenney, an official of the line on which Lincoln was to travel to Baltimore.

When the special pulled in, the four men climbed into the waiting carriage, Kenney sitting beside the driver, with Lincoln between Pinkerton and Lamon in the back seat. The trip across Philadelphia from one station to the other normally took about 20 minutes and would have brought Lincoln to the other station almost half an hour before departure time. There, he would almost certainly have been spotted by other travellers and possibly by plotters.

Disguise. To kill time, Kenney, pretending to be searching for someone, directed the cab driver up one street and down another. It was on this ride that the talkative driver predicted Lincoln's death, little knowing that the President-elect was a passenger in his carriage.

At the almost deserted Philadelphia station Lincoln adopted a measure of disguise, walking with a stoop and wearing a soft hat instead of his familiar tall silk one. No one noticed as he entered the rear door of the sleeper, the last carriage on the train. There was little conversation during the journey. The train

pulled into its terminal in Baltimore at 3.30 that Saturday morning. The Lincoln carriage was detached, and pulled through the streets to be attached to the 4.30 a.m. train for Washington.

"The city was in profound repose as we passed through," Pinkerton recorded later. "Darkness and silence reigned. Perhaps even now the holders of the red ballots were nervously themselves for their part in the dreadful work or tossing upon sleepless couches."

Lincoln reached Washington at six o'clock on February 23, but word of his arrival was kept secret until after the train from Harrisburg had reached Baltimore. There, the crowd in the terminal was the largest in the city's history.

Less than a fortnight later, on March 4, 1861, Lincoln stood before a hushed crowd in Washington. From the notes that he had carried safely through Baltimore, he read his First Inaugural Address:

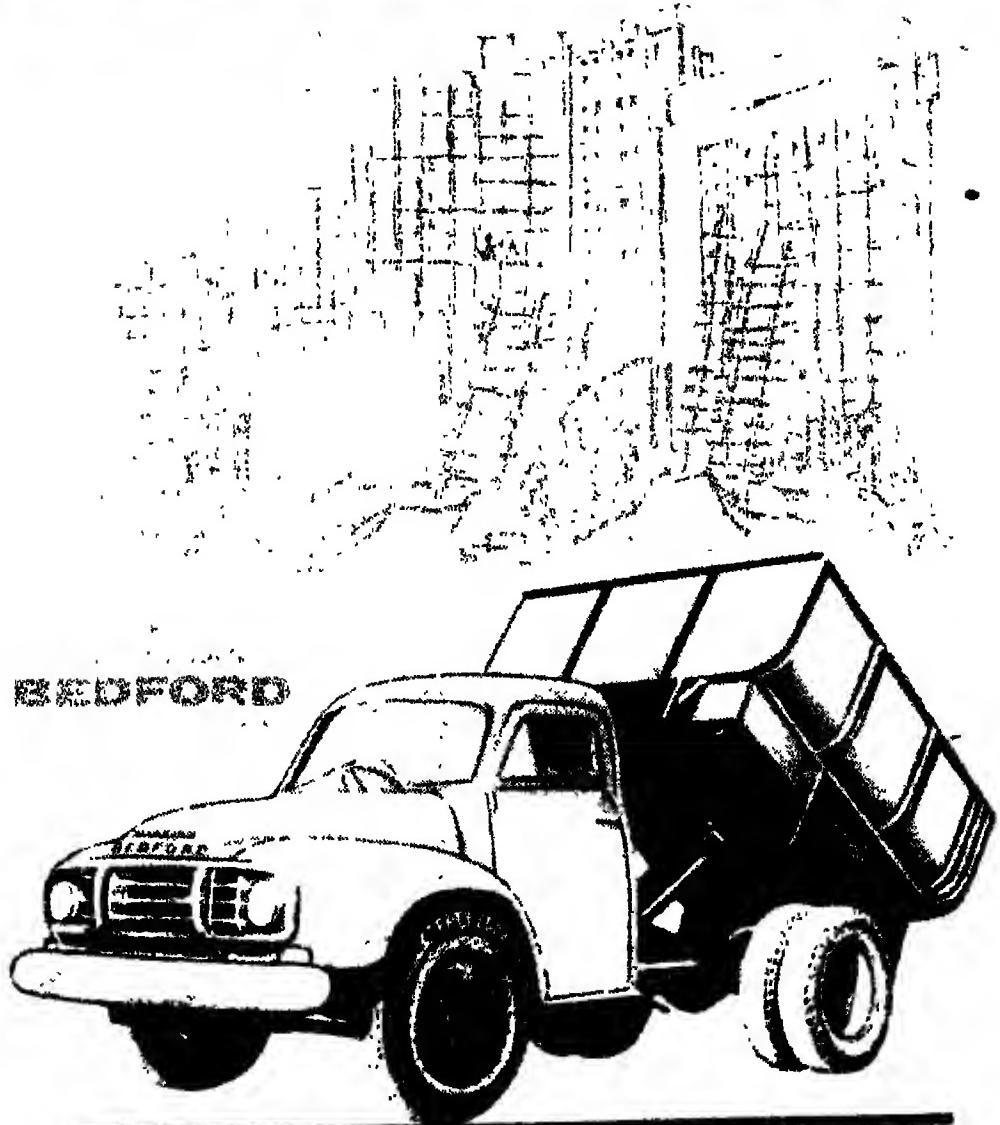
"... In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war . . ."

The following April 12, the Confederacy answered that challenge at Fort Sumter. And four years later another answer rang out at a Washington theatre—the fatal shot fired at Lincoln by a dissatisfied fellow countryman, John Wilkes Booth.

SMILE: A light in the window of the face which shows that the heart is at home.

—*The English Digest*

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The Unearthly World Below the Sea

By RUTHERFORD PLATT

With ingenious underwater devices, man can now explore the dark mysterious wilderness in the ocean depths



STRANGE lands more inaccessible than the planets are today being discovered at the very bottom of the sea. Down there in an unbelievable world are vast plains, and mountain ranges more massive than the Alps. The sea bed is completely dark. But it is not silent, nor is it motionless. Muffled shock waves from earthquakes travel through the deeps; horizontal wrenchings and vertical shiftings result from stresses and strains in the earth's crust and the elastic mantle that lies beneath it. Incredible forms of life have been found in this dark region where it is "impossible" for life to exist.

But explorers will never walk about down there, for no "space suit" could protect a man from being crushed to death under a weight of water which can reach a pressure of seven tons per square inch. The Piccard bathyscaphe can descend to the bottom of the ocean, but men in it can make only a spot-check of what they encounter in the little circle of their electric lights. They cannot go outside.

The world of incredible grandeur is now being revealed by remote control. Ingenious deep-sea equipment is being invented to explore and map undersea regions. Electronic, mechanical and sonar sensors are helping scientists find clues to some of the great mysteries of the

Nearly three miles beneath the ocean surface, an acorn worm dredges along the bottom, leaving his trail behind him

PHOTOGRAPH: LAMONT GEOLOGICAL OBSERVATORY

THE UNEARTHLY WORLD BELOW THE SEA

earth, such as how the oceans and continents were created, and whether the continents are drifting.

This dark realm lies far beyond and below what people on beaches regard as deep ocean, where dolphins play and seaweed jungles teem with life. These are actually just the waters upon the continental shelf.

The famous experiments in underwater living conducted by Jacques-Yves Cousteau and by the U.S. Navy's Sealabs take place on this shelf, which is the shoulder of a continent upon which the ocean has trespassed. It slopes outwards very gradually to a maximum depth of 600 feet, and ends suddenly at the true rim of the continent, known as the shelf break. Beyond that lies the continental slope, which rapidly descends to the appalling depths that are now beginning to be explored.

Among the extraordinary devices developed for this exploration are specially designed cameras mounted with lamps and encased in heavy aluminium-alloy cylinders to withstand the extreme pressures. Lowered miles into the depths to within 6 to 20 feet of the bottom, the cameras provide superb pictures of the ocean's floor.

One research scientist has put a 1,600 lb. weight at the top of a hollow steel shaft. Triggered to plunge into the ocean bottom, it can penetrate as far as 60 feet and bring up a core of sediment for study under microscopes. Oceanographic



Starfish 9,000 feet deep in Antarctic waters

ships are being fitted with new kinds of deep-ocean exploring instruments capable of extraordinary precision. They are floating laboratories designed for work in the open sea. One result: increasingly detailed maps of our under-ocean lands.

A surprising revelation is the ruggedness of the terrain. When averaged out, the depths on the bottom of the sea are five times greater than the heights reached on continents above it.

Seen from the perspective of the ocean floor, the continents are tremendous blocks of granite thrusting abruptly upwards. In some places the walls of the continents are cut by underwater canyons bigger than Arizona's Grand Canyon. Such a one is

THE READER'S DIGEST

the Hudson River Canyon, which cleaves the continental shelf off New York.

This canyon slopes gradually downwards, starting in New York harbour. Sixty miles offshore, the Upper Gorge cuts through the shelf break, plunging to a depth of 8,000 feet. From there the Lower Gorge cleaves the gently sloping hillside formed by centuries of deposits until it reaches the Sohm Abyssal Plain, 16,500 feet under the waves. There towers Caryn Peak, a weird volcanic pinnacle five times higher than the Empire State Building.

The puzzle of what formed the giant canyons was solved in a surprising way. One day in 1929, 12 telegraph cables between the United States and Europe, running parallel but spaced miles apart, were mysteriously broken, one after the other, over a period of 13 hours. The breaks took place in deep water beyond the rim of the continent off Newfoundland, and began approximately one hour after a local earth tremor.

Avalanche. Twenty-three years later oceanographers finally solved the mystery. A great event had occurred in the mysterious deep. A mass of stones, sand and mud, which had been torn from the coast by waves and deposited on the shelf of the Grand Banks was toppled off the shelf by an earthquake. Travelling as fast as 50 miles an hour, this turbid mixture tumbled down the continental slope to the floor of the

ocean, cutting one cable after another.

Until this discovery, no one had realized the magnitude or power of this phenomenon, known as a turbidity current. Composed of water mixed with heavy rock and sediment, it moves like quicksilver—and attains great velocity and eroding power. Geologists say that this process, repeated over millions of years, carves out the canyons in the deeps.

The Sohm Abyssal Plain extends north-east from Caryn Peak. The Hatteras Abyssal Plain stretches south-east of Caryn. These two flat bands, about three miles deep and 200 miles wide, curve until they almost encircle a comparatively rough terrain named the Bermuda Rise. This area is about 12,000 feet below sea-level, except at its centre where a steep, sharp mountain stabs up through the ocean—Bermuda!

Abyssal plains are the deep-sea floor of the ocean. Here are no swaying seaweeds, no cycle of day and night, no apparent tides or waves. All is dark. Most abyssal plains are studded with volcanoes, called "seamounts." Some, especially in the Pacific, are beheaded and are called "guyots."

Thousands of years ago these volcanoes repeatedly erupted through the ocean floor, belching fiery lava that built up until it emerged above the sea. Later, the volcanoes became extinct and the tops, eroded by wind and wave, flattened to sea-level. But



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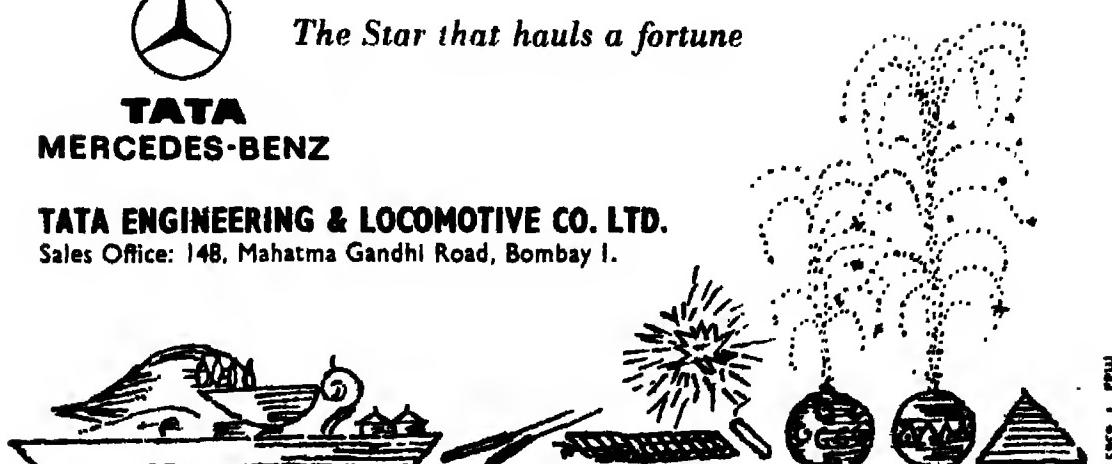
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THE UNEARTHLY WORLD BELOW THE SEA

the crust of the earth is thin and elastic under the ocean depths; in time it sagged, drowning the volcanoes. Today we discover the guyots with their flat tops as much as a mile under the surface.

Strange chasms called trenches are sometimes found at the edges of the abyssal plains near the continental margins. Their origin is still unknown. Averaging 20 miles wide at the top and hundreds of miles long, a trench has steep sides and a

runs from the Arctic Ocean basin along the full length of both the North and South Atlantic oceans. Continuing in the deep water between Africa and Antarctica, it bends east and then branches northwards under the Indian Ocean, loops south of Australia, through the South Pacific, then north up the eastern side of the Pacific, where it runs ashore at Lower California. These globe-circling mountains are called Mid-Ocean Ridge—a colossal



flat floor, and is usually about 25,000 feet deep. The Challenger Deep in the Marianas Trench east of Guam is the deepest spot in the ocean yet discovered—seven miles under the blue water.

In the Atlantic, beyond the abyssal plains, under mid-ocean, lies a huge highland region called the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, whose mountain peaks break through into the sunshine at the Azores, Iceland, Ascension and other islands. It was detected in 1873 by the famous expedition of the British ship *Challenger*, which sounded the depths with a lead weight.

Today, the new ocean-exploring devices have revealed that the Mid-Atlantic Ridge is a segment of the longest mountain range on earth. It

geologic mystery, 40,000 miles long, that emerges from the sea in only a few isolated places.

The most exciting discovery about the Ridge is that it is sliced down the middle. This slicing has been carefully studied in the North Atlantic where it is called the Rift Valley of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. There, the astonishing crack averages more than 6,000 feet in depth; the severed sides stand 8 to 30 miles apart, suggesting a hellish tearing asunder.

In the Atlantic the line of the Rift follows the shape of the opposite coast lines. If the American continents and Europe-Africa were pushed together they would fit at the Rift like a jigsaw puzzle—a dramatic hint that these continents

THE READER'S DIGEST

may once have been one landmass that split apart at the Rift.*

The key question is: what force is great enough to displace continents? One exciting suggestion comes from the discovery of unusual amounts of heat in the Mid-Atlantic Ridge and Rift.

Moving Mantle. Is this kind of heat merely the result of volcanic eruptions, or is it being brought up slowly from the hot interior of the earth by convection currents?

According to the convection-current theory, hot materials deep within the earth's mantle become excessively heated, perhaps by radioactivity, expand, and rise towards the ocean floor. Just below the crust the ascending mantle slowly divides and spreads horizontally, dissipating heat as it goes. As it cools, the mantle grows denser and sinks back towards the deep interior where it heats up again.

Thus, a kind of wheel, revolving with infinite slowness, is formed within the mantle, and the moving mantle carries the earth's crust along with it.

Many geologists think that the slow spreading apart of the mantle creates a stretching force strong enough to cause the Rift Valley. This force, they say, tore the continents asunder, inched them apart through geological time, and is still separating them.

Why is there so little sediment on

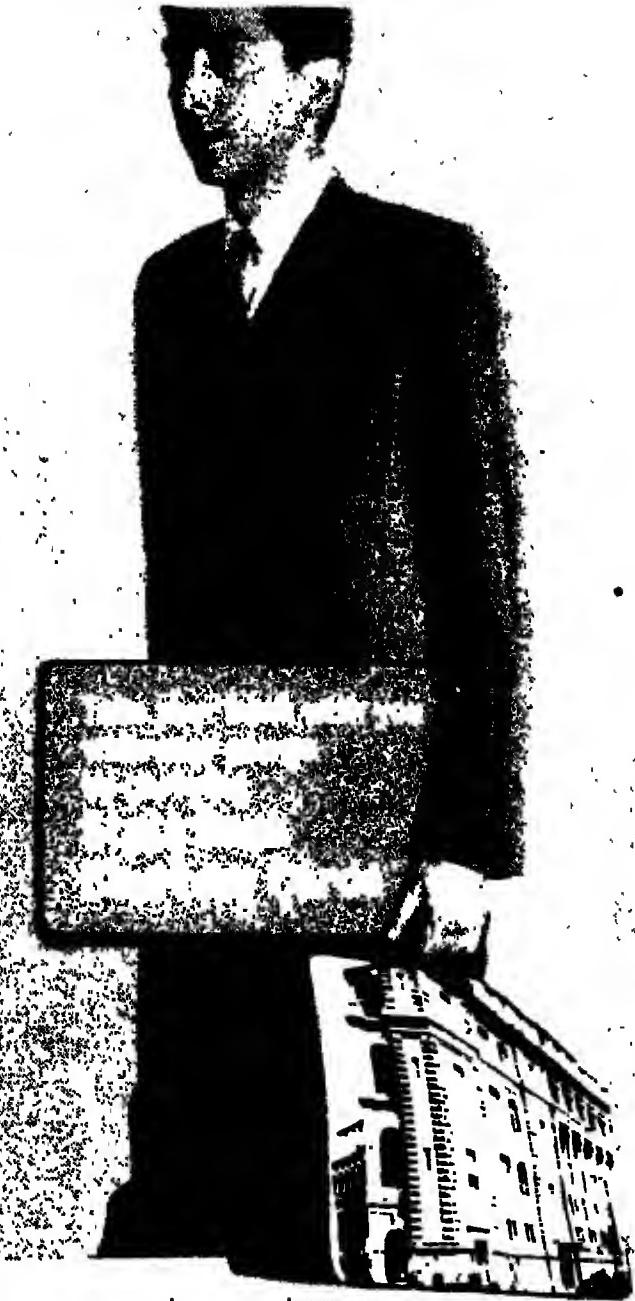
* See "Are the Earth's Continents Adrift?"
The Reader's Digest, June 1961.

the ocean floor? What happens to the eight cubic miles of land sediments that are washed by rivers into the oceans each year? Part of the answer is that some sediments dissolve as they run into the sea, and others disintegrate on the long slow trip to the bottom. Only the more insoluble materials survive the journey. Nothing is left on the floor of the ocean except fine clay particles which come from the land, and a peculiar ocean deposit called ooze, composed mainly of the skeletal remains of microscopic marine animals.

The clay particles and ooze are deposited by a perpetual "phantom snow" with flakes so tiny that they are beyond the range of most microscopes and so light in weight that one may take years to sink five miles down to the ocean floor. The sediment accumulates at an estimated rate of one twenty-fifth of an inch every thousand years. Even at that rate it should have reached a thickness of 10,000 feet after 3,000 million years—about the time the deep oceans have existed.

Yet the carpet of ooze is much thinner than this. Indeed, photographs with deep-sea cameras show that large areas of the ocean bottom are bare rock. Where have the sediments gone?

Some explain this by a theory about a grand cycle which scientists suspect may be occurring in the deeps, especially under the trenches. According to this theory, the ocean



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floor on which the sediments are falling is also slowly moving, being nudged by the convection currents. It could be that the sediments are gradually being carried back towards the continental margins as though they were riding on a conveyer belt.

Why don't they pile up against the continental margins? Perhaps they are pulled into the trenches. According to one scientist, the trenches occur where the convection currents in the mantle are starting to descend. They drag a bit of the earth's crust with them and thrust it, with its veneer of ocean sediments, under the continents.

At such depths, the earth's interior heat is intense enough to melt the sediments which, because of their granitic origin, slowly crystallize into fresh granitic rock. Since these sediments are deposited so slowly, it is possible they are carried under the continents and turned into new granite as fast as they collect.

Thus the continents of the earth may be constantly and for ever renewing the materials which wash out of them by reabsorbing them via the action of convection currents.

Band of Life. The utmost penetration of light into mid-ocean is about 3,000 feet. Most sea life is far above that depth, at no more than 300 to 600 feet, where there is enough solar energy for marine plants to manufacture food through photosynthesis.

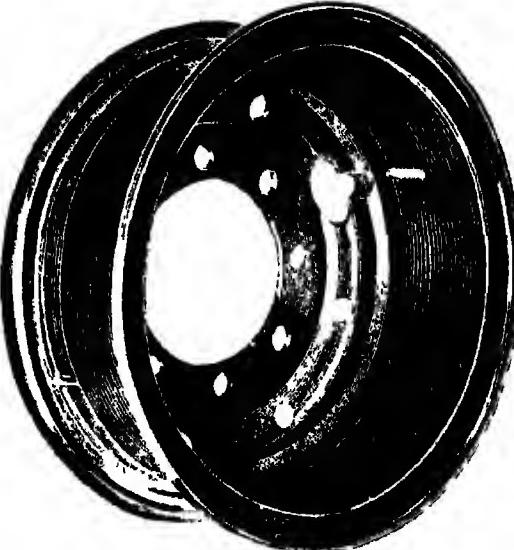
In the 1870's U.S. and British ships discovered, in the blackness below the light line, a mid-depth band of life, where sizeable fish swim happily under water pressure of two tons. These strange fish have evolved internal adaptations that enable them to survive the tremendous pressure of the water where they live. Many are luminous, and have big mouths with long, sharp teeth. Some lure their prey with their eerie glow to within striking distance of their huge jaws. Others are scavengers that feed upon carcasses of dead fish and other debris descending from above the light line.

But can life exist on the very floor of the abyssal wilderness? The answer is a surprising yes. Ocean-bottom cameras have shown living things on the firm ooze of abyssal plains and trench floors—mostly small, burrowing creatures: worms, sea cucumbers, molluscs.

The camera was lucky enough to get a vivid picture of an acorn worm, 40 inches long. It was devouring ooze and defecating modernistic coils and spirals as it went on its way.

These inhabitants of the ocean's floor, marvellous as they are, have cells similar to those of all other living things on earth. Because of the miracle we call evolution, they survive by adapting their internal pressure to the surrounding water. Their existence is one more testimony to the wonder of life.

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Lessons Children Teach Me

*"Be what you are,
give what you can,
and the rest of the time
mind your own business"*

By Miss MICHAEL DRURY



ONE NIGHT when I was putting a friend's five-year-old son to bed, I turned out the light and said, "Good-night, lamb." I suppose I thought that all children consider such a name amusing and endearing.

"I'm *not* a lamb," the little boy objected.

I tried two similar names—bunny and chicken—each of which he vigorously denied being. At last I asked, "What are you, then?"

With patience and dignity he replied, "I'm a person."

In my subsequent dealings with the young, I have tried to remember this.

Like many people without children of their own, I am blessed with an assortment of young friends. Mine range from five months upwards, and they are all steadily engaged in revising my opinions of childhood.

As a result, I am continually startled by the wishful thinking that surrounds most adults' relationships with children.

I am not particularly devoted to

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LESSONS CHILDREN TEACH ME

children as a class. I recognize that they can be good, bad, bright, slow, charming or fiendish—like everyone else. This makes any friendship between us, when it does develop, spontaneous and honest. When it does not develop, there is no obligation on either side to devise it.

Children have a great deal of perception. You can flatter a child, but you need to be good at it. A youngster can detect whether there is humour, skill and a worthwhile motive behind your flattery, and he may quickly discern and resent a cheap performance.

I once told an almost plain ten-year-old girl en route to a party that she was pretty, and she replied, "Why, thank you! Now maybe I really will be." I opened my mouth and shut it again. I doubt that she already knew that beauty is a feeling, but the idea was stirring in her. Any more flattery from me would have insulted her intelligence and, what is worse, betrayed her trust in my motive.

On another occasion I tried flattery on a boy of 12 who badly needed it, but that time I went too far. After my third praising remark he said, "Let's not overwork this gag."

* I said softly, "*Touché*."

"What does that mean?"

"It means that you're on target. I was overdoing it. Originally, I meant only to get across that I love you."

He grinned and said, "Originally, I got the message."

Later he asked if I was angry. "Oh, no," I said. "I learned something. That's what helps to make two people friends—learning from each other."

"What did you learn?" he asked.

"Something about when to stop."

"I learned something, too," he said generously. "I learned what '*touché*' means."

A child's candour can be unnerving, delicious and deadly logical—not because he is more honest than an adult, but because he is still centred on himself. The pilot-philosopher Antoine de Saint-Exupéry said that human relationships have to be created and that one must go through an apprenticeship to learn the job.

It is our task as adults to teach the child that other people have to be considered. That is what growing up is. The ability to allow others emotional room is part of mature relationships.

Nowadays we seem to believe that love alone can do everything for a child. The word has a comforting sound, but love takes many forms. There is a certain little girl whose parents, though they love her very much, do not at the moment understand her needs. She happens to be extraordinarily intelligent, far more so than her brothers and sisters and even her parents. The school authorities want to send her to a special school, and she is eager to go, but her mother and father fear that she will grow apart from the family and

THE READER'S DIGEST

be unhappy. The child is aware of her abilities and says, "My parents don't really like it because I'm clever. They want me to be like other kids."

A surfeit of love without intellectual stimulus may damage a child's spirit. And love that forces a child to become something that he does not want to be is treacherous.

Recently a young friend flabbergasted me by asking, "Do I make you feel important?"

"I'm not sure I know what you mean," I answered.

"I don't know either," he said cheerfully. "But my father and mother keep saying that I make them important. If I get bad marks at school, Mum and Dad say that other people will look down on them. I don't get it."

One of the most astonishing demands we make of children is that they give our lives meaning. Ought it not to be the other way round? Shouldn't we reassure them that life is worth living? If we find that they give us fulfilment, that is our privilege and responsibility, not theirs.

We should not expect of youngsters what life teaches us we cannot find in any other living person: complete mutuality of feeling. Separateness is not a sad fact to which we must resign ourselves; it is a reality that should help us respect a child as an individual.

So often we blunt children's critical awareness. We want them to

think for themselves and be creative, yet we consistently stifle their freedom of thought and creativity, forgetting that creative thought ventures beyond conventional grooves:

Some teenage Sunday-school students once asked me if I thought that Jesus ever had any fun. They weren't being flippant; they wanted to relate Him to their own lives in terms they could understand. The question sent all of us on a hunt through the New Testament that gave some of my pupils their first glimmer of what scholarship involves.

We came up with certain scriptural, if unorthodox, deductions, and I learned that it is wise to be undismayed by any honest query from the young.

Recently a schoolgirl paid me a cock-eyed sort of compliment. She said, "When I grow old, I'm going to grow old like you and not like my mother."

I was speechless. In the first place, I'm on the sunny side of middle age; second, her mother is my friend, and I was not prepared to discuss her faults, real or otherwise; third, I felt somewhat flattered; and, above all, I knew I must not scare the child out of telling me whatever she cared to.

Criticism is a way of thinking, an effort to evaluate and to understand. If we are to help a child to explore his own ideas and values, to say what he means and to mean what he says, then we must not be alarmed



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by his first awkward attempts at thinking.

If I lived with children on a day-to-day basis, I undoubtedly would make the mistakes that parents make. But I would try to remember that a relationship with a child, like all other human relationships, is inherently imperfect. Above all, I would try to listen—not only to what a child says, but to what he means.

Arriving home one afternoon, I

found several small girls playing in the hall outside my flat. They had torn a page in a book and asked if I had any sticky tape. I produced it; they thanked me politely, and then one said, "Now you can go away." I went in and closed the door.

There was the essence of what my friends' children are teaching me: Be what you are, give what you can, and the rest of the time mind your own business.

I value the instruction.



Popping the Question

PUZZLE expert Martin Gardner tells of the time he experimented, successfully, with a series of trick questions suggested to him by a mathematician friend.

"I have three questions," Gardner said to a young lady, "each to be answered yes or no. The first is: Will you promise to answer this and the next question truthfully?" With an amused smile the young lady agreed. He continued, "The second is: If my third question is, 'Will you have dinner with me tonight?' will you answer that question the same way you answer this one?"

The poor girl was trapped, of course, for no matter how she answered the second question, she had to say yes to the third. They enjoyed a lovely dinner together.

—*Scientific American*

* * *

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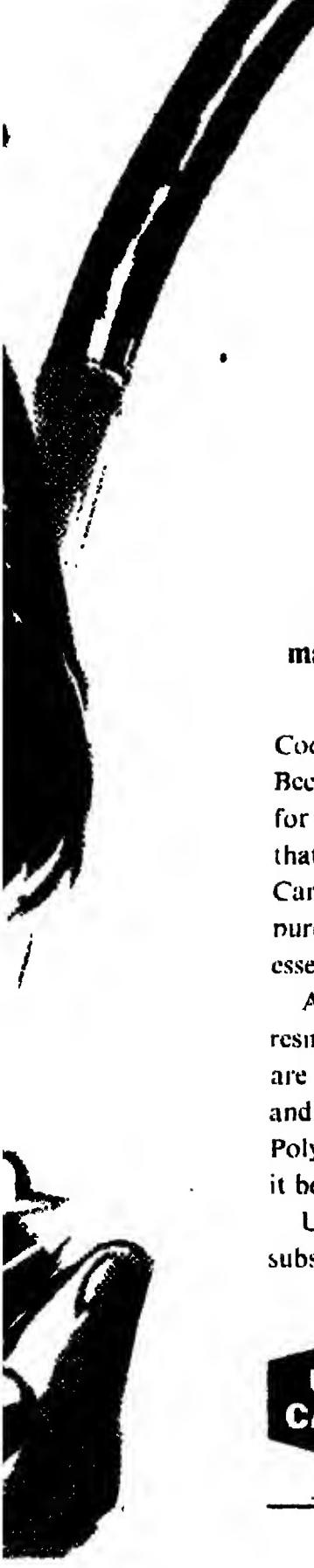


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TRAIL-BLAZING IN A CANOE

By BRUCE HUTCHISON

By the time he was 30, the Scottish explorer Alexander Mackenzie had pioneered the first crossing of North America and discovered the mighty river system that now bears his name



WHILE his companions watched in silence, the 29-year-old Scot mixed some vermilion pigment in melted grease, then scrawled across a rock his title deed to the most prodigious feat of exploration in North America's history: "Alexander Mackenzie, from Canada, by land, the twenty-second of July, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three." Though the words would soon be expunged by the Pacific

gales, they proudly proclaimed that, for the first time, white men had crossed the continent.

No one can identify Mackenzie's rock today. It stands somewhere in Dean Channel, a coastal inlet north of Vancouver, in British Columbia. It marks the end of a little-known odyssey, yet it shaped the future of the North American continent. Thenceforth Britain could claim and hold the north Pacific coast by right of overland discovery.

Alexander Mackenzie was born at Stornoway, on the Isle of Lewis, in 1764. His mother died when he was still young, and his father took him to New York.

At the beginning of the American Revolution the boy was moved to Montreal, where he attended school briefly and became an apprentice in the fur trade. His lean figure, handsome face and shrewd talent for business impressed his employers, and they sent him to Fort Chipe-wyan, their far western post of Athabasca, in what is now northern Alberta.

Soon after he arrived there, by canoe, his restless mind turned to the geography of the Canadian vasts. As a 25-year-old trader of the North West Company he shared its ambition to reach the Pacific and reap a precious new harvest of sea-otter pelts then being monopolized by Russians from Siberia.

But he wanted more than that: he must see the ocean for himself. For other men, snug in distant



THE READER'S DIGEST

cities, the Pacific was a commercial opportunity. For Mackenzie it was an obsession.

He pored over the vague, chaotic charts drawn by his predecessors from Red Indian legend and their own wild guesses. Surely, he thought, the rivers flowing northward eventually turned west and emptied into the sea where four powers were about to collide. Seagoing Captain James Cook had claimed the whole shore-line for Britain. Russia held Alaska. Spain was installed in California. An American, Captain Robert Gray, had sighted the mouth of the Columbia. If he, Alexander Mackenzie, could unlock the secret of the interior, he might change everything.

Thus, on June 3, 1789, with 13 companions in three canoes, Mackenzie started north on a stream ending no one knew where. His surmise was false: the stream did not turn west. Instead, it took him to the Arctic Ocean. The vast Mackenzie River system had entered the world map.

This discovery—a voyage of nearly 3,000 miles in 102 days—should have been sufficient achievement for one man's lifetime. It only tormented Mackenzie. His road to the Pacific still evaded him.

Back at his fort for another winter of exile, he realized that if he were to reach the Pacific he must learn to calculate latitude and longitude, must know, every day,

where he stood in the unmapped continental vacuum.

With the consent of his employers, he paddled to Montreal, sailed to England and spent half a year in study at his own expense. Returning to Canada in the spring of 1792, he brought with him some instruments and a heightened resolve to complete his search.

By the autumn he was installed again at Fort Chipewyan and, on October 10, his party paddled out of Lake Athabasca into the current of the Peace River, which penetrated the high dike of the Rockies. At its headwaters they hoped to find the unknown rivers flowing westward.

This time he had planned well. During the previous summer his men had built a camp on the bank of the Peace, and he wintered there.

As soon as the ice broke in the spring, on May 9, he launched a single canoe into the brown swirl of the Peace. This shell of birchbark, affectionately described in his diary, was 25 feet long and "so light that two men could carry her on a good road three or four miles without resting."

The men who climbed into the canoe with Mackenzie were Alexander Mackay (his second-in-command), six French-Canadian paddlers, and two Red Indian hunters.

At first the going was easy. Then, about the middle of May, the party encountered some of the worst water in America—the swirling

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vortex of the Peace River Canyon, 300 feet deep and 25 miles long.

The canoe could not be paddled against the furious current; it had to be poled or dragged by a rope. Often it was unloaded and carried round the slippery cliffs from which large stones kept rolling down.

It took four days of toil to carry the canoe round Portage Mountain. The men, drenched with rain and numbed by constant wading in icy water, began to mutter among themselves that Mackenzie was leading them to certain destruction. Mackenzie himself was full of doubts.

At last the canyon was passed

and the canoe relaunched. Only a few miles upstream, Mackenzie beheld the river's huge fork. Here was the largest decision of his voyage. Should he continue north-westward on the main channel, now called the Finlay, or turn south on its tributary, the Parsnip? Which would take Mackenzie to the fabled River of the West and on to the sea?

The men held for the Finlay—it was broad, smooth and safe, whereas the Parsnip looked narrow, swift and dangerous. But Mackenzie remembered the warning of an old Red Indian who had said that the Finlay poured out of impenetrable mountains where no man could travel. The word of one





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nameless Red Indian was little enough to go on, but Mackenzie had no other clue. Against the unanimous advice of his crew, he chose the Parsnip.

The current was too fast for paddles, too deep for poles; so, tortured by mosquitoes, alternately soaked by rain and stifled by heat, the voyagers clutched the overhanging branches and slowly pulled themselves upstream. Mackenzie heard his men whispering to one another that their only chance of success had been missed at the fork. He was almost ready to turn back and ascend the Finlay.

The questions were soon answered, by accident. As the canoe inched up the Parsnip, it was sighted by a hunting party of the Sekani Indians. They threatened the canoeists with bows and arrows. Ordering his men not to touch their guns, Mackenzie beached the canoe and, in sign language, invited the Sekanis to parley.

They approached dubiously, bows taut and arrows pointed. At the sight of a few glass beads and other trinkets, however, their humour changed, and they talked to Mackenzie through his Red Indian interpreters. Where, he asked, would the Parsnip take him? They gestured towards the south. There another river flowed onward to the "stinking lake."

This was the party's first rumour of the ocean. They pushed on.

The Parsnip ended in a maze of

little brooks, which could be the long-sought western watershed. On June 12 the canoe was taken from the water and carried 817 paces over a low hill to a small lake. White men had at last surmounted the Continental Divide north of the American plateau.

But the River of the West still eluded them, and the fierce current of its tributary smashed their canoe on a rock. Nearly all their musket balls were lost, with other equipment. The canoe was a wreck.

Once again the men turned mutinous. Mackenzie said nothing until they had cooked a good meal and warmed themselves with rum; then he began to talk quietly. As to what he said, we have only the stilted record of his diary—"the honour of conquering disasters" and "the disgrace that would attend us on our return home without having attained the object of the expedition." But his actual words must have been something else. Once more his men were shamed into obedience.

Next day they stitched the canoe together with new bark and dragged through "a dreadful country" of morass and underbrush until, on June 18, they came to a broad current. The Fraser, as it is known today, bore them safely west.

Suddenly a flight of arrows showered from the bank. Again Mackenzie ordered his crew not to shoot, and stepped ashore alone. His daring gamble succeeded. After a brief argument among themselves, some

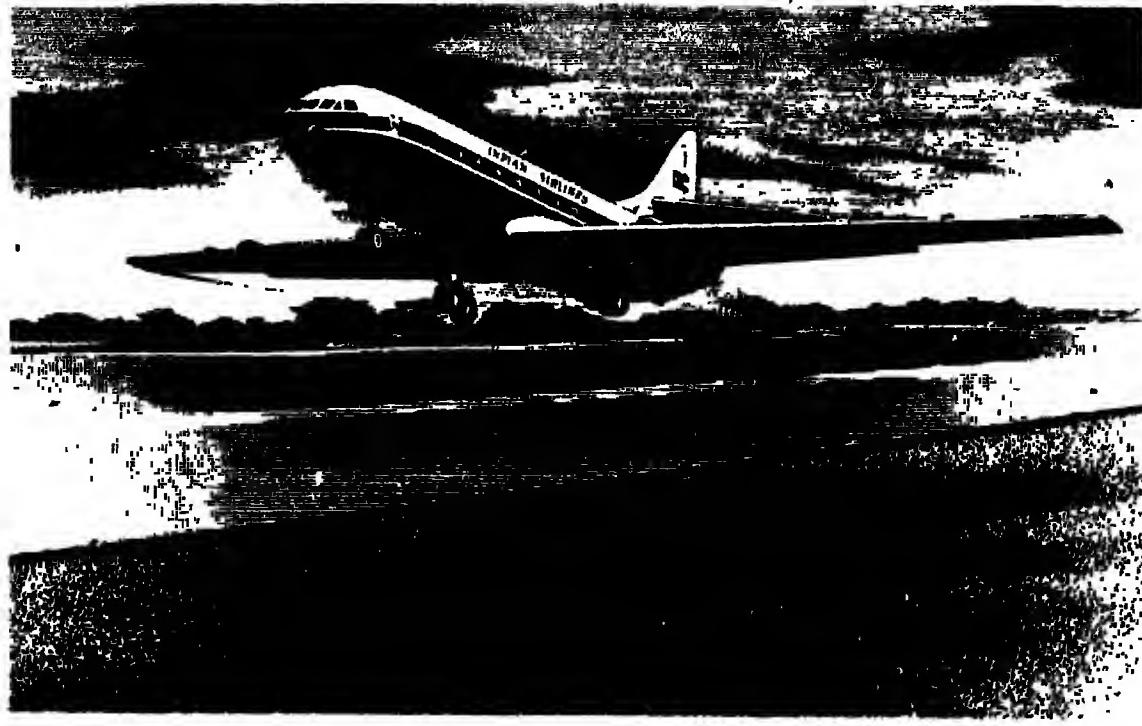
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TRAIL-BLAZING IN A CANOE

of the Red Indians followed him to the canoe, where he gave them presents of beads and knives. Mackenzie had discovered the warlike Carriers, a people whose widows carried their dead husband's bones on their backs.

The Carrier chief said that the river was long and treacherous and emptied into "the stinking lake" far to the south. But there was a trail to the west, he said. Four days by canoe and two days of easy walking, he suspected, would take the white men to the coast.

On July 4, the expedition started overland, each man carrying a pack of about 90 lb. From Mackenzie's notes it is impossible to fix his route. It turned out to be far longer than the Carrier chief had said. The weather turned cold and wet. The high mountains of the Rainbow Range loomed on the western horizon. The trail climbed upward across the divide where the snow was packed hard. Though it was midsummer, the men shivered under a wintry wind until they began moving downhill into the warm valley of the Bella Coola River, only 31 miles from the sea.

Late on the evening of July 17, they sighted a large encampment of Red Indians. They approached cautiously. There was no need for alarm. The natives were apparently expecting strange guests and had prepared a banquet of roast salmon.

Despite his hospitality, the chief

was anxious to get rid of the visitors. Their presence, he said, would frighten the salmon then surging up the river to be caught in huge traps of woven cedar roots. Mackenzie gladly accepted the loan of two dug-out canoes, with crews to paddle them. These stout craft swept down the Bella Coola at a surprising speed.

On July 19, Mackenzie arrived at the river's mouth. He tasted the water. It was salty; apparently they were in a long coastal inlet. At this point, the Red Indians refused to take their canoes farther. They put the white men ashore and paddled back up the river.

Mackenzie would not turn back: he was determined to see the ocean of his dreams. In a near-by Red Indian village, he bought another canoe, leaky but serviceable. On July 21, the ten men in their clumsy craft lurched through a labyrinth of islands into Dean Channel. Suddenly, however, three canoes shot out of a hidden cove, and 15 Red Indians, all shouting angrily, overtook them.

In the wrangle that followed, Mackenzie gradually learned the cause of their hostility. The Red Indians said they were of the Bella Bella people and had seen other whites in giant canoes at sea.

Their chief complained bitterly that a white chief named "Macubah" had tried to kill him with a gun. For such a crime he intended to have his revenge. (Doubtless

THE READER'S DIGEST

"Macubah" was the British navigator, Captain George Vancouver, who had sailed up this coast not long before, although Mackenzie knew nothing of this incident.)

The Bella Bella chief ordered the white men ashore. Mackenzie had no option. Ten more canoes now appeared from nowhere. Mackenzie's men paddled to the beach, primed their guns and prepared to defend themselves. But the attack never came. At sunset the Red Indians unaccountably paddled away.

Mackenzie waited the night through. The next morning, he mixed his pigment of grease and red mineral dust, scrawled on the south-east face of the Dean Channel rock his "brief memorial." Then he led his men to the canoe and started home.

The return journey took only 33 days. On August 24, the inhabitants of Fort Chipewyan saw a canoe racing down the Peace River. Mackenzie had triumphed again. He

had beheld both the Arctic Ocean and the Pacific Ocean, and he had come back without loss of a single life.

After wintering at Fort Chipewyan, Mackenzie paddled to Montreal in the spring, sailed to England and left the wilderness for ever. He was awarded a knighthood. Ample profits from his partnership in the fur trade made him rich. A wife and children and a manor in Scotland made him happy.

Yet the wilderness had taken its full toll. The only living man who had touched both the northern and western shores of America became an invalid before middle age. He died near Dunkeld, on March 11, 1820, at the age of 56, while travelling home from Edinburgh.

His signature on the Pacific rock has long since disappeared. But he and nine comrades had permanently changed the map and future of the New World.



On Active Service

*I*N SAIGON they tell the story of the 20,000-dollar prize Texan bull sent under the U.S. aid programme to improve the breed of Vietnamese cattle. He was put in a field with local cows, but displayed no interest at all. After hasty consultations, the bull's Texan breeder was flown out to Saigon by courtesy of the U.S. Air Force. He walked up to the bull and held what appeared to be a whispered conversation with him. The beast promptly began making vigorous approaches to the cows. Afterwards, U.S. and Vietnamese officials asked what had happened. "Well," drawled the Texan, "I was able to clear up a misunderstanding. He thought he was over here purely as an adviser."

—*New Statesman*

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Many young people are experimenting with LSD, known to drug addicts as "Instant Zen." In Western countries, traffic in this tasteless, odourless, almost invisible hallucinogen is becoming widespread—but it is dangerous. As this article points out, LSD can lead to insanity, suicide and even murder

BY WARREN YOUNG

The Truth About the Dream-Drug

FIVE YEARS ago, lysergic acid diethylamide was still a little-known laboratory curiosity. Today the drug, better known as LSD, is being used by a growing number of people—especially the young.

Drug pedlars promise a new world of flashing lights, colourful patterns, memories out of the past, sharpened insights into the nature of humanity. And a "trip" to this fabulous land can be taken simply by chewing a cube of sugar impregnated with a speck of the mysterious brain-affecting chemical.

Unlike heroin, the pushers say, LSD is not physically addicting. They point out that the usual LSD dose is minuscule—just one three-hundred-thousandth of an ounce, about the size of a floating dust particle—and that no human being has ever been known to die as a direct result of an overdose.

These claims are essentially true. But, speaking as an objective reporter who has sampled the views of enraptured users, medical experts, parents, officials and the leading "holy men" of the LSD cult, I have come to the personal conclusion

THE READER'S DIGEST

that *no one except qualified researchers should touch the stuff—it simply isn't worth the risk.* For some of the lesser-known facts about LSD are simply horrifying.

The fact that LSD does not cause lethal poisoning itself made little difference to one student in Los Angeles, who "turned on" with it two years ago to expand his outlook on life. As often happens, the drug gave him an overpowering sense of omnipotence. He strode directly in front of a fast-approaching car and raised his hand in the obvious belief that he could "will" the speeding vehicle to an instantaneous halt. He was wrong, and died—an "indirect" casualty.

More pathetic was the case of a circumspect 42-year-old woman whose business colleagues, without her knowledge, slipped LSD into her drink—for a joke. When the drug's common effects—hallucinations and a profound suicidal depression—struck for no apparent reason, she killed herself.

Hospitals have had to treat other unsuspecting victims of such criminally thoughtless pranks, who became convinced that they had simply gone insane—and, as a result of their hallucinations, very nearly did.

After deliberately taking LSD many people find themselves on a "bad trip." Doctors can provide dramatic relief, and it is true that most takers of the drug weather their journey. *But, of the first 100 such experimenters admitted to*

New York's Bellevue Hospital, eight simply did not come back to sanity after 10 to 14 hours, as expected. They lapsed into real psychosis—in most cases catatonic schizophrenia or paranoia—and had to be treated like any other long-term mental patient.

One young man of 23 felt ecstatic for several days about the effect of LSD and wrote to a friend, "We have found the peace, which is life's river which flows into the sea of Eternity." But after three weeks, now convinced that he was "all mind" and busy listening to God's voice, he was taken to hospital as a mute, catatonic psychotic. Psychiatrist Dr. Marvin Stern told me, "Such tragedies have occurred even among carefully selected LSD test-subjects with no prior evidence of disease or instability."

The first person known to have experienced the amazing powers of LSD was Dr. Albert Hofmann, a chemist in the Sandoz laboratories in Basle. In the hope of developing a useful stimulant for the central nervous system, Hofmann was synthesizing new compounds from lysergic acid, a chemical derived from a blackish fungus that invades ears of grain.

By chance a speck of one of his creations, LSD, found its way into his system. Overcome by the wild kaleidoscope of shapes and colours that flashed through his mind, he had to go home to bed.

A dedicated researcher, he later

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deliberately swallowed another tiny dose to pinpoint the cause of his weird experience. When the effects began again, he feared that he was going mad; he "saw" his body lying dead on a sofa while his "alter ego" moved about the room moaning.

In a typical LSD trance, a person's inhibitions tend to melt away. The user loses interest in "ordinary" human impulses, however, so this derailment of mental processes does not necessarily lead to sexual adventurism. Instead the user is likely to spend hours in rapturous contemplation of the "inexpressible beauty" to be found in some speck of dirt on the floor, or in the "geometrical fascination" of a fingernail. His body may seem to split into two or more parts, and he finds it impossible to keep track of where he really is or even to distinguish where he leaves off and inanimate objects begin.

LSD often gives people a powerful urge to jump out of a window, perhaps under the impression that they are snowflakes or birds. A student actor, in his twenties, son of a well-known professional man, arranged for an LSD "trip" with two friends, one of whom was not to take the drug but instead would watch out for his companions' safety. For some reason, the watcher left the room for a time, and the would-be actor dived out of a window—from four storeys up. Miraculously, he survived—but with a

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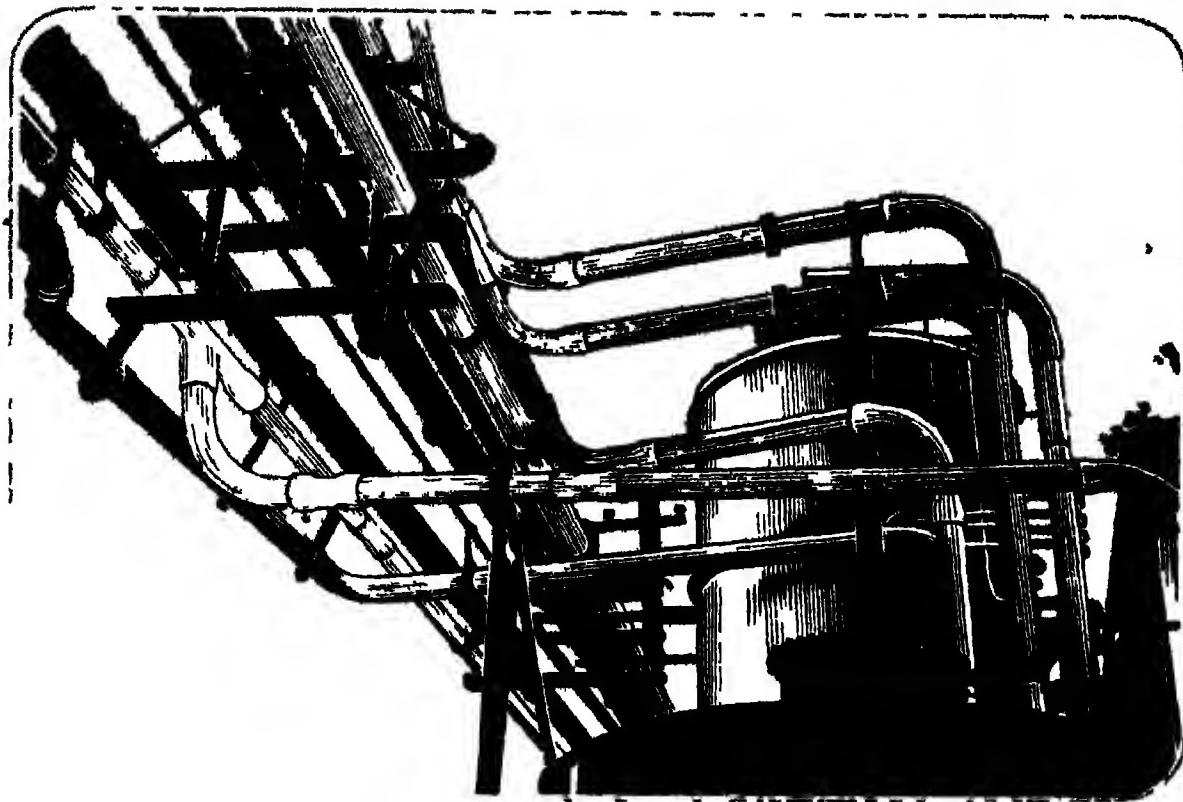
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VAPI

THE READER'S DIGEST

leg, arm and pelvis fractured, as well as upper and lower jaws.

A little luckier was the teenage girl who cautiously took only half an LSD sugar cube at the urging of friends, then went home to bed. Unable to sleep when a picture on the wall began to move around and coloured lights flashed, she started a house-wide search for a knife to "cut away" an unbearable pain in her chest.

Fortunately, she found no knife. Policemen, called by her mother, came through the front door just in time: the girl had decided to fly downstairs, and had leapt from the top of the steps. The police caught her in mid-air.

LSD takers argue that the drug, a tasteless, odourless, virtually invisible substance taken in minute amounts, vanishes harmlessly within the body before its effects even wear away.

But all that scientists really know is that they have been unable to trace what does happen to it—a situation which always creates alarm. Indeed, one of the more terrifying properties of the drug is that, occasionally, users are

involuntarily propelled into delusion again weeks or months after taking it.

Moreover, the limits of what LSD can drive some people to do are not yet known. There is the ex-medical student, for example, who last April was charged with brutally slicing up his mother-in-law. Police said he asked them, "Did I kill my wife? What have I done?" and told them he had been "flying on LSD" for three days before the murder.

With LSD's overwhelming potential for doing harm, it is obviously wrong for an unqualified person to appoint himself an amateur physiologist, testing the drug's known and unknown hazards and possible benefits.

Some day scientists may come up with a safe psychedelic pill which can improve our spirits, energize our brains, clarify our problems and entertain us with the kaleidoscopic majesty of our own minds. But until an enormous number of disturbing mysteries are unravelled, LSD will remain about as safe and useful as a do-it-yourself brain-surgery kit for amateurs.



Caught Napping

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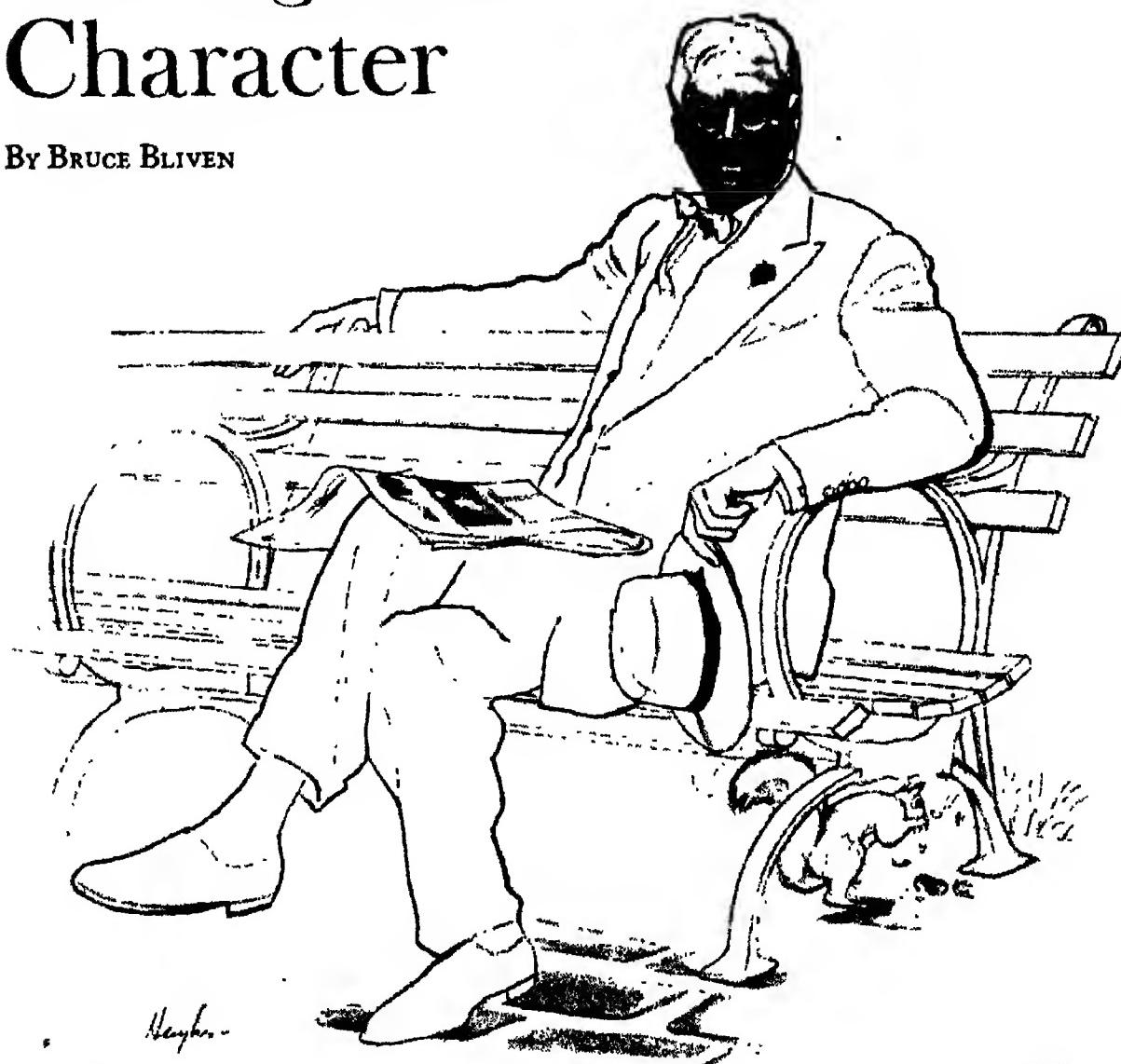
—*The Motorist's Miscellany* (Batsford, London)

My Most Unforgettable Character

BY BRUCE BLIVEN

BERNARD BARUCH was a famous American figure: "the park-bench statesman," confidential adviser to Presidents, the best-known Wall Street gambler of his day, a millionaire before he was 30.

Yet there are still mysteries about him, mysteries that have seemed to deepen since his death last year. How did it happen that eight Presidents—four of them Democrats,



four of them Republicans—found him so invaluable? Why, after a spectacular career making money, did he turn away from it in middle life, and devote the rest of his years to public service? What qualities in him made almost everyone he met seek to become his friend? My frequent contacts with him for almost 45 years may throw some light on these matters.

I have good reason to remember "Bernie" Baruch. In 1922, when I was in my early thirties, he offered to advance me two million dollars to buy the New York *Globe*, of which I was managing editor.

I had met him only a few months earlier. The *Globe* had criticized his plan for helping U.S. farmers. The next Sunday morning my telephone rang. "This is Bernard Baruch," a pleasant, resonant voice said. "I'd like to argue with you a little about the editorial on me this week."

I hadn't written the editorial, and I knew little about the subject. So I used a technique that I employed for VIP's with a complaint. "Why don't I come and see you?" I asked.

"Fine!" was the answer. "This afternoon?"

I hastily studied the editorial, and set off for his summer house on Long Island. Baruch himself opened the door to welcome me. He was a tall man, six-foot-three, with a thick shock of greying hair, a long, tanned face, shrewd eyes, a tight-lipped mouth, and an expression bearing undertones of quizzical amusement.

Almost as soon as we started talking, I realized that I hadn't done enough homework. He sounded as though he had spent his whole life studying this one subject—farmers' problems—and he cut my arguments to ribbons. I went back to New York and wrote another editorial, setting the record straight.

The Two-Million-Dollar Incident came a few months later. The *Globe*'s owner had died. Chatting with Baruch, I said that the editors feared the paper might be sold to someone who would change its editorial policy.

"How much is the *Globe* worth?" Baruch asked me. I told him, "About two million dollars." He asked me about circulation and revenue, suggested that I bring him the actual figures, then went on: "If what you say is correct, I'll advance the money to buy the paper." He added that the present editors would remain in control, the editorial policy would not be changed, and a plan would be worked out for employees to buy shares by instalments.

Through no fault of Baruch's, the purchase did not go through—another publisher bought the paper—but we became lasting friends.

Whenever we decided to meet for a talk, I would go to his office in New York City, and his chauffeur would drive us to his favourite bench in Central Park. There were plenty of subjects on which we did not agree, and I argued with him as vigorously as could be expected of

an impecunious newspaperman talking to a multi-millionaire 20 years his elder, and world-famous. He was a mild monomaniac on the desirability of learning everything you can about anything that is important to you. When we talked about public affairs, he would quiz me until he felt he had staked out the limits of my knowledge; then, with a grunt of satisfaction, he would add to it.

One reason that Presidents relied on him was that he was such a glut-ton for facts. He worked on dozens of national problems; invariably, he would set up an office and engage reliable investigators to gather information. He spent about two million dollars out of his own pocket in this way.

Baruch was born of Jewish parents in 1870, in Camden, South Carolina, and all his life his speech retained a little of the soft, slurred Carolina accent. His father, a surgeon, was more interested in curing patients than collecting bills, and Bernard and his three brothers were brought up in genteel poverty.

When Bernie was 11, the family moved to New York. While at university, he kept his father's books and supervised the collection of bills.

His first job, as office boy for a wholesale glass dealer, paid him three dollars a week. Soon, however, he left this for a place in a firm that dealt in foreign exchange. Following what was to become his lifelong principle, he tried to learn all there

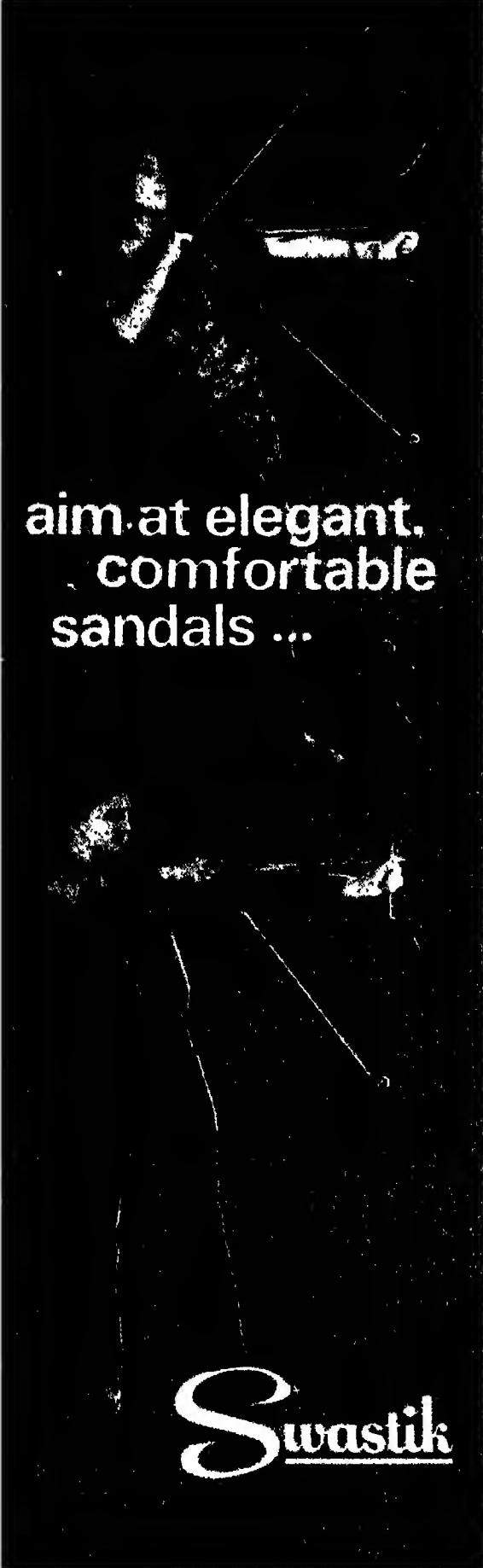
was to know about this complicated subject. His remarkable memory was a great asset: having once read the information, he could quote the day's rate of exchange for every foreign currency. Moreover, he quickly learned to translate any sum from one kind of currency into another—in his head.

Soon after, he got a job as an office boy with a brokerage firm, at five dollars a week. He achieved several *coups* in the market, and became one of the most respected traders in the business.

Baruch always called himself, proudly, a speculator, pointing out that the word comes from the Latin *speculari*, "to observe." His success in such a short time came from his insistence on learning every fact about any stock before he bought. Sometimes he studied a company's business activities for as long as six months or a year.

"Never act on gossip or 'inside' tips," he used to say to anyone who would listen. "If a stock goes down, sell out and cut your losses—most people find it almost impossible to do this as soon as they should. If a stock goes up, sell before it has gone as high as you expect it will." He attributed his fortune chiefly to this last rule—his willingness to take a modest, sure profit rather than gamble on a bigger one.

Baruch's most frequent advice to young people on the way up was: *tell the truth*. "There is a great temptation," he would say, "to tell



November

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important people what they *want* to hear, instead of what they *ought* to hear."

He told me of an instance in his own life. In 1913, President Wilson submitted to Congress plans for the Federal Reserve Board—the foundation of America's whole banking system today, but then considered by many a dangerous, radical innovation.

The business community and its spokesmen in Congress felt that modifications of the original Bill were vitally necessary; the stubborn Wilson refused to change a word. The business leaders nominated Baruch to tell the dour old Scots Presbyterian the painful facts of life.

It was a hard request. Baruch had met Wilson only briefly, but admired him greatly, and feared that he might incur the President's enmity. But he did not hesitate. Patiently he reviewed with Wilson proposed changes in the Bill, pointing out that they did not weaken its essential values, and that it would not pass without them. Wilson gave in.

Later, Baruch became a frequent White House visitor—first as an unofficial adviser, then in a minor post, finally as chairman of the powerful War Industries Board, which mobilized the U.S. economy for the First World War.

Many men brought up in poverty, as Baruch was, are inclined to be penurious ever after. He, on the contrary, gave away huge sums and,

1966

when possible, kept his gifts concealed. Said President Hoover, "I've known Bernie to give a million dollars to the Red Cross without making it public."

Nobody knows, or ever will know, how many bright boys and girls Baruch helped through college. And at the end of the First World War, when the War Industries Board was liquidated almost overnight, he performed another characteristic act. Hundreds of secretaries from the staff were stranded in Washington without jobs and with small savings. Quietly, Baruch arranged to pay out of his own pocket every girl's travelling expenses back home. The only repayment he asked was that each girl write to him to say that she had arrived home safely. His generosity cost him 45,000 dollars, but he considered himself well compensated by the flood of thank-you letters.

I once asked Bernie why he had given up money-making in his forties and devoted the rest of his life to public service. "There are two reasons," he told me. "As head of the War Industries Board, I accumulated a mass of information about American industry that came to me only because of my official position. I couldn't continue to speculate in Wall Street without drawing on that information. To continue, therefore, would not have been proper.

"The other reason," he said, looking a little sheepish, as most men do



THE READER'S DIGEST

when confessing to an altruistic motive, "is quite simple. My country has been very good to me. I want to do what I can to repay the debt."

When I once teased Baruch about his habit of meeting important people on a park bench (he actually got mail addressed to "Bench No. 6, Lafayette Park, Washington"), he defended himself with vigour. "I have carried out many delicate missions for various Presidents, dealing with important men. If I were to go and see one of them, or if he came to see me, the reporters would not let us rest until they had found out what was in the wind. But a meeting on a park bench, with all the world looking on, dispels any idea of secret negotiations . . . Besides, I like to sit on park benches."

Few Americans of his generation were more vocal about their personal philosophy than Baruch. Newspapers sent reporters to interview him regularly on his birthday. "Man must save himself," he would say, "and not rely on others. He must know what he wants, and move towards it by self-discipline, and above all by education." At 87 he remarked, "I have witnessed a whole succession of technological

revolutions. But none of them has done away with the need for character in the individual or the ability to think."

"To paraphrase Thomas Jefferson," he once remarked, "that government is best which governs least because its people discipline themselves." And again, quoting Tom Paine: "Would you rather have peace in our time and death and destruction for our children, or would you rather face the issue now?"

These principles guided him throughout his life. Though pressed by many duties, he still found time to answer a high school's request to write something for its year book.

"The Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount," he told them, "are still our best guide. Improve your government, guard it well, but don't lean too heavily on it. You can and must do for yourself."

Perhaps best of all as his own guide he liked the maxim of the American South's great Civil War hero, General Robert E. Lee:

"Do your duty in all things. You could not do more. You would not wish to do less."



Royal Remark

AFTER visiting a local hospital, Princess Alexandra was heard to remark : "Of course they would have preferred a film or television star. But film stars only come to publicize their new films and the television people all charge fees. I may not be as pretty as some, but at least I'm free."

—Leonard Mosley, *The Royals* (Frewin, London)

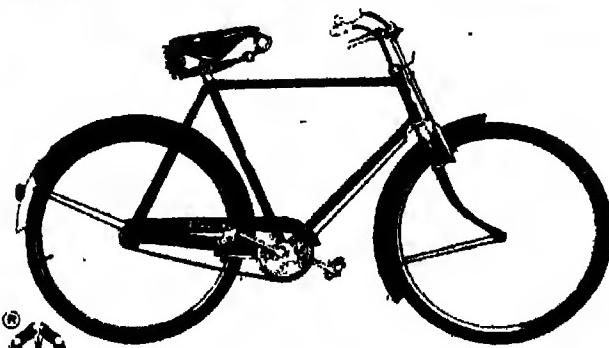


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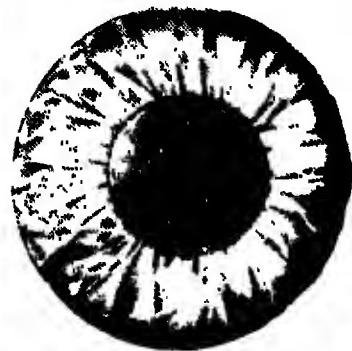
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When a Man Marries

*Is it worth it?
Here's one husband's answer*

By JAMES LINCOLN COLLIER

IT HAS BEEN said that when a man marries he gives up more than a woman does. I believe this statement is true. When a woman marries, her home, her children and her husband become the most important things in her life. But what comes first to a man is his work, the development of his talent.

When a woman marries, she is finally plunging herself into real life. She is at last taking on the task she has been aiming for since she first understood the difference between boys and girls. This same moment comes to a man not when he marries, but when he teaches that first class, makes that first executive decision, designs that first book jacket.

Thus, what irritates men, what makes us sometimes resentful and causes us to pine for the old bachelor days, are the ways in which marriage impinges upon the world of our first concerns. I have made a commitment to my marriage, and sometimes it is a nuisance. I may

be committed, for example, to rearrange a whole week's work in order to take my wife to dinner and the theatre for no better reason than that I know she needs it. I'm often committed to hurry through my conference and refuse the pleasant drink afterwards, just because I said I'd be home for dinner.

To be sure, women also make sacrifices when they marry. I have seen the dust on the keys of my wife's piano; I have seen her hands roughened from the loving labour of filling the borders with plants. Nevertheless, her sacrifices were made for *her* marriage, *her* home, *her* family. Rightly or wrongly, the average man believes that while his wife may "belong" to him, the marriage belongs to his wife.

Yet the astonishing truth is that, over the entire history of civilization, most men have married and stayed married. Obviously, a man must get something out of marriage —enough to make it worth the annoyances its restrictions bring. He

Condensed from *The Bride's Magazine*

must, in fact, get quite a lot out of marriage—and he does.

The first thing he gets out of it—to put no fine point on it—is sex. A man marries in the hope of achieving at least a satisfactory sex life. You can discount 90 per cent of what you hear about masculine desire for the promiscuous pursuit of women. The constant search for a sexual partner which bachelors must endure is a bore and a chore. Young, good-looking, complaisant playgirls are in far greater supply in magazines than in real life. The unmarried man may spend endless—often ugly—hours phoning numbers from little black books, arranging seductive little dinners which lead nowhere, or, at best, achieving pointless little affairs which end with tears and bitterness.

The bachelor sacrifices too much for the sake of variety. Most often the men who have truly rewarding sexual experiences are married. It takes time to build a satisfactory sex life based on mutual understanding and consideration, love and respect. It takes time to learn how to decorate the sex act with meaning, to polish it with virtue. This ripeness no bachelor can earn with the kind of brief sexual episode he has in mind.

Yet sex is not the most important factor in keeping a man wedded. Let nobody mistake it: children have carried more marriages over rough spots than a nation full of marriage guidance experts.

Most men delight in their children. While women's love for their children is all-encompassing, forgives all and accepts all, men are likely to be a little more objective, to be a little more able to stand back and see their children as people separate from themselves—people with strengths and weaknesses, vices and virtues. To come to know his child's developing personality—to watch it grow and open out—is a marvellous experience for a man.

A man without children is not complete. Children establish my place in the long chain of generations who have carried my blood from the dank caves of the past, and who will carry it endlessly forward into time. Children are my continuity. Through children I fling my seed into the future. Reproduction is the act of life, is life itself. In reproducing, I affirm my place in the system of life inhabiting the earth. The man without children has lost his place in history.

A man can, of course, produce children without marrying, but he can't *have* them without marrying. To *have* children, a man has to rear them. Children are not shaped by machines, but made by hand with loving care.

My wife and I get on pretty well with our children, but in the hour before dinner they are banished from sight and hearing. That hour belongs to us. There is nothing cosmic in our pre-dinner conversation. My wife tells me who hit

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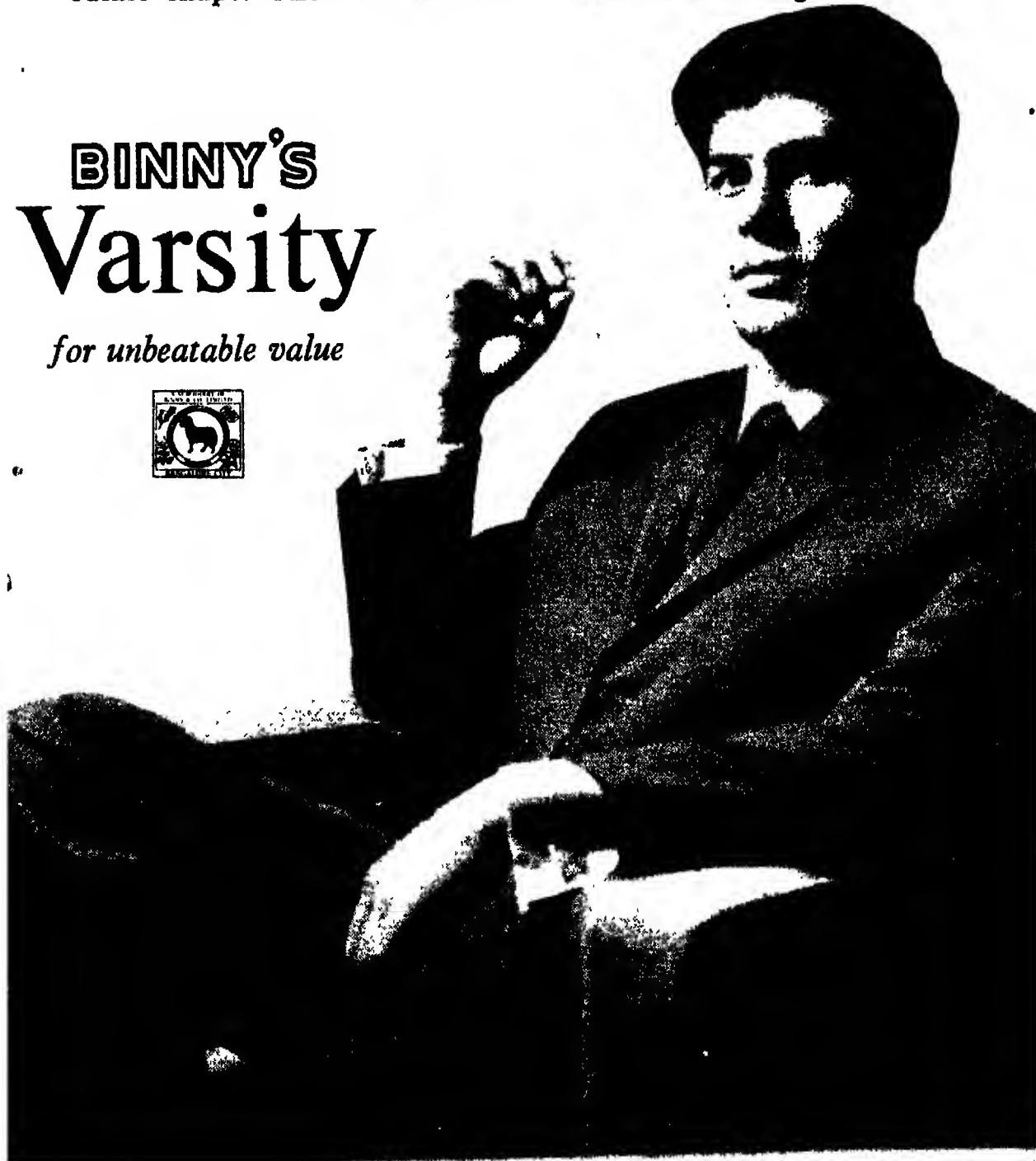
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THE READER'S DIGEST

whom first, what she found out about the new teacher. We decide whether to accept the Potables' invitation for the week-end, or how much we should give to the church appeal. The marriage handbooks sometimes give the impression that a wife ought to brush up on world affairs so that she can discuss the situation in Zanzibar with her husband over sherry. The handbooks are wrong.

Most men spend a lot of time during the day working at little pretences. Sometimes it's necessary to pretend to a confidence we don't feel or to stretch a little information into the impression that we're experts, or to display friendliness for people we dislike heartily.

The world depends on our sometimes greasing over the rough spots with a little make-believe. But there is one person in whom I can confide about the blunder I almost made in the meeting that morning, about the way I bluffed through the presentation in the afternoon. Here, at home, I can argue, fuss, make a fool of myself if I choose.

It isn't just my inadequacies I can let out in front of my wife, however. It's my successes as well. In the world of work, a man is supposed to put on a display of becoming modesty when his big sale has gone through, when his design has won a prize. I may feel like rushing up and down the corridors shouting, "Whoopee!" But instead I have to say, "Oh, anyone could have done

it. I just happened to be in the right place at the right time."

With my wife it's different. I can shout, "Whoopee!" and dance a jig round the dining-room table if I want to, because I know the audience is all on my side.

This jig dancing, this uncosmic conversation is what the word companionship really means: throwing away the script and being yourself with somebody who cares about you. And the curious thing is that this kind of relationship—in our culture, anyway—is really only possible between a man and a woman. I don't want to boast of my achievements even to my childhood friend, and I certainly don't want to confess my weaknesses to him. A man has to let his hair down some time. And for that he needs a wife.

But beyond all these things there is a final reason why a man marries. It has to do with words like "permanence" and "building" and "future." Most men find the simple grubbing up of money and success an empty business. Marriage and a family make it all a little more purposeful, a little more meaningful. What purpose? What meaning? Perhaps it's because I want my wife and my boys to be proud of me. Perhaps it has something to do with giving my children a solid base from which they can strike out when the time comes. I don't know, exactly; but many of the things I achieve mean far more because I am a husband and father.

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SPECIALISTS IN LUBRICATION SINCE 1878

Foreign Aid that Works

BY JAMES DANIEL

This United Nations Development Programme helps developing nations to build a solid foundation for lasting economic growth

ONE OF THE plaguing mysteries of foreign aid is the fact that the developing nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America, after more than 15 years of aid, are still making disappointingly slow progress. Why should this be? A plausible explanation comes from Paul Hoffman, administrator of the United Nations Development Programme. To him, much of the waste in economic aid to developing countries stems from a mistake that is familiar to anyone who has tried to grow a lawn and raised a crop of weeds.

Just as grass seed is only one step towards a lawn, so, says Hoffman, money is only one step in starting self-sustaining economic growth. There must be the proper economic "soil" as well. After the last war, Hoffman administered the U.S. Marshall Plan recovery programme in Europe. This foreign aid succeeded spectacularly, he believes, because Europe possessed immense reserves of skilled labour, managers and technicians, and well-identified physical resources. So, Europe's soil was ready to receive, and immediately profit from, aid and investment.

In contrast, the seed-bed for aid and investment in most of the developing world was full of rocks and tree stumps. Huge populations were uneducated, vast resources unsurveyed. The skills, the experience, the entire economic and social structure necessary to utilize

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aid effectively had to be created.

Eight years ago, Dag Hammarskjöld, then United Nations Secretary-General, persuaded Hoffman to take charge of a new aid-providing agency to be called the U.N. Special Fund. The agency was given the highly specialized task of helping developing nations to create the conditions that would make economic aid effective.

In 1965, anticipating a larger world role for the agency, the General Assembly merged it with a sister technical-assistance programme and renamed the project the United Nations Development Programme.

Hoffman insisted from the outset that the United Nations should benefit from past mistakes in foreign aid. For one thing, the maximum of self-help was to be required. As things worked out, three-fifths of the cost of the Special Fund component of the Development Programme's operations has been financed by the aided countries themselves. (Voluntary contributions to the Programme from 120 nations now total some Rs. 390 crores.) These contributions have been supplemented by over Rs. 690 crores raised within 92 of the same countries for projects of direct benefit to themselves.

Nothing was to be left to oral agreement. Hoffman insisted that, before any money was spent, a legal contract was to be drawn up specifying the steps that the aided country

would take to make the aid effective. If the country failed to meet its obligation, the Development Programme would withdraw its support.

But the chief contribution of the Programme in "preparing the seed-bed" has been its insistence that physical resources and labour, the two other factors which combine with capital investment to produce growth, be efficiently organized. The Programme has accomplished this by surveys to organize physical resources, and by establishing technical-training centres. Profiting from earlier mistakes, it urged proper attention to both physical and human resources so as to prevent waste of capital and avoid such classic errors as dams without water, hospitals without doctors, or tractors rusting in the fields because there were no mechanics to repair them.

A substantial part of the Programme's money has been used to launch 282 studies designed to provide 95 countries with detailed economic and technical information on their soils, mineral deposits, forest and water resources, their possibilities for transport and communications, and their potential for agricultural and industrial development. Twenty-six of the surveys, now finished, have already generated Rs. 880 crores investment—Rs. 616 crores from outside (World Bank loans, private investment, loans from developed nations supplying equipment and specialized



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FOREIGN AID THAT WORKS

services) and Rs. 264 crores in local funds.

Thus, from only a handful of the Programme's surveys, new outside investment has been generated equal to the entire cost of the operation to date. In size, the investments range from a Rs. 165 crore hydro-electric, irrigation and navigation development on the Niger River, which is expected to be the mainspring of Nigeria's leap into the twentieth century, down to a Rs. 6 crore road programme opening up the hinterland of Somalia.

With the rest of its money, the Development Programme has concentrated on the improvement of training. In the past, the few educated people in the developing countries had been trained almost entirely in the humanities and a few white-collar professions; lack of technical manpower was a severe handicap. Hoffman used U.N. grants to strengthen training in areas more relevant to economic growth. Thus the Programme has helped to establish polytechnic schools or engineering departments, schools of forestry, agriculture and veterinary science, teacher-training colleges and scores of vocational instructor-training centres, agricultural research stations, fisheries institutes and telecommunications centres.

All told, the agency is bringing into being 243 centres for advanced education and technical training in 80 countries, plus 132 centres for

applied research in 50 countries. From these institutions have already come nearly 70,000 practically trained men and women.

Neither the resources studies nor the training institutions are permanently subsidized. The average project ends after four years; continuing the work thereafter becomes the responsibility of the country concerned. As an extension of Development Programme assistance, scores of countries have established or strengthened permanent services to continue stimulating economic progress.

Here are some samples of current activities which illustrate the Programme's characteristic ability to spark off economic chain reactions:

In Chile, a study of forest resources revealed enough timber to attract Rs. 16 crores in U.S., Canadian, Japanese and French capital, plus Rs. 15 crores in domestic financing, for pulp and paper mills. Laboratory work confirmed that the common pine was suitable for making plywood. Chileans anticipate that they will soon be earning Rs. 22 crores annually in foreign exchange through expanded timber exports. Meanwhile, to keep pace with Chile's economic growth, the Programme helped to establish a centre in Santiago to train industrial specialists. In its first year it trained 1,100 instructors, and gave in-service training to 4,000 key factory workers from 81 companies.

In Iran, a geological survey of the

THE READER'S DIGEST

country showed large deposits of phosphates, plus high-grade tungsten and lead, and soil-fertility tests showed that phosphate and other chemical fertilizers would greatly expand agricultural yields. As a result, a new fertilizer factory is under construction. Meanwhile, on the training side, a new polytechnic institute in Tehran has enrolled 600 students in electrical, mechanical and construction courses. All graduates immediately find employment in industry or government.

In Mexico, a survey of forests in the state of Durango disclosed 40 million acres of usable timber, leading to a Rs. 35 crore investment in pulp and sawmills and access roads. As a follow-up, Mexico established a National Institute of Forestry to continue surveys of other areas, promote reafforestation and distribute tested seed.

In Morocco, guided by Programme experts, the government has begun four demonstration areas in the 4.5 million acre Western Rif to show local landowners how they can combine water control, irrigation, reafforestation, orchard planting and crop diversification

to make the desert bloom as it did in Roman times. And in Casablanca, an institute is training instructors, to staff 21 vocational centres for Morocco's growing industrial needs.

All this leads one to expect that the rate of economic growth in the developing world will soon show an improvement. Studies suggest that there is a "take-off" point at which traditional societies, having established the proper conditions for economic growth, suddenly advance to a stage of rapid and sustained growth.

Getting all countries to this stage, Hoffman believes, will take a long time. But, thanks to modern technology, it should not require centuries as it did in Europe and North America. Hoffman believes that several countries should achieve self-sustaining growth by the 1970's.

United Nations Secretary-General U Thant said of the Development Programme: "It has put our organization in the very front line of the global war on want, a struggle that is perhaps the most critical of these times and surely the most creditable in which men have ever engaged."



Matter of Tact

MADAME D'ANGEVILLE was a dear old lady of 95 when she paid her first visit to Sacha Guitry. The latter came down to the foot of his staircase to greet her and offered her his arm with these charming words:

"You will forgive me, madam, if I climb the stairs very slowly. But I get out of breath so easily . . ." —Jean Nohain, *La Traversée du XX^e Siècle*

DOUBLE SUPPLEMENT

BROKEN ARROW!

**The story of the Great
Spanish H-Bomb Hunt**

by John Hubbell

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ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE

**A hunter's personal
saga of hardship and
adventure near
the Arctic Circle**

by James Huntington

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SPECIAL FEATURE SUPPLEMENT

BROKEN ARROW!

THE STORY OF THE GREAT
SPANISH H-BOMB HUNT



BY JOHN HUBBELL

IT WAS at once a great tragedy and a great mystery, and perhaps it was a miracle of sorts. It happened on the feast day of San Anton de Abad, patron saint of Villaricos, a poor and ancient fishing village tucked into the most remote corner of south-eastern Spain. There were many witnesses, because for years the fishermen of Villaricos and the farmers of near-by Palomares had noted the spectacle of the great aircraft refuelling each morning in the clear skies above. To the villagers the event had become as routine as the church bell that called them to Mass. But at 10.22 a.m. last January 17, the routine was broken: two U.S. Strategic Air Command (SAC) aircraft, a B-52 bomber and a KC-135 jet tanker, collided at 31,000 feet while attempting their refuelling connexion.

There was a thunderous explosion, so loud that many who did not usually watch the daily ritual ran out from their homes, six miles below, to see what had happened. They saw the bomber, which had moved in directly behind and beneath the tanker, begin to break up; then it disappeared into a huge, burgeoning cloud of smoke and fire. The tanker seemed to rock ahead for a moment before it, too, began disintegrating. Some 200 tons of aircraft debris, much of it wrapped in flame, scattered across the morning sky and fell towards the horror-struck observers below.

Julio Ponce Navarro, a short,

wiry, early-middle-aged farmer, had been irrigating the lemon grove by his house on the western edge of Palomares. He looked up just in time to see the tremendous explosion, then stood transfixed. The wind was sweeping great balls of fire down the sky *straight towards him!*

Frantically he looked for his wife, María, found her watering the red geraniums on the south side of the house. She had heard the explosion, but the building had blocked her view and she could not see what was happening. Pointing to the sky, Julio shouted, "There is fire coming down! Come on!" He grabbed María's hand, and they ran away from the house. Julio looked back. One huge fire seemed certain to land on his roof, but at the last moment it passed low over it and crashed on to a narrow track 30 yards beyond.

A thick pillar of smoke swirled up from the wreckage. Running to it, Julio and María found three men strapped to their seats in a portion of the tanker aircraft's cockpit. Two could not be helped; they were obviously dead. But the third, although unconscious, was moving, groaning feebly.

Julio and María tried to get at him, but the fire was too intense. They began scooping up earth and throwing it on to the flames. Then, after several minutes, Julio motioned to María to stop. The man had died. Sweat-drenched, covered with dirt, the husband and wife



BROKEN ARROW!

crossed themselves and bowed their heads.

Farmer Antonio Sabiote García, working his field in a wide valley near the northern edge of Palomares, also saw the collision. Dumbfounded, he watched thousands of tiny fires streaming down. Then an enormous scythe of flame hurtled towards him. As he fled, he heard a rending crash. A great wave of heat slammed against his back, washed over and past him. Uninjured, but terrified, he looked back and saw the wing and four engines of a B-52 burning.

Near the centre of the village, monumental disaster came even closer. Concentrating on their lessons in their clean, bright school, 51 young pupils and their teacher, José Molinero, heard but did not see the giant B-52 landing-gear crash into the ground little more than 30 yards from them.

Multicoloured parachutes had blossomed in the sky. The panels of some were alternately a bright orange-red and white; others were grey; a few supported men; clusters of others held unidentifiable objects, some of which were drifting seawards.

One parachute landed hard in the field of José Toledo Alarcón. It held a large object with a man strapped tightly in it. On impact, the object toppled forward and the man lay still, face down. A woman cried, "He's dead! He's dead!"

"How do you know he's dead?"

José shouted angrily. "Maybe there is something we can do!"

Reaching the airman, José gently turned him over. He was not dead, but badly injured and in great pain. This was Major Ivens Buchanan, 34, radar-navigator in the B-52. When he pulled the trigger of his ejection seat a hatch blew away from the bomber's underside and Buchanan was shot downwards, through the searing fireball of the explosion. He got clear of the fireball, but was unable to free himself from the ejection seat. Tumbling through the sky, he somehow fought his parachute out from between his back and the seat and got it open. But the added weight of the seat, some 200 lb., brought him down much too rapidly. He suffered a ruptured vertebra. Also, he was burned and deeply gashed over his left eye. He was badly shocked, and kept saying in a weak voice, "I am very cold."

José tried to soothe him. Then, with the help of two other men, he got Buchanan into a truck and on his way to a near-by hospital.

In the air, seven young, highly trained men had died; the entire crew of the tanker and three men from the bomber. Somehow three men besides Buchanan had been able to get out of the B-52 alive. And, miraculously, despite the storm of fiery steel raining down, not a soul on the ground was injured, not an animal or building hit.

But not everything falling out of

the sky was debris or men. At the eastern edge of Palomares, an object smashed against a stone retaining wall in a tomato terrace some 75 yards from the house of Eduardo Navarro Portillo. There was a jarring explosion. Part of the wall—and hundreds of tomatoes—were damaged, and every window in Navarro's house was blown out. Running to the terrace, Eduardo and some others found the object burning. They kicked it and threw earth on to it, and eventually the fire went out. Eduardo did not know that he and his friends were kicking a hydrogen bomb.

"Broken Arrow in Spain!"

THERE WERE two sets of tankers and receivers aloft that morning, but the other pair had not completed

their connexion. Immediately following the explosion, the second tanker radioed SAC flight controllers at Morón Air Force Base, near Seville: "A B-52 is on fire and spinning down!"

Instantly, word was flashed to Major-General Delmar Wilson, commander of the U.S. 16th Air Force, whose headquarters were at Torrejón Air Force Base, a few miles east of Madrid. Knowing that a refuelling rendezvous was involved, Wilson surmised that there had been a two-aircraft accident. He asked, "What about the KC-135?"

Moments later came the reply: "We are unable to make contact."

At once Wilson put through an emergency call to SAC headquarters at Offutt Air Force Base, near Omaha, Nebraska. It was 4.35 a.m.



in Omaha. Having got through to the bedside phone of Major-General Charles Eisenhart, SAC's chief of staff, Wilson reported: "*Broken Arrow in south-eastern Spain!*"

The code words "Broken Arrow" meant "Nuclear Accident."

Eisenhart told Wilson to ask for whatever men and equipment he needed; they would be delivered at the double. Four H-bombs had been aboard the B-52. They had to be retrieved—fast.

Next, Wilson briefed his Disaster Control Team—43 officers and men who had been specially trained to handle accidents. They were doctors, experts in operations and maintenance, communications, explosive-ordnance disposal. All boarded planes and headed south to the scene of the collision.

In the two decades since the development of nuclear weapons the United States had suffered 11 Broken Arrows, but never on foreign territory. The very thought of such an accident had long chilled the marrows of U.S. diplomatic and military leaders.

In Madrid, Major-General Stanley Donovan, chief of the Joint U.S. Military Group and Military Assistance Advisory Group to Spain, knew that the accident was fraught with profound political implications. The fallen bomber had been a member of the Alert Force, that portion of the SAC fleet which stays constantly airborne, ready to move against assigned targets

should the United States or any of its allies come under nuclear attack. The communists, therefore, could be expected to seize on the incident to whip up anti-American feeling.

So Donovan's first call was to U.S. Ambassador Angier Biddle Duke, who set out at once to see the Spanish foreign minister. It was imperative that the Spanish Government be told immediately. Spain was a staunch friend, had willingly supplied the United States with strategic air bases and overflight rights, and had offered its naval facilities at Rota on the south-west coast as a Polaris submarine base when the United States needed it for Mediterranean operations.

Meanwhile, other worried men were fast coming to grips with a situation without parallel in the nuclear age. Quickest recovery of the four missing bombs would be accomplished by searchers who knew exactly what they were looking for—and each type of H-bomb in the Strike Force's armoury is unique, custom-tailored to its own mission. Each has a thermonuclear yield designed to deal with a specific target; each has timing and sensing devices which react to, for example, the increasing density of the atmosphere as it falls over the target area; each has its own arming, fusing, and firing devices and techniques.

So, from secret files of America's Atomic Energy Commission and Defence Atomic Support Agency, staffs began assembling the serial

numbers of the component parts of each bomb and matching them with the names of the men who had designed them.

At 7.27 a.m. an air force plane left New Mexico, for Torrejón. On board were the members of an Air Force Nuclear Accident Investigating Team. They would confer with General Wilson at the accident scene, and survey the countryside to determine what kinds of expertise and equipment were needed.

One thing that knowledgeable men did *not* have to worry about was a nuclear explosion. So fool-proof are the safeguards built into the handling and use of America's nuclear weapons, and into the

weapons themselves, that explosion could not possibly occur; a U.S. H-bomb cannot be fired except deliberately.

This is the way the system works: To explode, the nuclear materials in an H-bomb must first be tightly compressed. This is achieved by a measured quantity of high explosive, like TNT, surrounding the nuclear core.

The TNT must implode (explode inwardly) so as to apply perfectly uniform force round the entire periphery of the core. Should the explosive detonate even slightly unevenly as a result, for example, of fire or the shock of impact, there can be no release of nuclear



energy because there would be no uniform squeezing of the nuclear mass. In such a situation, the shock wave from the explosive would simply seek to escape from the weapon. It might break the casing and scatter radioactive materials, but the bomb itself could not go off.

Furthermore, a U.S. nuclear blast cannot be accomplished unless several trained men, all certified to be physically and mentally fit by competent, painstaking medical authority, agree that a "Go to War" code, originating from the President, has been received. The code is programmed to come by voice, not through any device subject to misinterpretation or failure.

Only when a bomber is at last irrevocably committed do the men, each working controls from widely separated stations in the aircraft, begin the arming, fusing and firing procedures which must be followed to the letter if there is to be a nuclear explosion.

The safety of U.S. unarmed nuclear weapons has been thoroughly tested. In a rigorous, years-long programme at various test sites, such weapons were subjected to experiments which simulated the shock of being dropped from great altitudes, blown up with high explosives, burned, dragged at high speeds over rough surfaces, smashed against concrete walls. The United States

Dr X Impossible, Sir, my observation suggests 29

Dr Y² Come, come, professor, you cannot question facts.

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Dr X Fantastic. But how think?

Dr Y² Simple, dear fellow; she's been reading the advertisements.

Dr X You mean the perfect skin formula in the familiar tube?

Or Y² Exactly. None other.

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has tried hard, but has never been able to achieve an accidental nuclear blast.

Down at Sea

TRAWLING at sea five and a half miles off Villaricos, Bartolomé Rol-dán Martínez, master of the fishing

in the heavy nets when he was travelling at top speed? "Pull them in!" Bartolomé roared. The nets were muscled in.

The offshore winds were strong and the sea was rough. Reaching the spot where he thought the nearest airman had gone in, Bartolomé

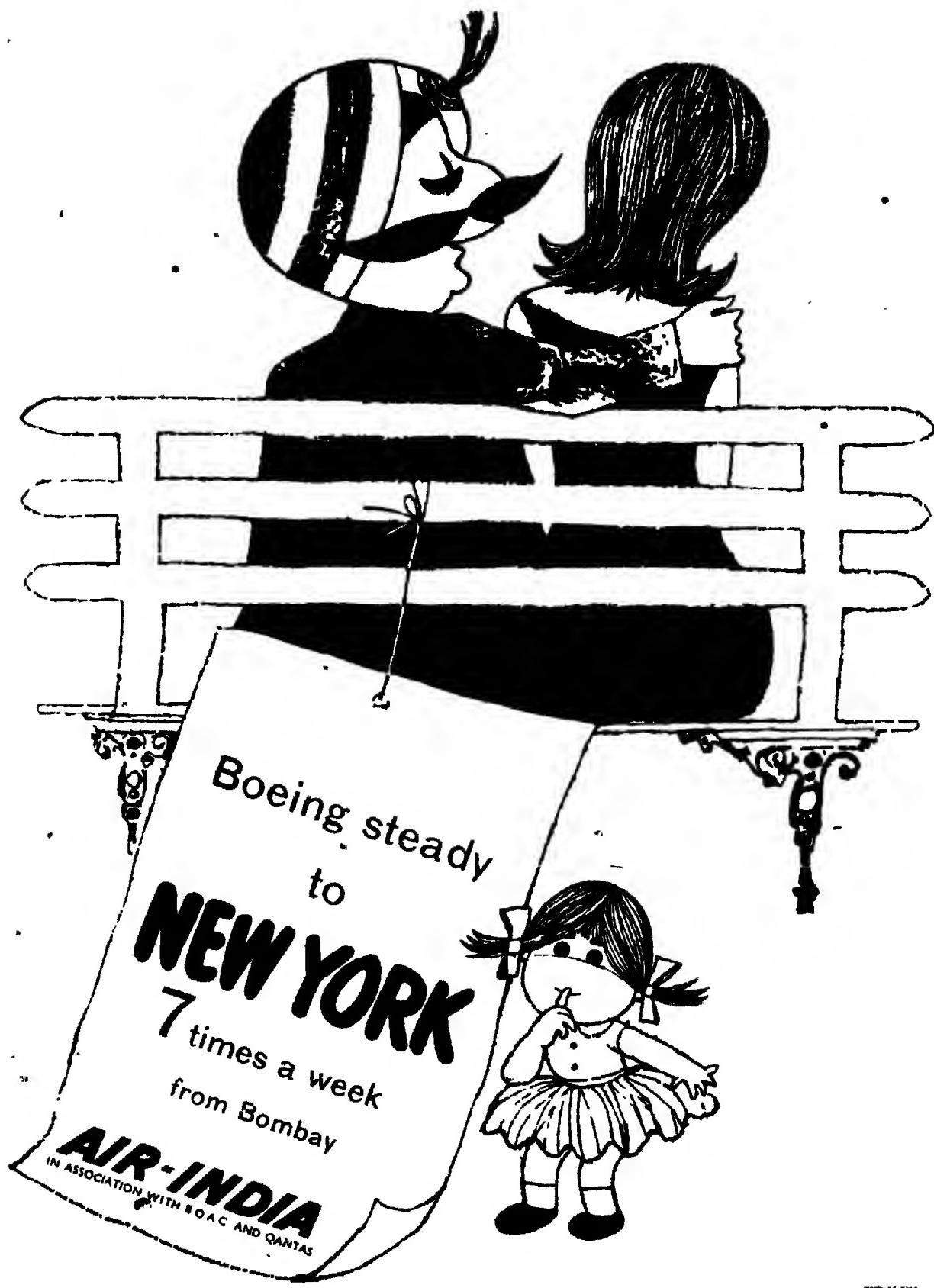


smack *Dorita*, saw a number of parachutes heading for the water. "Pull in the nets!" he shouted to his crew.

Before they could comply, he pushed his diesel engine to full power, calculating that the nearest airman would land about a mile from him and hoping he could reach him before he went under. Bartolomé's six-man crew thought he was crazy. How could they pull

began circling over one high swell after another, his crew looking everywhere for the man. After several anxious minutes they found him and Bartolomé lifted him aboard. The survivor was Captain Charles Wendorf, 30, commander of the B-52. His left arm was broken.

Some 200 yards farther on, another parachute had fallen. *Dorita* headed for it, and soon came upon another survivor. The crew threw



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BROKEN ARROW!

him a life-belt and dragged him aboard. The man was B-52 co-pilot Lieutenant Michael Rooney, 26. He was more than lucky to be alive. His ejection seat had failed to fire. Freeing himself, he had climbed down a ladder and fought his way along a catwalk in the burning, violently spinning bomber to the navigator's open ejection hatch. For desperate moments, the wind and wild manoeuvrings of the disintegrating bomber had kept him pinned against one side of the hatch. But at last he managed to dive through it and get his parachute open. He had a long, deep cut across his buttocks. Bartolomé's crew stripped him, bandaged him, dressed him in dry clothes and bundled him in blankets.

Francisco Simo Orts, master of *Manuela Orts Simo*, had been fishing two miles beyond *Dorita*. He saw two parachutes in his area. One was drifting farther out, so he radioed his cousin Alfonso, in another boat, to go after it. In fact, Alfonso already had his craft speeding out to sea, and he picked up a survivor almost as soon as he hit the water. This was Major Larry Messinger, 44, who was uninjured.

The parachute that Simo went for was coming down rapidly, and the object it held did not appear to be a man; it was some sort of cylinder, rigid and silvery. Simo saw it splash into the water, but when he reached the spot there was nothing there. Obviously it was important, since it

had been attached to a parachute.

Mentally, Simo drew bearing lines from peaks in the north and crossed them with lines from peaks in the west. This simple act was later to make him world-famous.

On Hands and Knees

A CONTINGENT of the Guardia Civil (Spanish Police) reached the road next to Julio Ponce Navarro's house 14 minutes after the mid-air explosion. A gathering crowd stood back in reverent silence as the young village priest administered conditional absolution to the three dead airmen. When he finished, a Guardia Civil captain sent some of his men for coffins. Then he enlisted the villagers' aid in searching the countryside.

Finding large pieces of wreckage was no problem. Black smoke was rising from beyond the low hills all round. Within a short distance were found the shattered cockpits of both aircraft; the tanker fuselage and tail were about 600 yards apart; the B-52 tail assembly lay a mile and a half to the east, in the long, dry bed of the Almanzora River, carried there by its drogue parachute, normally used to help brake the aircraft during landing. But the aircraft had broken into thousands of smaller pieces, too, which had fallen round Villaricos and Palomares.

By mid-afternoon, all the larger wreckage had been roped off. The bodies of seven airmen had been placed in coffins and taken to a

small, walled cemetery on a hill beyond Julio Ponce Navarro's farm. They would be kept there until the Americans came to claim them. By now it was known that no one on the ground had been injured, and all agreed that it was a miracle.

When General Wilson arrived at Palomares, he had to walk the two miles up to the cemetery—it was impossible to drive, for the road was choked with cars, lorries, bicycles, crowds of people. All were silent as the general opened the coffins to look at the remains. Then he thanked the priest and the Guardia, and asked that the coffins be taken to San Javier, to be flown to Torrejón and then home to America.

While the coffins were being lifted into a lorry, a local official approached to ask permission to take the bodies to the town hall first. "The people would like to pay their respects," he explained. Wilson agreed.

When he got back to Palomares, General Donovan had arrived from Madrid, and the two men and some senior staff officers began to make plans for recovering the missing weapons.

Depending on whether any or all of their parachutes had opened, they could be spread out for miles around in this rugged countryside. Helicopters would be brought in from Morón, and a ground



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and air search begun at first light.

A member of the Guardia Civil entered and said he had found what he thought was a bomb about 500 yards from the dry river-bed, near the sea, some 1,300 yards from the B-52 tail. Ordnance men from the Disaster Control Team confirmed that this was an intact hydrogen bomb. Police were stationed round it until it could be removed.

The find buoyed spirits. Most believed that all the weapons would be recovered quickly. The plane wreckage could be removed in a few days. It would be a routine clean-up job.

All were back at the river-bed site by dawn. With helicopters overhead, three search teams, including

about 60 members of the Guardia Civil, spread out over a front a mile wide. They began walking from a line two miles north of Palomares towards a line four miles down the coast. It was heavy going. There were hundreds of acres of cultivated fields, most of them rich with ripening tomatoes.

The search lines moved slowly. Every plant, and the ground beneath it, had to be examined. It was hard, hot, dirty, hands-and-knees work. Men sweated, ripped their uniforms, grazed their shins, cursed—and moved on. There were fields of beans, alfalfa and wheat. There were dykes to be climbed, little hidden canals in which to get wet. A

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series of low, undulating hills surrounded most of the town; utterly barren, they looked like the mountains of the moon. Clouds of choking dust rose as lines of searchers mounted these hills, plunging sticks deep into every slightest indentation that might be a bomb crater.

Within a few hours, a helicopter found a second H-bomb lying in a field beyond the cemetery; then a search team found a third, the one which had smashed down next to Eduardo Navarro Portillo's tomato terraces at the eastern end of the village. Difficult as it was, the search seemed destined for swift, complete success.

The Price of Vigilance

THERE WERE complications: the high explosives in two of the weapons had detonated on impact and each weapon had split open. The nuclear cores had popped out and been vaporized by the conventional explosion.

But there had been no splitting of atoms, hence no release of nuclear energy, none of the lethal products which fall out of a nuclear blast. The materials which had scattered would emit alpha radiation. Unlike the highly penetrating deadly gamma rays which spring from the nucleus of a split atom, the range of alpha rays is extremely short. They cannot penetrate skin or even tissue paper.

Plutonium can safely be held in the hand in the form in which it is

used in weapons. When exposed to air, plutonium forms an insoluble compound so that even if swallowed it would pass quickly through the system.

Plutonium contamination is also easy to deal with; it takes only a thorough scrubbing with water to wash it from the body and clothing. Plutonium on the ground can be ploughed a few inches under the surface to dissipate any radiation reading at all, and its high insolubility prevents its being taken up in the roots of plants.

Nevertheless, U.S. atomic safety procedures were designed with an enormous margin for error. While the contamination on these lands could almost certainly do no damage, they were to be cleaned of all trace of it; *no* exposure was better than some exposure, no matter how harmless. Guardia Civil and air force police were posted round the damaged-weapons sites with instructions to let no one enter.

There still remained one bomb to find when the bodies of the seven dead airmen were flown to Madrid on the night following the accident. In Palomares, General Wilson had time to reflect on the sad improbability of the accident: in-flight refuelling had been routine for SAC for 15 years, and in accomplishing more than a million connexions since 1957 there had been only ten accidents. Indeed, there were no accidents at all in 1965, when SAC bombers were refuelling somewhere

in the world every six and a half minutes.

Such an accident was costly beyond calculating. This time it had taken the lives of seven brave and skilled men. All left families. All had seen much air force service—altogether, more than 80 years.

Plotting the Unknowns

THAT afternoon, the search teams went inch by inch from west to east over the same ground they had covered from north to south in the morning. The fourth weapon was nowhere to be found.

By now U.S. Air Force accident investigators had interrogated dozens of witnesses. The Nuclear Accident Team from Albuquerque was examining their evidence. The most likely description of the missing weapon had been given by fisherman Francisco Simo Orts.

If he was right, it was in deep water about five and a half miles out at sea. But he might not be right; he was not qualified to recognize an H-bomb, and under the stress of excitement people often make mistakes.

The search went on. From Torrejón 175 more men came; from Morón, 130. At Wheelus Air Force Base, Libya, a 136,000-lb. air force "Grey Eagle" kit, a tent city complete with field kitchens and sanitary equipment, was packed aboard big C-130 cargo aircraft. At American Air Force bases in France and Germany, moved by C-130's and C-124's took on

communications trailers, a Signal Corps unit, an army mine-detector company and a field laundry.

The Palomares-Villaricos region had been largely forgotten by map-makers, so air force reconnaissance aircraft photographed completely an area 12 miles long and 8 miles wide. By noon on January 19 a scaled aerial mosaic was delivered to Wilson. This was gridded into 1,000-foot-square plots. As each plot was searched and each smallest piece of wreckage found, the location was marked.

The teams kept searching. The Albuquerque team and newly arrived technicians surveyed the area, studied the mosaic and, again, the witness interrogations. They began reconstructing the accident. There were a few known factors: but there were even more unknowns.

At exactly what point in the sky had the accident occurred? How much time elapsed before the weapons left the aircraft? Did they tumble as they fell? Did the parachutes on all weapons open fully, or did some of them burn or fail to open?

If any parachutes did open, how far and in which direction would the prevailing winds carry such loads? If they failed to open, what ballistic trajectory would a weapon of this size, shape and weight follow, and where on land or in the sea would it come down?

To these and myriad other questions there could be no precise

November

DOES
YOUR
CAR
SWAY
OR
SIDESLIP?

answers. But every possibility would have to be examined. Computing machines in the United States went to work. From the sites at which the three weapons had been found, ballistic and aerodynamic trajectories were plotted back into the sky in an effort to locate the precise point of collision. From this point, hypothetical ballistic and aerodynamic trajectories for the still missing weapon were plotted downwards. Depending on whether a parachute had opened partially or fully or had burned or had not opened at all, the bomb could be far inland or miles out at sea. The search widened.

Clean-up Squad

MEANWHILE, decontamination got under way. On January 19, the first officials from Spain's Bureau of Nuclear Energy (JEN) arrived in Palomares. Eventually 23 of them under Professor Eduardo Ramos Rodríguez joined 28 U.S. Air Force men who had come from bases throughout Europe and as far distant as Omaha, Nebraska. They were all specialists in radioactivity detection. They pulled on white overalls, surgical caps, working gloves over surgical gloves, and heavy boots—their standard work clothing. Then they were shown the two sites of the high-explosives detonations.

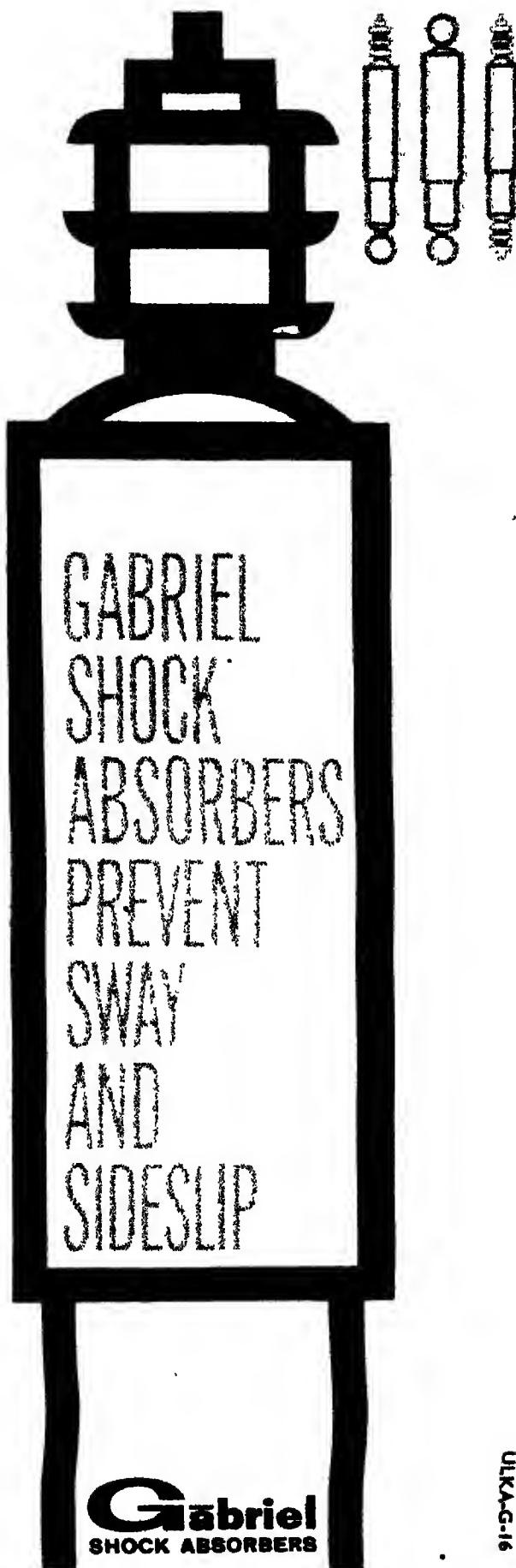
Donning face masks, the specialists established a circle of examination round each crater, then SAW lines out from the circle.
newly 15

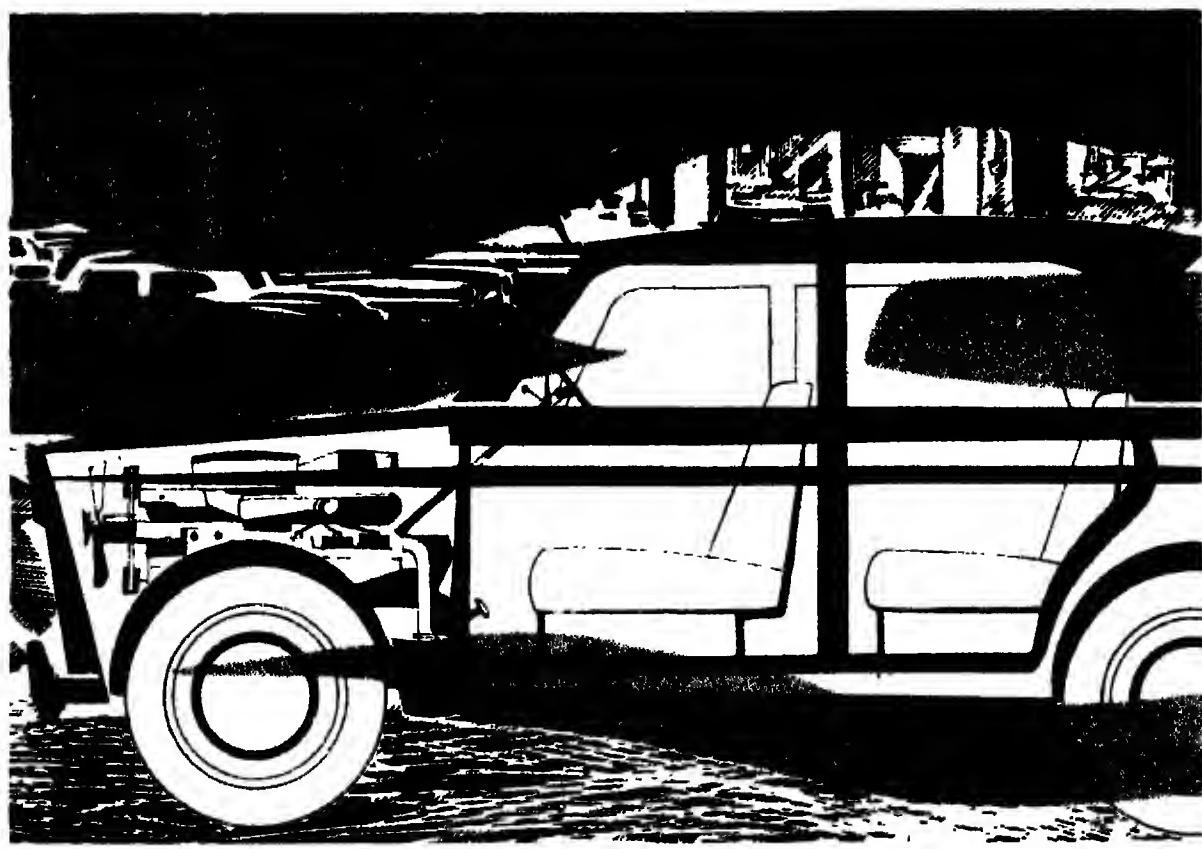
degrees. Two-man teams—a JEN member and an air force specialist—worked along each line. Each team carried an alpha-ray counter, a shoebox-size device with an indicator on top, attached by a short cable to a flat sensing surface. Holding the sensing surface flat against the ground, one man would take a reading and show it to his colleague, who would note it down. Then they walked exactly 12 feet and took another reading. They kept on in this fashion until the counter showed no radiation. At that point, they planted a stake flying a red flag. A line of zero contamination was drawn from stake to stake. The area within would be cleaned.

It was slow, back-straining work, stooping through fields thick with crops, through gullies and steep ravines, up and down precipitous hills and over houses, six of which had to be thoroughly hosed and whitewashed. Complicating matters, high winds spread the contaminated dust farther and farther. To keep dust down, 16 water trucks spread 125,000 gallons daily.

Working as fast and carefully as possible, a man could read about an acre in a dawn-to-dark day. It was to take nearly three weeks to define the contaminated area, a rough rectangle three-quarters of a mile wide and more than two miles long. Within it there were 385 cultivated acres on 854 separate plots of land.

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BROKEN ARROW!

standards set by both the United States and Spain. To eliminate all possibility of ill-intentioned people coming into the region, collecting samples of contaminated soil and, no matter how harmless, making propaganda capital of it, every grain of even the most slightly radioactive soil was to be scraped from the countryside and transported to the atomic-waste burial ground near Aiken, South Carolina. The crops also would be taken, and the owner paid for them. The food was safe to eat; it needed only to be washed. Military forces on the scene were to eat a large proportion of these crops.

News Blackout

THE UNITED STATES immediately announced that there had been a crash, and on January 20 stated that the bomber had been carrying unarmed nuclear weapons, and that radiological surveys showed that the region was in no danger. No mention was made that a bomb was missing; it would be foolish to advertise that secret parts might be lying about, and it was hoped that the weapon would soon be recovered.

There, for all practical purposes, the flow of news stopped. Both the U.S. and Spanish governments were alarmed at the possible economic consequences if the incident were given wide publicity. Would the rest of Europe, even Spain, continue to buy the fruits and vegetables grown in Palomares and the fish

caught off Villaricos? What would happen to Spain's most lucrative business, tourism? The policy of secrecy sharpened reporters' interest. But Spain would not talk, and the United States was bound to honour its ally's wishes.

The area calculated to be the most probable site of the missing weapon was a circle more than two miles in diameter. Patchworked with farmland, it also contained arid hills honeycombed with entrances and airshafts to old, abandoned mines. One day more than 300 men lined up fingertip to fingertip and began moving slowly across this terrain. At each slightly suspicious depression in the ground, each crater, each well and mineshaft, they planted stakes with red flags. There were nearly 400 such features. Helicopters then landed ordnance men who began an arduous task; they went with lights into each old mine, climbed down every well.

It took nearly seven hours for the search line to complete a single north-to-south sweep. Then they searched again, from west to east. The area was to be searched eight times, each time more intensively than the last. The suspicion waxed stronger that the fisherman, Simo, had indeed seen the weapon fall into the sea.

Underwater Detectives

ON January 22, five days after the collision, the U.S. Navy turned to the Oceanographic Institute in

THE READER'S DIGEST

Woods Hole, Massachusetts, and asked if the Institute's deep submersible, *Alvin*, could help search for the lost H-bomb. *Alvin* is an experimental vessel, 22 feet long, which had been as deep as 7,500 feet.

The boat was not designed for recovery work. Even if the heavy weapon were found, *Alvin* could not lift it. Indeed, no one was sure that any existing device *could* lift it; nothing had ever been recovered from such depths—more than 2,000 feet. But it was decided *Alvin* should go. The missing weapon had to be found, and *Alvin* had to do what she could.

On January 23, Rear-Admiral William Guest, deputy commander of Naval Striking and Support

Forces, Southern Europe, took charge of the sea portion of the search-and-recovery operations. The next day he arrived at Palomares and made a helicopter reconnaissance, studying the debris pattern from various altitudes, over land and over sea. Later he would delineate a search area of 120 square miles.

Four minesweepers were already at work, plotting sea-bottom contacts with sonar and underwater mine-detection gear. Each contact was to be examined by either divers or submersibles. The primary target was the bomb, but anything deemed important to the accident investigation was to be lifted. The day Guest arrived, naval divers recovered two B-52 ejection seats.

Guest's unit, known as Task Force 65, was augmented by four experts in submarine work, deep-sea diving and nuclear weapons. They led a team of 130 frogmen and divers, gathered from the Atlantic and Mediterranean fleets.

A fantastic array of equipment was also brought in. From the Philadelphia Naval Shipyard came the research ship *Mizar*. Equipped with an underwater still camera, fitted with its own powerful light sources to penetrate the black depths, *Mizar* began delivering daylight-clear pictures of sunken aircraft debris—as well as beer cans and old tyres. The camera, mounted on a sled, was towed near the bottom. On board ship, computers determined the exact position of the





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sled at any moment, while the recovered film showed the time the photograph was taken. By co-ordinating the two, a photo-mosaic of the sea bottom was constructed.

An oceanographic ship, *Dutton*, read the contours of the search-zone bottom, and soon Guest had a plaster cast of the ocean floor. It was frightening. The sea bottom was a replica of the rugged terrain behind Palomares, and in the south-east of the search area there was a submarine canyon which plunged precipitously down, eventually to a depth of 9,000 feet. This was an area of steep slopes and gullies.

On the basis of sonar sweeps and the debris pattern, Guest reduced the primary search zone to 27.33 square miles. The fisherman Simo boarded a minesweeper and directed the admiral to what he said was the exact spot the weapon had gone in. Marking this on a chart, Guest drew round it a circle with a one-mile radius.

This was "Alfa 1"—the area of highest probability. Closer to shore was "Alfa 2," where much debris had been found and where the weapon could have landed if the parachute had not deployed fully. Areas "Bravo" and "Charlie" were calculated trajectory end points if, during the collision, the weapon had come apart.

The sea-search plan was then organized by depths. Down to 80 feet would be searched visually by frogmen. From 80 to 130 feet would be

searched by frogmen, minesweepers and electronic sonar scanners.

From 130 to 200 feet, swimmers worked from the navy's Sealab II, a 57-foot-long cylinder equipped with laboratory space, a galley and bunks. They were assisted by minesweepers and other ships equipped with sonar and underwater television; ocean-bottom scanners (mechanisms which move above the ocean floor locating small objects up to 200 feet away); and *Cubmarine*, a two-man submersible.

At 200 to 380 feet, helmeted divers worked with this equipment. All depths beyond were worked by men in submersibles, using the side scanner and *Mizar*'s special sonar. *Cubmarine* went to 600 feet. Below that, searchers used *Alvin* and another deep submersible, *Aluminaut*. This was 75 tons, 51 feet long, and was designed to operate as far down as 15,000 feet. It was fitted with underwater telephones, sonar, underwater searchlights and two television cameras.

An H-bomb's casing is made of special metals. Since nobody had ever searched the sea for one, there could be no certainty that the weapon would reflect sonar probes. Deep-sea experts made a mock weapon with a casing like that of the real bomb. Sonar could detect it at a depth of 250 feet, but the test brought out dramatically the difficulty of distinguishing the bomb from a vast number of rocks.

But despite all the experts and

marvellous equipment, Guest found himself developing a fearsome analogy: the undersea search would be like going into steep, dark hills inland on a moonless night, covering one eye, looking with the other through a long, hollow tube, and with a pencil torch hunting for something like a tin of soup.

High Morale—and Low

GENERAL WILSON's search ashore went over the same ground again and again. An 80-tent city, called Camp Wilson, was set up on the beach, and at night the 700-odd men now involved in the hunt were strictly confined to it. The only thing young men could do in the near-by villages was drink, and the United States had a big enough incident on its hands—it couldn't afford another.

Despite this, General Wilson had never seen morale so high. Each 25-man search team had a name emblazoned on a home-made pennant: "Meredith's Marauders"; "Wesson's Warriors"; "Hopper's Stompers." In the evenings, men were summoned to be "decorated." One, who had found the boom nozzle of the crashed tanker, received "The Order of the Optics" medal—an overcoat button with a big eye painted on it. Another, whose conversation with farmers led to the discovery of other important debris, won the "Friendship Award," clasped hands painted on a tin-can top.

In the villages, morale was lower.

With every effort bent to the search, no one had thought to explain things to the residents. While the military worked, uncommunicative Guardia Civil members and American airmen barred farmers from their fields, which were ready for harvesting. To prevent accidents, the U.S. and Spanish Navies barred fishermen from their fishing grounds. The men in the white suits, face masks and gloves were everywhere with their instruments. Sticks with red flags—surely a sign of danger—were being planted in the fields. Then officials of Spain's Bureau of Nuclear Energy invited the people to Palomares, where everyone was checked with instruments; asked to give urine specimens, told to have a bath, wash his clothes, and try not to breathe too much dust.

Idle men gathered to gossip in bar and village square. They listened to their radios. The national station's calm assurances that all was well could not completely counteract Radio España Independiente (REI), a Spanish-language communist broadcast beamed into Spain from Prague. REI said that the Spanish people were victims of a great catastrophe, that the American "nuclear devices" had painted their fields and fishing grounds with deadly radioactivity. It spoke of deformed babies.

A ripple of fear began turning into a wave. Some went home, burnt their clothing and bathed

incessantly. Some sent children to live with relatives in distant towns. Many thought of moving away, but wondered if it was too late. Had the *radioactividad*, which they could not see, hear, feel or smell, infected them? When would they die?

One night, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Hirsch, who had been in the fields all day and was covered with dust and dirt, drove to Palomares to pick up Spanish-speaking Captain Joe Ramirez, an air force lawyer who was helping to set up a claims office where the farmers could collect compensation for their crops.

Hirsch found Ramirez in the bar. On one side of the room were 14 local men. Ramirez said, "They are

all scared to death. They think their lands have been poisoned, and that maybe they have been poisoned, too. They have all decided to move away."

Hirsch looked at the group. They were silent, all staring at him. Reaching down, Hirsch—realizing that any danger of contamination harmful to health had long since been cleaned away—ran his hands over his dirt-caked boots and his filthy overalls. Then, cupping his hands together, he rubbed the dust and dirt into his face. The farmers sighed in relief and sat back, looking at one another, smiling. They began ordering drinks. Some came to the bar to make friends with



BENSONS/AFRI-12D

Hirsch and Ramirez. There was, after all, no place like home.

The protective clothing used at first by the decontamination men had not helped the residents' morale, either. Now, however, this clothing could be dispensed with. Men everywhere were handling debris, crops and soil with their bare hands. When villagers were about, they would wash "radioactive" tomatoes and eat them.

Airmen approached residents saying, "I have a wife and children, too. Do you think I would do this if there were any danger? There is not enough *radioactividad* here to hurt you or your crops. But we are cleaning your lands anyway, just as we

would clean up ink we had spilt on your floor."

One night, the heads of families in the village were summoned to a meeting in the Palomares cinema. General Wilson assured them that they were safe, and would be paid for their crops. He also directed that as much local labour as possible be hired. There were many who could operate tractors, cultivators, soil mulchers; others could earn money on kitchen duty, releasing more airmen for the search.

"No Comment"

THE SPANISH and U.S. governments still insisted that the less publicity given the accident, the better;

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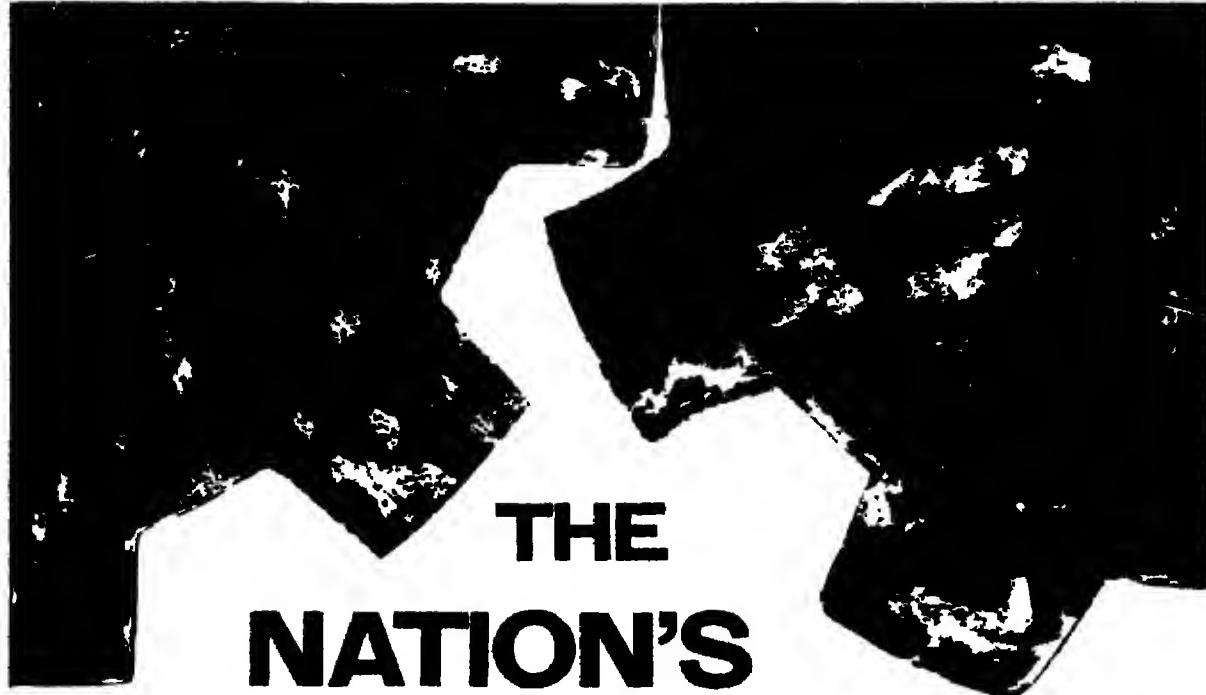
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BROKEN ARROW!

in desperation, reporters assigned to the story sneaked through the Guardia Civil cordon, then tried to make scientific sense and educated guesses from interviews with local residents.

The world began hearing dark hints that Palomares and Villaricos were awash in a sea of "lethal" alpha radiation; there was speculation that the contaminated fields might be ruined for years to come.

The London *Sunday Express* headlined a story on Palomares, "The Village of Fear"; in Paris, it was reported that 1,000 Palomares residents had been evacuated. United Press International even came up with a "victim" of radiation. The man had knelt beside one of the bombs, and eight days later, certain that he was contaminated, had arrived in Madrid demanding an examination. Doctors found infinitesimal alpha radiation on a small dot of skin and washed it off. Dr. José María Otero Navascués, head of the JEN, said, "The radiation was minimal and unimportant. The man's bathing habits were in question. If he had taken a bath during those eight days, there could have been no reading."

Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko sent a memorandum to the U.S. Ambassador in Moscow, calling for an immediate end to the criminal U.S. military flights over foreign countries. The United States, Gromyko suggested, had violated the 1963 Nuclear Test Ban Treaty in

Spain and had contaminated the sea, thereby violating the 1958 High Seas Convention, which contained an agreement among nuclear powers not to dump atomic wastes in the ocean.

The United States dismissed the charges as "sheer propaganda," pointing out that overflights were made with the permission of the nations involved and refuting the accusations one by one.

But such propaganda had its effect. In West Germany, samples of crops imported from Spain were being examined with Geiger counters. And even in the market-place in Vera, six miles from Palomares, farmers whose crops had not been contaminated could not sell them. "We do not want your radioactive foods," they were told. "Do not bring them here any more."

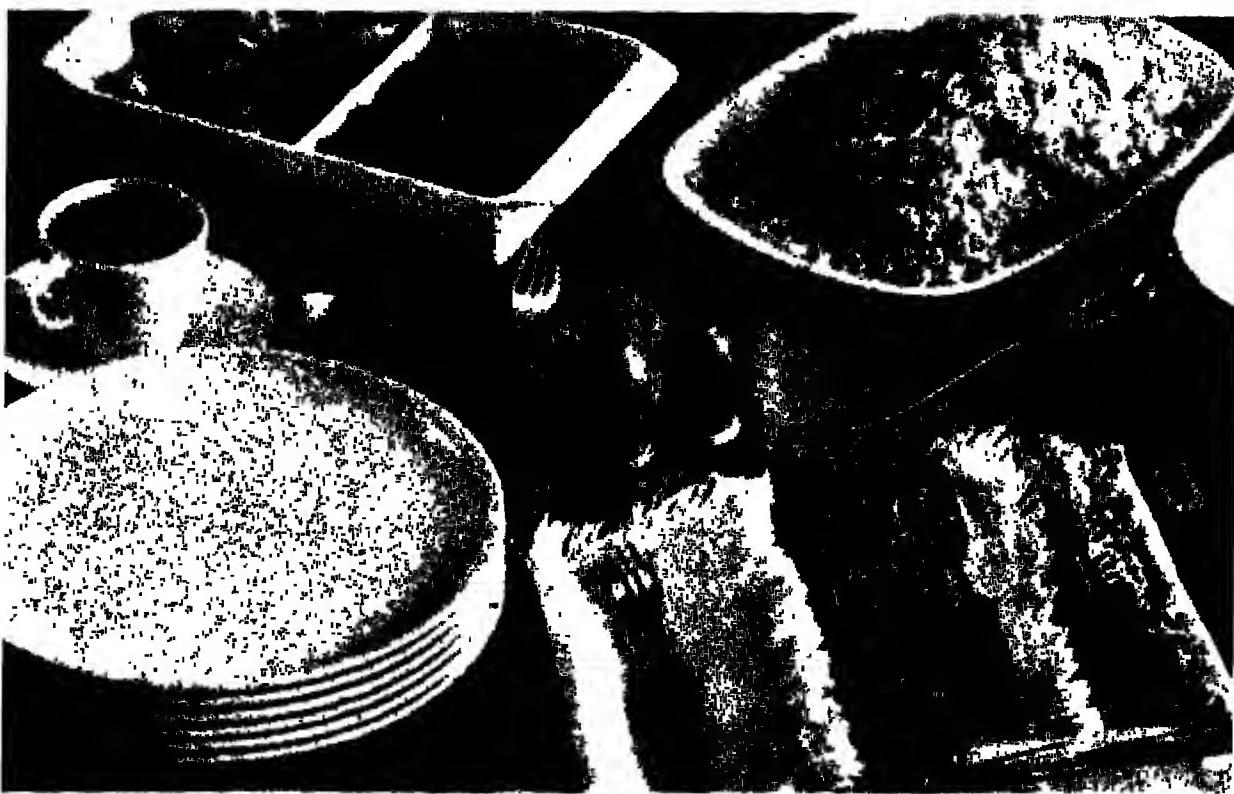
To minimize such effects the cordon of security was bound ever more tightly around Palomares and Villaricos. Yet reporters still produced stories. Occasionally they would meet officers in near-by towns who would berate them for their inaccuracies. "What inaccuracies, specifically?" the newsmen would ask. And the answer always came, "No comment."

Deep Secret

Alvin came by air, *Aluminaut* by sea, both reaching Palomares on February 10. As they were being transferred to the Landing Ship Dock *Fort Snelling*, a 70-m.p.h.

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BROKEN ARROW!

wind came slamming down out of the mountains. Aboard *Alvin*, the two Oceanographic Institute pilots were ordered to tie up to a buoy instead of risking damage to *Alvin* by trying for the well deck of *Fort Snelling*. The crew of *Aluminaut* did the same. For 21 hours they sat out a howling, blinding dust storm which seemed certain to turn the sea upside down.

Finally, on February 15, *Alvin* and *Aluminaut* began diving. A Soviet "fishing trawler," heavy with listening gear, stationed itself on the horizon. Admiral Guest sent two destroyers to guard the search zone.

Fisherman Simo's primitive navigational techniques had had disappointing results. Nothing had been found at the spot where he said he had seen the weapon fall. He had come out twice more and marked two more spots, several hundred yards apart. The general area was plotted in 1,000-yard squares, and it was planned that each submersible would search one square each day. This soon proved impossible. Visibility was poor. The sea floor was too rugged to be covered so quickly. *Aluminaut* had the task of searching the rolling hills with her sonar, *Alvin* crept among the more precipitous ravines. Both had to surface frequently to recharge their batteries.

The two craft stayed within a few feet of the bottom, probing the black depths with sonar and powerful searchlights. The men inside could

rarely see farther than a dozen feet. Sometimes, when a boat hit bottom, visibility became nil—a huge cloud of silt, fine as face powder, would explode high and far into the water. If there was a current in the area, it would dissipate the cloud in 20 minutes; but if the current was negligible, the cloud might hang for hours.

The bottom was a hodge-podge of shallow, V-shaped trenches, made by fishing trawls, running in every direction. *Alvin* and *Aluminaut* had to follow the suspicious-looking ones. There was little debris out here—only an occasional oil drum, tin can or piece of aircraft wreckage. The last major finds—the intact galley of the B-52 bomber, and a 10-by-32-foot wing panel—had by now been discovered three miles closer to shore.

For weeks, day and night, *Alvin* and *Aluminaut* prowled the silent world, searching every trench, gully and ravine, climbing every hill and mountain, looking under every ledge and outcropping. Operations stopped only for rough weather, or for sleep, maintenance and battery recharging. The boats averaged four dives every five days. Surface ships continually examined samples of sea water and cores of sea bottom. There was never any sign of radioactive contamination.

On March 1, *Alvin* was on its tenth dive. The pilot, Valentine Wilson, was just above a mountain slope that fell away south-westerly,

when suddenly he spotted a new kind of track—not wedge-shaped, like the trawl marks, but semi-cylindrical. It appeared to have been made by an extremely heavy object, sliding or being dragged into a steep gully. Wilson shouted into his underwater telephone, "I've found something!"

Alvin nosed down to follow the track, but current and gravity pulled her down the slope too rapidly, and she lost it.

The find was greeted with the scepticism with which men guard against having high hopes dashed. The scepticism mounted, for on her next six dives *Alvin* could not locate the track again.

On March 1 in Madrid, Press frustration began to end. Plain-spoken Dr. José María Otero Navascués, chief of the JEN, decided it was time to clear up the confusion about the contamination. He told newsmen that not a single case of contamination worthy of the name had been found, that reports describing contaminated individuals were quite untrue, that there was absolutely no risk in eating or drinking products from the region and that the decontamination steps taken, standard for any U.S. nuclear accident, were excessively prudent in order to establish the widest possible safety margin.

The information dyke was



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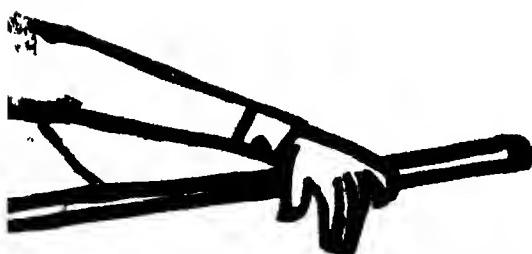
broken. Within 24 hours, Pentagon information officials, doubtless heaving a huge sigh of relief, confirmed Otero's remarks, and announced publicly—after 44 days—that an American H-bomb was missing. Soon, reporters were summoned to a briefing by General Wilson, then for another by Admiral Guest.

On March 8, indulging in a little propaganda of their own, U.S. Ambassador Duke and Spain's Information and Tourism Minister Manuel Fraga Iribarne took the nuclear age's most celebrated swim, off the search-zone beach, to dramatize the safety of the waters. Water temperature was 59 degrees. After three and a half minutes, Duke emerged,

blue with cold, smiling, "It was exhilarating!" he exclaimed.

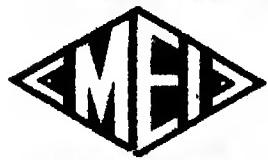
"Alvin" Proves Her Mettle

VALENTINE WILSON, piloting *Alvin* down a mountain face on March 13, spotted the track he had been trying to find again for nearly two weeks. *Alvin* had been down nearly eight hours, and her batteries were weak. She would have to surface soon. But Wilson went on, over the ridge of one gully, then down along another. He looked for a reference, spotted an eggshell. The track continued on beyond it. Wilson looked at his clock, checked his batteries. It was time to go up. Next day, when *Alvin* went down



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THE READER'S DIGEST

to hunt for the track again, the search was unsuccessful.

By March 15, General Wilson's land forces had combed every plot of ground in his search area. Convinced that the weapon was in the sea, he drafted a message to Washington saying that he meant to scale down the land hunt. At almost the same moment, Valentine Wilson spotted the track. This time, so as not to be swept away again, he turned the boat round and began backing slowly down the slope, following the track into deeper and deeper waters. In a few minutes he saw a parachute canopy, covering and billowing about something lying lengthwise on the edge of a steep gully.

A code had been devised for this moment to avoid prematurely exciting the task force or revealing anything to the listening Soviet trawler. The word for parachute was "Benthasaurus," the name of a three-legged fish that walks on the bottom of the sea. The code for the bomb was "Instrument Panel." But Wilson, in his rush to report, forgot the code, and shouted to co-pilot Bill Rainnie, on the surface, "I see a *rusty nail!*" The words were meaningless, but Rainnie, sensing the excitement in Wilson's voice, blew the code once and for all.

"You mean you see *the bomb?*"

"No," said Wilson. "I see the *parachute!*"

Admiral Guest checked his chart. The parachute had been found more

than a mile to the east—against the current—of where fisherman Simo had marked the impact point.

Alvin moved closer. Under one edge of the canopy, Wilson and his observer could see what looked like a piece of the bomb rack. Wilson piloted *Alvin* past the object twice, studying its position. He kept his distance, careful not to disturb the water, for whatever lay beneath the parachute was resting precariously on a 70-degree slope. Beyond lay fathomless depths.

The slope oozed, looking like freshly poured cement. Wilson described the situation to the surface. He did not want to go up. He feared that the object might tumble unseen into the blackness below, or that he might not be able to navigate back to it. He wanted *Aluminaut* there, standing watch, when he left. But *Aluminaut*, recharging batteries, was not ready.

Wilson turned *Alvin* crosswise in the narrow gully, buried her nose in one bank, her tail in the other, and cut power. Depth was 2,550 feet. It was cramped and cold. For more than seven hours the two men sat waiting in the parked submersible until *Aluminaut* could begin her 24-hour vigil.

While recharging *Alvin*, the men began laying their plans. No equipment had ever been designed to recover anything from such a depth. Some imaginative improvising would have to be done. It was impossible to tow wire or cable down

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BROKEN ARROW!

to the object; neither *Alvin* nor *Aluminaut* was strong enough to drag a heavy weight. But *Alvin* was equipped with a mechanical arm. In the claw of this arm was placed a spike, and to the spike was attached a 3,000-foot-long polypropylene line, weightless in water and smaller in diameter than a pencil. Even this proved almost too much, but after a long, slow struggle, *Alvin* towed the line down and pounded the spike into the claylike bottom 50 yards from the parachute. On the surface, the polypropylene line was tied to a buoy, marking the location of the parachute below.

Next, *Alvin* carried down two sonar transponders—devices which put out homing signals—hung with lines and ordinary fish-hooks. Moving to the target, Wilson deftly worked *Alvin's* claw, punching the hooks through the parachute. He had never been more watchful. If the parachute should suddenly billow out, it could snare *Alvin* in the canopy, entangling the craft in the shroud lines.

There was one other remote possibility: this weapon—if the parachute was hiding the weapon—had fallen six miles, hit the sea, struck bottom and been dragged and bounced no one knew how far over extremely rugged terrain. Might one more jar, even a slight one, set off the bomb's high explosives? Such a concussion would crush *Alvin's* hull. Wilson worked gingerly, finished hooking the transponders into the parachute

and surfaced. Now, even if the object moved, *Mizar* could keep track of its transponder signals—or so everyone thought.

Undersea Cloud

IN WORKSHOPS aboard the destroyer tender *Cascade*, scientists hastily devised what they hoped would be an effective H-bomb recovery gadget. It was a steel framework, standing on several long metal legs, whose pointed feet would bite deeply and firmly into the ooze on the bottom. Sonar transponders were attached, as well as three lengths of special one-inch nylon line, each 300 feet long, with multifingered grappling hooks and snap-hooks at the ends. These would be attached to the parachute, and the object would be hoisted up. The contraption—christened “Poodle”—looked like nothing ever seen before.

A 1,250-lb. anchor was used to steady Poodle's main lifting line; then *Alvin* went down. The sub hooked one line to the parachute, but found that the remaining two had become hopelessly fouled because Poodle had fallen over. More lines, with hooks on both ends, were lowered, and *Alvin* spent the next half day and part of another trying to hook one end to Poodle and the other to the parachute. On each attempt, the lines tangled.

By March 24, nine days after *Alvin* had found the parachute, the task force was desperate with frustration. Admiral Guest questioned

THE READER'S DIGEST

his experts. It was agreed that he should try to hoist it with the single attached line.

The move would be risky because of the danger that the line might be cut by metal parts of the ship. But the men reasoned that even if the line parted, the transponders on the object would enable the submersibles to find it again quickly. Guest decided to take the risk.

By 8 p.m. the weather was clear, the winds down, the sea calm. A winch on *Mizar* took a slow, even strain on the line to Poodle, and began hauling it in. *Mizar*, reading transponder signals, reported that Poodle had cleared the bottom, then that its anchor was off, too. The winch kept turning. An hour passed. Men began to believe that success was close. But after 75 minutes, the line suddenly slackened. The payload below Poodle was

The missing H-bomb and its parachute, photographed at 2,500 feet by "Alvin"



PHOTOGRAPH: WIDE WORLD

gone! The line had parted. (It was later learned that the line had been cut, either by the anchor or by an outcrop of rock.)

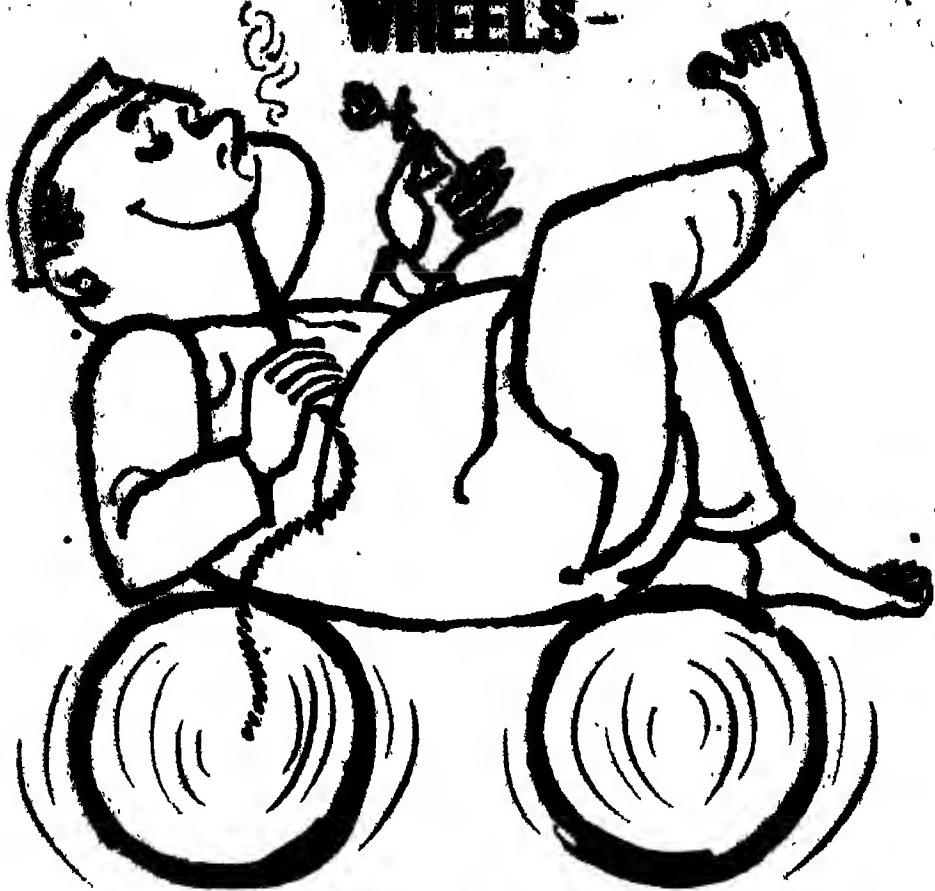
It was a shattering disappointment, but there was no time to brood. Next day, after recharging batteries, *Alvin* and *Aluminaut* plunged down, searching, listening for transponder signals. There were none. The object had tumbled or rolled, and the transponders were buried deep in mud. Nothing was to be found anywhere in the vicinity where the parachute had been located.

Worse, there had been a heavy undersea disturbance, and an enormous silt cloud hung everywhere. Somewhere deep below the murky cloud lay the parachute and whatever it held, perhaps buried beneath the ooze. The submersibles went deeper, spent days groping just above the surface of the steep slope, their operators scanning the sonar and straining to see through the seemingly eternal silt cloud. Finally, the cloud settled and visibility improved. The mountain face was torn up for hundreds of yards. *Alvin* and *Aluminaut* would have to search every inch.

Danger Averted

OFF THE California coast, another search was under way. An object similar in size, shape and weight to the missing weapon was placed on a steep, deep-water Pacific slope. An unmanned mechanism called

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CURV—Cable-Controlled Underwater Research Vehicle—was brought out to find the bomb facsimile and bring it up.

CURV, designed mainly for recovery of practice torpedoes, was all arms, legs, ears and eyes—a tubular aluminium frame 6 feet high, 5 feet wide and 13 feet long. There were two ballast tanks on each side of the frame. There were three motors, to drive the thing up, down or to either side. It was loaded with the latest sonar, transistorized television, a camera, and a recovery clamp which could fit round a torpedo—or an H-bomb. On its practice run, it quickly found the object in the Pacific, grabbed it and took it up. CURV was crated and sent out to Spain.

On April 2, nine days later, *Alvin* found the parachute. It still completely covered its burden, and now lay on a slippery slope at 2,800 feet. Two days later, CURV was lowered from the submarine rescue ship *Petrel* off Palomares. It took nearly half a day to grapple a line on to the parachute. Then CURV surfaced with the other end of the line, which was made fast to a buoy.

No one slept now. Days and nights kaleidoscoped. *Alvin* went down to inspect. Visibility was poor. To minimize chances of the sub's sliding past the parachute before he could see it, pilot Wilson decided to approach from below. He would go downslope 300 feet west of the parachute, turn and

come upslope to it. *But suddenly he was in it!* Great folds of parachute were falling over the observation portholes, and soon *Alvin* was completely enshrouded.

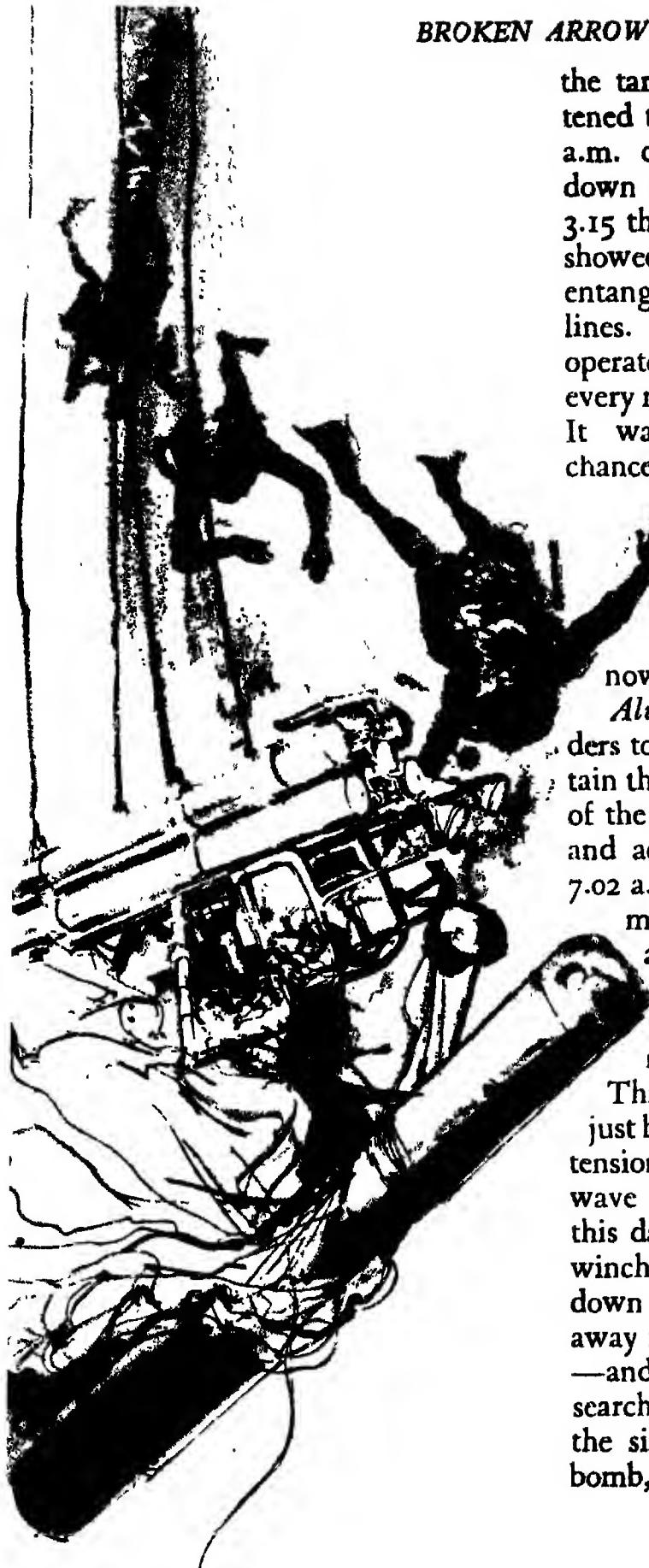
On *Petrel*, Admiral Guest was frantic. If only the propellers were caught, *Alvin* could jettison them and still surface; but if the whole of *Alvin* became entangled in the canopy, there was no way to get the craft—or the men—off the bottom. There was nothing that could be done but to talk calmly to Wilson and pray that his excellent seamanship would pull them through. Losing an H-bomb was bad; but far better to lose it for ever than to sacrifice two skilled, courageous men.

Aboard *Alvin*, Wilson was more irritated than worried. He could not back out of the parachute against the upslope. He began jockeying the submersible against the big, opaque trap, billowing it up, slowly, inch by inch, turning *Alvin* sideways. After 15 minutes, he saw his opening, plunged *Alvin* downwards and sharply to the right under the edge of the canopy.

Calmly, he reported that he was clear. Guest went weak with relief, but Wilson's report left no time to think about the near-disaster. The target object had moved 300 feet, and still was moving slowly. There were chasms before it. Soon, it might fall into greater depths, out of CURV's reach.

Guest moved *Petrel* directly over

BROKEN ARROW!



the target. A second line was fastened to the parachute, and at 1.30 a.m. on April 7, CURV headed down to attach yet a third. But at 3.15 the device's television monitor showed that it was becoming badly entangled in the canopy and shroud-lines. For two hours, CURV's operators tried to work it loose, but every move only made things worse. It was hopeless—there was no chance now of freeing the device from that monstrous, tightening spider's web. Guest thanked heaven that it was an unmanned vehicle, then said, "We've got to take it now."

Alvin again attached transponders to the parachute and made certain that a line was fixed to the apex of the canopy so it would not open and act as a sea-anchor. Then, at 7.02 a.m., *Petrel's* winches began to move. Slowly, steadily, the awful load came up. Fifteen minutes passed—25—60.

Guest had no intention of risking another broken line. This was most likely to happen just beneath the surface, because of tensions on the rope generated by wave action. At 8.19 a.m., before this dangerous region was reached, winches were stopped. Divers went down and pulled the parachute away from the object it enshrouded—and for the first time the weary searchers were certain that they had the silvery, cigar-shaped hydrogen bomb, missing for so long. The

THE READER'S DIGEST

divers wrapped it round with metal straps to which they attached cables. Winches turned again. At 8:45—79 days, 22 hours and 23 minutes after the accident—the weapon was pulled aboard and was back under positive U.S. control.

Admiral Guest sent a "Well Done" message to his task force, then personally congratulated the crews of *Alvin* and *Aluminaut*, and all the other civilians who had come to Spain to help.

A great deal had been learnt—about the art of deep diving, about how to handle a nuclear accident, about the abilities and strengths of a cold-war ally. The United States and Spain, faced

with a potentially disastrous incident, had coolly and determinedly turned it into a striking achievement. It had taken 3,000 men nearly three months of the most exhaustive effort, involved some of the most outlandish and sophisticated equipment ever conceived, and had ended with an unparalleled technological feat.

Wearily—he had been without sleep for more than 70 hours—Admiral Guest wrote out a message to be sent simultaneously to the U.S. Embassy in Madrid, his navy superiors in Europe, and the Chief of Naval Operations in Washington. It read simply: "This mission has been completed." THE END



Ulterior Motives

My CLERGYMAN husband and I had been married for 34 years. One morning he said good-bye and went off on a short trip. Moments later he was back in the house saying, "Darling, I can't leave without one more fond embrace—and the car keys."

—Dorothy Thomas

My FRIEND was furious with her six-year-old son because he periodically got into trouble at school by taking a pack of cards, a whistle or some other attention-getting items to school with him. Last week I had lunch with them, and when he was ready to leave she kissed and hugged him good-bye. "Well," I said, "he must be doing much better at school. You seemed very loving, with all that hugging." She laughed and said, "What do you mean, hugging? I was searching him."

—Audree Miller

* * *

Star-Struck

MICHAEL WILDING, asked if actors were different from other human beings, declared, "Without a doubt. You can pick out actors by the glazed look that comes into their eyes when the conversation wanders away from themselves."

—Parade

BOOK SUPPLEMENT

On the Edge of Nowhere



**from the forthcoming book
by JAMES HUNTINGTON
as told to Lawrence Elliott**

On the Edge of Nowhere

An Alaskan Saga

For years Jim Huntington has pitted himself against a cruel land where life is often simply a question of survival. In this vivid, true adventure story he tells how he fought the elements, wild animals and bad luck—and won not only a good living but also a high measure of human dignity

THE FIRE started on a grey and blustering September afternoon. It was the kind of day that suddenly ends the Alaskan summer, the wind blowing clear warning that freeze-up is coming. All morning I'd worked outside, sawing shelves for the trading post I had recently opened in Huslia, a Red Indian village on the Koyukuk River, near the Arctic Circle. Wayne, my youngest boy, was watching me. The other kids were in school.

I wanted to tell Wayne to stop sucking his thumb but, seeing his big brown eyes staring straight back at me, I didn't have the heart. He missed his mother. We all did. But there was no way of explaining to this three-year-old boy that, after twelve years of marriage and seven kids, his mother had got tired of her husband and just packed up and left us.

After a while the boy said he was cold, and I sent him into the house. "Don't touch anything in the store," I said. "Stay in the back." I went on with my sawing, head down, never noticing the dirty grey smoke that had begun to seep out from under the roof logs. The first I knew of it was when someone yelled to me from the riverbank:

"Jimmy! Jim Huntington! Your house is on fire!"

I looked up, saw the smoke, and realized that the wind must have blown over an oil lamp. Fear swirled down to my stomach, and I stood rooted there. Then I tore for the house, calling, "Wayne! Wayne!"

I threw open the door and was hit by a rush of hot smoke. Inside, orange flames shot back and forth, grabbing for the rows of canned goods, the bolts of cloth that had come in only last week—everything. I backed away a step and ran in low, still shouting, trying to see through the fire and smoke. In my head I had this picture of poor little Wayne, caught in there and scared to death, crying for me to help him.

I must have passed out. I had a blurry feeling that someone was dragging me towards the door, and they couldn't have done that if I had all my senses. Outside, I sucked in fresh air, then as soon as my head cleared I broke away and tore back towards the house. But my friends tackled me and held me down. Then came an explosion. Windows blew out and the roof caved in with a fiery crash of sparks and smoke. I lay still. It was too late to help Wayne now.

Somebody brought my other kids from the schoolhouse. They walked very slowly, their faces white and scared, and I tried to put my arms

around all of them and hold them near to me. They began to cry.

And then, all of a sudden, one of the men came pounding up the hill—and he was hauling Wayne by the hand! Wayne, alive, safe and well!

"He was down playing with the dogs," the man told me. "He never even went in the house."

Tearfully I grabbed the little boy and squeezed him against me so hard his bones must have ached. When I let him go I tried to smile so he wouldn't be so frightened. Not that I had much left to smile about. A life's labour, 25 years' work, had gone up in smoke. Everything—the store, supplies I hadn't paid for, our

Jim Huntington



home, even our food for the winter—was now a smouldering heap of ashes.

I felt old and tired. Suddenly I understood how awfully easy it could be to give up and drift down to one of the towns, as so many others have done, living off an occasional labourer's job or on charity. Maybe my kids would be better off if I just left it up to the village or the territory to look after them.

But I could never surrender like that. All my heritage, all my experience, demanded that I struggle on. I had been born on the edge of nowhere, and now I was right back where I started. But no one had promised any man—Red Indian, Eskimo or white—that life was easy in this wild land. You have to fight for what is important to you. My white father taught me that lesson. And my mother, who was a Red Indian, lived it.

Aftermath of Murder

MY MOTHER, Anna, was from an Athabascan tribe which lived in the interior, near the Yukon. There had always been bad blood between Red Indians and Eskimos, and often savage violence. The only peaceful contact came through her father, a trader, who each March made his way to the edge of Red Indian territory to meet Schilikuk, the Eskimo trader, and spend several days in barter. As a girl my mother regularly accompanied her father on

these trading expeditions, and came to learn the Eskimo language.

Her first marriage was to a trapper named Victor Bifelt. Their only neighbour, Ned Regan, lived four miles down the Koyukuk River. With all that great land to trap in, Regan got into an argument with Bifelt over a certain trapline, and one afternoon he burst into their cabin and, under Anna's horrified eyes, murdered Bifelt with a shotgun blast full in the face.

When Regan was tried in Nome a year later, my mother was brought in as a witness. She didn't want to go. Nome was a steamboat journey of 750 miles, and she had to leave in September before the rivers froze, so she would be separated from her own people for the entire winter. But my grandfather insisted that, as the only witness for the prosecution, she must attend.

So the trial was held. But Anna knew only a little English, and the court could find no one to translate her Athabascan dialect. Because of this, Regan was found not guilty.

My mother was heartsick. It was February 1905, and if she waited in Nome until summer the court would send her back home by steamboat. But she would have nothing further to do with the people who had freed her husband's murderer. Armed only with a knife, two gold coins and such provisions as she could carry on her back, she set out, a frail, seven-stone woman facing a journey of many hundreds

of miles over the frozen Alaskan wastes on foot.

Her plan was to travel north-east across the Seward Peninsula, then follow the Kobuk River east into the hills dividing Eskimo and Red Indian country. From there she would know the way to her father's village.

The Incredible Journey

ANNA travelled each day from sun-up to sundown, covering 10, sometimes 12 miles, then wrapped herself in a blanket and burrowed into a snowbank for the night. Occasionally a miner or trapper shared his food with her, and once a miner and his wife took her into their cabin for a month; but mostly she depended on herself, eking out her food supplies by snaring birds and small animals.

She reached the Kobuk by the end of April, then followed the stream. But by mid-July her strength was gone. One day, too hungry and exhausted to drag herself any farther, she lay back on the riverbank in the warm sun and fell asleep. When she awoke she saw a young Eskimo boy watching her from a kayak in the river. The instant she moved, the boy's paddle flashed and the kayak shot upstream.

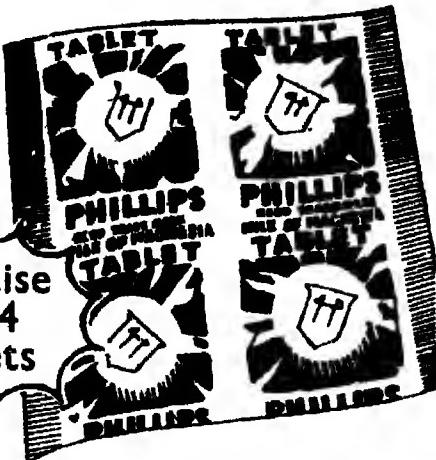
Anna slumped to the ground again. She knew that as soon as the boy got back to his village they would dispatch a party of hunters to kill her, but she didn't have the strength to get up and run away.

Next day the boy returned with

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some other Eskimos. "Do not be afraid," their leader said. "We have come to help you."

It was Schilikuk, the Eskimo trader, the friend of her father! Tears came to her eyes, and she could not speak. The old man gave her pack to the boy and said, "I saw your father not two moons ago. He had word that you had left Nome on foot, and he asked me to watch for you. Each day my son has come down to the river to wait."

She stayed with Schilikuk's family until the snow fell again. When they left for the Pah River, where they would spend the winter trapping, she went as far as the divide separating Eskimo from Red Indian country, then moved on alone.

Soon she found herself on familiar ground. When Anna reached her parents' village, the dogs howled, and people stared at her as at a ghost. A few called out a welcome, but she could not stop. She ran to her mother's house, calling her name even before she opened the door. And then at last she was in her mother's arms. "I'm home," she cried softly.

"I told them you would come back," her mother said. "I told them."

An almost incredible journey was over.

Orphans in the Wilderness

A FEW years later Anna married my father, and together they ran a small store on the banks of the

Hogatza River. They had five children—two girls, Elsie and Ada, my brother Sidney and myself, and another baby girl, Marion.

When Elsie and Ada were old enough, they were sent off to the Anvik mission school, 600 miles down the Yukon. The following spring my father set out in his river-boat to bring them home for the summer. "You two boys look after things while I'm gone!" he shouted as he pushed off. We took our new responsibility seriously. Sidney was then seven, I was five, and Marion not quite two.

One morning when I woke up I realized it was too quiet in the house. Where were the sounds of Mother cooking breakfast? Why hadn't she woken us to get washed? I climbed out of bed and started downstairs. Near the bottom I stopped, for now I could see my mother—lying face down on the floor.

"Mamma! Mamma!" I called, running to her, frantic. But she never moved. I yelled for Sidney, and he too tried vainly to rouse her. Then we realized: she was dead.

What were we going to do? Mother was too heavy for us to move—the best we could do was to cover her with a blanket. There was hardly any food in the house, just one opened can of beans and several cans of condensed milk for the baby.

Clearly we had to get help. But the nearest people were miners,



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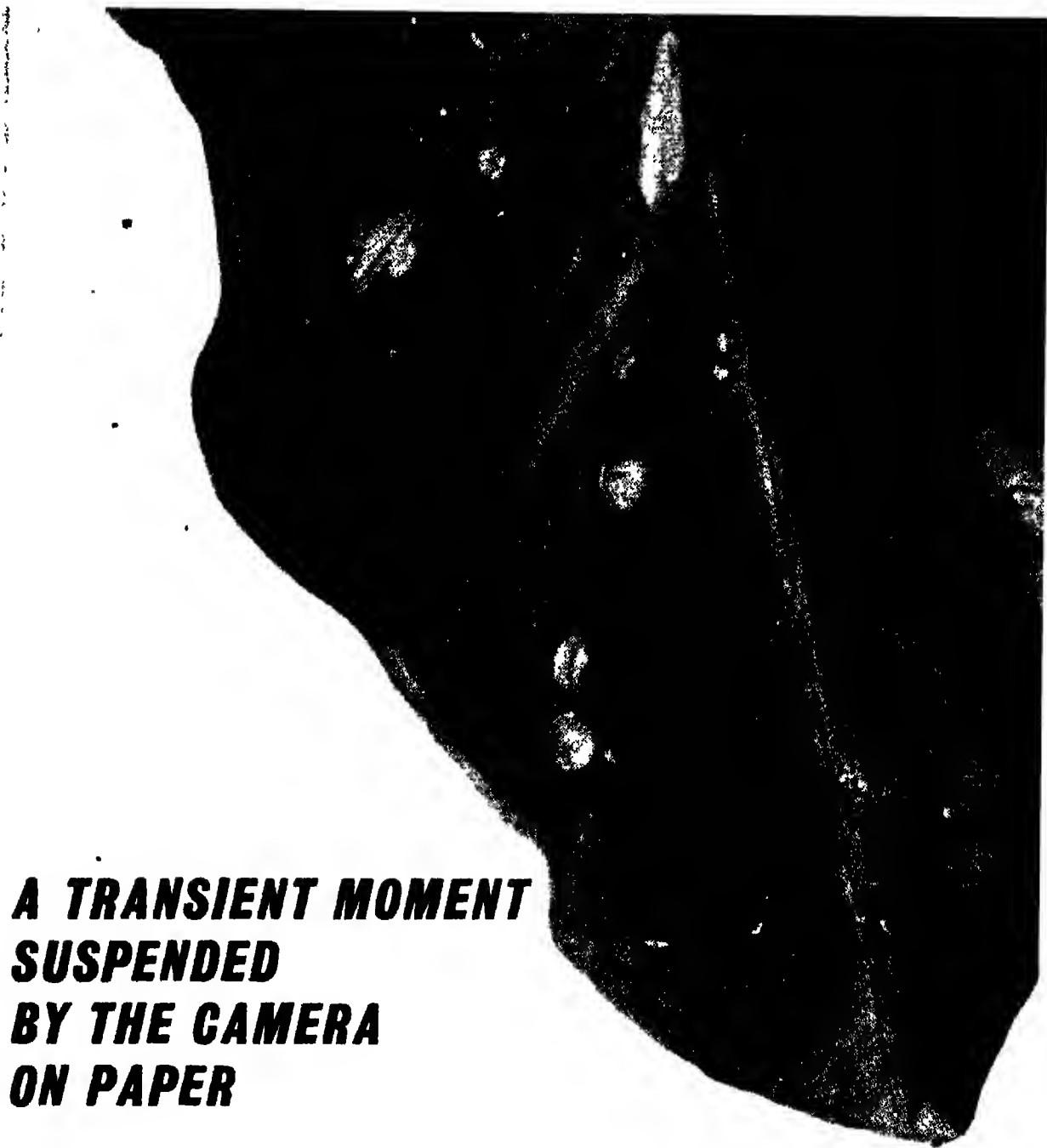


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ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE

25 miles overland and even farther by water.

"If only we could drag the skiff down to the river, we could drift along until we found somebody who'd go after Dad for us," Sidney said.

That scared me. The river ran awfully rough in the spring, and the boat looked much too big for little kids to handle. But between the two of us we somehow got it launched, then loaded it with blankets, clean nappies and the last of the milk. I sat down in the bow holding the baby, while Sidney untied the line and pushed us out into the current with a paddle.

Almost at once we were in trouble. The current must have been running a good five knots, and the wind pushed our bow from side to side. Hard as he swung that paddle, Sidney wasn't strong enough to do much more than steer round the worst of the shallows. The next thing we knew we came sweeping round a bend, and all at once the roar of shoal water was loud as thunder. I saw a row of gleaming rocks.

"Sidney!" I yelled.

If there was a channel through the shoal, he was much too close in to reach it. So he leaned on the paddle with all his might, trying to aim the skiff at the bank. I didn't see how he could make it. Even when he got the bow turned towards shore, the force of the current kept us running downriver broadside,

and I was absolutely sure that we had to go smashing into those rocks. I took a good grip on the front of Marion's overalls and made up my mind that as soon as we capsized I'd grab for a rock with one hand and hang on to her with the other. *

"The willows! The willows!" Sidney was screaming.

A little closer to shore now, the bow of the boat was sweeping under a canopy of overhanging willow branches. I let go of the baby and stood, bracing my knees against the gunwale, and reached way out. Leaves and branches slid through my palms, cutting and burning them. But I clenched with all the strength in both hands and finally held fast. The bow nosed in while the stern came pivoting around me, slamming into the bank so that Sidney was knocked off his feet. We had come to a stop not 20 feet from where those rocks would have dashed us to pieces.

Helpless as Bear Cubs

With difficulty Sidney and I pulled the boat in to shore, and got Marion and the few supplies out. It was then that we realized for the first time that the poor baby had never stopped crying. We gave her a cold bottle. That was the best we could do. She was sopping wet, but we didn't have anything dry to put on her. The blankets were soaked. So were the clean nappies.

We had not gone far on the river but, because Sidney could carry the

baby only a few steps at a time, it took us nearly three hours to get home. When we got there, we couldn't stay in the cabin with our mother's body. So Sidney stretched the canvas over the lean-to that Mother had used when she cleaned fish and, wet and miserable as we were, we crawled in there and fell into exhausted sleep.

Only a few hours had gone by when Sidney shook me awake. It must have been not long past midnight, but in that far north country the sun was already coming up. "What's the matter?" I said. Then I saw the bears.

There were three of them, a fat waddling mother and two cubs,

no more than 20 feet from the lean-to. I was so scared I couldn't breathe, but Sidney whispered, "If she starts this way, we'll each grab one of Marion's arms and run for the cabin."

Just then the bear turned her huge shaggy head towards us. She must have seen us! We were preparing to make a run for it, but she just stared at us for a few moments, then sloshed deliberately on, the cubs scurrying to keep up with her. In another moment they had all blended into the dark bush.

Sidney lay back on his blanket and fell asleep again, but I just kept sitting there, staring at the place where the bears had disappeared;



the only reason they had left us alone, that I could figure out, was that the bear had by scent accurately sized up the situation and decided that we were as helpless as her own cubs would be if she were dead. I'm not so sure I don't think the same thing now..

By the end of the third day we were weak from lack of food, and Sidney said there was nothing for it but we had to break into the store. The store! I'd never even thought about it. One thing Dad had drummed into us, we were never to touch anything in the store unless he gave it to us. But now . . .

We found four big hams hanging from ridgepoles, and we were so



hungry that we cut one down and began to eat it raw right on the spot. It tasted good, but it was not long before we were violently sick. After that we never ate another piece of raw ham. Next day Sidney went back to the store, found a sack of hard candy, and a can of beans that we prised open with a butcher's knife. For a long time we lived on these.

The days and nights began to get all mixed up. We got steadily weaker and slept a good deal of the time. Somewhere along the line we ran out of milk for the baby and had to put river water in her bottle.

One day as I lay dozing, I was dreaming of a big white boat and a crowd of men who came barging off it. All of a sudden I heard a terrible shriek—and I sat up on the blanket in a cold sweat. There had been a real boat whistle!

Sidney was already outside the lean-to, crouched down on his hands and knees, staring at the river. The whistle blew again, so piercing-loud that my ears hurt. Drifting down in a wide swing towards our landing was the supply steamer *Teddy H.*

I was terrified. Grown-ups were scary enough when Mother and Dad were there. Now there was just us, and we'd done so many bad things—taken stuff from the store and got the blankets all dirty. I was sure they had come to punish us. "Come on, let's go hide," I said.

Sidney looked at me, then back towards the boat. "Where'll we

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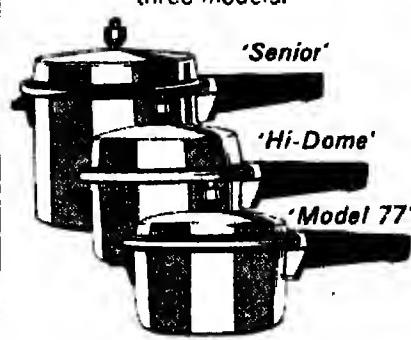
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ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE

go?" he said. He was torn two ways, still watching the *Teddy H.* as it nosed in to shore and one of the men jumped off the bow to tie it down.

"Any place! In the store! Come on, help with Marion."

From our hideout underneath the floorboards in the store, we could hear the men wherever they went. One of them up by the house called out, "My God, the squaw's dead!" Then they said that we kids had to be around somewhere, and they began looking all over the place. Before long they were in the store. As we lay there in the dark, Marion, who hadn't let out a peep for days, began to cry.

"Shh!" I begged her, and tried to cover her mouth with my hand.

But it was too late. "Here!" one of them shouted. "They're over here somewhere, under the floor."

They had to get a crowbar and prise the boards up to get us out. When they tried to lift Marion, Sidney and I sprang at them like a pair of wolverines. "Leave my sister alone!" I screamed. "Get away from my sister!"

But there were too many of them. Our strength gave out, and soon they held us with our arms pinned back. "Poor crazy little kids," one of them said. "I don't see how they stayed alive."

Over the next few days we learned that the men who had rescued us were truly our friends. They washed and fed us. They dug a grave for our

mother and buried her. And when, six days later, our father returned with our sisters, they turned us over to him safe and sound.

Mother had had a habit of marking an X on the calendar for every day that went by. The last X she made was on May 27, 1920, and the men from the *Teddy H.* found us on June 10.

Everybody said it was a miracle we had survived. Years later, all over Alaska, people who heard my name would ask if I was one of the Huntington kids who had lived through that ordeal.

Raising a Winter Cabin

EARLY IN August the Episcopal archdeacon, Fred Drane, stopped to see us. He was making his annual mission up the river, holding services and baptizing babies in the villages and fish camps. He said prayers for Mother and afterwards offered to take all five of us kids back to the Anvik mission school. It hurt Dad, but he had no other choice.

Anvik is on the Yukon River, in the flat muskeg country of western Alaska, not far from the Bering Sea. Everybody there was good to us, but I'd lived in the bush all my life, and I felt clumsy and shy among other people. But I had plenty to eat—and I learned to read and write.

The best part was Dad's visit each spring. He didn't have the heart for running a trading post alone, so

he'd been moving around, trapping a little, digging for gold whenever he heard about a promising strike. Sidney and I always begged him to take us along. "Someday," he'd say. "When you're older."

The winter I was 12 my sister Ada died of acute appendicitis. When Dad came to see us that year, he looked thin and worn, but he had great news for Sidney and me.

"I'm going partners with old Charlie Swanson," he told us. "We got a big punt with an engine, and we're going up the Koyukuk to trap next winter. Think you boys would like to come along this trip? I figure it's time you were learning how to live off the country. Might be that I

won't be around much longer to teach you."

So that was the end of my book education. I'd gone through the third reading book—which is more than most kids do in this part of the world. Now I was to have even more important instruction.

As soon as the ice was out of the river we said good-bye to Elsie and Marion and left for Nulato, where old Charlie was waiting for us with the motor-boat. He was a grizzled, grey man, who never had much to say but who liked kids.

When the steamer came with our winter supplies, we started loading our own boat. By the time we climbed aboard—with the seven



dogs Dad had bought—that boat really sat down in the water. But there is no other way when you set off for a winter's trapping. If you forget something or run out, you'd better be ready to do without because the nearest trading post might be 150 miles away.

Going upstream, we made 20 or 30 miles a day, tying up to the bank each night and sleeping under the alders. On the eighth day we came to a nice sandbar below an open stretch of high ground. We tied up and pitched a tent on the bluff.

While Sidney and I unloaded the boat and staked the dogs out, Dad started clearing the land of brush. Then he took an axe into the woods

and went right to work cutting logs for the cabin we'd have to have ready before snow fell. Meanwhile, old Charlie was setting a couple of fishnets out in the river. The salmon were running now and they might not be tomorrow, and it took a lot of dried fish to feed a team of seven dogs all winter.

There seemed to be something to do every hour of the day. We had to build racks to dry the fish, and a cache ten feet off the ground to store meat. Our biggest job was raising the cabin. When it was tall enough we laid in the roof poles. Naturally we had no sheet iron for the roof, so we peeled spruce bark and laid that across the poles. On top of that

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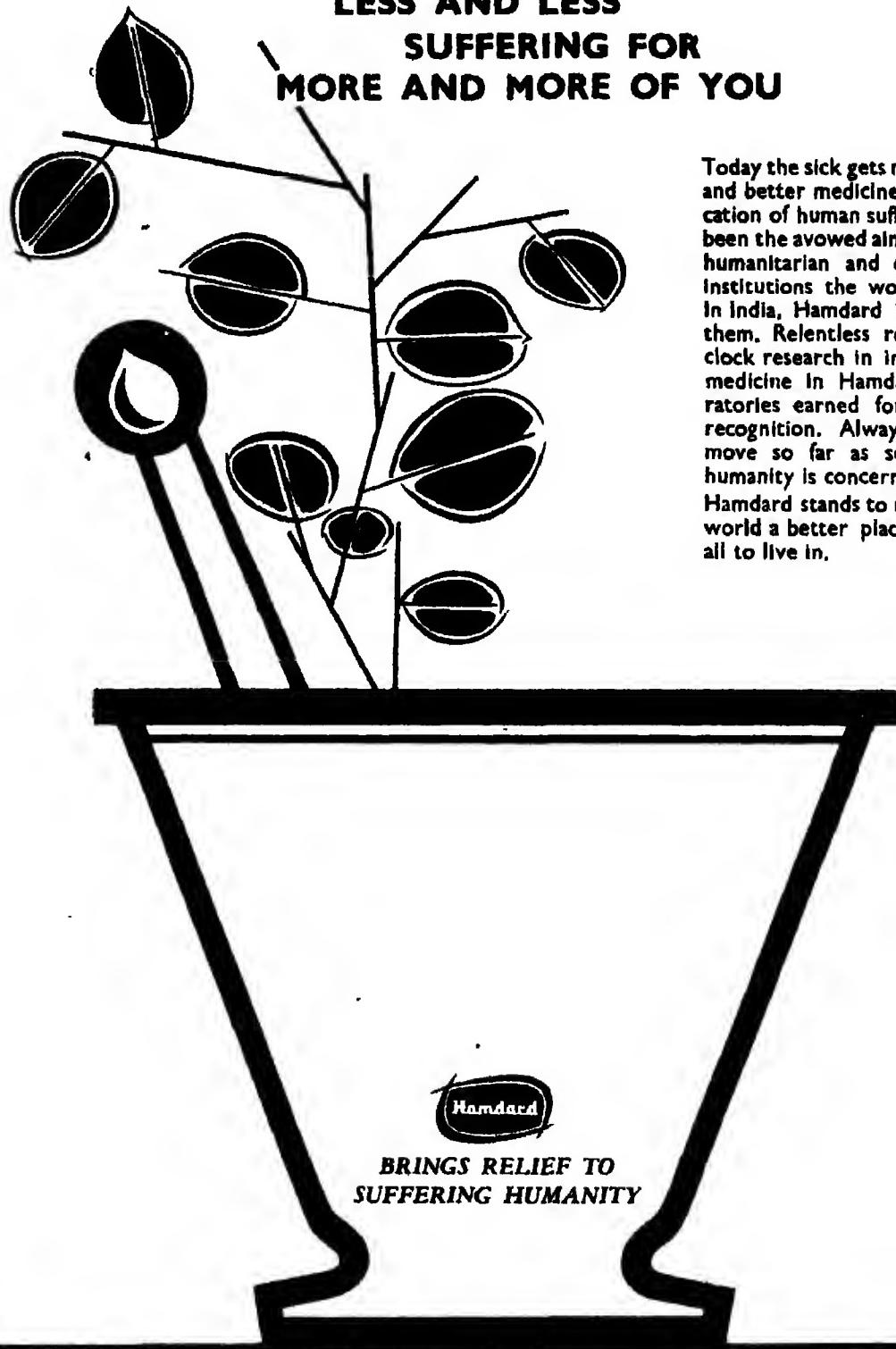


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ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE

went moss, then two feet of earth, and that roof didn't leak a bit, not even in the hardest rain or when the snow thawed.

We moved into the cabin around the middle of September. After that we spent a lot of time building our sleds and making snowshoes. Whatever the job, Dad showed Sidney and me just once how to do it; then we were on our own. We fumbled and argued, but we got it done, and Dad said, "That's the way. Don't ever let anything stump you." It was all wonderful, except that Dad made us take a bath every two weeks. That was almost as bad as school.

Meat for the Pot

WHEN THE ice began forming round the edges of the river, we ran the boat downstream to a slough and worked some logs under it so that it wouldn't freeze to the ground. "We're really stuck now," old Charlie joked when we had finished the all-day job. I fell asleep exhausted that night, as I did every night, happy as I'd ever been.

Next morning when Dad called Sidney and me for breakfast, there, leaning against the cabin wall, stood two brand-new .22-calibre single-shot rifles. Our first rifles, our very own! For a second we just stared at them, then we yippee'd loud enough to scare a deaf moose—Dad and old Charlie grinning at us—and begged for ammunition to try them out.

"Breakfast first," Dad said, and stood over us while we bolted down

some mush. Then he gave us five rounds apiece, and out we tore, great and fearless hunters. Of course we didn't have the patience to really look for any game—although there were rabbit tracks all over the place. Instead, we went out on the bank and shot at chunks of ice in the river. We never even came close.

We ran back to the cabin for more ammunition—and Dad was waiting for us. "You've had your fun," he said. "From now on you're to quit treating those things like toys. They're supposed to bring in meat for the pot, and once you waste a shot you can never call it back, not even when you might need it real bad. Now go in and clean those rifles good."

It was a lesson I never forgot. Next day, when Sidney and I went out to hunt rabbits, I was hoping so hard that they kept popping up in my imagination behind every tree and rock. Upriver a little way we separated, Sidney heading into the bush. I followed the beach. And at the far end of a little half-hidden slough I saw six ducks.

I dropped down, trying to shush the pounding of my heart, and crept up on them foot by foot. They never saw me. They just sat there in the warm sun until I was close enough for a shot. I got up, scared to breathe, and tried to line one up in the sights. But the gun swayed so badly I couldn't even put the barrel on them, let alone the sight.

Remembering what Dad had said,

THE READER'S DIGEST

I forced myself not to rush, and I got down on one knee. Now I was better braced, and, holding my breath, I put a nice plump mallard in my sight and squeezed the trigger.

The whole world seemed to explode, the ducks honking and beating their wings as they took to the air, the shot echoing all up and down the river. And as I stumbled to my feet and ran around the slough, I saw my mallard lying still on the water, not two feet from shore, shot neatly through the neck.

Oh, the feeling that was! Holding my prize in front of me, I ran all the way home and burst into the cabin—too winded to speak. I just stood looking dumbly at the duck, then at Dad and old Charlie. But Dad was so proud he couldn't hide it. "What have you got there, son?" he said.

At last I found my voice. "It's a duck, Dad," I said at last. "Meat for the pot."

Wolves Can Be Cruel

By NOVEMBER, all the traps were set. A week later we split into two teams, old Charlie and I taking three dogs, Dad and Sidney the other four, and we made the rounds to examine our catch. For a first set, it wasn't bad. From the two trap-lines, each about six miles long, we brought back five mink, two foxes and a lynx, and we all had a busy night skinning.

The winter flew by. Every few

days we'd check the traps, and whenever the catch thinned out we'd move them to a new place. The pile of skins in the cache grew higher and higher. Dad and old Charlie were mighty happy, for the price of fur was way up that year and, since they owed no one a cent, everything they made could go into next year's stakes.

By the end of January, Sidney and I could handle the dog teams well enough to run the trap-lines alone. It was on one of those trips that I foolishly followed a marten track and got into serious trouble.

It was a fine morning, and when I spotted the tracks I thought what a nice surprise it would be if I came home with a good thick marten pelt. So I staked the dogs, put on my snowshoes and took off, positive I could catch up with the marten, for Dad and old Charlie had taught me that they moved very slowly over the snow.

The part I hadn't learnt was that a marten will burrow into deep snow as soon as he sniffs danger and you can turn blue waiting for him to come out. That's what happened to me. I shuffled along in his tracks for more than two hours, and just as I caught sight of him—*whoosh!*—he dived into the snow.

I hung around for a while—I sure wanted that skin—but when the sun started down I decided I'd better head back. Thinking to save time, I crossed the creek and went up over the top of the hill. Only it turned

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out to be the wrong hill, and after a mile or more I knew I was pretty well lost.

Nevertheless, I kept pushing on, straining to see a familiar landmark, when suddenly, about 30 feet in front of me, a wolf showed up on the ridgeline.

At that range the sight of a timber wolf is enough to make anyone turn around and run. But I forced myself to keep going, for I remembered Dad's two rules about wolves. Where you see one, look for others. And don't show fear; it encourages them to attack.

There certainly were others. As I moved skittishly ahead, I discerned at least 20 of them waiting for the leader, the one in my path, to make his move.

They crouched on the high ground to my left and ranged beneath the crest of the ridge on the right, and they never took their shining black eyes off me.

Without raising my rifle I kept the muzzle pointed at the big brute in front of me, and my finger circled the trigger. We were so close now I could surely kill him, but pumping away with a single-shot rifle I wouldn't get many rounds off if the rest of them came at me. So I just kept walking, and at the last instant the wolf gave ground grudgingly, snarling at my heels as I edged past him.

But he wasn't finished with me. He dropped back ten feet or so and began following in my tracks, and

THE READER'S DIGEST

as he moved, so did the pack, crowding nearer from both sides as their leader closed the gap between us. I knew it couldn't go on much longer. Now that my back was to him he was full of fight, barking at me, and running at me in frenzied little dashes that stopped just short of my ankles.

Soon, next time or the time after, he wouldn't stop. Once he hit me I'd go down—he outweighed me by 30 pounds—and that instant the others would close in. It was suicide to stop and impossible to run, so I decided I'd better have it out with them then and there, while I was still on my feet. If I missed with my first shot, the wolves would be on me before I could reload, but I had no other choice. Swinging my gun back from the waist and taking quick but careful aim at point-blank range, I put a .22 slug between the leader's eyes.

That's when I really learned how cruel and cowardly wolves are. The sound of the shot stunned them for a moment. Then, instead of coming at me, they ran at the safer prey—their dead leader. Inflamed and half-crazed, they fell on his body and began tearing it to pieces. I never stopped, and, but for that one quick look, didn't turn round.

In a little while I came down off the ridge and doubled back towards the creek. When I found my old tracks, I did what I should have done in the first place: followed them back in the direction from which I'd come. It was just about

dark when I reached the sled. Tired and mighty thankful, I tumbled in and shouted for those dogs to take me home.

Into the Boat!

EVENTUALLY the days started to get longer—spring was coming. As we waited for the ice to go out, we decided to build a poling boat. Dad said it would be a big help when we loaded up to take our skins down-river, but as things turned out we needed it long before then.

Well into May there was still a lot of snow on the ground and ice on the river. There was every chance that when the ice went out it would jam and the river would flood. Sure enough, one afternoon we heard a great rumble upstream.

Dad and old Charlie ran for the bank, and Sidney and I followed. Half a mile up the river a wall of ice had been shoved 50 feet out of the water, and it was heading our way.

"Get everything out of the cabin!" Dad said sharply. "Put what you can on the roof. Put the rest in the cache."

We ran. While Sidney and I carried blankets and cans of beans out to them, Dad and old Charlie tied the poling boat to the cabin and began piling the stuff into it. Even as we worked, the ice came thundering down the river past us, reaching high above our heads, and geysers of water shot up over the bank. The dogs whined and pulled on their



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chains, and old Charlie undid them two at a time and tied them in the boat. Then the ice jammed up just below the cabin, and the river came tearing over the land in a wild rush.

"Into the boat!" Dad yelled. Sidney and I jumped in and held on for dear life.

The water surged under us, lifting us, and fingering out towards the woods. It swirled round under the cache and knocked over the fish racks, and still it kept rising. Dad clung to the line until the boat was level with the top of the cabin door. Then he cut loose and shoved us into that torrent, he and old Charlie paddling towards the woods for all they were worth. Chunks of ice slammed against us, the dogs howled, and Sidney and I crouched down on our knees.

Trees thrust just-budding crowns out of the water and caught masses of ice in their branches, and in grinding whirlpools around them. Dad steered along the woods trail—it seemed so crazy to be riding among the treetops—and, pushed on by the outpouring river, we made it back to the hills that were now only little islands poking up out of the great flood.

We stayed there for eight days, living off the few supplies we'd brought along, sleeping on the cold ground.

Then the jam broke and the water went down and we picked our way back. The few things left

in the cabin were a soggy, silty mess. Sick at heart, we walked to the cache—and it was gone, gone with our meat and our furs. Our entire winter's work had been lost.

"Boys, We're in Business!"

THAT NIGHT Dad and Charlie talked it over and made some tough decisions. We had to try and find the motor-boat, and somehow we had to acquire an outfit to see us through the next winter. Since we couldn't all fit in the poling boat on the 350-mile trip down the Yukon, old Charlie volunteered to stay behind with the dogs. He'd live off the land until we got back, he said. It was a brave and lonely thing to do, and I sure felt sorry for him when we pushed off from the bank and left him standing there.

After rowing one whole day, we got our first good break. A fur trader who had tied up near the mouth of the Hogatza told Dad he'd heard that a badly damaged motor-boat had been pulled off the ice by some natives at Koyukuk Station. He said he was headed that way and would take us along, so we loaded our stuff aboard his power craft, tied the poling boat on behind and shoved off. Dad and the trader took turns steering, and since there is practically no darkness that time of year we made it to the Yukon in three days. Next morning we found our boat.

To me, it seemed beyond repair. The cabin had been knocked off,

a big hole punched in the side, and the decks were awash with a foot of mud. But Dad went right to work shovelling the mud out, and Sidney and I pitched in. When we'd made a temporary patch for the hole, we dragged it into the water and paddled to Nulato, 20 miles downriver, where we hoped to get the old engine running again.

It wasn't long before all the would-be mechanics in Nulato were down at the landing trying to help us get that motor started. But even after it was all cleaned up, the best they could do was get two cylinders working, and no matter what they tried the other two wouldn't kick over.

For three days the men took turns at it. I had an idea, but Dad told me to hush, that these men knew all about motors.

Eventually one of the men looked up from his tinkering and, seeing how eagerly I watched, asked teasingly if I knew where the trouble was.

"I think it's out of tune," I blurted out. "If you change the plug wires—put Number 2 where Number 4 is—I think it'll work."

"Go ahead, son, try it," he said, grinning. "You can't do any worse than we have."

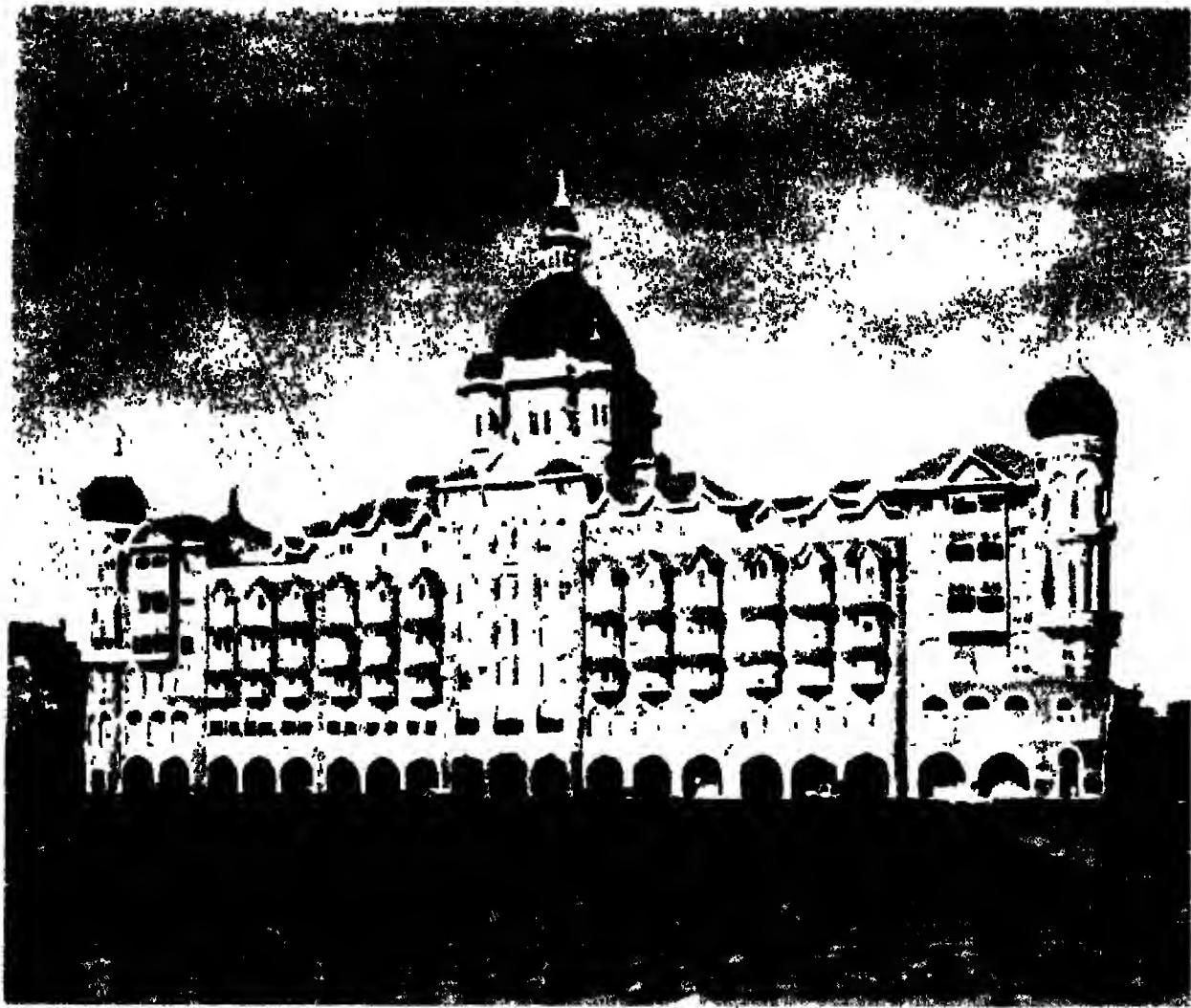
My fingers felt like claws as I fumbled with those wires. But when it was done and they cranked the motor, it took off like a clock. The men slapped their knees and laughed and laughed. After that

people would come to get me to fix their engines—they still do.

We spent the next week building a fish wheel, a rig that sits in the water with eight or ten scoop nets poking out past the rim. The current turns it like a windmill, and the nets scoop up the fish going by and dump them in a big trough. When it was finished we stuck it out in front of the boat, tied the poling boat behind and went downriver about 12 miles. We pitched a tent there and spent the next couple of days building racks and a smokehouse.

Then the salmon hit. I had never seen anything like it, the way they came up that river like a red tide, thrashing for swimming room, jumping high out of the water to clear the sunken logs, fighting with their last strength to get back to the lakes where they were spawned, to lay their own eggs there, and to die. Each dip of the wheel brought up four or five fish, and, with all three of us working as hard as we could, we were cutting and hanging them barely as fast as the wheel was catching them.

One day when we'd been there about a week, Pop Russell, the trader from Nulato, pulled in to see us. He said he'd been thinking about how we were going to make out in the coming winter, and he wanted to supply us with our needs. "Strictly business!" He ran a big string of dogs, and if we would bring him a load of dried fish he'd



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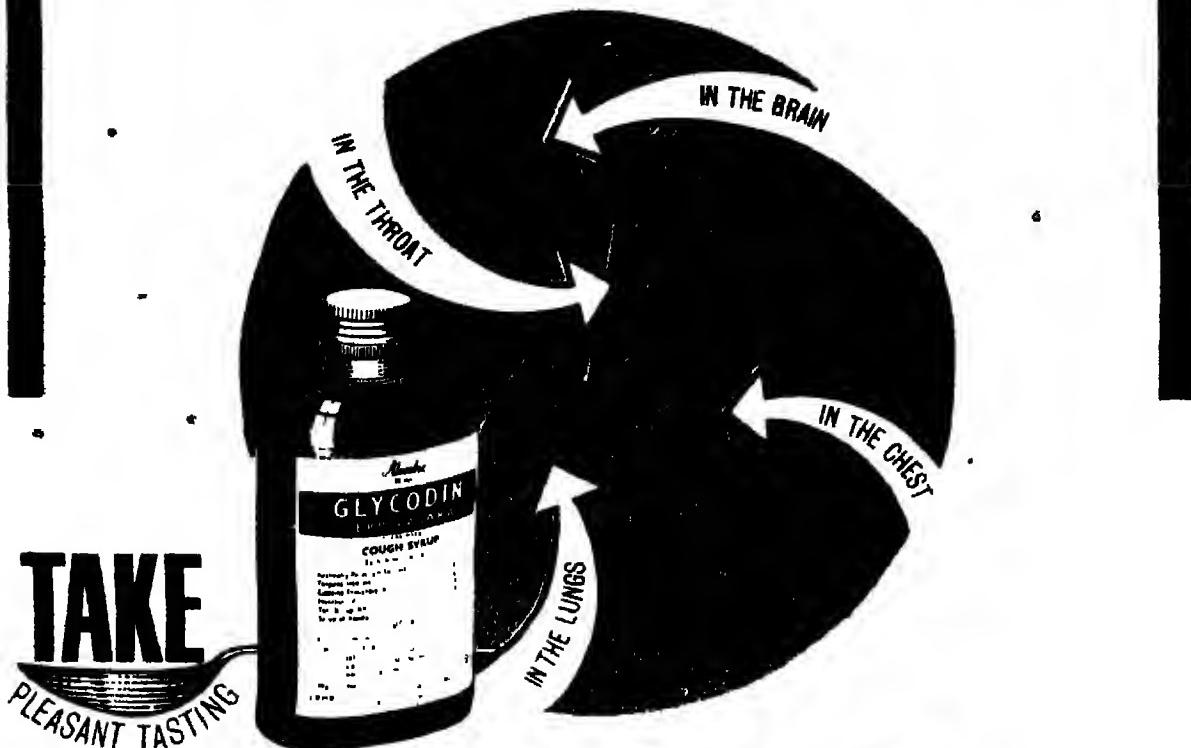
consider that a down payment. We could settle up for the rest when we came down with our fur the following spring. Dad reached over and shook Pop Russell's hand, and, smiling the way he hadn't smiled since the ice broke, he said to Sidney and me, "Boys, we're in business again!"

Now we *really* worked! The smokehouse was going night and day, and when the racks were full we built more. By the first of August we had Pop Russell's fish all bundled and 3,000 for our own dogs. We went back to Nulato, built a new pilothouse on the motor-boat, loaded our supplies, then headed back to camp.

It took us ten days to get there, but when we pulled round the last bend old Charlie was waiting on the bank. Gosh, we were glad to see him! We pumped his hand and, all speaking at once, tried to tell him everything that had happened. Old Charlie just stood there nodding, as though he never doubted that we would do all we'd set out to do—find the motor-boat, bring back fish for the dogs and new gear for winter.

Dad's premonition that he "might not be around much longer" proved to be all too accurate. After another year of trapping he developed TB, and had to go and live in the pioneers' home in Sitka, where he could get medical care. He swore he'd be back, but we never saw him alive again. After that Sidney, old

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ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE

Charlie and I trapped together for another couple of years, but eventually the trail got to be too much for old Charlie, too. He went down-river looking for wages, but times were bad. We heard that he died in Fairbanks, some said of starvation.

That same year Sidney met a native girl at Koyukuk Station and wanted to get married. He said we could still go trapping together, the three of us, but I knew better than that. So after the wedding I wished him luck and took off. I was 16 and on my own.

For four years I lived off the country. Then, when I was 20, I married a 16-year-old Red Indian girl named Cecelia Olin, and a year later we had our first daughter, Christine. Although the price of furs was steadily declining, I still spent my winters in the woods alone, trying to meet my new responsibilities by trapping. During the summers, however, I would live with my wife and baby, fishing for salmon or working for wages at odd jobs.

Bone-Needle Surgery

ONE summer about three years after we were married, Cecelia and I set up camp 150 miles up the Hogatza at the mouth of Caribou Creek. We saw hardly anyone all summer long, but late in August a couple of Eskimos came up the river in a canoe and we made lunch for them.

Things had changed between the Eskimos and Red Indians since

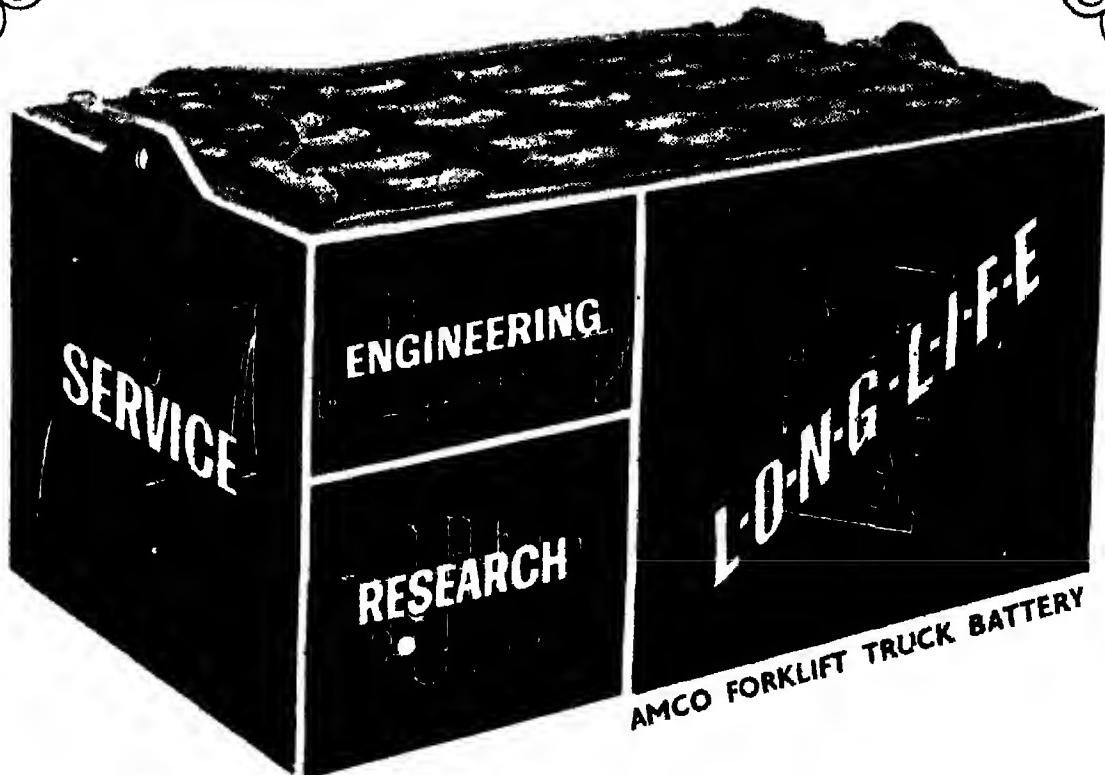
my mother's day. We didn't exactly consider ourselves blood brothers, but at least we didn't shoot each other on sight. These two, a boy of 15 or so and an older man named Henry, were on the way to their home somewhere north of the Arctic Circle, and still had a long portage to make.

We were getting along well enough until the older man happened to mention that he had shot a bear the day before. When I asked him where the meat was, he shrugged and told me he'd left it behind. "No sense packing meat when there's so much around," he said.

With that, my blood started to boil. I just looked at him for a long while, hardly able to believe my ears, but at last I said, "The game in this country was put here to feed the people. We don't kill it just to prove what good shots we are." I told them they could make camp on the beach that night, but they'd better be way upriver when I woke up.

In the morning they were gone. But we weren't done with them yet, not quite. That evening Cecelia and I were sitting on the bank, smoking and watching the last of the salmon struggle up the river, when the Eskimos' canoe came round the bend with the boy paddling hard towards our camp. In the bottom of the canoe was the older man, more dead than alive, his clothes all torn and his body, too.

"He went into the woods after a



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ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE

wounded bear," the boy said, but explanation wasn't necessary. There is a certain unmistakable look to a man who has been mauled by a bear.

We laid the victim on a piece of canvas, and I cut his clothes away to assess the damage. His right arm and leg were torn. There were deep claw marks at the back of his neck, and then the bear had really dug in, lacerating his face, all but tearing the scalp from his head. It looked as if he might also have a couple of broken ribs, but that would have to wait.

I told Cecelia to boil some water, then stirred table salt into it and began washing the wounds. This was all we had by way of medicine, but I figured it didn't much matter: if God wasn't with this man, all the medicine in Fairbanks wouldn't help him. He screamed and passed out, but that was the best thing for him since I hadn't even started to sew up his face.

I was going to use caribou sinew, but Cecelia told me it would rot in his skin and come apart. She said to use the hair from his head instead, and so I pulled out a bunch and threw it into the boiling salt water, along with a bone needle that Cecelia used for sewing up moccasins. Then I took a good look at the Eskimo's head, trying to figure out the best way to sew him together.

All this time the boy had watched, helping me whenever he could. But as soon as I pulled Henry's two

flaps of mouth together and stuck the needle through, I lost my helper for good. He clapped his hand over his mouth and ran for the bushes, and I could hear him being sick.

I sewed away until the sun was low on the horizon, then told Cecelia to bring the coal-oil lamp. She stuck right by me, even when she had to hold the lamp close enough so that I could see to take the last few stitches inside his mouth. Altogether the job took nearly four hours. Henry wouldn't be any beauty—if he lived—but I had done my best for him.

For three days he hovered between life and death. The boy squatted right by his side, hour after hour, wiping the sweat from his face and shooing the mosquitoes off. Then the fever broke, and Henry opened his eyes. "My chest hurts," he said.

I was surprised he could talk at all. His face was so swollen you couldn't tell where his mouth ended and his eye began. I tore some strips of canvas and bound up his broken ribs. On the fourth day we helped him get to his feet so that he wouldn't stiffen up, and the day after that I pulled the stitches out and gave him a looking-glass. He didn't look so bad: the scar was nice and straight, except that I didn't get the corner of his mouth quite right, so that he seemed to be for ever grinning at something. But he was satisfied.

"Where'd you ever learn about

sewing up a person?" he asked.

"The hard way," I said. "By working on you."

Social Life in an Igloo

THAT winter when I went trapping, my wife and baby came along. "It can't be any worse than staying alone," Cecelia said. But she wasn't as used as I was to living in the wilderness, so when Christmas came we decided to go back to Cutoff for the festivities, and also to stock up on supplies.

We found bad news. The store there had burned down and, except for a little freshly killed meat, there was no food in the whole town.

That night Cecelia and I talked it over. The Eskimo boy, I remembered, had told us about a trading post not far from Kobuk, 100 miles to the north. If I got some other men to go with me, we could take up some skins and trade them for the things people needed.

There was no shortage of volunteers. None of us had ever been up in Eskimo country, and this seemed like a good chance to see it. Early next morning five of us headed out, driving four teams, and a week later we were in Kobuk.

People poured out of every house and swarmed around us, jabbering and gaping as though we'd come from another world. And we had: this place was as strange to us as we were to them. Nothing was made of wood. The houses looked just like the round igloos you see in

picture books. They were actually built up with squares of turf, and snow blocks were laid on for extra protection.

Suddenly I heard someone call, "Jim Huntington!" It was the boy who had been in our fishing camp the summer before. "What are you doing in this country?" he asked.

When I told him we were after supplies, he said the trading post was only eight miles up the river. Then he insisted that I come to his house for a meal. He said something to his people in Eskimo, and the next thing I knew our dogs were led away to be cared for, and each of my companions was escorted to a different igloo.

I entered the boy's house through a long, low tunnel, then found myself in a fair-sized room lit with a seal-oil lamp. The room was filled with his family. The boy told them who I was, and then we sat down to eat—dried salmon, whale skin, caribou meat, biscuits and good strong tea.

"How's your friend Henry?" I asked presently.

The igloo suddenly got very quiet, and the boy sadly shook his head. "Right after the first frost Henry took a team out on the river," he said. "The ice was still thin, but nobody could tell him anything. He went in, not far from here—dogs, sled and all. The only thing we ever found was the hole."

Man, that made me mad—after the way I'd worked to keep him



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alive! But all I said was, "That's too bad."

Pretty soon I was invited to a second house, then to another, and still another, and in each one there was tea and a big feed. After a while all I could manage was the tea. Finally my bedroll and things were taken to yet another house, where I was to spend the night.

This place was bigger than the others, and had more people in it, including several unmarried daughters. No sooner had I pulled my mukluks off than one of the daughters, a nice-looking girl of 17 or so, took them from me, brushed them clean and hung them up. When I rolled a cigarette, she got me a saucer for an ashtray. Then she sat at my feet, ready to serve me in case I needed anything else.

"Now tell us how you sewed up my son," said my host.

Then I understood. This was Henry's house, his family. Theirs was to be the honour of having me as a guest.

I cleared my throat and told them about Henry and the bear, stretching the story out to make their son look as brave and as unfoolish as possible. All the while more and more people came crawling through the tunnel until the igloo was packed.

Everyone listened avidly. When the story was over, the father shooed all the visitors out, then drew me aside and thanked me:

"It is not only that you saved my

son's life," he said. "It is that you made him seem brave and manly. I know that he was otherwise. But he is dead now, and it is good to have people think well of him." He took my hand and said, "Anything I have is yours."

I looked at the young girl at my feet and thought, "That damned Henry is never going to stop making trouble for me!"

Soon the old man turned the lamp down, and everyone sought a different corner in which to sleep. When I went to my gear the girl, whose name I discovered was Kitty, followed right behind me.

She took my slippers from me and set them down beside my parka, then she blew out the lamp, and presently I found her in the bedroll beside me.

"Listen, Kitty," I said. "Don't you have a bed?"

"Yes, this."

"You mean you're going to sleep with me?"

"No, you sleep with me. This is my place."

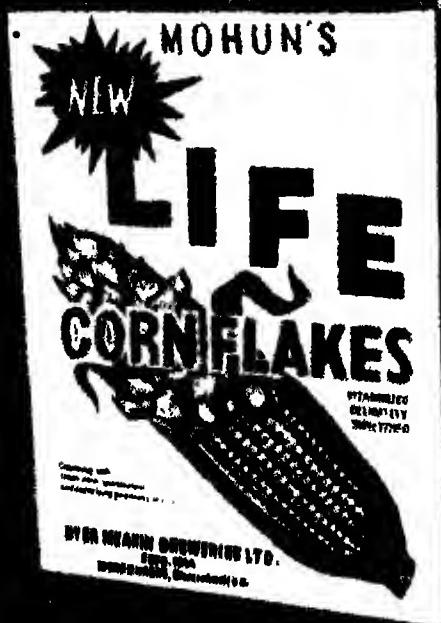
Suddenly she propped herself up on one elbow and said, "You not like me? You like one of my sisters?"

"No, no! I like you fine. Only—well, I already have a wife."

"She not here. I here." I could feel her smiling in the dark. "Now we sleep together. You be mine as long as you stay. No other girl even talk to you."

There was no arguing with that

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kind of logic. I was in somebody else's country, and I'd just have to put up with their customs.

A Tough Race

THE following year there was a great craze for dogsled racing in Alaska, with 10,000 dollars offered in prizes for the big race in Fairbanks, in March. I had always loved the sport, and now decided to compete for this big money.

Dogsled racing is no sport for weaklings. The races often cover nearly 100 miles of trail, making endurance as important as speed. You sometimes run alongside the sled, sometimes stand on the runners and sneak a ride downhill. If you start out with 12 dogs you have to come back with 12 (which means packing any lame huskies home on the sled); and once a driver leaves the starting line, he alone is allowed to lay a hand on his team. He might be chased up a tree by bears or moose, and his dogs scattered, but all he ever gets is a wave of the hand as the next team goes by.

I spent most of the winter in earnest preparation, borrowing a gang of dogs, then narrowing them down to the best 14. To build up their strength and endurance I made them drag a huge log day after day until their tongues were hanging out. Then to build up their speed I took them out on the flats, running along behind the sled until my tongue was hanging out.

By February I was ready to take

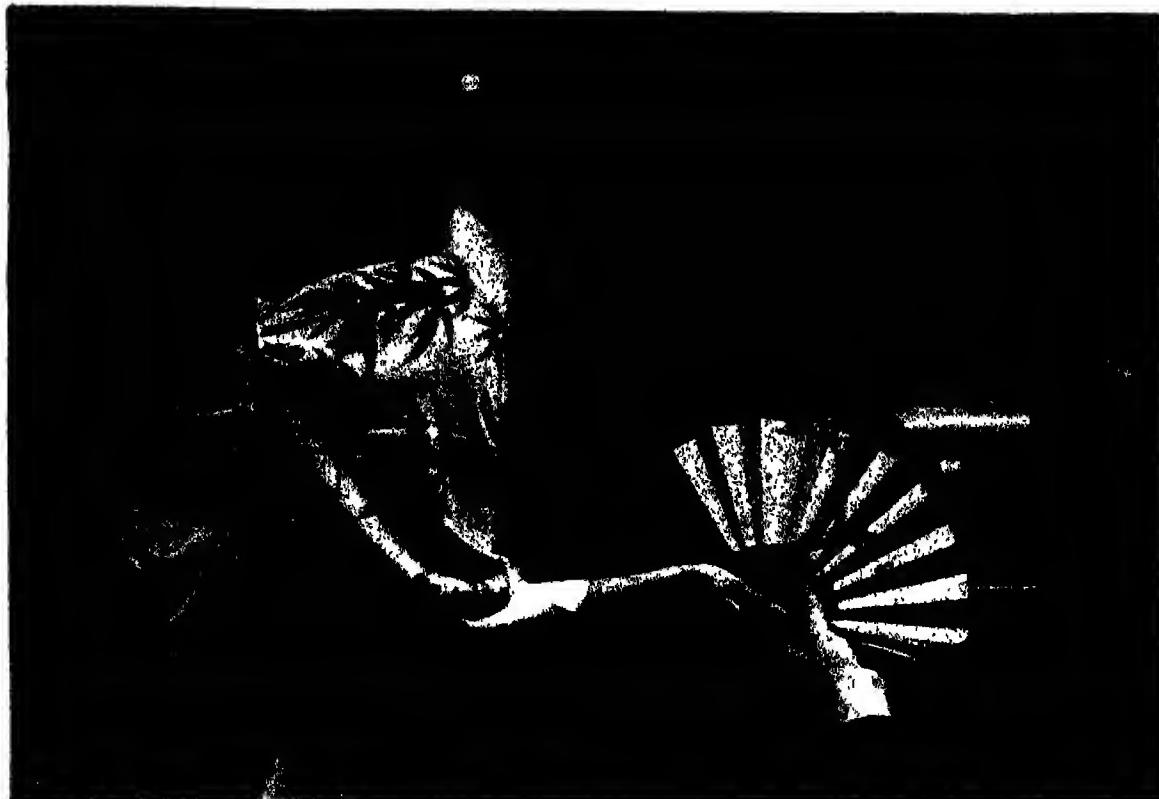
off for Fairbanks, 600 miles away. Everybody, including Cecelia, thought I was crazy. But by a coincidence a gold-mining outfit had offered to pay me 1,000 dollars for some mining claims I had once worked—if I could come up to Fairbanks to sign the papers. This windfall made it possible to ship the dogs up on a plane.

It was a tough 90-mile race. The first day we travelled over an unbroken trail to a mining camp. We had just about reached this overnight stop when we came to a slope so steep that the brakes wouldn't hold. The sled smashed into the two rear dogs, banging them up so badly that they couldn't work. I undid the harness and put them in the sled. Nevertheless, we finished fifth.

The next day, heading back to Fairbanks, we had only ten dogs pulling and the other two riding the sled. It was a strain. But coming down into the flats, five miles from the finish, I realized that we were closing in on the fourth-place team ahead. There was a 500-dollar prize for fourth place. I pushed those dogs for all I was worth.

Little by little we crawled up on them. We were still behind when, on the main street, not far from the finishing line, the dogs ahead took a sudden liking for the bright red pump at a petrol station. Despite the poor driver's curses and threats, they galloped up to the filling station, circled the pump once, twice, three times, and were still hopelessly

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ON THE EDGE OF NOWHERE

tangled as I ran by with fourth place in the bag.

Everybody made a big fuss over the winners. They wanted to buy us drinks and dinner, and a radio reporter kept calling us over to his microphone. But I didn't plan to stay in Fairbanks an hour more than I had to. I went right up to the manager and told him I'd come for my prize money. You never saw a sadder-looking creep. "Jimmy," he said, "there is no money."

"But I won fourth place," I said. "I've got 500 dollars coming."

"We thought the sponsors would come through," he explained. "But there was barely enough to pay off the first three teams. The rest of the money never came in. We're broke."

For a white-hot moment I thought I'd take it out of his hide. Fairbanks was a vastly expensive place, and there was little left from my 1,000-dollar mining-claim sale. I turned round and walked out. The dogs were waiting, all harnessed and ready to go. We had a long, hard 600 miles ahead of us.

New Village, Complete

WITHIN a few years Cecelia came down with TB. There was nothing much to do, the doctor said, just hope. Well, hoping didn't help much either. She got worse and worse, and eventually died. After that I left Christine with friends and relatives each winter when I went off trapping. But I decided that she

needed a mother of her own, and so, two years later, I married a girl named Dorothy Frank.

We lived together for 12 years and had seven children. All that time she was a good wife and mother, and to this day I can't find it in my heart to say anything bad about her. Why did she walk out on us? I wish I really knew.

By the time we had four kids and another one on the way, I began to get upset that we had no school in Cutoff. So that summer I made a special trip to Fairbanks to see the bishop of our church and ask him to get the commissioner of education to build us a school.

"Jimmy," he said, "there is no decent place to build a school in Cutoff. The land is too wet. It isn't healthy."

The only high ground around Cutoff was Cemetery Hill, 18 miles away on the Huslia River. My people are very superstitious about the dead, but I thought if I moved out there first others might follow. One thing for sure, the bishop was right: every thaw the river flooded, half the kids came down with fever, and the village smelt bad until first frost.

Next spring, as soon as the ice went out, I cut new logs and rafted them down the river. A few of the younger men helped me and we winched the logs up on the bank, about a quarter of a mile above the cemetery, and I began to work on a new house. As the days grew

THE READER'S DIGEST

longer I worked on into the night, staying right there as long as my supplies lasted. Then when I went back to Cutoff the people would say, "Ha, ha. Did you wake the dead? Did you see any ghosts?"

"No," I'd tell them. "I didn't see any ghosts. But I saw lots of good dry wood for winter right up on the bank."

Pretty soon some other men made up their minds to go along with me and tore down their old houses and floated the logs downriver. Then old Grandpa, the medicine man, said he would come, and when that happened lots of families followed him.

We named our new village Huslia, after the river. Not long after we'd settled in, my brother Sidney came for a visit, and one morning, walking along the riverbank, he noticed clear water seeping into the otherwise silty flow. "I think there's fresh water under your town, Jimmy," he said.

We went to Fairbanks and bought a drill point and pipes and began driving a well. In a week or so we were 60 feet down; there we hit a steady flow. For the first time in our lives we had running water and didn't have to carry it up from the river. Soon nearly everyone had driven a well. The people were healthier and cleaner.

Eventually the bishop brought the commissioner of education to see our new town. The next thing we knew we had 3,000 dollars to buy

298

timber, windows and doors for the new school. We had to supply logs and labour, but that was no trouble. By freeze-up we had a nice snug building and a teacher for the 24 kids in the village.

"The Huslia Hustler"

WHEN the white trader died, thus closing the nearest trading post, some of the people said, "Why don't you start a store here, Jimmy? We need a store."

Well, the idea was attractive because fur trapping was bringing in less and less, but it takes money to set up a store.

"Why not try the dogsled races again?" friends suggested. The All-Alaska Championship, run off in Anchorage every February, offered a first prize of 2,500 dollars; and the North American Dogsled Derby, the No. 1 event in the Fairbanks Winter Carnival soon after, offered the same sum. "We'll help you with the expenses," my well-wishers volunteered.

I didn't know what to say. I had been young when I had gone dog-racing before. Now I was 40—15 years past the best age for the sport. After thinking it over, however, I decided to give it a try.

I started training right away, using three of my best dogs and others loaned by friends. The races are run in three heats on successive days. I set up my training runs the same way, working out 25 miles a day for two days, 40 miles the third



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THE READER'S DIGEST

day. Then I let the dogs rest for two days.

But there was no rest for me. Every morning I ran three miles before breakfast and did the same in the afternoon, this time pushing the sled. I skipped for 15 minutes twice a day, watched what I ate, gave up smoking, and in a month was down to a bone-hard ten and a half stone.

There was one problem with the team. Monkey, who had always been my lead dog, was getting old and could no longer set the kind of fast pace needed for a major race. I put him at the rear of the team where he wouldn't have it so hard, and trained a new lead dog.

In February I took the team to Fairbanks on the mail plane, then bought a used pick-up truck on credit and drove the 535 miles to Anchorage. Once there, I discovered that 32 mushers had entered the race, the largest field ever. I drew the 31st starting position, which meant the trail would be all chewed up by the time I got out. But those dogs really made me proud. We passed 17 teams on the first day and won the heat by more than ten minutes. In the second heat also we squeaked out a win.

The third and final day dawned warm and rainy, the worst kind of weather for dog racing. But the dogs pulled their best, and at the half-way checkpoint someone held up a sign saying I was running second to the team just ahead. Pretty

soon I could see him, holding the gap between us as he crossed the ice of a small lake. On the rough trail beyond, however, my training grind began to pay off. Running every step of the way, I closed on him yard by yard.

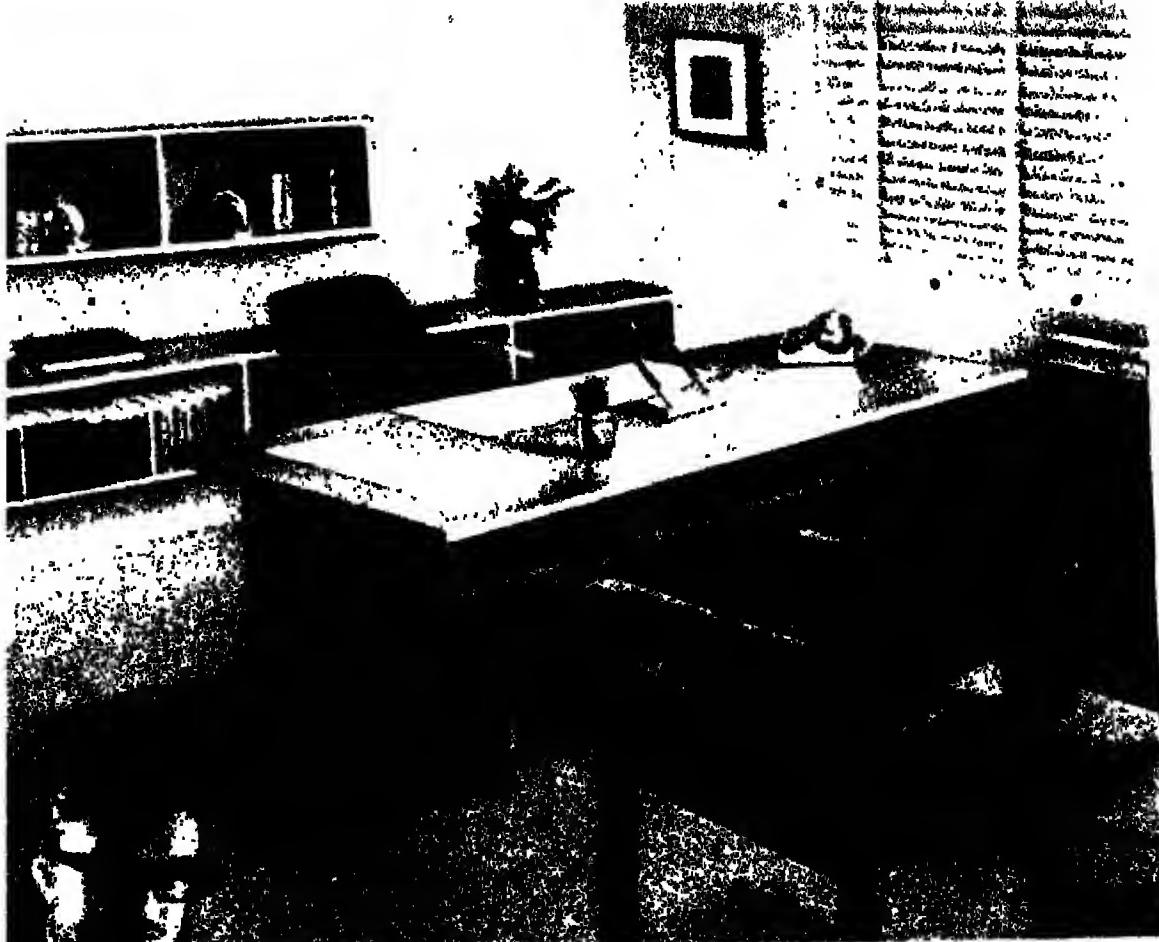
Finally I passed him, and was still going away, a full minute in the lead, when I crossed the finishing line—winner of all three heats and up to that time the oldest man to win the All-Alaska Championship.

In Fairbanks, there was again a field of over 30 mushers entered. I won the first heat by one second, and next day had all but won the second when, within sight of the finishing line, my new leader dropped in his traces, lamed so badly he couldn't even walk. By the time I got him out of the harness and packed him back to the sled, I'd lost my lead and finished two and a half minutes behind Eddie Gallahorn, a hard-running young Eskimo from Kotzebue. Now I was second in total time and only 30 seconds ahead of the third-place team.

On the final heat the next day, the course was the longest yet, 30 miles, the weather uncomfortably warm, and I felt every day of my age. My body ached from the 115 gruelling miles I'd run in the past two weeks. Moreover, I had no choice except to use my weary old Monkey in the lead.

As soon as the word got out, the gamblers started to offer odds against me. I went up and squatted

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by poor Monkey. "Just one more time, old dog," I pleaded. "Then they can put us out to pasture."

The gun went off and we came running down the chute. I knew we were making a slow start, but I forced myself not to push, not yet. We had a long way to go; if we didn't save something for the end, those last ten miles would kill us.

It was a brutally hard race. The heat took a lot out of dogs and men,

towards the spruce trees, and those dogs tore after them as if their tails were on fire. I shouted and pulled on the towline, but they dragged me through the snow like a plough. By the time I did stop them we were 50 yards off trail, and the Red Indian, Clarence Charlie, had passed me.

When I got the dogs straightened out and back on the trail, we were seven or eight minutes behind the leader. "Now come on, run, damn



and team after team dropped by the wayside. Of 32 starters, 16 dropped out before the finish and one was disqualified. I felt it, too. At the 20-mile checkpoint Gallahorn was more than two minutes ahead, which meant that I had nearly five minutes to make up in those last ten miles. Now there was no sense in holding anything back, and I began to yell and push the sled up the hills and the dogs really moved out.

And then—disaster! Off in the deep snow a pair of moose moved

it!" I yelled. "We're going to finish this race if it kills all 13 of us!"

They went. Old Monkey dug in and pounded down that trail for all he was worth, and I yelled encouragement from behind, shoving that sled right up on the tail-enders. Then, still five miles from the finish, I closed very fast on the team ahead—and as I flashed by, I could see it wasn't the Indian but Eddie Gallahorn! For three days and 65 miles that Eskimo had given it his all. Now he had just nothing left to

give and was limping in, fighting only to hang on so that he could win a piece of the place money.

I don't know where I dredged up the strength, but I kept shoving that sled so that the dogs didn't have to pull a pound. Pretty soon I saw the buildings of the town in the distance and, beneath them, a hazy black line on the white flats, Clarence Charlie's team. He slowly came closer. The black line was 12 dogs

final heat by 28 seconds . . . North American champion . . . and the third man ever to win Alaska's two major dogsled races—Jim Huntington, the Huslia Hustler!"

After I had reimbursed my backers and paid for the pick-up truck, there was still enough prize money left to set up a trading post. It seemed almost too good to be true—and maybe it was. For not long after I returned home, built a new



and a sled now, and a man struggling, as I was, on the trail. My dogs were staggering, but in line and moving ahead.

I passed Clarence Charlie just before we reached the finishing line. The crowd, which was now only a blur in my eyes, gave a terrific roar. Then someone grabbed me while others began to unhook the dogs.

The next thing I knew there was a big hush in the crowd, and I heard the announcer: "Ladies and gentlemen," he called out. "Winner of the

house and store and got it stocked, my wife announced that she was leaving me.

This was a hard blow and I had not recovered from it when the fire came, destroying everything. My first reaction, as I have described, was complete despair. But despair must be reckoned with. Mulling over my life, I realized it had been a hard one, but colourful, too, and it occurred to me that if I wrote it down and got some help it might make an interesting book. So I

THE READER'S DIGEST

-borrowed a friend's cabin, got pencils and paper, and sat down to write about myself—beginning with the story of my mother.

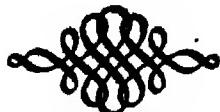
As I wrote about that indomitable woman, whose life had been uphill all the way, I knew that, whether the book was published or not, my own course was set.

I would go to work and rebuild the cabin. In summer I could freight a little; or, since I was well known in Anchorage now, I might even get a job piloting the bigger boats—nobody knew these rivers the way I did. In the winter I could trap

again, building my stake until I could put that store together once more time. Maybe I'd even marry again.

THAT'S about the way it turned out—the job, the piloting, the new store, all of it, and in 1962 a fine wife.

I still get scared when I think how easily I could have given it all up, in those dark days after the fire. And so I treasure this good new life, and I tell my people that it can be done. It may be hard. It may take time. But it can be done. THE END



In Brief

WHEN Thomas Buckley ran for auditor of Massachusetts in 1941, his speech consisted of only seven words. "I am an auditor," he said, "not an orator." He won.

—Jacob Braude, *Braude's Treasury of Wit and Humour*

A NEWSPAPER published this review of a new book, *How to Be Brief*: "Good."

A WILL ON file in a Wisconsin probate court, duly witnessed and approved, says simply: "Give Mabel the works."

She got it.

—E. M. H.

* * *

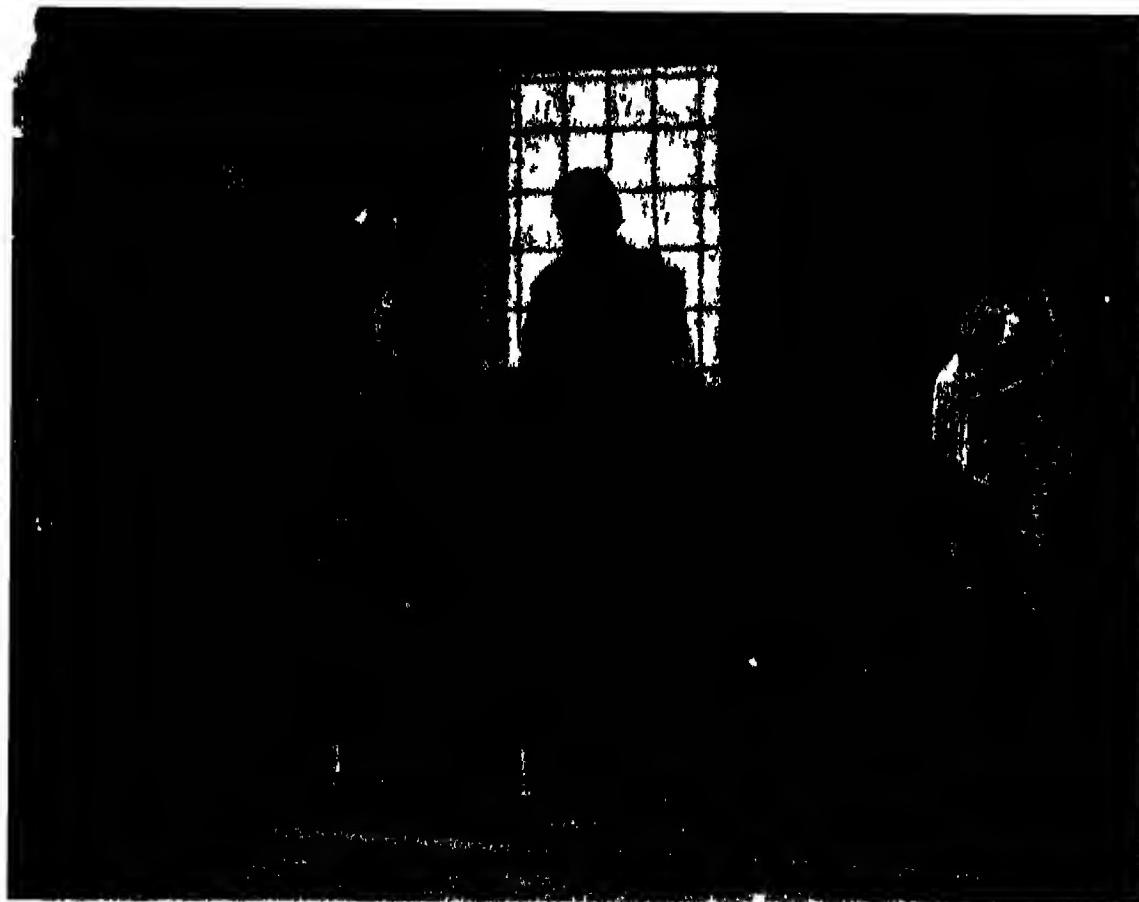
Opening Shot

IN THE early days of the war, one of Winston Churchill's special interests was the battery of 14-inch guns installed at Dover to fire across the English Channel. The first gun was named "Winnie" in his honour and when it fired its opening volley, the battery commander sent the Prime Minister a message: "Winnie fired three rounds today. Two direct hits."

"Hits on what?" queried Churchill.

"France," came the reply.

—*Royal Artillery War Commemoration Book* (Bell, London)



CALEN—Influence for 15 Centuries—one of a series of oil paintings ©1958-59—Parke, Davis & Company

Great Moments in Medicine

Galen was a prolific writer, researcher, and diagnostician of the second century. His teachings dominated Western medical thinking for nearly fifteen hundred years. Greek-born and educated, this early giant of medicine migrated to Rome about 161 A.D. He is shown applying dry cupping since a popular method of drawing blood to the surface.

Today's physician is a highly trained scientist, and has at his disposal countless medical and surgical discoveries undreamed of in Galen's day. When you place your

health in his care, your physician can call to his aid the latest achievements of almost every branch of science.

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